

The Hindu Spiritual Magazine.

VOL. IV.]

[PART I.

(Nos. 1—6, March 09 to August 09.)

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EDITED BY

SHISHIR KUMAR GHÔSE.

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CALCUTTA.

NOTICE.

THE OBJECT OF THE MAGAZINE.

The main object of the "Hindu Spiritual Magazine" is to render death—which has a horror for most men—easy to meet with. It contains articles calculated to throw light on life after death, on manifestations, on psychic experiences and other cognate subjects of the spiritual world or bearing on mesmerism or the Yoga system of the Hindus.

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CONTENTS.

—(o)—

	PAGE
Are the dead alive ?	357
Art and craft of mind-reading or telepathy	229
Bangs Sisters: Their miraculous feats	14
Case of spirit identity	70
Difficulties in believing in spiritualism	161
Distinguished men on spiritualism	379
Evidence of a noted scientist	147
Exploration of the other world	271
Experiences with the Bangs Sisters	404
Extraordinary messages through a medium	448
Glad tidings of great joy to all	137
Good test of spirit identity	151
G. P. communications	321
Gruesome horror in Georgia	216
Hanumannagar spirits re-appear	341
How to transmit thought messages	289
Jealousy of a spirit wife	251
Kept promise to come back	386
Life in the spirit-world	388
Lincoln the mystic	58, 109
Lord Gauranga	1
Modern history of Animal Magnetism and Mesmerism	257, 332
Modern history of Animal Magnetism and Hypnotism	419
Mother's first experience	75
Mr. Stead's experiences	43, 122
Mr. Stead and Julia's Bureau	470
My first psychic experiment	198
Mysterious manifestations in a haunted house	124
Notes	78, 154, 232, 312, 390, 477
Objects which carry misfortune	295
Observations on the re-birth theory	428
Occult Therapeutics	29
"One of these little ones"	34
Origin of Theosophy in India	9, 248
Prophets analysed	81
Religious Convention and its work	171

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

Seance with Madame Paladino	202
Series of materializations	374
Spirit photography	67
Spiritualism triumphant in court of justice	152
Spirit solves his mysterious death	437
Some remarkable experiences	441
Tantras and the Tantriks	...	95, 188, 264,	348
Trumpet seances by Mrs. Wagner	306
Vision experience	73
Watseka Wonder	91
Why religion is not growing	401
Yorkshire mystery	72

THE
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Shishir Kumar Ghose.

VOL. ^{IV} III.]

MARCH, 1909.

[No. 1.

LORD GAURANGA.

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God is man plus something which marks Him out from the latter. This something is beyond the reach of man, for man can only conceive of one like himself and can never go beyond that. He may be described, as "all-pervading" Being but the expression will convey no definite meaning to a man. This all-pervading God will still be a man to him. If, therefore, man tries to commune with God, he must commune with a God whom he can conceive,—with a God who is minus that something which marks Him out from men. So, if God appears before man or talks to him, He must be

such as the latter can conceive,—a God who can be described as only a Grand Man.

But has God ever spoken to man, face to face? The followers of Lord Gauranga contend that He has, in the Person of Gauranga, not once but often—not for minutes but hours together. Of course, very few men will believe this statement. We can, however, say that a spiritualist has no ground to disbelieve it; on the other hand, he is bound to admit that such a consummation is quite possible, nay natural. Spiritualists believe that spirits speak to man face to face, by using the person of a man with mediumistic powers. They further believe that the better the medium, the higher the intelligence that speaks through him. If, then, a man is born, who is physically, morally and spiritually almost perfect, where is the wonder that God, who is a Spirit, and Grand Man should speak through him? And everyone, who has followed the career of Gauranga will have to admit that he was such a personage.

Gauranga had two states, natural and divine. In his natural state he was the most attractive being in existence, sweet, intellectual, loving and pious. In his divine state, he was more or less in a trance. In this divine state, he had three moods,—he was without God, he was with God, and he was God Himself. When without God he yearned for Him in such a manner that it appeared to his followers that his heart would break. He would fall into one swoon after another, and it was felt that he would die. But the second always followed the first in time to save him. In this second state, he felt that he was with God and then he would be under the influence of an uncontrollable joy. His third state was, when he was God Himself.

We mean to deal to-day with this third stage of his divine mood—when he was God. He would would down unconscious in a trance, and on getting up declare: "I am come, I Who created you—I Who am the life, and soul of every one and everything—I Who reign in every heart. Seeing your fallen condition I have come to save you,—to talk to you,—to shew you your high destiny and to teach you how to attain to Me, by Myself practising all the steps necessary for a devotee to secure that great end."

It was thus he flourished for twenty-four years.

Those who are familiar with spiritual manifestations, especially demonical possessions, will see that the God Almighty, if He actually spoke through Gauranga, only followed His own laws. A low spirit takes entire possession of a man or woman, so that the latter ceases to be himself, personating the while the evil spirit. When the evil spirit is forced to vacate his temporary habitation, the possessed falls down in a swoon after a shrick, rising later on to be himself or herself again. In the case of Gauranga, the spirit that possessed him was the very Highest,—that is all.

It may be contended that those who believed Gauranga to be the medium of the God Almighty, were hypnotised. But we believe, one who has followed his career, will not venture to think so. We have often said that the incidents of his life are supported by overwhelming evidence. It was not miracles that led the people of India to ascribe divinity to him, for the Hindus, every one of them, believed in the occult powers of man. Yet many millions of men in the land of Sri Krishna and Buddha, the most profound philosophers of India included, believed him to be the incarnation of

God. In our last, we have already given an account of his second Revelation.

We shall now describe how he would behave when the Lord God left him. Let us quote from the chapter in his life which deals with "the great Revelation day"—a day when he was, as God Almighty, for twenty-one hours before thousands of his followers. In the morning his person was taken possession of by God, and on the following morning He was asked to leave, because the followers, who were present, told Him that, having spent twenty-one hours in His company, they felt so utterly exhausted, that they could no longer bear His august presence :—

When the bhaktas prayed that He would subdue His glory and appear to them simply as a man, He said, "Very well, I go." This was followed by something like a shriek and the Lord fell down in a swoon. And thus ended what is called the Maha Prokas or the Great Revelation. Whenever the Lord fell down in a trance his companions became frightened, accustomed though they were to the spectacle. For, in a state of trance, the Lord looked just like a dead man. Sometimes these trances left him quickly, sometimes they did not. On such occasions what his attendants did was to examine, by holding cotton before his nostrils, whether he was breathing or not. If it seemed to them that he was still breathing, they felt themselves relieved, and tried every gentle means to revive Him. Sometimes, however, they found no trace of breathing, and then their consternation was terrible. They loved the Lord with all their hearts ; so, naturally they were constantly afraid, of losing him. They knew that the Lord was omnipotent and that He had His own methods and

plans. Whenever, therefore, the Lord fell down in a trance, they all apprehended that He would perhaps take that opportunity of leaving them for Goloke.

Every revelation ended with a trance. First the Lord announces that He is going. This is followed by a slight shriek, and then the body falls down as if shot dead. The light disappears from the body, and with it every sign of life. So, when on this occasion the Lord fell down in a swoon, the bhaktas finding that the Lord remained absolutely motionless, examined the state of his breath.

They were horrified to find that he was not breathing at all, nor was there any movement of the heart. The condition of the Lord is thus described by the chroniclers. The eyes were fixed, lifeless, lustreless, showing only the lower portion of the pupil. There was no motion of any kind; even the heart had ceased to beat. Cotton held before the nostrils did not move in the slightest degree. His limbs were, however, not stiff, but remained in whatever position they were placed. The only circumstance that indicated life was that there was warmth in the body, which had the lustre of the living, and not the paleness of the dead.

All known methods were adopted to revive him, but without avail.

The suspicion began gradually to overtake them that the Lord had left them. For, thought they, what did that embrace mean, what did that kiss mean? Surely all this meant that He was taking His leave! "Yes, He is the Lord," they muttered to themselves, "but we shall see whether He can cheat us out of His presence. He has left us by a trick, we shall follow Him." The whole of the previous day and

night, most of them had tasted nothing, neither had they slept, or done any thing to give rest to their limbs and minds. They had passed twenty-one hours in a state of constant excitement,—which was greater than that of a general in the field of battle. They had voted rest, absolute and prolonged rest, for themselves, when the Lord at their request left them, so that they might enjoy it. But how could they go home, or even leave the place, when the Lord Himself was lying before them in that condition ?

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Hope, however, refused to come forward to cheer them. The trance commenced at about five in the morning. There lay before them the golden figure of the Lord without any sign of life whatever. Thus an hour passed, and still there was no change in the body. Thus two hours passed, and still there was no sign of life. The sun rose in all his glory ; this they could perceive from within the room. Three hours passed and still the Lord showed no sign of life, and in this manner they waited patiently till midday. For seven hours the Lord had remained in this state, apparently lifeless, before them. Midday passed, yet no sign of life appeared. The bhaktas had no feeling or thirst or hunger, for were they not going to follow the Lord ? They were waiting because there was yet one ray of hope in their minds. The body, apparently dead, was for nine hours before them, but yet it did not shew any sign of paleness. It looked as fresh as a living body.

Said a bhakta, "Let us sing the songs of Kunjabhanga ; let this be our last song on earth." The idea was taken up with rapture, for the hearts of all were full and they wanted an outlet for their accumulated feelings. So, with the apparently

dead body of the Lord in their midst, they began slowly their mournful dirge. It so happened that the effort gave them some animation, nay, some happiness. The music seemed to be celestial and it soothed their hearts. It appeared to them that they were receiving a flow of ecstasy from the person of the Lord.

Suddenly one discovered pulaks in the body of the Lord. This showed not only that the Lord was there in the body, but also that he was enjoying their song. Now, these pulaks, imperceptible in the bodies of ordinary persons, assumed the shape of a large pea on the body of the Lord. They all carefully examined the person of the Lord to detect whether they were pulaks or not. It soon became clear that there was no doubt about them and therefore the Lord was in the body. "He is here," exclaimed one, whereupon they all expressed their delight by shouts of "Haribole" and "jay." Peal after peal of Haribole followed, while the ladies, who were watching the spectacle with equal anxiety from their apartments, gave expression to their feelings with the joyful "ulu." The elderly ladies then came forward, and some advised that a message should be sent to Shachee at once (who had, of course, been kept ignorant of the state of affairs); whilst others recommended that the Lord should be bathed without delay.

• the midst of these peals of "Haribole" the Lord opened his eyes. The shouts no doubt helped the bhaktas in rousing him. He opened his eyes and yawned. His look at first vacant, gradually acquired animation. His eyes travelled over the faces of his attendants with a view to ascertain who they were and why they were there. He found that he wa

lying prostrate, and so arose ; he found that it was broad day ; and then he endeavoured to recollect where he was and how he came to be there. To make things certain he asked, "Well, what is the matter to-day ?"

Whenever he awoke from a trance, he always asked his friends to tell him what the matter was with him. They, of course, concealed from him every thing that he had done and said as the Lord God. He himself, as stated before, retained nothing of what he had said or done in his state of trance, though sometimes he had a faint recollection of his doings and sayings in the state of revelation.

THE ORIGIN OF THEOSOPHY IN INDIA--II.



THE Colonel explained to me that the sounds were produced by "elementals." "Who were they?" "They were the shells of the souls of men who have departed from this world." We were told that these shells were the "ghosts," the "evil spirits," the "demons" and so forth of the ignorant, who seem to be the spirit of the dead. But they are not so. They have some life in them, but they gradually cease to exist. The spiritualists deal with these shells, these elementals play the part of dead father, and others. But as a matter of fact, the spirits of dead men can never communicate with men below." Here was then one of the theories of Madame, which made theosophy fundamentally different from spiritualism.

When I heard this theory propounded by Colonel, I was seized by a feeling of despair. But of this hereafter. I said nothing then, and kept my own counsel for a few days. Let me, however, here quote the Colonel's own words when he was a spiritualist. He was deputed by a newspaper to inquire into the manifestations through the Eddy Brothers which were then thrilling America. Says the Colonel:—

"The Eddys can get no servants to live in the house, and so have to do all the house work—cooking, washing and

everything—themselves, and as they charge nothing for seances, and but \$8 per week for board, there is small profit and much work in taking boarders. They are at feud with some of their neighbors, and as a rule not liked either in Rutland or Chittenden. I am now satisfied, after a very careful sifting of the matter, that this hostility and the ugly stories told about them are the result of their repellent manners and the ill name that their ghost-room has among a simple-minded, prejudiced people, and not to any moral turpitude on the part of the mediums. They are in fact under the ban of a public opinion that is not prepared or desirous to study the phenomena as either scientific marvels or revelations from another world.

“Many points noted in my memorandum book as throwing suspicion upon the Eddys I omit, because upon sifting them I found there was an easy explanation, and I cheerfully admit that my impressions of the brothers, as to their honesty in the matter of the manifestations, as well as their personal worth, have steadily improved since the first day. I am satisfied moreover, that they have not the ability to produce them if they should try, which they do not, nor the wardrobe nor properties requisite to clothe the multitude of forms (estimated at over 2,000) that during the twelvemonth last past have emerged from the cabinet and stalked the narrow platform.

“After some singing and dancing, the persons present at the seance are invited to seat themselves on the benches, and William Eddy hangs a thick shawl over the door of the cabinet, which he enters, and sits on the chair G. The lamp is turned down until only a dim light remains; the sitters in front join hands, and a violinist, placed at the extreme right

of the row and nearest the platform, plays on his instrument. All is then anxious expectation. Presently the curtain stirs, is pushed aside, and a form steps out and faces the audience.

"Seen in the obscurity, silent and motionless, appearing in the character of a visitor from beyond the grave, it is calculated to arouse the most intense feelings of awe and terror in the minds of the timid; but happily the idea is so incomprehensible, the supposition so unwarrantable, even absurd, that at first most people choose to curiously inspect the thing as a masquerading pleasantry on the part of the man they saw a moment before enter the cabinet. That the window of his closet is twenty feet from the ground; that no ladder can be found about the premises; that there is no nook nor corner of the house where a large wardrobe can be stored without detection; that the medium totally differs in every material particular from the majority of the phantoms evoked; that the family are barely rich enough to provide themselves with the necessaries of life, let alone a multitude of costly theatrical properties, avails nothing, although everybody can satisfy himself upon these points as I did.

"The first impression is that there is some trickery; for to think otherwise is to do violence to the world's traditions from the beginning until now; besides which the feeling of terror is lessened by apparition being seen by each person in company with numerous other mortals like himself, and the locked hands and touching shoulders on each side soon beget confidence. If the shape is recognized it bows and retires, sometimes after addressing words in an audible whisper or a natural voice, as the case may be, to its friends, sometimes not.

"After an interval of two or three minutes the curtain is again lifted, and another form, quite different in sex, gait, costume, complexion, length and arrangement of hair, height and breadth of body, and apparent age, comes forth, to be followed in turn by others and others, until after an hour or so the session is brought to a close, and the medium reappears with haggard eyes and apparently much exhausted.

"In the three seances I have attended I have seen shapes of Indian men* and women and white persons, old and young, each in a different dress, to the number of thirty two. and I am told by respectable person who have been here a long while that the number averages about twelve a night. The Eddys have sat continuously for nearly a year, and are wearied in body and mind by the incessant drain upon their vital force, which is said to be inevitable in these phenomena.

"For want of a better explanation I may as well state that they claim that the manifestation are produced by a band of spirits, organized with a special director, mistress of ceremonies, chemist, assistant chemist, and dark and light circle operators."

Col. Olcott describes these spirits, and of one of them, an Indian girl, he says:

"Honto is about five feet five inches high, a well made, buxom girl, of dark copper complexion and with long black

* "Quite a number of Indian spirits," says Dr. G. L. Ditton, "materialize themselves every night at the Eddys': for Mrs. Eddy was, it is said, a noble, generous-hearted woman, who cherished the most friendly intercourse with these red men when in the flesh, and one severe winter kept in her house a whole family of them that might otherwise have perished."

air. She is very agile and springy in gait, graceful in movement, and evidently a superior person of her class. At my second seance, she in my presence reached up to the bare white wall and pulled out a piece of gauzy fabric about four yards long, which parted from the plastering with a click as if the end had been glued to it. She hung it over the railing to show us its texture, and then threw it into the cabinet. At either end of the platform she plucked, as if from the air itself, knitted shawls, which she opened and shook, and passed behind the curtain. Then descending the steps to the floor of the room, she pulled another from under Horatio Eddy's chair, where I had seen nothing but the bare floor a moment before. Then returning to the platform, she danced to the accompaniment of the violin, after which she re-entered the cabinet and was gone. Let it be noticed that this creature had the shoulders, bust and hips of a woman, a woman's hair and feminine ways, and that she was at least four inches shorter than William Eddy, who measures five feet nine inches and weighs one hundred and seventy-four pounds."

Colonel Olcott was eye-witness to these facts. But Madame had so thoroughly mesmerised him that he utterly disbelieved what he had himself seen.

(To be continued.)

THE BANGS SISTERS, THEIR MIRACULOUS FEATS.



WILLY RAICHEL, a scientist, in his very interesting book, "Occultist's Travels," which we noticed in our last, thus speaks of the Bangs Sisters in Chicago :—

"Miss Bangs possesses a very peculiar power as a medium, which I had never witnessed before. A letter is written to some intelligence from whom one desires to receive a communication, a few empty sheets are enclosed for a reply, then the envelope is sealed with one's own seal and put between two slates on a table in the bright sunshine. Miss Bangs, after placing an inkstand and penholder on the slate, sits down opposite with folded arms. The noise of writing is now distinctly heard, then rapping, and then the slate may be taken. My letter lay exactly as I had left it, with the seal uninjured. I opened it, and all the empty pages were filled with writing in ink, and all this was done at noon, in broad daylight! In spite of all scepticism, I could discover no fraud there, and, besides, Miss Bangs enjoys a very good reputation in initiated circles."

A Hindu of Calicut, Mr. G. Subha Rau, visited America and the Bangs sisters, and he writes dated December 1908 :—

"America is the home of Spiritualism, and during my recent twelve months' stay in the United States I devoted some time

to the study and investigation of spiritualistic phenomena. I attended several meetings at which mediums lectured and gave "tests." The tests appeared in some instances satisfactory; but they were not quite convincing to me. Sometimes the medium would describe the personal appearance of a spirit whom she professed to see and who was said to be pointing towards and stopping near a certain person among the audience. The person selected was usually an elderly and excitable lady and she had usually not much difficulty in identifying the alleged spirit with one of her departed relations. After this the way for the medium was easy. At least a critical observer could easily discount most tests of this kind. Another kind of test was for the medium to call upon any one in the audience to stand up and say, "Read me." When any one responded, she would at once begin to read his character, and his past and future career in a general way. This she professed to do with the aid of spirit guides; but whatever her method, many of those who stood up with evident incredulity seemed satisfied that she had "read" them fairly well. From this kind of test as well as from the others above described, it is difficult to eliminate the hypothesis of thought-reading. Another alleged phenomenon presented at these meetings was "inspirational speaking." Some of the lecturers were highly eloquent and inspiring, but there was much discursiveness and repetition and there was nothing in them particularly supernatural. I would mention, however, the remarkable performance of one elderly spiritualistic gentleman who could extemporise long poems having both rhyme and reason on any random subjects suggested to the audience.

"I once had a private sitting with a trance medium. I had gone in a very co-operative spirit, and the medium was able to hit upon the particular thing that occupied my mind. But her skilful questions did not elicit much information from me, and her visions and reports from the spirit world were most fantastic. She finally concluded her supposed trance talk and confessed her failure in the present case. In my experience, every medium, who had obviously failed declined the fee which is usually a dollar. Two or three months later the same medium was again in town and I was invited to join a private seance. To my surprise, she professed to have no remembrance of me. This seemed unlikely because the previous interview had lasted more than an hour; I always wore a distinctive Indian dress and she admitted she had seen but few Indians; and in the long conversation that followed the unsuccessful seance I had shown her the portrait of the deceased person in whom I was interested, and had told her a great many associated facts. At this second seance, she read the sitters one by one, and when she came to me she was able to give a remarkably correct account of myself and my family relations. Others said that they too were correctly read; but in my case there is the fact of the previous interview which cannot be ignored. I do not say that the medium was guilty of conscious fraud. It is not impossible that the memories of my past visit had come up to the surface in the trance condition.

"I had sittings with other mediums said to be endowed with varied gifts. I went to selected mediums recommended by the editor of that excellently conducted organ of spiritualism, the *Progressive Thinker* of Chicago; but all—with the single

BANGS SISTERS, THEIR MEDIUMOUS FEATS, 11

exception which I shall presently mention gave disappointing results.

The exception was presented by the famous Bangs sisters, of Chicago. Their specialties are what is known as "independent writing," and "spirit portraits." I had three sittings for independent writing with the younger sister. I took my own note paper and envelope, and wrote two letters to departed friends; one was to a friend, and the other a very dear friend of my student days. The medium wanted me to write the full names of the addressees, which I did in the case of my friend only. I was to enclose the letters with some blank paper in an envelope over which was to be my name. I carried out these instructions with care (and secrecy being left alone in a room) and was then ushered into a small room in which there was a table, and I lodged the envelope carefully in the cavity between two slates which were hinged together at one side and which I secured tight by means of India-rubber straps. I then placed the slates on the table, and over them a shallow dish filled with ink, and I covered up the whole with a piece of cardboard. We were seated on either side of the table; and while taking every care to see that the slates were left undisturbed, I had time to examine the table, the floor, the walls, and the windows, and satisfy myself that there were no sly mechanical contrivances set up there. Presently the medium surprised me by repeating words and sentences from my letters. Having inspired confidence, it was easy for her to draw me into conversation on the subjects dealt with in the letters and to elicit bits of information. It was not long, however, before I put myself on my guard. After about twenty-five minutes

which we spent in conversation she held up the slates and asked, "friends, have you finished?" The answer came in sharp raps which seemed to be genuine and sounded like telegraph signals. She interpreted them to mean that the second letter was being answered.

After a few more minutes, the "friends" announced that the writing was finished, and I at once unstrapped the slates, and cut open the envelope, which seemed quite untampered with. I found that the blank sheets of note paper were filled with writing. To discuss fully the merits of these communications is not possible within the limits of this short paper. It would mean a verbatim reproduction of my letters as well as the replies, as also of the conversation that transpired during the sitting. Suffice it to say, though I went with a critical mind I was eager to get results, if possible, that bore the impress of the personalities of those to whom my letters were addressed. I was particularly anxious to be put in real communication with my wife. But from this point of view I was disappointed. The letters contained neither the style nor the habits of thoughts of the persons whom I had known on earth. The style and the sentiments were those with which we are familiar in spiritualistic literature and published spirit communications. The writings seemed distinctive, and at first seemed very like those of my addresses. But close examination showed that they were the same hand disguised. My friend's signature was in a hesitating hand and was misspelt, while the body of his letter was in a bold and steady hand. Neither of the replies gave any information which could suggest personal identity. My questions were on subjects that must be nearest the hearts

of my departed dear ones (if I may speak of discarnate spirits as having hearts); yet they could not answer them. The answers were vague, general and in several instances altogether wrong. They conveyed no more information than was contained or suggested in my letters or given out by me in conversation. There were several mistakes which my wife could never have made, but were clearly due to my words being misunderstood. No thought-reading entered into the phenomena.

Miss Bangs' explanation (an explanation which was partly embodied in the second alleged letter from my wife) was that ordinary spirits in the spirit-world can communicate only through experienced guides, whose style of thought, expression, and writing, therefore, get to their communications. It was also said that our spirit friends, though they desire to communicate with us, suffer a feeling of oppression when they get back near the earth-conditions.

I wrote a second letter to my wife under similar conditions, and got a reply which was not more conclusive. In both letters, along with many other tests, I had one short sentence expressed in our mother tongue, Konkani, and written in Canarese script. My wife was familiar with English, though she could not be credited with the involved style and learned words of the first communication, but she was certainly more familiar with her own mother-tongue and vernacular and it was not to be expected that a question of the kind put would remain unnoticed while an attempt was made to answer all the English.*

* It might be said that my spirit wife could not penetrate into gross matter and could read the letters only with the help of the "guides," who

The vernacular script, however, gave the medium an opportunity for exhibiting her clairvoyant powers in a striking manner, while my letter was still between the slates, she looked up in the air and produced on a slip of paper a faithful facsimile of the Kanarese writing—of which, of course, she herself could make nothing. This, her clairvoyant reading of the English, and the production of the replies on the blank paper enclosed in my letters seemed to me to be truly supernatural phenomena. For the first two, we do not need a spiritistic hypothesis, for living men and women have been known to possess clairvoyant powers. For the third, this hypothesis is admissible, but may not be essential. The phenomena may or may not have been the work of discarnate human spirits; but there was, at any rate, nothing to suggest the presence of the particular personalities with whom I had sought communication. Whatever information the replies contained was such as I had myself in some way or another imparted, and in using it the authors of those productions made curious mistakes.

With regard to the production of the phenomenon of so called "independent writing" between the slates, the suggestion has been made that the trick consists in getting the sealed cover removed from between the slates by some mysterious agency to another room where a confederate, the sister of the sitting medium, would insert the replies in the

obviously could not read Kanarese. My third sitting was intended to eliminate any such possible difficulty. I simply asked, "please write your name", the question being expressed in our language, but in English script; and as a further help to the guides I repeated it aloud while the sitting was proceeding. But it was a failure. We got no writing at all. The medium had, however, warned me that she was exhausted and that there might be failure.

natural way, and then restore the letter to its place between the slates in the same mysterious way. This explanation does not seem even to carry the mystery one step back. It actually makes the phenomenon more supernatural. If a letter could be conveyed in that way in broad daylight without being detected, it should be equally possible to produce writing within a sealed cover. But there was one notable phenomenon during one of our sittings which seemed to suggest the transporting of solid material objects through solid matter somewhat like the phenomena of the medium Slade which Prof. Zelnor discusses in his "Transcendental Physics." In the course of the sitting, the medium, reading clairvoyantly a portion of my letter, suggested that I should be more definite and give the names of the persons in question. I did so on a small slip of paper, which I was directed to place on the top of the slates and cover it with a piece of cardboard. What I wrote therein was, of course, duly made use of in the reply. There was no occasion for surprise there. But what surprised me was that while the sitting was in progress, I found on lifting up the cardboard (as directed) that the little slip had disappeared, and when in due course I opened the sealed cover which had lain between the slates, I found therein not only the answer to my letter, but the identical missing slip as well. As the whole sitting was in broad daylight, and I was closely watching, I could only infer that the slip of paper had by supernatural agency been transported into the sealed cover.

Now let me pass on to another phenomenon more noteworthy than the rest. I had heard that the Bangs Sisters could produce through spirit agency a portrait of any deceased

person. I had found it hard to believe such a claim and when I arranged to have a sitting for a portrait of my deceased wife, I did so with no little incredulity. The Bangs Sisters claim that they can get a deceased person's portrait precipitated on canvas even when no photographic or other likeness exists, and at least one of their customers assured me of such a thing having been done. But in my case there was a photograph which I was carrying with me. Of course, I took every care to see that neither of the mediums or any of their friends thereabouts saw it. At this sitting both sisters took part. In the course of the preliminary conversation one or the other would look up at the bare wall and describe what she professed to see. Much of it seemed a case of clairvoyance. They saw apparently a life-size image of the photograph I had with me and described it correctly in the details. For instance, they saw that I sat, that my wife stood behind with her hand on my shoulder, that her face was round, that she wore a peculiar jewel on the nose and her hair was parted, that a dog lay at my foot, and so on.

Incidentally, I may mention that they described visions of one, who, from the description, could be my mother, a third, my friend with whom I had been trying to communicate and so on. But to proceed, they asked me to pick out any two canvas stretchers that lay against the wall, adding that I might bring my own stretchers if I liked. I took out two which were very clean and set them on the table against the glass window. I sat opposite, and the two sisters on either side, and we talked on in a purposeless way until I wondered how at that rate anything could appear on the canvas. They just touched either rim of the canvas with the

fingers, and I looked on. The room had been secured, there were only we three in it, and the window was firmly bolted. They asked me whether I wanted my wife to appear on the canvas in her earthly or spirit form. I said, I did not care, provided I could recognise, and finally it was agreed that she might come in whatever form she liked. The mediums asked me somewhat eagerly about the texture of robe or *sari* which my wife had on in the portrait of which they had had clairvoyant vision; but I could not describe it. Gradually I saw a cloudy appearance on the canvas, in a few moments it cleared into a bright face, the eyes formed themselves and opened rather suddenly, and I beheld what seemed a copy of my wife's face in the photograph. The figure on the canvas faded away once or twice, to reappear with clearer outline; and round the shoulder was formed a loose white robe. The whole seemed a remarkable enlargement of the face in the photograph. The photograph had been taken some three or four years before her death, and it was noteworthy that the merely accidental details that entered into it should now appear on the canvas. For instance, the nose ornament already referred to, she had not usually worn. I also noted that all the ornaments were very clumsily reproduced, that one which she had always worn, but which was not distinctly visible in the photograph, was omitted on the canvas, that the complexion was of Teutonic lightness, and that the eyes were rather stern. I pointed out all these blemishes, and, as the result, when I saw the portrait, the next day, all the ornaments had disappeared and the eyes were milder and more natural. I was fully satisfied that the portrait had been precipitated by some

supernormal agency, and could therefore accept their explanation that those changes had also been caused by the same agency. As soon as the portrait was finished, I touched a corner of the canvas with my finger, and a fine greyish substance came off. It was evidently a case of precipitation. The portrait is still in my possession and though more than eighteen months have elapsed, it looks as fresh as ever. It has the appearance of a carefully prepared portrait in water colours, and though many people find it hard to recognise it as a likeness of my wife, its value even as a fancy picture is high, especially remembering that it was all done in 25 minutes. That it was not a hoax altogether is evident from the striking likeness, if not to my wife, at least to her portrait already mentioned. It was alleged to be the work of an uncle of the mediums, who, while on earth, had been an artist and was now helping them in this business—and a very profitable business it seemed, though a limit was said to be imposed by the fact that their “magnetic energy” was drawn upon for the precipitations and it weakened them. I could not believe all this, but there was nothing to show that this spirit guide or any one else had actually seen my wife in the spirit world and drawn her direct. To me, it seemed, clear that the portrait which I carried had been made use of. They did not seem to have used any mental picture that was in my mind, because in that case the mistake about ornaments, etc., would have to be explained. By the way, one significant error was the omission of the red forehead mark of *kunkum* which was so essential. The invisible artist must have taken it to be a stain on the photographic plate: exactly the same mistake was made by a human artist in

Boston, namely, the photographer who made copies of that old portrait. I subsequently proposed another sitting for a portrait in which three persons—my deceased wife, my aunt then at Calicut, and myself sitting before them—should appear together. Their spirit friends said, it was possible, but that to get a living person far away, several sittings would be necessary on account of the difficulty of getting that person in a proper pose. I could not prolong my stay in the city, and so it had to be dropped. They also claimed to be able to make departed persons visible by “ethericalisation;” and this claim, too, I was not in a position to test, or to see if this was another name for “materialisations,” a kind of fraud which honest spiritualists themselves had so successfully and so repeatedly exposed.

I must, in fairness, say that I saw much evidence of overboardness about the Bangs Sisters. They were very kind and hospitable to me, and generous in many ways. Their theories about their own phenomena may be wrong, but that does not take away from the intrinsic scientific value of these phenomena; and sometimes they candidly confess their inability to explain. It is a pity that scientific experts do not seem yet to have paid much attention to the mediumship of the Bangs Sisters. The study of one American case alone, that of Mrs. Piper, has yielded such rich results. The new American Society for Psychical Research, which owes its origin to the labours of Dr. Hyslop, ought to investigate the phenomena of these remarkable Chicago mediums before their powers weaken with age.”

Mr. Reichel whom we quoted before, with his vast experience of the mediums of the world says, “I have found

by experience that it is very rare to obtain much at a first seance even with the best mediums." And again, "True I did not obtain much here, but it is probably extremely difficult for foreign intelligences, I being a German to put themselves quickly and without ceremony into communication with an American medium. So Mr. Subba Row had his first seances only; and there is no doubt that his Hindu relations found it difficult to communicate through American mediums quickly without a training.

Light has, in this connection, received an interesting communication from Vice-Admiral W. Osborne Moore, who writes :

"I send you an extract from a letter I have received from a friend, a gentleman of considerable position in Canada, who does not wish, just at present, to reveal his identity. It is one of the most convincing proofs of spirit influence which has ever come under my notice, and will, no doubt, interest your wide circle of readers.

I think the writer is known to you. I enclose his name for your private information.

The following is the extract from the letter, dated October 19th, 1908, referred to by Admiral Moore :

Our next experience was at Chicago with the Bangs sisters, of whom we had heard both good and evil reports; we were, in consequence, specially on the alert. I will leave you to judge of what we obtained there. We were told by friends who had visited them to write our questions before going to the house and place them with a number of blank sheets of stamped or initialed paper inside an envelope gummed and sealed. This we did, using paper from a Toledo hotel that was decorated with a gilt monogram. We reached Chicago

early on the following morning. At 9 o'clock we had found the Bangs' residence and secured an immediate seance before the arrival of their numerous clients. We sat with Miss May Bangs. To this day she is ignorant of our names or where we came from; nor had she any inkling of our visit or its purpose. We accompanied her, each in turn, into a comfortable little boudoir on the sunny side of the house, looking out on a bit of lawn; the only window remained open. In the centre of the room was a table four feet square covered with a woollen cloth. The medium sat opposite to me about a foot or more from the table; the only object on the table was an open inkstand. I said I had brought with me some questions in a sealed envelope, and hoped to obtain replies through her mediumship; she said, 'We will try.' She then fetched a pair of hinged slates, the frames of which were covered with dark cloth, gave them to me, and resumed her seat, saying, 'Place your letter between the slates, close them and secure them with these about rubber bands; lay the slates on the table in front of you and place both hands flat on top of them.'

The medium's instructions having been carried out we engaged in general conversation: three times she interrupted the talk to ask, 'Is this name or place correctly spelt?' (foreign names mentioned by my questions), showing that some knowledge of what I had written was reaching her. If I assented, or made a slight correction, she would write on a pad resting on her knee, then resumed our conversation where it had dropped.

About half an hour was thus spent when three distinct raps were heard and felt by me, proceeding, apparently, from

the centre of the table. Miss Bangs then said : 'The seance is over : you have obtained what you are to get ; you may open your envelope now or later.' I opened the hinged slates, found the envelope as I had placed it, untouched and still sealed, thanked the lady and left the room, when my brother passed in for his turn.

While waiting for my brother, in the adjoining room I slit open the end of my envelope with my penknife and found, besides my questions, nine and a-half pages of the blank paper covered with close writing in ink, as if with a steel pen, duly numbered and written at the instance of the spirit friend to whom I had addressed four out of the five questions, and signed in full. The replies were categorical, giving or confirming information of great value to me personally ; referring to facts and happenings of forty years ago which the spirit and I alone were aware of, and adding the names of individuals whom I had not named in my questions, but whom we both knew in the past, and who had participated in the events referred to by me.

The reply to the fifth and last question was in the form of greetings from spirit friends who were known to me when they were in earth life, and now come to me as so-called guides.

When one writes rapidly a blotter is necessary at the turn over to a new page : this, apparently, was not required by the spirit writer, for the ink is the same depth of black at the foot as at the top of the pages. The handwriting of the last message (and each signature at the bottom of it) differs from that which contained replies to my first four questions.

It is not claimed that this writing is done by spirit friends themselves but, at their dictation, by the mediums control, who has become expert in this form of manifestation.

• OCCULT THERAPEUTICS.

—:-(X):—

(Concluded.)

HAVING dealt with the different methods of Mental Healing in my previous article, I shall now consider the last form of Occult Therapeutics called

SPIRITUAL HEALING.

This is the highest form of occult healing, and is possessed only by a gifted few who have attained a degree of Spiritual Power. The cures wrought through the agency of it are, to say the least, often simply wonderful. The Spiritual Healer approaches his treatments with a sense of profound respect and appreciation of the mighty power which he calls into operation for the aid and relief of the patient. He assumes a condition of perfect passivity, frees his mind from all thoughts and cares of the material world, and endeavours to pass that mental state in which he feels "in tune with the Infinite." It is impossible for one to describe just what this state is like. It must be felt to be understood.

The healer becomes an instrument for the transmission of the Spiritual healing power, which passing through his Spiritual mind permeates the organism of the patient and restores it to normal condition. The practice of this form of healing consists in *letting* rather than *doing*. The moment the healer begins to think that he is doing the work, just

that moment he begins to obstruct the power which is the source of all strength, life and energy. He keeps the idea presented to his mind that he is but a channel for the inflow of that force which is back of all the power of the universe, and that all that is *real* about him is so because of his relationship with that Infinite Power, of which he is but a spark. He does not heal—but Spirit does. 4, 381

In conclusion, I propose to cite a few cases healed by psychic methods. All of these cases have been seen by medical men and others; and, in most instances, sufficient time has elapsed to judge of the permanency of the results.

In order to prevent misconception, it ought to be clearly understood that I have no quarrel with the Medical profession, nor can I join the indiscriminate clamour against material remedies for the cure of disease. For, as I have said before, I recognise the fact that the human body is made up of an aggregation, or confederation, of cells; that each cell draws its material from the material-food that is taken in the stomach; and that as such it cannot but follow that some medicines contain nutritive material adapted to the needs of special groups of cells. I must say that I am as much opposed to a system which insists that drugs or medicines are necessary to rectify every physical disorder as I am to a system which teaches that the action of the mind alone should be employed for healing purposes. If occult healing sometimes succeeds where other methods have failed, the opposite is equally true. Even in the former case, this implies no slur on 'Medicine,' regarded in its widest sense; on the contrary, it makes 'Medicine,' as a whole, so much the richer, if the work is combined.

The following cases are from my own practice :--

A Mahomedan, aged 36. Had suffered from cervical neuralgia which proved resistant to allopathic treatment. At the request of the Doctor* under whose treatment he was, I treated the patient and cured him in three minutes. No relapse. •

Envoy to His Majesty the Amir of Kabul, aged 45. A very robust and stout man. Had suffered from stiffness of back and pain in loin. Cured the patient in two minutes, in the presence of a large circle of admiring friends.

A gentleman, aged 37. Had been a martyr to rheumatism for more than half his life, having contracted the disease at the age of 17. Suffering severe and constant. All joints affected, particularly knees. Had tried all methods of treatment, but without any lasting effect. Cured in one sitting. A second treatment, a few days later, made the cure permanent.

A clerk, aged 32. Strong and healthy. Had suffered from hysterical attacks, accompanied with muscular contractions. Disease about 11 years old. Suggested that the patient will have no attack for six months. During this period, he kept absolutely well and had no fit. A further treatment was given, with satisfactory results.

A lady, aged 22. Had an attack of hysteria. The fit lasted three days. During this time, the patient remained apparently unconscious and without food or water, her jaws being locked tightly. After all medical skill had failed to do her any good, I was sent for and under my psychic method of treatment the patient recovered within half an-hour.

A lady, aged 17. Had scalded the left side of her person by upturning a pan of hot milk. Blisters from the thigh down to the ankle of left leg. Proceeded to hypnotise her while she was yet crying, and in 5 minutes she was fast asleep. She woke up again, after 15 minutes, to find that her agonising pain had disappeared. The wound healed up subsequently in much less time than it might otherwise have taken. It may be noted here that this patient had been hypnotised on a previous occasion. Hence she was so easily susceptible.

A student, aged 18. Had suffered from constipation and enlargement of spleen for a number of years. His life had at one time been despaired. After a week's treatment, commenced rapidly regaining his former health.

A boy, aged 11. Had suffered from paralysis of legs for over four years. Right leg completely paralysed and thinner than the left, due probably to its being out of use for such a length of time. Cured at one sitting, which did not last more than 5 minutes. This statement may seem incredible, but here is a letter I received a few days ago, which says: "Perhaps you remember that you gave one hypnotic treatment to a boy of Uttarpara who had suffered from rheumatic paralysis for over 4 years at your Branch School at Shambazar and remarked that 7-8 more treatments would thereafter be necessary. But the single treatment proved a miracle in the case and the boy now walks over a long journey of 8 miles without the slightest inconvenience. Except his lame gait due to organic defect in the cap of the right knee, the boy has otherwise regained all the characteristic smartness of his age. His recovery has become so

public that I am sick of answering the questions regarding the treatment.”

This case was witnessed by several persons, including a medical man.

Brevity of space and time will, I am afraid, not allow me to quote more cases. But are these cures miraculous? I say by no means. A miracle is something supernatural. In these cases, those who were healed were healed by the power of their own minds suddenly called into operation, assisted perhaps, in some cases, by that of the operator. Thus, *Mind* is the supreme factor in effecting a cure, and the treatment of disease by psychological processes is called Occult Therapeutics.

S. N. BOSE,

4, Sustitollah Road,
Kidderpore.

Practical Hypnotist
and Psychic Healer.



“ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES.”



MR. E. M. DUCAT contributes a powerful story under this heading to the *Occult Review* in which a long-lost ruby was strangely restored through the plaintive crying and wailing of a child, dead many years before, while yet under the impression of being in disgrace over the loss of the gem. It will amply repay perusal :- -

Mr. and Mrs. Davis are Anglo-Indians, the most hospitable of a proverbially hospitable class. Mr. Davis is also a great sportsman. In India, during one cold weather, they were exceedingly kind to, and entertained for several weeks, a certain Mr. Thompson, who had been, previously, a complete stranger to them, but who had come to their part of the country for big game shooting, and between whom and Mr. Davis a great friendship had sprung up, on account of their mutual sporting proclivities.

On his departure, Mr. Thompson gave a most pressing invitation to his hospitable host and hostess to come, on their return to England, and pay a visit to himself and his wife at their country home in —shire.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis accepted the friendly invitation, and the next time they were home on leave in England they duly paid the visit.

They had never before seen Mrs. Thompson, and knew nothing about the family; but Mr. Thompson had told them that his children were grown up, and had left home.

The evening of their arrival, Mrs. Davis went up rather early to dress for dinner. The door between her room and the large room allotted to her husband as a dressing-room was ajar. She was pattering about her room, arranging her belongings and settling herself comfortably into her new quarters, when she heard a most piteous sobbing and moaning, which seemed to issue from somewhere close by.

She stopped her occupation and listened.

Ever persistently the sounds continued, without intermission emitted evidently by some child in dire distress, who was crying as if its heart were breaking.

Such inconsolable grief was terrible to hear, and Mrs. Davis felt she could not stand it any longer without trying to find out where the child was and what was the matter with it. The noise sounded so close—apparently in the adjoining room—surely no child could be in there, in her husband's dressing-room? Mrs. Davis advanced towards the communicating door to investigate the affair.

As she did so, she caught sight of a small figure at the farther end of the large room.

It was a little girl of about four years of age, dressed in a brown-holland over-all tied under the arms with a wide, blue ribbon sash. She stood wringing her hands and moaning, and anon bending down and tearing with her wee fingers, and with an air of despairing pertinacity, at one particular spot in the carpet, while tears coursed down her cheeks and sobs convulsed her tiny frame.

For one instant astonishment arrested Mrs. Davis and held her dumb, gazing at the spectacle; the next, she advanced into the dressing-room, exclaiming with concern—

“My poor little girl! What *is* the matter?”

The child took not the slightest notice of the interruption but continued her strange behaviour and sobbing, as if she had not heard Mrs. Davis speak.

Mrs. Davis walked right across the room towards her.

“Tell me, little one, why *are* you crying?—and what are you trying to do to that carpet?”

She was just about to stoop down and touch the child, when, without uttering a word, it turned suddenly away, and burying its face in its hands, ran, still sobbing, out of the room.

Mrs. Davis followed instantly to the door and gazed up and down the passage, looking to see where the child had gone but not a trace of it was visible in either direction.

It having vanished into thin air and all sounds of sobbing having completely ceased, Mrs. Davis, after standing for a few minutes irresolute in the doorway, turned back and re-entered the room. When her husband came up to dress, she recounted what had taken place, and wondered who the child was, as Mr. Thompson had told them his children were all grown up, and none of them here.

Mr. Davis agreed that it was rather curious, but suggested that probably the little girl was a grandchild, and said, as his wife seemed so concerned about the matter, that he would ask Mr. Thompson who the child was, and tell him it was in distress over something.

Accordingly when they entered the drawing-room—where Mr. and Mrs. Thompson already were—Mr. Davis went up to Mr. Thompson and remarked—

“Didn’t you say your children are all grown up? Is that then your grandchild upstairs, who has been crying in our room?”

Mr. Thompson started violently. He turned a countenance towards Mr. Davis the expression of which dumbfounded the latter. Never had he seen any face express such scared agony.

“There is no child in this house,” said Mr. Thompson hurriedly, in a low voice, and speaking as if with difficulty.

“Oh! but pardon me, my dear fellow, there is!” laughed Mr. Davis, “for my wife saw it not an hour ago! It was in our room, sobbing and crying and seemingly in great distress over something or other. Freda is quite concerned about it, and hopes you will find out what is the matter with the child and do——”

“Hush-sh!” whispered his host in his ear, laying a restraining hand upon his arm, while he cast an apprehensive glance towards his wife, as if dreading lest she should have overheard Mr. Davis’ speech. “After dinner I will tell you all about that child; in the meantime, pray say nothing more on the matter. I will explain all, afterwards, in private.”

Following Mr. Thompson’s glance, Mr. Davis perceived that Mrs. Thompson had turned ashy white, was trembling like an aspen and clutching at the edge of the table near her, as if to prevent herself from falling in a faint.

Realizing that he had unwittingly made a *faux pas*, Mr. Davis hastened, with ready tact, to change the conversation,

and welcomed the opportune arrival of the butler, announcing the dinner, as putting an end to a more than proverbially trying *mauvais quart d'heure*.

After dinner, over their wine, Mr. Thompson, on his own initiative, confided to his friend the following explanation of the skeleton in his cupboard that had that day been laid bare to the gaze of his friends.

The child that Mrs. Davis had seen crying in the bedroom was Mr. and Mrs. Thompson's own child; *but it had been dead for years.*

Throughout those years it had continued, at intervals, to appear to various people—always sobbing and wringing its hands and moaning in the broken-hearted manner that Mrs. Davis had described. It took no notice of any one, and although more than once it had been spoken to by different people who had seen it, it had never paid the slightest attention, nor had it ever replied to any one's interrogations.

The subject was the more intensely painful to Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, for the reason that the child had died under distressing circumstances, believing itself to be in disgrace and still unforgiven.

The facts were, that the little girl one morning was, as usual, playing in her mother's room while the latter was dressing, and was amusing herself with her mother's rings, which were lying on the dressing-table. When the nurse came to fetch the child, it, unknown to any one, went away still holding in its hands one of the rings.

As soon as Mrs. Thompson was dressed, she found that this particular ruby ring was missing, and went at once to the nursery to recover it from the child, who, she felt convinced,

must have gone off with it. The children, however, had already departed with the nurse for their walk, and there was no sign of the ring anywhere to be seen.

At midday, when the children returned, Mrs. Thompson immediately sent for the baby and questioned her about the ring.

The child at once admitted having taken it, but said she could not tell where it was now, because she had lost it.

Very much vexed, for the ring was a valuable and favourite one, Mrs. Thompson asked the child *where* she had lost it?

The little girl replied that she could not remember.

Mrs. Thompson urged her and coaxed her to try and remember where she had lost it; but all the child would reply was that she had “lost it down a hole,” and whether indoors, or out-of-doors, or where, she could not, or would not, say.

From the child’s manner, Mrs. Thompson felt sure she knew, really, perfectly well where the ring was, but that she didn’t wish to have to part with it, and had, for that reason, hidden it away somewhere on purpose, and refused, wilfully, to divulge where.

She therefore told the child that she was a very naughty girl to have taken away the ring and to have lost it, and until she could remember and confess where she had lost it, and restore it, she must consider herself in disgrace.

The child, who was a most sensitive little thing, was very much upset on being told this, and went crying out of the room, reiterating her former asseveration that she could not remember where she had lost the ring, but it was “down a hole.”

Two or three days passed and still the child never divulged where she had put the ring, and was most unhappy and always begging to be forgiven.

As every one was convinced she could very well tell, if she chose, where "the hole" was, in which she had hidden the ring, it was thought advisable to continue to keep her in disgrace, in order that she might the sooner confess, and the valuable ring be recovered.

Not many days later, however, the child fell ill, and rapidly developed a serious fever.

In her delirium she did nothing but rave about the subject of the lost ring. She maintained just what she had declared when well, that she had dropped the ring down some hole, but that she could not remember where the hole was. She implored deliriously for forgiveness.

Mrs. and Mr. Thompson, the nurse, the doctor, every one who attended her bedside, assured her over and over again that she was believed and forgiven,—but in vain. The words conveyed no meaning to the poor little delirious brain; and she was without regaining consciousness, and while still believing herself to be in disgrace, that the child died.

This was the tale that Mr. Thompson related the night to Mr. Davis, as the two men sat over their wine. The unfortunate father was quite overcome with grief, even at recounting the tragedy. At the conclusion, he said to his friend, in a choked voice

"Neither I nor my wife has ever got over the loss of that child, and this periodic reappearance of our poor little dead girl, still wailing for a forgiveness that we were, and are, unable to make it understand was long ago granted, keeps

perpetually opening and bleeding a wound that is too deep ever to heal.”

This painful story, Mr. Davis, at his host's request, repeated that night to his wife, in explanation of the sight she had witnessed.

Mrs. Davis, naturally, was much moved at the narration—not only that, she was also greatly excited.

“And has the lost ring never been found?” she inquired eagerly.

Her husband replied no, that he believed that, to that day, it had never been recovered.

“Then I am convinced that where the child was scratching at the carpet is where the ring is!” exclaimed Mrs. Davis. “It was trying to get at *something*, in or under the carpet at that spot! That would explain perfectly its extraordinary actions! And all its grief seemed to be caused by its inability to accomplish its purpose! You may be sure that is for what the child comes back!—it wants to recover that ring which it believes must be found before it can obtain its parents' forgiveness. Do let us ask Mr. Thompson to have the carpet taken up and a search made! I can show the precise spot which the child indicated. Surely it is worth a search!”

“My dear Freda,” replied Mr. Davis, “you forget. The child has been dead for years. The carpet must have been up a dozen times between then and now.”

“But no search has ever been made beneath it at that spot you may be sure!” said Mrs. Davis. “Do, do ask to have the carpet taken up that we may see what is under it!”

“I really don't like to broach the subject again,” said Mr. Davis; “I can't tell you how frightfully cut up poor Thompson

is still about this whole business. He says he shall never get over it. I should hate to have to mention again such a terribly painful subject. We had much better say nothing more about it."

— But Mrs. Davis was so insistent, she prevailed.

Mr. Davis repeated to his host his wife's remarks and request.

Mr. Thompson said he would be most glad to have a search made if Mrs. Davis would point out the spot. He said that as that room had been the children's day-nursery formerly, it was quite possible that it was in that room that the ring had been lost by the child, and if the desire to recover and restore the missing property was what prevented the child from resting in her grave, willingly would he order the whole house to be pulled down if there were any chance thereby of obtaining the desired result.

Accordingly, after Mrs. Davis had marked the position where the child stood, the carpet was removed. No ring was to be seen; but there was a tiny chink between two of the boards in the floor, just at the spot.

There had been no carpet in the room in the days it was used as a nursery—the child had always said the ring was "down a hole"—perhaps it had fallen through that chink in the boards!

A carpenter was called in and the boards were taken up.

Beneath, on the lathes of the ceiling of the room below, like a drop of ruddy heart's-blood, gleamed the red ruby of the long-lost ring!

Many are the years that have now elapsed since that eventful day, but never, during the whole of that time, has any living soul in that house again set eyes on a forlorn little figure, weeping and wailing and wringing its hands.

MR. STEAD'S EXPERIENCES.



THE name of Mr. W. T. Stead is one to conjure with wherever the English language is spoken or read. He is not only a leading Intellectual Light in England but is foremost in all reformatory work. He is besides an excellent medium. The following is an article from Mr. Stead entitled "How I know the Dead Return : A record of Personal Experience" in the *Fortnightly Review*, New York. It will be read with engrossing interest :—

Cecil Rhodes once told me that early in life he had devoted much thought to the question whether or not there was a God. He came to the conclusion that there was a God, and he decided that it was a matter of the first importance to ascertain what God wanted him to do. In like fashion I would ask the reader to consider whether or not the conscious life of our personality persists after death. He will probably come to the conclusion that there is a certain per cent chance that such is the case. He may put it at 50 per cent, at 90 per cent, or at 10 per cent, or even at 1 per cent of chance that death does not end all. In face of the fact that the immense majority of the greatest minds in all ages have firmly believed that the personality survives death, he will hardly venture to assert that he is justified in asserting that there is not even a

1 per cent chance that he will go on living after his body has returned to its elements.

Of course, if he should be absolutely convinced that not even that irreducible minimum of a chance exists that he may be mistaken; if he thinks he knows he is right and that Plato and the Apostle Paul were wrong, I beg him to read no further. This article is not written for him. I am addressing myself solely to those who are willing to admit that there is at least an off chance that all the religions and most of the philosophies and the universal instinct of the human race may have had some foundation for their conviction that there is a life after death. Is it a fact or is it not? How can we arrive at a certainty on the subject? It may be that this is impossible. But we ought not to despair of arriving at some definite solution of the question one way or the other, until we have exhausted all the facilities for investigation at our disposal. Nothing can be less scientific than to ignore the subject and to go on living from day to day in complete uncertainty whether we are entities which dissolve like the morning mist when our bodies die, or whether we are destined to go on living after the change we call death.

THE PARABLE OF THE LOST VOYAGERS.

Assuming that I carry the reader so far with me, I proceed to ask what kind of evidence can be produced to justify the acceptance of the persistence of personality after death, not as a mere hypothesis, but as an ascertained and demonstrable fact.

There are many kinds of evidence to which I only refer to avoid the imputation of having ignored them, because I

propose to confine myself to one description of evidence which seems to me the most convincing. The recent application of electricity in wireless telegraphy and wireless telephony while proving nothing in themselves as to the nature of the permanence of personality, are invaluable as enabling us to illustrate the difficulties as well as the possibilities of proving the existence of life after death.

In order to form a definite idea of the problem which we are about to attack, let us imagine the grave as the Atlantic Ocean as it appeared to our forefathers before the days of Christopher Columbus. In order to make the parallel complete it is necessary to suppose that the Atlantic could only be traversed by vessels from east to west, and that ocean currents of strong easterly gales rendered it impossible for any voyager from Europe to America to return to the Old World. We shall thus be able to form a simple but perfectly clear conception of the difficulties which I am now about to discuss.

If Christopher Columbus, after discovering America, had been unable to sail back across the Atlantic, Europe would after a time have concluded that he had perished in an ocean which had no further shore. If innumerable other voyagers had set out on the same westward journey and had never returned, this conviction would have deepened into an absolute certainty. Yet Christopher Columbus and those who followed him might have been living and thriving and founding a new nation on the American continent. It would have been impossible for them to convince those they had left behind of their continued existence. Europe would have regarded

America as

"That undiscovered bourne from whence
No traveler returns."

And their friends and relations would have mourned the brave
"who went, but who returned not."

Yet all the while Christopher Columbus and his gallant men would have been living under better conditions than those of their native land.

What would have happened in those circumstances?

A MESSAGE FROM AN UNKNOWN CONTINENT.

In all probability the faith even of the most ardent believers in the reality of Columbus' great vision would grow dim. If it did not altogether die out, it would be due to the fact that from time to time in the dreams of the night their friends saw them alive and well in a strange new world. But everything would be shadowy and unreal as a dream.

Now let us transport ourselves from the time of Columbus to our own day. We must assume that the original physical impossibility of crossing the Atlantic from west to east still continues. But in the intervening centuries the men who had crossed from east to west had increased and multiplied and had built up a great nation with an advanced civilization on the American continent. Like us, they discover telegraphy; like us, they invent and use the telephone. After a time they discover the principle of wireless telegraphy; and after that they perfect the wireless telephone.

It is not difficult to imagine that the terrors of the unknown would not daunt for ever the intrepid spirits of European explorers. A ship or ships would be equipped to cross the Atlantic. When their crews and passengers landed on the further shore they would discover to their

infinite amazement not only that a vast continent existed within five days' steam from Liverpool, but that those who were thought to have perished had founded a great commonwealth in the New World. What would immediately happen?

The newcomers, finding themselves unable to return, would at once endeavor to utilize all the resources of modern science to enable them to communicate their great discovery to the Old World. They would endeavor to perfect and extend the use of wireless telegraphy so as to enable them to flash the good news to their friends on the European shore. At first they would fail from the lack of any receiving station on this side. But after a while by some happy chance a wireless message from America might be caught on some sea coast Marconi station. When that message arrived, how would it be received? In all probability it would be fragmentary, incoherent and apparently purposeless. It would be set down to some practical joker or some random message sent out from somewhere in Europe. And so for a long time the attempt to communicate information would fail. After an interval probably a more coherent message would arrive. Efforts would be made to answer, but the replies might not arrive when any one was in attendance at the other side: the instruments might not be attuned, and the message might arrive so mutilated as to be unintelligible. A few cranks who had never lost the faith, traditional and dim, that there was a world beyond the seething waste of waters would go on experimenting, wasting time and money, and exposing themselves to the ridicule of the scientific world.

At last, after innumerable disappointments, it is possible that the captain of the last exploring expedition might succeed

in getting through a message, clear, direct and to the point, such as this :

“From Captain Smith, of the Resolute S. S. to Lloyds, London: Alive and well. Discovered New World, filled with descendants of Christopher Columbus and his men.”

What would follow the receipt of such a Marconigram? It would probably arrive so many years after the expedition had sailed no one would at first remember who Captain Smith was. When the records were looked up and the existence of the ship and its commander recalled, there would be some sensation, a good deal of discussion, efforts to reach the unknown land would be renewed, but the majority of the practical commonsense men of the world would regard the message as a practical joke, and men of science would prove to their own complete satisfaction the absolute impossibility of any such world existing and *a fortiori* of any such message being authentic.

But after a time more messages would come. Some method would be discovered of despatching replies and of receiving answers. At last the scientific world would wake up to the recognition of the fact that a *prima facie* case had been made out for the strange, the almost incredible, phenomena that seemed to point to the possibility that there was another world beyond the Atlantic, and that its inhabitants could by means of wireless telegraphy communicate with Europe. The difficulties they would encounter would be the identical difficulties which confront us in our quest for certainty as to life after death. But with patience and perseverance and careful allowance for the obstacles in the way of trans-oceanic intercourse the existence of the American continent would

in the end be established as I believe the existence of the other world is very soon about to be established beyond all question or cavil.

2--SPIRITS WRITE FOR HIM.

I will now leave the illustration and address myself directly to an explanation of the evidence which has convinced me of the reality of the persistence of personality after death.

I may make the prefatory remark that I have what is called the gift of automatic handwriting. By that I mean that I can, by making my mind passive, place my pen on paper and my hand will write messages from friends at a distance. Whether they are in the body or whether they have experienced the change called death makes no difference.

The advantage of obtaining such automatic messages from friends who are still on this side of the grave is that it is possible to verify their accuracy by referring to the persons from whom the messages come. I may say, in order to avoid apprehension, that the transmitter of the message is, in any case, seldom conscious of having transmitted it, and is sometimes surprised and annoyed to find that his unconscious mind has sent the message. As an illustration of this I will describe one such experience that occurred almost at the beginning of my experiments. A lady, a friend of mine, who can write with my hand at any distance with even more freedom than she can write with her own, had been spending the week end at Haslemere, a village about thirty miles from London. She was to lunch with me on Wednesday if she returned to town. Late on Monday afternoon I wished to know if she had left the country, and placing my pen on the

paper I mentally asked if she had returned to town. My hand wrote as follows :

"I am very sorry to tell you I have had a very painful experience, which I am almost ashamed to tell you. I left Haslemere at 2: 27 p. m. in a second-class carriage, in which there were two ladies and one gentleman. When the train stopped at Godalming the ladies got out and I was left alone with the man. He left his seat and came close to me. I was furious. We had a struggle and I seized his umbrella and struck him, but it broke, and I was beginning to fear that he would master me when the train began to slow up before arriving at Guildford station. He got frightened, let go of me, and before the train reached the platform he jumped out and ran away. I was very much upset. But I have the umbrella."

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A DEATH PAINT RECEIVED

I sent my secretary up with a note saying merely I was very sorry to hear what had happened, and added: "Be sure and bring the man's umbrella on Wednesday." She wrote in reply: "I am very sorry you know any thing about it. I had made up my mind to tell nobody. I will bring the broken umbrella, but it was my umbrella, not his."

When she came to lunch on Wednesday she confirmed the story in every particular and produced the umbrella, which was hers, not his. How that mistake occurred in the transmission of the message I do not know. Perhaps by the solitary inaccuracy to emphasize the correctness of the rest of the narrative. I may say that I had no idea as to the train by which she was travelling, and had not the remotest suspicion that she had experienced so awkward an adventure.

I may say that since then, for a period of fifteen years, I have been and am still in the habit of receiving similar automatic messages from my friends. In some the percentage of error is larger, but as a rule they are astonishingly correct. This system of automatic telepathy from friends who are still in their bodies is for me as well established as the existence of electric telegraphy. It is a fact capable of every-day verification, and is, therefore, to me and to my friends an absolute certainty. The next question is whether this system of automatic telegraphy between the living—which corresponds to wireless telegraphy on land—can be extended to those who have crossed the river of death, an extension which corresponds to the transmission of Marconigrams across the Atlantic.

Upon this point let me relate my own experience. I had two friends who were as devoted to each other as sisters. As is not unusual, they had promised each other that which ever died first would return and show herself to the other in order to afford peculiar demonstration of the reality of the world beyond the grave. One of them, whose Christian name was Julia, died in Boston shortly after the pledge was given. Within a few weeks she aroused her friend from her sleep in Chicago and showed herself by her bedside, looking radiantly happy. After remaining silent for a few minutes, she slowly dissolved in a light mist, which remained in the room for half an hour.

Some months after the friend in question came to England. She and I were staying at Eastnor Castle, in the west of England, when Julia came back a second time. Her friend had not gone to sleep. She was wide awake, and again

she saw Julia as distinct and as real as in life. Again she could not speak, and again the apparition faded away.

Her friend told me about the second visit, and asked me if I could get a message from Julia. I offered to try, and next morning before breakfast, in my own room my hand wrote a very sensible message, brief and to the point. I asked for evidence as to the identity of the transmitter. My hand wrote :

“Tell her to remember what I said when last we came to Minerva.” I protested that the message was absurd. My hand persisted, and said that her friend would understand it. I felt so chagrined at the absurdity of the message that for a long time I refused to deliver it. When I did so, her friend exclaimed: “Did she actually write that? Then it is Julia herself and no mistake.” “How,” I asked, “could you come to Minerva?” “Oh,” she replied, “of course you don’t know anything about that Julia shortly before her death had bestowed the pet name of Minerva upon Miss Willard, the founder of the Women’s Christian Temperance Union, and had given her a brooch with a cameo Minerva. She never afterward called her anything but Minerva, and the message which she wrote with your hand was substantially the same which she gave to me the last time when Minerva and I came to bid her good by on her death bed.”

Here again there was a slight mistake. Minerva had come to her instead of Julia going to Minerva, but otherwise the message was correct. I then proposed that I should try for more messages. Her friend sat at one end of a long table, I sat at the other. After my hand had written answers to various questions I asked Julia if as another test of her

identity she could use my hand to call to her friendly memory some incident of their mutual lives of which I know nothing. No sooner said than done. My hand wrote :

GETTING INTO COMMUNICATION WITH THE BEYOND.

"Ask her if she can remember when we were going home together when she fell and hurt her spine." "That fills the bill," I remarked as I read out the message, "for I never knew you had met such an accident." Looking across the table I saw her friend looked bewildered. "But, Julia," she replied, "I never hurt my spine in my life." "There," said I, addressing my hand reproachfully, "a nice mess you have made of it. I only asked you for one out of the thousand little incidents you both must have been through together, and you have gone and written what never happened."

Imperturbably my hand wrote: "I am quite right. She has forgotten." "Anybody can say that," I replied. "Can you bring it back to her memory?" "Yes," was the reply. "Go ahead," I answered. "When was it?" Answer: "Seven years ago." "Where was it?" At Streator, in Illinois." "How did it happen?" "She and I were going home from the office one Saturday afternoon. There was snow on the ground. When we came opposite Mrs. Buell's house she slipped her foot on the curbstone and fell and hurt her back."

When I read these messages aloud her friend exclaimed: "Oh, that's what you mean, Julia? I remember that quite well. I was in bed two or three days with a bad back, but I never knew it was my spine that was hurt."

3—A GHOST'S PROPHECY.

I need not multiply similar instances. The communication then begun has been kept up for over fifteen years.

I have no more doubt of the existence and the identity of Julia than I have of the existence of my wife or my sister.

Here we have the appearance in bodily form, twice repeated, in fulfilment of promise made before death. This is followed up by the writing of messages, attested first by an allusion to a pet name that seemed to reduce the message to nonsense, and, secondly, by recalling to the memory of her friend with the utmost particularity of details an accident which she had forgotten. No medium was concerned in the receipt of these messages but myself. I had no motive to misrepresent anything. As my narrative proves, I was skeptical rather than credulous. But things happened just as I have put them down. Can you be surprised if I felt I was really getting into communication with the Beyond?

It will be said by some of those who will not give me the lie as to the accuracy of the foregoing narrative that it does not carry us beyond telepathy from the living. This is regarded as an actual fact. In this case the unconscious mind of the transmitter had entirely forgotten. The hypothesis of telepathy from the conscious mind of the living can be invoked to account for almost any message said to be transmitted by the dead. But here is one class of messages which telepathy from the mind of the living, conscious or unconscious, cannot account for. That is the class of messages which relate neither to past nor present events, but which foretell an event, or events which have still to happen.

Julia, on the very day on which she gave the test messages recorded above, made a prediction, not as a prediction so

such as a friendly warning intended to save her friend from making engagements which she would not be able to keep, as at a certain time she would be three thousand miles away from England. My friend laughed the warning to scorn. The prediction--was twice repeated and both times treated with contempt. Engagements were entered into which, when the time came, had to be cancelled because my friend found it necessary to go to the distant place Julia had named.

It will be objected that the prophecy in this case may have helped to bring about its own fulfilment. Let us admit that for the sake of argument. The same objection cannot be urged against the next item of evidence I am about to produce. Some years ago I had in my employment a lady of remarkable talent, but of a very uncertain temper, and anything but robust health. She became so difficult that one January I was seriously thinking of parting with her, when Julia wrote with my hand "Be very patient with E. M. She is coming over to our side before the end of the year." I was rather startled, for there was nothing to make me think that she was likely to die. I took the advice, said nothing about the message, and continued her in my employ. It was, I think, about Jan. 15 or 16 when the warning was given.

It was repeated in February, March, April, May and June, each time the message being written as a kind of reminder in the body of a longer communication. "Remember, E. M. is going to pass over before the end of the year." In July E. M. inadvertently swallowed a tack. It lodged in her appendix and she became dangerously ill. The two doctors by whom she was attended did not expect her to recover. When Julia

was writing with my hand I remarked, "I suppose this is what you foresaw when you predicted E. M. would pass over." To my infinite surprise, "No, she will get better of this, but all the same she will pass over before the year is out." E. M. did recover suddenly, to the amazement of the doctors, and was soon doing her usual work. In August, in September, in October, in November, the warning of her approaching death was communicated through my hand. In December E. M. fell ill with influenza. "So it was this," I remarked to Julia "that you foresaw." Again I was destined to be surprised, for Julia wrote: "No, she will not come over here naturally. But she will come before the year is out." I was alarmed, but I was told I could not prevent it. Christmas came. E. M. was very ill. But the old year passed and she was still alive. Julia replied: "I may be a few days out, but what I said is true."

A TRAGIC 'END FORETOLD.

About Jan. 10 Julia wrote to me: "You are going to see E. M. to-morrow. Bid her farewell. Make all necessary arrangements. You will never see her again"earth. on I went to see her. She was feverish, coughed badly, and was going to be removed to a nursing hospital where she could receive better attention. All the time I was with her she talked of what she was going to do to carry out her work. When I bade her good-by I wondered if Julia was not mistaken.

Two days after I received a telegram informing me that E.M. had thrown herself out of a fourth story window in delirium and had been picked up dead. It was within a

day or two of the end of twelve months since the first warning was given.

This narrative can be proved by the manuscript of the original messages, and by the signed statement of my two secretaries to whom under the seal of secrecy I communicated the warnings of Julia.

No better substantiated case of prevision recorded in writing, not once, but twelve times, is on record. However you may account for it, telepathy, conscious or unconscious, breaks down here.

LINCOLN THE MYSTIC.



SEANCE AT WHITE HOUSE.

To persons inclined to be incredulous as to occult and psychic matters, it has always seemed strange that so practical a life as that of Abraham Lincoln should be in any wise interwoven with such things as dreams, premonitions and spiritualism. But more than abundant evidence remains to show that from the beginning Lincoln was surrounded by the weird and the uncanny.

Perhaps the extraordinary national struggle which he so thoroughly typified during his later years was partially responsible for this. For students of history and of psychology have long since shown the peculiar susceptibility of individuals and peoples alike to phenomena of a psychic nature at times of great tension. The slavery issue was already hovering like a shadow over the nation when Lincoln was born. It had more or less to do, as the Biographer Binns show so aptly in the continued meanderings of Lincoln's father. It surrounded Lincoln as he grew up to manhood and it finally so worked its way into his nature that it needed but the repeal of the Missouri Compromise Act to make him the inevitable national spokesman.

A writer from Washington, under date, April 23, 1863, says: A few evenings since Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States, was induced to give a spiritual soiree in the crimson room at the White House to test the wonderful alleged supernatural powers of Mr. Charles E. Shockle. It was my good fortune, as a friend of the medium, to be present, the party consisting of the president, Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Welles, Mr. Stanton, Mr. L. of New York and Mr. F. of Philadelphia. We took our seats in the circle about 8 o'clock, but the president was called away shortly after the manifestations commenced, and the spirits, which apparently had assembled to convince him of their power, gave visible tokens of their displeasure at the president's absence by pinching Mr. Stanton's ears and twitching Mr. Welles' beard. He soon returned, but it was some time before harmony was restored, for the mishaps caused such burst of laughter that the influence was unpropitious. For some half hour the demonstrations were of a physical character - tables were moved and the picture of Henry Clay which hangs on the wall was swayed more than a foot and two candelabra, presented by the Dey of Algiers to President Adams, were twice raised nearly to the ceiling.

It was nearly 9 o'clock before Shockle was fully under spiritual influence, and so powerful were the subsequent manifestations that twice during the evening restoratives were applied, for he was much weakened, and though I took no notes I shall endeavor to give you as faithful an account as possible of what took place.

Loud rappings about 9 o'clock were heard directly beneath the president's feet and Mr. Shockle stated that an Indian desired to communicate.

"Well, sir," said the president, "I should be happy to hear what his Indian majesty has to say. We have recently had a visitation from our red brethren and it was the only delegation, black, white or blue, which did not volunteer some advice about the conduct of the war."

The medium then called for pencil and paper and they were laid upon the table in sight of all. A handkerchief was then taken from Mr. Stanton and the materials were carefully concealed from sight. In less space of time than it has required for me to write this knocks were heard and the paper was uncovered. To the surprise of all present it read as follows :

"Haste makes waste, but delays cause vexations. Give vitality by energy. Use every means to subdue. Proclamations are useless ; make a bold front and fight the enemy ; leave traitors at home to the care of loyal men. Less note of preparations, less parade and policy talk and more action.

"HENRY KNOX "

"That is not Indian talk, Mr. Shockle," said the president. "Who is Henry Knox?"

I suggested to the medium to ask who Henry Knox was and before the words were from my lips the medium spoke in a strange voice :

"The first secretary of war."

"O, yes ; Gen. Knox," said the president, who, turning to the secretary, said : "Stanton, that message is for you ; it is from your predecessor."

Mr. Stanton made no reply.

"I should like to ask Gen. Knox," said the president, "if it is within the scope of his ability to tell us when this rebellion will be put down."

In the same manner as before this message was received :

"Washington, Lafayette, Franklin, Wilberforce, Napoleon, and myself have held frequent consultations on this point. There is something which our spiritual eyes cannot detect which appear well formed. Evil has come at times by removal of men from high positions, and there are those in retirement whose abilities should be made useful to hasten the end. Napoleon says, concentrate your forces upon one point ; Lafayette thinks that the rebellion will die of exhaustion ; Franklin sees the end approaching, as the south must give up for want of mechanical ability to compete against northern mechanics. Wilberforce sees hope only in a negro army. Knox

"Well", exclaimed the president, "opinions differ among the saints as well as among the sinners. They don't seem to understand running the machines among the celestials much better than we do. Their talk and advice sound much like the talk of my cabinet—don't you think so, Mr. Welles?"

"Well, I don't know—I will think the matter over and see what conclusion to arrive at."

Heavy raps were heard, and the alphabet was called for, when "That's what's the matter" was spelled out. There was a shout of laughter, and Mr. Welles stroked his beard.

"That means, Mr. Welles," said the president, "that you are apt to be long winded, and think the nearest way home is the longest way round. Short cuts in war times. I wish the spirits could tell us how to catch the Alabama."

The lights, which had been partially lowered, almost instantaneously became so dim that I could not see sufficiently to distinguish the features of any one in the room, and on the large mirror over the mantelpiece there appeared the most beautiful though supernatural picture ever beheld. It represented a sea view, the Alabama with all steam up flying from the pursuit of another large steamer. Two merchantmen in the distance were seen, partly destroyed by fire. The picture changed, and the Alabama was seen at anchor under the shadow of an English fort from which an English flag was waving. The Alabama was floating idly, not a soul on board, and no signs of life visible about her. The picture vanished, and in letters of purple appeared: "The English people demanded this of England's aristocracy."

"So England is to seize the Alabama finally?" said the president. "It may be possible, but, Mr. Welles, don't let one gunboat or monitor less be built."

The spirits called for the alphabet, and again "That's what's the matter" was spelt out.

"I see, I see," said the president. "Mother England! thinks that what's sauce for the goose may be sauce for the gander. It may be tit, tat, too, hereafter. But it is not complimentary to our navy, anyhow."

"We've done our best, Mr. President," said Mr. Welles. "I'm maturing a plan which, when perfected, I think, if it works well, will be a perfect trap for the Alabama."

"Well, Mr. Shackle," remarked the president, "I have seen strange things and heard odd remarks, but nothing which convinces me, except the pictures, that there is anything heavenly about this."

FAMOUS MAYNARD SEANCE IN 1862.

Probably the most responsible authority with regard to Lincoln's interest in spiritualism is Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard, who published a book in 1891 under the title, "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?"

The genuineness of her testimony is verified by Mark M. Pomeroy, more commonly known as "Brick" Pomeroy, by Francis B. Carpenter, who painted the famous "Emancipation Proclamation" and spent six months in the White House, by Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth, the well-known authoress; by Col. Simon P. Kase of Philadelphia, who was present at a seance with Mr. Lincoln and asserted that he sat upon a piano with the president while that instrument was lifted bodily from the floor by some unknown power, the combined strength of Mr. Lincoln and Col. Kase being insufficient to put it back upon the floor. There are also many other persons who participated in these seances, of which Lincoln was frequently an observer, and some of them are yet living. They all acknowledge the genuineness of Mrs. Maynard's narrative.

The day following my brother's departure for home a note was received by Mrs. Laurie, asking her to come to the White House in the evening with her family and to bring Miss Nettie with her. I felt all the natural trepidation of a young girl about to enter the presence of the highest magistrate in our land: being fully impressed with the dignity of his office, and feeling that I was about to meet some superior being; and it was almost with trembling that I entered with my friends the red parlor of the White House, at 3 o'clock that evening (December, 1862).

Mrs. Lincoln received us graciously, and introduced us to a gentleman and lady present whose names I have forgotten. Mr. Lincoln was not then present. While all were conversing pleasantly on general subjects Mrs. Miller (Mr. Laurie's daughter) seated herself, under control, at the double grand piano at one side of the room, seemingly awaiting some one. Mrs. Lincoln was talking with us in a pleasant strain when suddenly Mrs. Miller's hands fell upon the keys with a force that betokened a master hand and the strains of a grand march filled the room. As the measured notes rose and fell we became silent. The heavy end of the piano began rising and falling in perfect time to the music. All at once it ceased, and Mr. Lincoln stood upon the threshold of the room. (He afterwards informed us that the first notes of the music fell upon his ears as he reached the head of the grand staircase to descend, and that he kept step to the music until he reached the doorway.) Mr. and Mrs. Laurie and Mrs. Miller were duly presented.

Then I was led forward and introduced. He stood before me, tall and kindly, with a smile on his face. Dropping his hand upon my head, he said, in a humorous tone "So this is our 'little Nettie,' is it, that we have heard so much about?" I could only smile and say "Yes, sir," like any school girl: when he kindly led me to an ottoman. Sitting down in a chair, the ottoman at his feet, he began asking me questions in a kindly way about my mediumship; and I think he must have thought me stupid, as my answers were little beyond a "Yes" and "No." His manner, however, was genial and kind, and it was then suggested we form a circle. He said "Well, how do you do it." looking at me. Mr. Laurie

came to the rescue and said we had been accustomed to sit in a circle and to join hands ; but he did not think it would be necessary in this instance.

While he was yet speaking, I lost all consciousness of my surroundings and passed under control. For more than an hour I was made to talk to him, and I learned from my friends afterward that it was upon matters that he seemed fully to understand, while they comprehended little until that portion was reached that related to the forthcoming emancipation proclamation. He was charged with the utmost solemnity and force of manner not to abate the terms of its issue, and not to delay its enforcement as a law beyond the opening of the year ; and he was assured that it was to be the crowning event of his administration and his life : and that while he was being counseled by strong parties to defer the enforcement of it, hoping to supplant it by other measures and to delay action, he must in nowise heed such counsel, but stand firm to his convictions and fearlessly perform the work and fulfil the mission for which he had been raised up by an overruling providence. Those present declared that they lost sight of the timid girl in the majesty of the utterance, the strength and force of the language, and the importance of that which was conveyed, and seemed to realize that some strong masculine spirit force was giving speech to almost divine commands.

I shall never forget the scene around me when I regained consciousness. I was standing in front of Mr. Lincoln, and he was sitting back in his chair, with his arms folded upon his breast, looking intently at me. I stepped back, naturally confused at the situation, not remembering at once where

I was ; and then glanced around the group, where perfect silence reigned. It took me a moment to remember my whereabouts.

A gentleman present then said in a low tone : "Mr. President, did you notice anything peculiar in the method of address?" Mr. Lincoln raised himself, as if shaking off his spell. He glanced quickly at the full length portrait of Daniel Webster that hung above the piano and replied "Yes, and it is singular, very!" with a marked emphasis.

Mr. Simes said "Mr. President, would it be improper for me to inquire whether there has been any pressure brought to bear upon you to defer the enforcement of the proclamation?" To which the president replied : "Under these circumstances that question is perfectly proper, as we are all friends [smiling upon the company]. It is taking all my nerve and strength to withstand such a pressure." At this point the gentlemen drew around him and spoke together in low tones, Mr. Lincoln saying least of all. At last he turned to me and, laying his hand, upon my head, uttered these words in a manner that I shall never forget : "My child you possess a very singular gift : but that it is of God I have no doubt. I thank you for coming here to night. It is more important than perhaps any one present can understand. I must leave you all now, but I hope I shall see you again." He shook me kindly by the hand, bowed to the rest of the company, and was gone. We remained an hour longer, talking with Mrs. Lincoln and her friends, and then returned to Georgetown.

(To be continued.)

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

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THE following short, though highly interesting article has been sent to us by the last mail by that literary giant of England, Mr. W. T. Stead, of the "Review of Reviews." We should have liked to put it in a more prominent place than we can now do, if it had come earlier. As we however do not wish to deprive the reader of the pleasure of perusing it early we publish it at once. (Ed. U.S.M.)

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In 1895 a photographer turned up in London who suddenly developed a faculty of taking photographs of persons which were not visible to the sitters. This photographer made no speciality of spirit photographs. He did not even claim to take photographs of spirits. He was an ordinary photographer carrying on business like anyone else in a small way, with a shop fronting into the main street, in which were displayed photographs which served as specimens of his skill, and with a studio of the usual more or less humble type in the back of the premises. Nothing could be less mystical or spookical than this gentleman and his surroundings. Yet, from the 6th of May of 1895 down to last year he succeeded in obtaining on plates, from his camera, exposed in his studio, in broad daylight, a series of psychic photographs, so far as my experience goes absolutely unique for variety and clearness of outline.

Mr. Bournell has the advantage as a clairvoyant, and in most cases when posing his sitter he can tell whether he is to be left alone, and will often describe, before removing the cap from the camera, the pose and dress of the invisible one whose portrait afterwards appears on the negative. Occasionally, however, even when he sees nothing, clairvoyantly or otherwise, the camera receives an impression. This is, however, not every often.

JULIA'S EXPLANATION.

About these photographs. You have almost succeeded. But you have not got my portrait yet. You see these portraits are pictures of pictures which we make, and you have not got mine yet, and I don't think you will, for a season. But when you sit in the office I hope I also may be of the party.

You don't know the people. They are, all of them, pictures of real people. But they are only pictures of pictures. The real spirit to whom they belong may, or may not be, present. They may leave their picture without their spirit. Usually they are present in spirit. But the spirit is not the thing photographed. That is only the picture which the spirit makes. There is no difficulty in that. The Double makes itself manifest in the same way. The picture or bodily mould which appears in the photograph is only a shape created by thought or the mind for the sake of showing the identity. The spoken word is not the thought but the vesture of the thought, the article by which it is made manifest. So these forms are the vesture or garment in which the spirit must incarnate itself for a time to make itself manifest. But the spirit, although within it or speaking through it, is not the body any more than your coat is your soul.

No; mere thought-forms that are thrown off by the mind without incarnation make no impression on the plate. No, your thought cannot be photographed. But if you use your thought to create a picture, and you present that picture in its materialised shape before the camera, it can be photographed. •

Yes; thought can materialise for the purposes of the camera the landscape you have seen and the pictures you have admired. The whole process is akin to photography. In that case your thought can develop the invisible memory into a materialised picture sufficiently solid to be photographed exactly as the chemical develops a negative.

The analogy between the pictures in the crystal and the pictures made for photography is, to put it broadly, the difference between pictures reflected in a mirror and pictures fixed on an undeveloped negative. To prepare the picture for the camera takes time, and it is impossible under ordinary conditions. What is wanted is some life element or aura, as you call it, which we can use to give visible or material body to the invisible—even to the camera—thought creation. That we have in Mr. Bournell.

I think it is more common than you imagine. To carry out the analogy—he, or some such medium, is as essential as the chemical that develops the negative in ordinary photography. The operation is different. But no chemical, no picture; no medium, no photograph. We cannot get an unlimited supply of this element from any medium. To get the best results you should never let the medium sit for more than for three photographs consecutively. Afterwards let him go out into the sunlight and open air. These will speedily make him well and whole again. But we take it out of him, and he would feel ill if we persisted.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.



A CASE OF SPIRIT IDENTITY.

(*Luce e Ombra*, Milan, June, 1908.)

A LADY residing in the township of Capistrello (province of Aquila) is strongly endowed with the mediumistic powers of clairvoyance and clairaudience. These powers manifested themselves for the first time against her will, and through a concourse of circumstances which may one day be made public, but which could not well be explained in a few words. It should be observed that this lady is scarcely conscious of her mediumistic powers, and, therefore, has not exercised them.

On November 25th, 1906, when quite awake and in a normal condition, she was sitting reading in her husband's dispensary, when the form of a young woman, dressed in black, appeared before her, and said: "If you wish to do something to improve the health of your distant friend" (this was an allusion to my brother, who was seriously ill at Naples, and who was unknown to the medium by name), "send him the recipes I will dictate to you." She then compelled the medium to write under her dictation three recipes suitable to the complaint, from which my brother was suffering, after which the figure immediately disappeared. The medium

was quite ignorant of the nature of my brother's disease.' Judging from the details of the apparition with which the medium furnished me, I came to the conclusion that the phantom was that of my sick brother's wife, who died in 1879, when about 30 years of age, and who was unknown, even by name, to the lady living in Capistrello.

I wished, however, to make sure if my conjecture was correct, and so I enclosed in an envelope forty photographs of living and deceased ladies, placing among them the portrait of my deceased sister-in-law. I then went to Capistrello to see the medium, taking the photographs with me. I contrived to arouse her curiosity by saying that these photographs belonged to a friend of mine in the Abruzzi. When she asked permission to examine them I handed them to her and left the room, so as to exclude any possibility of suggestion.

I was therefore much surprised when, after a short interval, I saw her coming quickly towards me with the portrait of my sister-in-law in her hand. She exclaimed: "This is the mysterious lady I saw; she is, however, more beautiful than in the portrait."

* From November, 1906, until now the phantom has frequently appeared and given much useful advice. The appearances are always unexpected, occurring in cases of extreme necessity, and though the medium, when in need of help and counsel, has often tried, by sitting in the best possible conditions and with strong desire to secure her appearance, she has never been successful.

It should also be stated that, with the exception of my sister-in-law, the medium had never seen the form of any

departed person, even when on several occasions I held sittings with her, inwardly desiring the appearance of deceased persons connected with me by ties of blood.

FRANCESCO GRAUS. *Engineer, Naples.*

YORKSHIRE MYSTERY.

CONSIDERABLE sensation has been created in the Ripon and Harrogate districts of Yorkshire owing to certain uncanny manifestations in a cottage at Boroughbridge. These appear to have occurred only when a 13 year-old school-girl has been present, a fact which has led to the assumption that she possesses mediumistic gifts.

Mr. W. T. Stead has interested himself in the case, and through his influence the girl is now in London, where tests of the phenomena are being made: Florrie Housman is the girl's name, and she is the daughter of a Boroughbridge labourer: It is stated that in whatever part of the house the child may be mysterious noises and rappings are heard.

Mr. Stead, in conversation with a representative of the "Daily News", said! "After these knockings had been going on for some time in the cottage, the little girl was sent to stay with relatives twelve miles way. The knockings began again at this house, and then it was suggested that the girl was the cause of the noises: Promptly she was sent back to her home, and immediately the tappings began again.

"So great was the interest created," continued. Mr Stead, "that the police were called in, and made thorough investigations. They failed to find a solution, however. Then a minister friend of mine posted me particulars of the case. He himself made investigations. He knocked four

times on the wall ; and immediately there came four replies. Then he gave eight knocks, and eight replies resulted.

"This showed," argued Mr. Stead, "that there was intelligence behind the knocking. It was clearly established that no one in the house could have made these answering noises. The girl was fast developing into a serious condition, and was becoming nervous and hysterical. In order to save her life I telegraphed for her to be brought up to London. Since she has been here with her mother the knockings andappings have not been repeated."

Mr. Stead's view is that some spirit is trying to communicate with living friends through the girl, who, it seems, has always been more or less clairvoyant, seeing forms and shapes invisible to other people.

A VISION EXPERIENCE.

SOME years ago, in the month of June, I occupied a bedroom in a new house, of which I was the first tenant. There were two windows—a large and small one—opposite each other. The large window faced north, and the blind was always drawn; the small one, being in shadow from a wing, which projected beyond it a considerable distance, was always left open, and the blind drawn up. My bedstead was placed with the head to the east, consequently the southern window was on my left, and the northern on my right. The room was a good size, nearly square, and there was a space of about two yards between my bedstead and each window, the small window being clear of the foot of my bedstead.

One summer morning I was aroused from a deep slumber, so suddenly that in a second I was wide awake. I was lying

on my back, and my glance was directed to the left side of the room, where, blocking out the window, stood a lovely woman, looking with her liquid, dark, beautiful eyes into mine, with such a heavenly smile and expression on her gentle face, that I felt not the least shock, or fear.

She was not in her first youth but fully matured. She was about medium height, fairly plump and very dark: her features were beautiful, her skin a deep olive, and her expression and exquisite smile were the most enchanting that I ever saw on any human face. She wore some richly coloured Eastern dress reaching to her feet, which I distinctly saw were encased in shoes unlike our own or anything I had seen before. From her head, which it covered, fell in graceful voluminous folds to her shoulders, some rich, yet soft, diaphanous, many-coloured material of a creamy ground. Her sleeves and bodice seemed to be full, but a black tight-fitting vest clearly defined her waist. The skirt of the dress was also full, and of a soft, many-coloured material. I could see abundant dusky tresses under the head dress. The appearance lasted only a few seconds. As I gazed the figure became transparent, and I saw the window through it, then the outlines speedily vanished, and I was alone. If this was a ghost I shall be pleased to see such a visitor at any time, but I have never been favoured with a reappearance of this, or any other vision.

I looked at my watch; the time was 3.35⁰ a.m. Is it necessary to add that I am a life abstainer, a sound sleeper, and do not suffer from nightmare, or take heavy, late suppers? Indeed, in ten minutes from the time the apparition vanished, so little was I disturbed by it, that I had again fallen asleep.—DORA DE BEKE in *Light*, March, 6, 09.

MOTHER'S FIRST EXPERIENCE.

BURNHAM, N. Y., Jan 7, 1909.—My mother, Hannah Morse, passed out December 4, 1907, after an illness of about four weeks. Up to the time of her last illness she was, and always had been, a most radical, aggressive orthodox, and it was a matter of disputation between us, often extending into unpleasantness, I being a Spiritualist.

However, she sent for me when she was taken sick and requested me to remain until the last as she "knew she was going to die." A few days after I had been there the Ladies' Aid, headed by the minister's wife, called en masse, after their hours of session, to condole, sympathize and pray for her, announcing that the minister would be there soon to assist in prayer. My mother greeted them with "fierce" cordiality—if you know what that means—and refused both them and the minister the privilege, saying she was as well prepared to go as they or the minister, and, furthermore, she did not want him to speak over her dead body; that "Mrs Clara Weston was going to perform that act." Every one was astounded, no one more so than I. The ladies of the Aid brought their visit to abrupt close, each one remembering some neglected home duty that must be performed, took their departure and—never called again.

After they had gone my mother told me: "Strange things have been happening to me all the fall. My mother—your grandmother—came to me often, was with me at times every day, 'doing something' over my head. Her first coming was several weeks ago. I was lying down with my little shawl over my head and face. I was nearly asleep when I heard soft, gentle footsteps coming into the

room. I felt the presence of some one close beside me, and the shawl raised from off my face. I opened my eyes, but the shawl had not been removed. I raised up and there stood your grandmother. We had a long talk and she told me I was coming to her soon: I have seen the girls and Eddie" (meaning my two sisters and brother, who passed out several years ago). "They come to me often, now so do many of my old schoolmates, and one day my teacher came, bringing me an apple from the old tree that stood in the schoolhouse, yard. It tasted good, too—a great, large, red one. We don't have any like it now. I haven't seen your father yet, but he will come, they tell me."

My mother talked with me after that fearlessly and frankly about her going, making little gifts here and there, charging me, over and over again, to be kind to my poor epileptic brother, whom she was leaving behind. She wanted to hold my hand constantly when I was in her room.

In the afternoon of December 3rd, about 5 o' clock, she looked up suddenly and exclaimed: "The girls are here again, and here comes Asa" (meaning my father). Such a happy, pleased expression came over her face, she fell into a quietude of thought and was silent for some time. At last I spoke, saying: "It is time for your medicine." She looked up and replied: "May, what is the use, but I will take it, if you want me to. It will do no good." Those were her last words. She closed her eyes and slept until 10 o' clock the next morning, when her spirit left the body.

She has long since promised to write me her experience upon her first going over. I got it the other day, and am more pleased with it than anything else I ever got

through my hand. Dr. Henderson, of Lily Dale, treated her in her last illness, and all of the home people at Lily Dale are familiar with the occurrence—her antagonism to Spiritualism, and the “change of heart” in her last moments. She had a Spiritualist funeral, or “christening” into the higher life. Mrs. Clara Watson, of Jamestown, N. Y., spoke over the remains, Mrs. Maggie Wildrick sang Face to Face, and Mrs. Grace Champlin played the piano. Both the latter ladies are from Lily Dale.—MRS. THOMAS BURKE, in the *Sun Flower*.

NOTES.



Why are mediums so plentiful in material America and so scarce in spiritual India? The gift of mediumship is improvable by culture. There are two parties who take part in spiritual communications, the medium and the communicating spirit. The former has very little to do in the production of manifestations. He sits quiet and the communicating spirit does the rest. A person comes to feel that he has slight mediumistic powers. He patiently cultivates the gift, and in time becomes a wonderful subject for the performance of spiritual manifestations. What he has simply to do is to live a good life, and patiently await result.

The mediums, we said, can improve their power by culture. One who begins as a rapping medium, may, at last, help in the materialization of spirits. A medium who cannot shew his performance in light, can at last do so, by persistent practice.

No man knows how the spirits communicate with men below; some spirits only know the secret. The spirits did not know before how to materialize themselves. First they began with showing shadowy hands, or globular lights. Gradually they learnt the secret of creating a shadowy form. They

continued to experiment and finally mastered the secret of manifesting themselves as material men

But yet they could not appear in light with a material form. Nor could they shew themselves as separate entities from the mediums. But gradually these difficulties were overcome and now the spirits can not only appear in broad daylight, but come out of the seance room in daylight for a walk in the streets. It is now a common occurrence of the medium and the materialized spirit shewing themselves at the same time.

When first a spirit photograph was taken, even spiritualists could hardly believe it to be a fact. But now the secret has been divulged to many spirits and spirit photography are now common. In regard to spirit photography Mr. Stead has been good enough to send us an article which is published elsewhere. In Calcutta, we came across a boy-artist who had the power of taking the photos of spirits. It was all right with him so long as he was not aware that he had this power: for, on many occasions when developing a plate he came across a shadowy form on it, and thinking that there was something wrong with it he would at once destroy it. But as soon as he came to know that it was some spirits whose photos he had taken he unfortunately gave up the pursuit altogether.

As we have said, in spiritual manifestations the medium has only a passive part. The spirit has, to learn or find for himself how to communicate. He has now learnt to make his

presence known to men on earth in hundreds of ways, while previously he had scarcely half-a-dozen. They are doing their best to develop this art of communicating. And in times this art may attain the preciseness and comprehensiveness of science.

If men are anxious to open communication with their departed friends, spirits are equally anxious to open communication with men on earth. Stainton Moses, Myers, Hodgson and others devoted their lives to enter into the secrets of the spiritual world and open communication with spirits. They are now in the spirit world. And surely they are now doing their best to develop the art of communication between man and spirit.

SWAMI DHARMANANDA MAJABHARATI, the writer of our Tantric articles, was laid up with a serious illness for the last six months. We are now glad to say that the Swami is in a fair way towards recovery and will resume his literary avocations in a short time. We may now fairly hope that the Swami will be able to disclose some of the secrets about Tantra not known to the world in our next.

THE
Hindu Spiritual Magazine.

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THE PROPHETS ANALYSED.

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... which expected to gather wisdom from the East, was disappointed to find something else in the *Hindu Spiritual Magazine*, to wit, the revelations through Lord Gauranga. They are a little "nauseous" to him, and our contemporary attributes the manifestations through Him "to great hysteria" and according to him, Gauranga "shewed abundant signs of dementia." Spiritualists, who are assailed unfairly for belief in their philosophy and facts, ought to be the last persons to adopt the practice of their opponents. We are pained to see one, whose love of truth is very scanty, attacking

spiritualism, though he knows nothing of it. Andrew Lang said in his learned article, that is to say, article full of oracular declarations, that Spiritualism has not as yet shewn any physical manifestation which cannot be accounted for by tricks. Here he assumes that he is familiar with all the manifestations that have taken place in spiritual circles in America and Europe, since the advent of spiritualism. If you ask an unfar critic like this how do you account for such manifestations, as a hand of light writing the name of Napoleon in the presence of Louis Napoleon himself and his consort, which was done through the mediumship of D. D. Home, he will say it is all telepathy. Why does the table move without any contact? It is due to telepathy. How to account for spirit photography? It is telepathy again. It is in this manner they assail spiritualism.

The weapon that *Light* has handled to assail the Hindu writer, who talks of wisdom, is the same. If Gauranga was a mad man how was it that many millions of men worshipped him and do now as the Incarnation of God? It is rather going too far to call one mad, whom millions of his fellow-beings worship as the God incarnated, these millions living in the land of Buddha and Sri Krishna, and many of them being as cultured and intelligent as the writer in *Light*. We dare say if any one had spoken of a great medium, in whose gift *Light* has faith, in the way he attacks Gauranga, he would have denounced the conduct of such a critic as very unfair. Let *Light* first make himself acquainted with the sayings and doings of Gauranga and then might he be in a position to act as a critic. The way, great truths are assailed by the ignorant and prejudiced, has

so chastened our heart that the attacks of *Light* do not take us by surprise and we would have taken no notice of his attacks if he did not profess spiritualism.

Let us calmly examine the position of the prominent personages who have been able to attain to the height of a Messiah. We think, we ought to be able to do this without losing temper, trampling under foot our sense of justice. We shall only take note of the last three Avatars,—Jesus, Mahomed and Gauranga. Christians do not admit the claims put forward for Gauranga as a Messiah, nor of Mahomed whom they consider only a political character with a good many wives. Indeed, the Christians do not admit any other Messiah except Jesus. The Mahomedans are more liberal, for they admit that Jesus was a Messiah, though perhaps not so favoured as Mahomed was, is the last Prophet sent to man by God, and that no others would ever be sent thereafter. The Hindus are more liberal than both the Christians and the Mahomedans. For, they say God sends Messias, in all ages, to all countries when necessary. Thus we Hindus have no objection to admit the claims to Messiaship of either Mahomed or Jesus Christ. Indeed, we are bound to admit the divine character of these two, since millions have done and are doing so. As for Gauranga, let it be borne in mind that even during his life-time he was worshipped as God incarnated by myriads of men, not ignorant fishermen, nor plundering Beduins, but the highest pandits of India, who founded and developed the Naya and Vedanta philosophies as also that of the Geeta, considered by large number of people, to be the greatest book in the world.

Whatever countries the Christians have visited, they have converted the inhabitants thereof. How is it that they have failed in India—India which is governed by a Christian race of irresistible physical power? The reason is that, Christ has revealed no truth which was not known to the people of India, and this we say fully believing in the divine mission of Jesus. His great work was to develop and rectify the ten commandments of the Jewish Bible. His highest effort, the Sermon on the Mount, has very little of religion in it: it is the penal code of divine government. What he says is, do this and do this not, if you do this you will get your reward, or if you do this you will get your punishment. The highest thing that he said was that the right cheek should be turned when the left is smitten. Mind, this he said, but did he shew it in practice? It is easy to issue a command but it is difficult sometimes to obey it. To say, love God is easy, but to do so is rather difficult, and in the career of Lord Jesus, we do not see any one instance of the unassailed cheek being turned to the enemy or of an enemy being loved instead of being hated.

But such incidents are numerous in the career of Lord Gauanga. Jagai and Madhai, cousins, were the city constables of the learned and populous city of Nadia, which was bigger than Calcutta of the present day, under the Mussalman sovereign of Gaur. They drank liquor, and then not only committed horrible atrocities, such as open robberies with the help of a fierce band of robbers whom they maintained, but they also murdered women, men and children. They were considered "the greatest sinners in the world." The citizens allowed them to do all these because they had no help.

Well, Lord Gauranga flourished then and his followers had come to regard him as the Saviour of mankind. The Lord commanded two of his followers, Nityananda and Haridas, ascetics, to preach the religion of the God of Love, Srce Krishna, to the citizens; "Go from door to door" was the command, "go to the depraved first and awaken in them the sense of their fallen condition."

Just realize here the consciousness of power shewn by the Lord. A command like that, *etc.*, to go and save the greatest sinners, the Russian Czar cannot issue. Nityananda and Haridas had no doubt in their mind, that bearing the message of the Lord, they would prove irresistible. They did prove so to all but they failed with Jagai and Madhai.

When Nitaye and Haridas paid a visit to the two cousins named above, they were repulsed. They were told to mind their own business. They again went, and the cousins "with lethal weapons in hand pursued the fleeing ascetics." The two preachers came to the Lord and told him that they had failed with Jagai and Madhai; that as this had been known in the city, it had very much spoiled their cause. They said, "Lord, Lord, give us these two sinners, so that we can take them to the citizens as witnesses to your divine mission." "Yes," said the Lord, "let us go." And the Lord, with a large number of followers, went to the cousins to convert them. To ordinary men, the method adopted by the Lord would appear somewhat silly and ridiculous. Fancy, he was going dancing and singing hymns to the fierce robbers for the purpose of converting such incorrigible sinners. And the usual result followed; the two cousins came forward with an armed force, and assaulted the party. Madhai, who was

the fiercer of the two, took a piece of broken jar lying in the street, and flung it with unerring aim at Nitaye, who was in advance of the party. Madhai then took up another piece for the same purpose, but this time his cousin caught hold of his hand and said, "What do you do? Don't you see they are God's servants?" Madhai was thus restrained, but the first piece had done its work, for it struck the forehead of Nitaye with great force, blood spurting out like water. Just then the Lord with his party arrived. Seeing the state of affairs he addressed Madhai, who, restrained by Jagai, was trembling with rage, in these words: "Nitaye is an ascetic, and is thus precluded from holding lethal weapons. He meant only your good. And Madhai, are you not tired of committing sin? Do you know you will have to render an account of your misdeeds to your Creator?"

Madhai saw before him the divine figure of the Lord, and he felt himself cowed. In a moment he was filled with remorse and fear, and he fell at the feet of the Lord and prayed for mercy.

The Lord retreated a step, and said that he had no power to forgive him, it was Nitaye alone, whom he had offended, who could do so. Upon this Nitaye said, "if that be the case, I forgive Madhai with all my heart, nay, if I have ever done any meritorious act I transfer its reward to him." Saying this, he gave a warm embrace to Madhai. The two cousins henceforward became the humblest of the Lord's devotees, and their piety made them objects of veneration to their contemporaries. This was about four hundred and twenty-five years ago, and their descendants are now known as devout followers of the Lord.

There are very many instances in which the Lord conquered by love those who came to assail him or his followers. The grandson of the King of Gaur, who was a Mussalman, was the governor of Nadia, and he persecuted the Vaishnavas, that is to say, the followers of the Lord, and the Lord in return brought him to his fold by his irresistible love.

In Christian countries they talk of living "Christ-life." What peculiarity there is in the life of the Prophet, we know not. He lived like other men, only he preached. But thousands preached in India. The Buddhists again not only preached in India, but in Thibet, Central Asia, China, Japan, Corea and America, and they were thorough ascetics. A zealous Christian is now living a "Christ-life" in India for the purpose of converting the heathen. He has taken a blanket for his cover and a rag for his loins. He sleeps under trees occasionally. But this is not living Christ-life, rather this is living the life of an Hindu ascetic. Christ had good clothes, all the good things of life, and never had a blanket and a piece of rag to cover himself. Of course Christ was divine, but yet he lost temper, and even went to the length, in his indignation, of refusing to save a class of sinners.

We have read the expression "Christ-life" in the writings of Christians. The same writers have explained what they mean by it. The account of the Christian, who is now living his so-called Christ-life in India, would go to shew that he is not living a Christ-life as it is generally understood in Christian countries but the life of a Hindu ascetic. Indeed, his Christ is like a Hindu saint, while the views

of the Christians generally regarding him are quite different. The following lines will shew what they mean by Christ life in Christian countries : —

The Son of God goes forth to war
 A kingly crown to gain,
 His blood-red banner streams afar
 Who follows in the train? *f*

So Christ is described as a Knight errant going to fight with the devil and his followers. Charles Brewer who quotes the above lines in his article in *Balance*, Denver, headed "If Christ should come to Denver," explains what is meant by Christ going to war. He brings Christ to Denver in this fashion. "Christ comes to Denver like other well-dressed gentlemen supplied with money enough to meet the expensive hotel requirements of our pseudo-civilization. His Christ is thus not like the Christian, who is now in India preaching the gospels to the heathens, with a blanket round his body, and a rag round his loins, sleeping under the trees and living upon bare subsistence, like a Hindu ascetic. To quote again Mr. Brewer. "All the reporters would want to interview him, and he would probably write articles for the papers." We are not told for how much a column. Christ would then "hire a hall for his lectures," but the people would compel the city government to allow him its use without payment. We do not see why should Christ need this favor, having a purse well-filled with money. Christ then begins his attack in "burning words," unfit for publication, for the reporters would, no doubt, apprehending libel suits, "translate it into gentle terms." But would Christ agree to this softening of his fierce language? No, he would "re-iterate them

with greater force." These fierce denunciations would be telegraphed from America and the whole world be thrown topsyturvy.

The orator Christ, this stern, aggressive and uncompromising saviour, who gives lectures, interviews reporters, writes newspaper articles, for the purpose of saving men, is a creature of the fierce Christian races of the West, who make him after their own model. We have, no doubt, he was gentler than that. If the Hindu had the privilege, he would have created Christ after the model of Gauranga, passive and persuasive, not compelling men by fierce denunciation or an appeal to their fears, but moving them by "melting" words, words of sympathy and love. What Gauranga actually did is in record, thousands of his followers having left a vivid description of the Lord and his mode of conversion. So we have not to resort to our imagination for his picture. He never approved of appealing to crowds, thus arrogating superiority to the addressed, which developed vanity and arrogance. He never appealed to the fears of men and held up to them tortures of hell for the purpose of influencing them. But he moved the depraved by his profound pity and love for them. The sight of a fallen creature so violently affected him that "he would weep out-right and roll on the ground in the anguish of his soul like a man bitten by thousand scorpions." The sinner, seeing so much sympathy and love for him, would be violently moved and then he would sit by the Lord and address him thus: "Be comforted Lord. I shall never again give you this pain. Help me; henceforth I shall turn a new page in my life." And he would be a penitent first, and a saint afterwards.

The Christians accuse the Mahomedans of following a prophet who carried a sword. But the Christians have given a vitriolic pen and a fiery tongue to their own prophet, and we do not see much difference between a sword and a tongue like that which burn and wound. It is no fault of Christ that his fierce followers have given him such a tongue and pen for the purpose of carrying his "blood-red banner" and earning "a kingly crown."

THE WATSEKA WONDER.



SPIRITS take possession of the body of the medium, and thus come in contact with the material world. When the possession is complete the communications do not contain mistakes. But complete possessions are rare ; even Mrs. Piper, when she is entranced, retains a portion of her independence, and hence mistakes sometimes occur even in her communications. In cases of complete possession, the spirit makes the body of the medium his own entirely, and thus he can talk or write without committing a mistake. What is called "obsession" proper is a quite different thing. In cases of obsession proper the spirit takes possession of the body entirely, and then makes it its permanent home. The medium, when thus afflicted, has to be cured, and the spirit or ghost expelled with the help of those who are known as ghost-doctors in this country.

The most wonderful case of possession, of which we have any record, is that of Lord Gauranga, the Messiah or Avatar. His body would be taken possession of by the Lord God Himself. The next in importance, we believe, is that of Lurancy Vennum whose body was taken possession of by Mary Roff. A short account of this wonderful case appeared in a recent issue of our magazine. But the Austin Publishing Company,

Rochester, New York, has issued a book entitled "The Watseka Wonder" in which a most complete account of the case is given. Every one who can read, ought to possess a copy of this most wonderful brochure. The Watseka case proves conclusively the grand truth that men live after death.

Lurancy Vennum felt queer and gradually developed, as it appeared to outsiders, signs of insanity. Doctors failed to do her any good: and it was at last resolved to send her to a lunatic asylum. There was, in the city, a gentleman named Asa. B. Roff, who believed the case to be one of "possession" and, after much persuasion, he obtained the consent of Miss Vennum's father to visit her and bring with him Dr. Stevens. This Dr. Stevens had experience of such cases. The two gentlemen, Mr. Roff and Dr. Stevens, repaired to the residence of Mr. Vennum which was a little way out of the city. Dr. Stevens was an entire stranger to the family. The young girl sat in an ordinary chair, with staring eyes, looking every way like an old hag. She appeared savage and sullen, called her father, "Old Black Dick" and her mother "Old Granny." The doctor asked her name. She said, "Katrina Hogan" though her name was Lurancy Vennum. The following conversation ensued between the patient and the doctor:—

"Who are you?"

"Katrina Hogan."

"How old?"

"Sixty-three years."

"Where from?"

"Germany."

“How long ago?”

“Three days.”

“How did you come?”

“Through the air.”

“How long will you stay?”

“Three weeks.”

Thus they talked and talked, for a considerable time. Suddenly the girl was taken possession of by a better influence, for she began to converse with the grace and sweetness of an angel. She said, or rather the good spirit said through her, that the spirits who controlled her were evil. It would be better if she were controlled by a better and higher spirit. The spirit further said, there were a great many good spirits there who would be glad to take possession of her body, —and began to describe these better spirits. Thus the spirit gave description of persons long since deceased, some even the girl had never known, but who were known by older persons present. The spirit again said that there was one who desired to come. On being asked if he knew who it was, he said: “Her name is Mary Roff.” Mr. Roff being present, said: “That is my daughter, Mary Roff is my girl. Why, she has been in heaven twelve years. Yes, let her come, we will be glad to have her come.” Mr. Roff assured the father that Mary was good and intelligent and would help her in every way she could, stating further that Mary used to be subject to conditions like herself.

Thus Mary Roff came into the body of Lurancy Vennum, and Miss Vennum, then no longer the daughter of Mr. Vennum, but of Mr. Roff, came to the house of the latter (Mr. Roff). In this manner Mary Roff, in the body of

Lurancy Vennun, remained with her father Mr. Roff, in his house, for three months and ten days, or about 100 days. She gave full satisfaction to her mother, father, brother, sisters relations and neighbours that she was no other than Mary Roff. A detailed account of this case has appeared in the book named above.

A few copies of this extraordinary book has been sent to us for sale. Those who want it must be prompt. Its American price is 35 cents, besides postage, its equivalent value in Indian money being Rupee one and annas two, V. P. charges and postage extra.

TANTRAS AND THE TANTRIKS.



Chapter---VII.

VINDICTIVE SPIRITS AND THEIR VENGEANCE UPON MEN.

THE Tantrik sages and seers have divided the spirits into various classes according to their conduct and character, acts and forms. The spirits of good and evil nature have their names mentioned in the Tantrik books and they can be easily distinguished by their communications with men or by their acts and works. The most notable or prominent among the spirits of all classes are the following :-

(1) *Brahmadaiya* ; (2) *Pret* ; (3) *Pisach* ; (4) *Kanda* ; (5) *Khechar* ; (6) *Aloka* ; (7) *Betal* ; (8) *Kaljangha* ; (9) *Nisi* ; (10) *Sakhini or Sankhi* ; (11) *Pretni* ; (12) *Jheru and* (13) *Bastoo*. The "Sakhinis" are female ghosts and popularly called "Sakhichinnis" in Bengal and North-Western Provinces and "Sankce" in Iran and on the Persian borders. The "Kandas" appear in most hideous forms. They are the only spirits that cannot laugh nor smile. The "Prets" and "Pisaches" are exceedingly mischievous and vindictive. The "Sakhichinnis" and "Pretnis" are ferocious and the "Bastoo" ghosts are obedient, inoffensive and docile. "Brahmadaiyas" are sometimes benevolent and sometimes revengeful. "Kaljanghas" are always found to be angry and terrible. "Jherus" are found in bamboo groves. The "Nisi"

ghosts appear only at night and wake up men and women, especially boys and girls, under false pretences and induce them to follow the ghost at night. The "Alokas" are very swift in motion like the will-o-the-wasp or the Ignus Fatuus. The best of all spirits are "BetaI" and "Khechar." They appear only to do good to men and unfold earthly and spiritual secrets to those for whose benefit they make their appearance. These ghosts instruct, advise, warn, predict and direct in a wonderful manner and many a time speak like angels.

The adepts among the Tantriks know the nature of the spirits and so they can easily combat with them, if necessary, according to the powerful *kriyas* and *mantras* mentioned in the Tantra Sastras. The following is a startling but faithful and interesting account of a mighty and vindictive spirit whose name was Ram Saday when he was a living man on mundane earth. Examples of conduct and character of spirits of other classes will be described hereafter. With those who do not believe in the existence of a spirit world, I have no quarrel, and I do not write for them, but here is an example the veracity of which I am fully prepared to maintain.

Ram Saday's life reads like a romance. As long as this extraordinary man lived in the mundane world as a mortal, he passed his days like a pious devotee and knew nothing else except benevolence and godliness. When he breathed his last, he turned out to be a vindictive ghost and a wonderful creature of the first water. He was all vengeance after his death. The following is the true and startling story of his terrible vengeance, even the vengeance which he wreaked upon one whom he had loved dearly like his son and who was fed and clothed by him during his life-time. The story is a great

moral and spiritual lesson, for it teaches men in convincingly sincere language to hate sin and to eschew iniquities and to remember the unassailable fact that sinners can never and nowhere escape without suffering the evil consequences of their iniquitous acts and unrighteous deeds. I hope the precious spiritual lesson of this truthful story will not be lost upon the young readers who feel inclined to trust in their own powers, and reject God, Guru, elders and the Masters, at their pleasure.

In Bonpash—Kamarpara, a large and ancient village in the District of Burdwan in Bengal, which is well known for its excellent hardwares and finest cutleries, there lived a Hindu gentleman, Ram Saday Karmakar by name, who became a millionaire by purchasing some shares in a thriving trading concern of his time. His pious wife died childless, and as he was a man of religious turn of mind, he was determined not to marry for the second time. Ram Saday expressed a desire to wind up his trading business and to rest content with the handsome income which his properties yielded at the time. He began to pass his days like a holy ascetic.

About six months after the death of his wife, Ram Saday went to the house of his widowed sister who lived in a village about four miles off from his house. His sister who had only a son, Mahesh Chunder, by name, was then struggling against poverty and there was no one in her small village to help her in any way. Ram Saday asked her to sell the few acres of land which she possessed and to come with her son at his house to live with him. The woman consented and both the mother and the son came to Ram Saday's house in no time. Ram Saday was, as I have already said, a very pious man and

he loved his sister and nephew with all his heart and soul. In fact, he left everything at their disposal. He devoted his time in prayer and public good. Many of his hours were spent in divine contemplation.

On a certain auspicious day, Ram Saday gathered all the principal men of the village at his house and solemnly declared before them (of his own accord) that he would bequeath all his movable and immovable properties to his sister's son (Mahesh Chunder) on his death, but he would reserve the proprietary right of the same to himself till his last moment during which time all the powers of a proprietor should be exercised by him or under his guidance.

A couple of years hence, Ram Saday told his sister, nephew, friends and relatives that he had made up his mind to proceed to Puri in Orissa on a pilgrimage. Puri, which is otherwise called Jagannath, is a large ancient and sacred city of great religious importance to the Hindoos. It contains a very ancient and celebrated shrine which is visited by a large concourse of Hindoos every month, nay almost every day. Some of the villagers of Ram Saday also expressed a desire to accompany him to Puri to which he consented.

One morning, Ram Saday and his men started from Kamarpara and began to walk through the road. There was no railway communication at that time as far as Puri and so the pilgrims had to travel on foot through the Old Grand Trunk Road which still exists in Bengal and Orissa. The period required by pilgrims for a journey from Kamarpara to Puri was over a month, and the journey was as tedious and expensive as it was dangerous and troublesome.

There were small *chuttees* or shops at which the pilgrims used to take rest and cook their meals. Ram Saday's party consisted of himself, his nephew (Mahesh), two priests, one Brahmin cook, a couple of servants and twenty co-villagers. Mahesh was a married man but he was very cunning and avicious. His wife and mother did not accompany Ram Saday. They were left at Kamarpara to look after Ram Saday's house.

On the eleventh day, when the pilgrims were taking rest at a *chuttee*, the wicked and ungrateful Mahesh retired to a solitary place and began to think thus within himself: It is true that my maternal uncle (Ram Saday) has promised to bequeath all his properties to me on his death, but Heaven knows when this man will breathe his last. He is a strong, stout and capially healthy man, and moreover, he does not know sin or evil, and, therefore, where is the certainty of this man's death in a short time? I cannot expect him to die before I finish my youth. If Ram Saday continues to live another twenty years, I will then become quite an old man and my youth will then vanish. What is the use of inheriting another's property in an old age—an age in which the period of enjoyment passeth away and the energies and desires decline. It is not good to sacrifice my youth and beauty in poverty. Let me then kill my maternal uncle (Ram Saday) and become absolute owner of his properties so that I may enjoy them in my youth.

The wicked Mahesh at last made up his mind to take away the life of Ram Saday by foul means. After a few halts at *chuttees* by the roadside, the pilgrims entered into a large village and took rest at a 'Travellers' Home which was erected

by a benevolent Hindoo Raja for the benefit of the pilgrims. The wicked Mahesh now went to a shop-keeper and bought a poisonous metal which he reduced to powder and mixed with the meals which Ram Saday ate. In a few hours, Ram Saday died and it was given out that he had died of Cholera. No one, except Mahesh, could know anything of the real cause of Ram Saday's sudden death. Mahesh never disclosed his wicked intentions to any one, not even to his wife. However, the dead body was properly cremated by the side of the road and the pilgrims left for Puri.

When the men returned to Kamarpara, the hypocrite Mahesh Chunder began to beat his breast, tear his hair, put on sack cloth and weep most plaintively before the people of the village. The villagers thought that Mahesh was so shocked at Ram Saday's death that he would commit suicide in no time if not properly^d consoled, and the good people of the village, headed by the High Priest, began to cheer him up, and by and by Mahesh seemed to forget everything.

The *sradh* ceremony of the deceased Ram Saday had yet to be performed, and therefore all necessary arrangements for its performance, according to Hindoo scriptures, were finished and the ceremony was duly gone through. Next day about two hundred and fifty Brahmins were invited, to take their mid-day meals at the house of Mahesh. The Brahmins came and took their seats as usual, and when the eatables were about to be distributed among them, the two large store rooms in which they were kept in safe custody were opened by the cooks. The rooms were locked up from outside and the keys were with Mahesh himself. In one of the rooms, two large and black dogs with a bitch were seen

eating the various articles of food and spoiling them. In the second room were found animal bones, human filth, beef, blood, hair and nails lying on the floors. On hearing of what had happened, the hungry Brahmins left the place and returned to their respective homes without taking meals and so all the eatables were thrown away and the rooms were purified by being washed with sacred waters and *ghee*. Money was given to the Brahmins in exchange of meals and special prayers were offered to God in the rooms which were defiled by dogs and with prohibited articles.

Ten months since the death of Ram Saday, the widowed mother of Mahesh died of fever and when her *sradh* ceremony was finished, the Brahmins were again invited to dine at the house of Mahesh Chunder. This time Mahesh and his men took special care against pollution and spoliation of food. Great precautions were taken beforehand and many able men of the village were engaged to supervise over every matter. The eatables, including bread, vegetables, sweetmeats, fruits, milk, sugar, pulses and numerous other things, were properly and carefully stored up in a big hall, the doors and windows of which were closed and locked up, the outside walls being kept surrounded by a band of young and energetic men who were specially recommended to Mahesh for their good conduct and proverbial watchfulness. There was not a single hole anywhere to enable even a rat or a mole to pass through.

Now, when the Brahmins sat for dinner and the cooks opened the door of the hall in the presence of Mahesh and several other gentlemen, behold! the eatables were seen polluted and spoiled. There were bones, blood, filth, dust

and offals from butchers' shop in almost all conspicuous corners and crevices of the hall. The hungry and unlucky Brahmins felt amazed at this strange spectacle and returned to their homes as disappointed as before.

Now, the headmen of the village convened a private meeting at the house of Mahesh and arrived at the conclusion that the house was a haunted one and that it should be sanctified by a *homa* ceremony to be performed by the Pandits. The priests and the Pandits were sent for and when they came they made preparation for the *homa* which was duly finished in a few days. But behold! no sooner had the Pandits and the priests gone a little way off, than bricks, bones, stones and offals began to fall into the compound of Mahesh Chunder's house. On the following day, broken furniture and pieces of burnt wood and human skulls fell down within a room, and on the third day human filth was seen in the kitchen hall. Thus every day the house was disturbed and the inmates were all taken up by exceeding fear and anxiety. One of the maid-servants reported that she had seen a jet black man, very tall in appearance, walking on the roof of the building. Another day a male servant said that he had seen Ram Saday talking with a ghost in one of the rooms of the house.

Mahesh Chunder was now advised to send for some Brahmins who were residing at Benares, for these men were well known to the public as great exorcists. The Brahmins came and they did every thing needful which they could do according to their abilities, but the "strange disturbances," instead of abating continued with renewed vigour and the entire village was filled with consternation.

In a couple of weeks hence, Mahesh Chunder's wife fell ill. Her case grew worse day by day. Many Indian and European physicians pronounced her disease to be "immedicable and incurable." The woman became affected with a disease which no doctors could correctly diagnose. She looked like a lunatic after her recovery from fever. The physicians left her as a hopeless patient and quietly went away. The woman became rude and violent. She climbed up trees and plucked fruits and flowers and sat on the branches. Beautiful plants of the garden were destroyed by her and nobody ventured to come near the woman. She would jump into water and swim and try to catch fish. Many a time she attempted to take away the life of her husband and burn all the clothes in the house. One day the woman said: "I have seen Ram Saday and he has spoken to me face to face. His spirit is now within me and I am the once dead Ram Saday in flesh and blood again." No man could understand what she said and therefore no human being dared approach her.

The villagers now told Mahesh that his wife had been "possessed" and that most expert exorcists should be sent for without the least possible delay. In a few weeks, exorcists began to come from Dacca, Burdwan, Midnapore and many other places, and they did everything that lay in their power to cast out the evil spirits but the woman's case showed no improvement. She grew more turbulent and troublesome. At last she became so terribly violent that the exorcists now feared to come near her. Some of them were severely beaten by the woman and one of them was very brutally stoned and abused. A great exorcist who came from Bankura had his left hand bitten by the woman with her teeth, and so the

party of exorcists ran away from the village with no desire to return.

At last the celebrated Ganga Moira was sent for. This man was the mightiest exorcist of his time in India. Ganga Moira, whose name is almost a household word in Bengal, was a native of Nailhati in the district of 24 Pergunnas. He came to Kamarpara in no time and took up the case of Mahesh Chunder's wife in right earnest.

The celebrated Ganga Modak (or Moira) was an extraordinary man. He was more wonderful than his wonderful feats. He was the ablest Master of Spirits and it is said about him that he used to set spirits to catch spirits. Ganga Modak earned much money by exorcism and he became a wealthy man in a few years. His grandson is still alive. His name is Binode Bihary Modak. This man now lives in Calcutta.

Now, when this Ganga Modak came to Mahesh Chander's house, he was told all the facts about his wife. Ganga Moira said "I will make her all right in no time. You need not be anxious for her. I know perfectly well how to cast out evil spirits." Mahesh said, "My wife is a zenana lady; she can not come out of her room nor can she see a stranger. I shall feel much obliged if you take the trouble of curing her without touching her body or entering into my private apartment." Ganga Moira said, "I will not touch her body, but she will presently come here of her own accord and touch my person. I will compel her to be present here and sit before me and herein lies the beauty of the occult science which I have learnt with diligence.

The leading men of the village and a large number of spectators even from neighbouring villages, came there to witness the wonderful powers of Gangaram which they had been hearing of from a long period. Now, when all the men and women took their seats properly, Gangaram asked Mahesh the name of his wife. Mahesh said "My wife's name is Kamini." Mahesh Chunder's wife was then in the zenana which was a building about five hundred feet off from the place where Gangaram was seated. Since the arrival of Ganga, the woman became so violent and troublesome that her hands and feet had to be tied with a long and strong rope and she was kept alone in a small room in the female apartment. Now, Gangaram asked Mahesh to bring a small wooden plank, square in size, and some flowers and sacred leaves. When these were brought, Gangaram took a piece of chalk and painted the plank with some mystic diagrams and then began to utter mystic spells and to worship the Goddess Kali. When all this was done, the exorcist exclaimed thus for three times. "Kamini! Kamini! Kamini! I want thee to come here and sit before me." No sooner had he uttered these words than the woman (Mahesha's wife) broke off her ties and came running with dishevelled hair and in a half nude state. She came and sat upon the painted plank. The spectators were all seized with awful amazement and Mahesh began to tremble with fear. The woman did not feel shy to laugh and sing before the public. When Gangaram told her to remain quiet, she stopped, and then the following interesting conversation took place between the exorcist and the girl.

Gangaram.—Now, tell me your name. You must speak truth and nothing but truth. I want you to speak absolute

truth. If you do otherwise or try to deceive me I will presently drink your blood.

Woman.—My name is Ram Saday Karmakar. Mahesh is my sister's son.

G.—What are you ?

W.—What am I ? What a silly question this !! I am the sole proprietor of this building and the yonder fields and all movable and immovable properties which are now owned by Mahesh.

G.—What has brought you here ?

W.—Wah ! What has brought me here ? Am I not rightful owner of this estate ? Have I no right to come to my own house and look after the things as they are ?

G.—Have you not bequeathed all your properties to Mahesh ?

W.—No. Certainly not. The wicked Mahesh has taken possession of my estate by foul means. I have been killed by this rascal, and he should be punished with double vengeance.

G.—How did he kill you ?

W.—He mixed poison with cooked rice and gave me the food to eat. He poisoned me to death.

G.—Where did it take place ?

W.—On my way to Puri on pilgrimage.

G.—How many men know of it ?

W.—None else except Mahesh.

G.—What do you want to do at present ?

W.—I am the spirit of Ram Saday seeking after vengeance. I am here to take my revenge on Mahesh. I will not leave

this place until he relinquishes the false ownership of my estate. He must satisfy me ; he must atone for his sins. Wherever he goes, I will haunt him and he will never be happy in his life. Sins and iniquities have their consequences and he must suffer. If he dives deep into the ocean or conceals his person in the cave of a mountain, I will haunt him there.

Gangaram and all spectators who were present there, in clusive of Mahesha's friends and relations, were greatly astonished to hear all this from the woman's mouth. When the men asked Mahesh to explain, Mahesh began to shed tears and to beat his breast. He confessed his atrocious crime and made a clean breast of his wicked thoughts and deeds in connection with Ram Saday's murder.

Addressing the "possessed" woman, Gangaram asked "Now, tell me plainly, how will you be satisfied and Mahesh pardoned?" The woman said "I, Ram Saday, desire to give one fourth of my estate to my priest, one-fourth to the poor, one-fourth to excavate some large tanks and the rest to erect a temple and a charitable dispensary. Mahesh must leave this house in a week's time and go away from the village." Mahesh consented and a document was written and signed in the presence of all prominent men of the place. With great glee, Gangaram blew a conchshell and the woman fell into a swoon. When she came back to her senses, she was taken to the zenana and was found in sound health and sound mind. She said that she knew nothing about the conversation that took place between her and the exorcist.

The peace of the house was restored and Mahesh left the place and wen away to a distant town with his wife who

was now no more "possessed." In a few months' time Mahesh met his death by snake-bite and his wife died of fever. His family is now extinct.

Gangaram came back to Naihati being loaded with honor and reward, and the people praised him for the most valuable service he rendered to the villagers of Kamarpara. The priests thanked God for the wonderful power which His Divine Providence gave to Gangaram, the triumphant exorcist.

DHARMANANDA MAHAVARATI,

23-1, Sitaram Ghose's Street,
Calcutta.

LINCOLN THE MYSTIC.

—:-(X):—

(Concluded.)

PRESIDENT LINCOLN GETS SPIRIT ADVICE ON WAR.

Prior to leaving Mr. Laurie's to become the guest of Mrs. Crosby, Mrs. Maynard continues, I had another important interview with President Lincoln. One morning early in February we received a note from Mrs. Lincoln saying she desired us to come over to Georgetown and bring some friends for a seance that evening, and wished the "young ladies" to be present. In the early part of the evening, before her arrival, my little messenger, or "familiar" spirit, controlled me, and declared that "the long brave," as she designated him, Mr. Lincoln, would also be there. As Mrs. Lincoln had made no mention of his coming in her letter, we were surprised at the statement. Mr. Laurie questioned its accuracy, as he said it would be hardly advisable for President Lincoln to leave the White House to attend a spiritualistic seance anywhere, and that he did not consider it "good policy" to do so. However, when the bell rang Mr. Laurie, in honor of his expected guests, went to the door to receive them in person. His astonishment was great to find Mr. Lincoln standing on the threshold, wrapped in his long cloak, and to hear his cordial "Good evening" as he put out his hand and entered.

Mr. Laurie promptly exclaimed, "Welcome, Mr. Lincoln, to my humble roof; you were expected." (Mr. Laurie was one of the "old fashioned gentlemen"). Mr. Lincoln stopped in the act of removing his cloak, and said, "Expected! Why, it is only five minutes since I knew that I was coming." He came down from a cabinet meeting as Mrs. Lincoln and her friends were about to enter the carriage, and asked them where they were going. She replied, "To Georgetown: to a circle." He answered immediately, "Hold on a moment; I will go with you." "Yes," said Mrs. Lincoln, "and I was never so surprised in my life." He seemed pleased when Mr. Laurie explained the source of our information, and I think it had a tendency to prepare his mind to receive what followed and to obey the instructions given.

On this occasion, as he entered the parlor, I made bold to say to him: "I would like to speak a word with you, Mr. Lincoln before you go, after the circle." "Certainly," he said, "remind me should I forget it."

Mr. and Mrs. Laurie, with their daughter, Mrs. Miller at his request, sang several fine old Scotch airs - among them, one that he declared a favorite, called "Bonnie Doon." I can see him now, as he sat in the old high backed rocking chair, one leg thrown over the arm; leaning back in utter weariness, with his eyes closed, listening to the low, strong and clear yet plaintive notes rendered as only the Scotch can sing their native melodies. I looked at his face and it appeared tired and haggard. He seemed older by years than when I had seen him a few weeks previously. The whole party seemed anxious and troubled, but all interest centered in the chief and all eyes and thoughts were turned on him. At the

end of the song he turned to me and said : "Well, Miss Nettie, do you think you have anything to say to me to-night?" At first I thought he referred to the request I had made when he entered the room. Recollecting myself, however, I said : "if I have not, there may be others who have." He nodded his head in a pleasant manner, saying : "Suppose we see what they will have to tell us."

Among the spirit friends that have ever controlled me since my first development was one I have before mentioned known as "old Dr. Bamford." He was quite a favorite with Mr. Lincoln. His quaint dialect, old fashioned methods of expression straightforwardness in arriving at his subject, together with fearlessness of utterance recommended him as no finished style could have done. This spirit took possession of me at once. As I learned from those in the circle the substance of his remarks was as follows : "That a precarious state of things existed at the front, where Gen. Hooker had just taken command."

The army was totally demoralized: regiments stacking arms, refusing to obey orders or to do duty : threatening a general retreat : declaring their purpose to return to Washington. A vivid picture was drawn of the terrible state of affairs, greatly to the surprise of all present, save the chief to whom the words were addressed. When the picture had been painted in vivid colors, Mr. Lincoln quietly remarked : "You seem to understand the situation. Can you point out the remedy?" Dr. Bamford immediately replied : "Yes ; if you have the courage to use it." He smiled, they said, and answered : "Try me." The old doctor then said to him : "It is one of the simplest, and being so simple it may not appeal to you as being

sufficient to cope with what threatens to prove a serious difficulty. The remedy lies with yourself. Go in person to the front; taking with you your wife and children; leaving behind your official dignity, and all manner of display. Resist the importunities of officials to accompany you, and take only such attendants as may be absolutely necessary; avoid the high grade officers, and seek the tents of the private soldiers. Inquire into their grievances, show yourself to be what you are, 'the father of your people.' Make them feel that you are not unmindful of the many trials which beset them in their march through the dismal swamps, whereby both their courage and numbers have been depleted." He quietly remarked: "If that will do any good, it is easily done." The doctor instantly replied: "It will do all that is required. It will unite them to you in bands of steel. And now, if you would prevent a serious, if not fatal, disaster to your cause, let the news be promulgated at once and disseminated broadcast that you are on the eve of visiting the front; that you are not talking of it, but that it is settled that you are going, and are now getting into readiness. This will stop insubordination and hold the soldiers in check, being something to divert their minds, and they will wait to see what your coming portends." He at once said: "It shall be done." A long conversation then followed between the doctor and Mr. Lincoln regarding the state of affairs and the war generally. The old doctor told him, "that he would be renominated and re-elected to the presidency." They said that he sadly smiled when this was told him, saying: "It is hardly an honor to be coveted, save one could find it his duty to accept it."

After the circle was over Mr. Laurie said : "Mr. Lincoln, is it possible that affairs are as bad as has been depicted?" He said : "They can hardly be exaggerated, but I ask it as a favor of all present that they do not speak of these things. The major there," pointing to an officer of that rank who was in their party, "has just brought dispatches from the 'front' depicting the state of affairs pretty much as our old friend has shown it ; and we were just having a cabinet meeting, regarding the matter, when something, I know not what, induced me to leave the room and come downstairs, when I found Mrs. Lincoln in the act of coming here. I felt it might be of service for me to come ; I did not know wherefore." He dropped his head as he said this—leaning forward in his chair as if he were thinking aloud. Then, looking up suddenly, he remarked : "Matters are pretty serious down here, and perhaps the simplest remedy is the best. I have often noticed in life that little things have sometimes greater weight than larger ones." As they rose to depart he turned to me and said : "Now, I will hear what you wish to say to me." Going to one side of the parlor, we sat down, and I laid before him the case of a friend who had been nearly two years in the service in the army of the Potomac, and who was a lieutenant in the Thirteenth New York regiment. He had seen hard service in camp and field and had never asked for a furlough during that period.

At this time, as his colonel was ordered to Washington on duty for a few weeks, he sent in a petition to the war department for a furlough, signed by all the superior officers of his regiment and brigade. Not doubting the granting of the furlough, nor waiting for its arrival, feeling sure of its coming

and being forwarded, he went with his colonel to Washington.

Unfortunately the day before he had received the announcement that the application had been rejected, and that an order was then at the department for his arrest for "absence without leave." I stated these facts in full to Mr. Lincoln, and said to him, "This young man is a true soldier, and was one of the first to respond to the call for troops.

"He has no desire or disposition to avoid or shirk his duty, and is intending to return and give himself up as soon as his colonel's business is completed. It occurred to me that you would be kind enough to interpose your hand between him and the consequences of his rashness in leaving the camp before the arrival of his furlough." He pleasantly smiled and said, "I have so much to think of now, I shall forget all about this. You write it all out to me, giving me his name and regiment, and bring it to me to-morrow." Feeling sure of my cause, I was delighted, and thought of the pleasant surprise I had in store of my friend.

Mr. Lincoln bade us all a pleasant "good night" and departed, leaving us to talk over the curious circumstances of his coming and of its results.

It was at this seance that Mrs. Belle Miller gave an example of her power as a "moving medium," and highly amused and interested us by causing the piano to "waltz around the room," as was facetiously remarked in several recent newspaper articles. The true statement is as follows: Mrs. Miller played upon the piano (a three cornered grand), and under her influence it "rose and fell," keeping time to her touch in a perfectly regular manner. Mr. Laurie suggested

that, as an added "test" of the invisible power that moved the piano, Mrs. Miller (his daughter) should place her hand on the instrument, standing *about*'s length from it, to show that she was in nowise connected with its movement other than as agent. Mr. Lincoln then placed his hand underneath the piano, at the end nearest Mrs. Miller, who placed her left hand upon his to demonstrate that neither strength nor pressure was used. In this position the piano rose and fell a number of times at her bidding. At Mr. Laurie's desire the president changed his position to another side, meeting with the same result.

SITTING ON PIANO.

The president, with a quaint smile, said, "I think we can hold down that instrument." Whereupon he climbed upon it, sitting with his legs dangling over the side, as also did Mr. Somes, S. P. Kase, and a soldier in the uniform of a major (who, if living, will recall the strange scene) from the Army of the Potomac. The piano, notwithstanding this enormous added weight, continued to rise and fall until the sitters were glad "to vacate the premises." We were convinced that there were no mechanical contrivances to produce the strange result, and Mr. Lincoln expressed himself perfectly satisfied that the motion was caused by some "invisible power;" and when Mr. Somes remarked, "When I have related to my acquaintances, Mr. President, that which I have experienced to-night, they will say, with a knowing look and wise demeanor, 'You were psychologized, and as a matter of fact (versus fancy) you *did not see* what you in reality *did see.*'" Mr. Lincoln quietly replied, "You should bring such person here, and when the piano seems to rise, have him

slip his foot under the leg and be *convinced* (doubtless) by the weight of *evidence*."

When the laughter caused by this rally had subsided the president wearily sank into an armchair, "the old tired, anxious look returning to his face."

This never to be forgotten incident occurred on the fifth of February, 1863.

I believe that Mr. Lincoln was satisfied and convinced that the communications he received through me were wholly independent of my volition, and in every way superior to any manifestation that could have been given by me as a *physical* being. *This he affirmed in my presence and in my hearing* in answer to a question by Mr. Simes as to what he thought of the source of what he had experienced and heard from time to time in the form of spiritualistic manifestations. He replied, "I am not prepared to affirm nor deny the spiritual origin or the intelligence claimed by this girl. She certainly could have no knowledge of the fact communicated to me, nor of what was transpiring in my cabinet meeting prior to my joining this circle, nor of affairs at the front (the army), nor regarding transpiring events *which are known to me only, and which I have not imparted to any one, and which have not been made public.*"

As he spoke his face was intensely earnest and he laid one hand in the other impressively (as was his custom). He likewise comprehended that I was ignorant of the facts surrounding the information of which I was the agent.

The next day was Sunday and Mr. Lincoln had evidently forgotten that fact when he bade me bring him my request in writing. I therefore used a part of the day to write

out a plain statement of the case. I considered it almost a state document, addressed it "To the President of the United States," and thoughtlessly, or rather with great deliberation, believing it necessary, signed my full baptismal name to the paper. Since I had responded to a name I had been called "Nettie" by old and young, and had almost forgotten that my proper name was "Henrietta."

Sunday morning's issue of John W. Forney's Gazette bore in startling headlines: "The President is About to Visit the Army of the Potomac." Then followed a statement of what gunboat was in preparation to take him and his family to Fortress Monroe, and other matters showing literal obedience to the directions given the night previous. These papers I learned were scattered by the thousand throughout the army, as quickly as they could be conveyed there.

Monday morning, with my paper in hand, I visited the White House. Going up to the waiting room I sent it in by "Edward," and anxiously awaited the result. Twenty minutes or more must have passed when "Edward" came out and said: "The president desires that you will call to-morrow." I was thunderstruck, not knowing what this might indicate. I knew that without the consent and knowledge of my friend I had furnished the full facts of his whereabouts and his acts to headquarters: and knew not how my action might be considered by him and his colonel. Startled and full of doubt, I walked to the broad stairway, and when half way down met the major (whose name I have forgotten, but who was with the president on the occasion of the sitting the Saturday previous), who instantly recognized me and raised his cap and bowed pleasantly. I left the White House, going to

the post office department for my mail, then returned to Georgetown to find the major awaiting me.

He came to me as I entered and said, "Mr. Lincoln sent me to you with this note. He says he thinks it will answer every purpose. He told me to tell you he had left it without date, as you could not give him the precise date of your friend leaving the camp, and, being without date, it therefore covers all the back time. He would have given it to you in person, but he did not recognize the name attached to the foot of the paper containing the statement. When I went into the room," he said, "after meeting you on the stairs, the president took up the paper and said, in a perplexed way, 'This lady states that I requested her to write this out. I do not remember the name or the circumstance, and yet there is something familiar about it.' I stepped up to Mr. Lincoln, and, glancing at the name, replied: 'It is that little medium we saw in Georgetown.' 'O, yes,' he exclaimed, 'I fully remember now. Go out and bring her in.' I hurried out," added the major; "but you having left, I failed to find you. He then said, 'This matter must be attended to at once,' and writing on this card, as you see, he inclosed it in an envelope and bade me bring it to you." I opened it and read the following: "Leave of absence is granted to A. L. Gurney, Comp. G. Thirtieth N. Y. Reg., and he will report to his company Feb. 17, 1863"—thus giving him ten days' additional leave (the time was afterwards extended to the 27th, merely changing the dates). I have no doubt this gentleman treasures to this day that souvenir of our martyred president. I thanked the major for his kindness and bade him intend to Mr. Lincoln my grateful acknowledgment, impulsively remark-

ing. "How good of him to do this thing!" To which the major replied, "It is a common thing for him to do these acts. He is all the time doing something of the kind."

The president's visit to the "front" and the ovation tendered him showed the spontaneous uprising of a people to receive a loved ruler. How he was literally borne on the shoulders of the soldiers through the camp and how everywhere the "boys in blue" rallied around him, all grievances being forgotten, and his leaving a united and devoted army behind him when he returned to Washington—these are matters of history too well known to bear repeating.

He did not achieve the victory of carrying out to the letter, without a struggle, the directions of our unseen friends. Mrs. Laurie and myself visited the White House in the interval of the preparation and the time of departure; and Mrs. Lincoln informed us that they were being besieged by applications from members of both houses, and cabinet officers and their wives, for permission to go with them. And she remarked, in her quick, impulsive way: "But I tell Mr. Lincoln if we are going to take the spirit's advice, let us do it fully, and then there can be no responsibility resting with us if it fail." I was controlled at this time and "they" impressed upon her the importance of carrying this out as strictly as was consistent, as it was all important that the "man, not the "president," should visit the army. Disunionists had labored to fill the minds of the soldiers with the idea that the government at Washington was rioting in the good things of life and surrounded by pomp and display, while the soldiers were left to die in the swamps, neglected and forgotten; it was, therefore, necessary "that they should see the man

in all his simplicity," and that he should carry with him a personal influence which would be left throughout the camp. The wisdom of his action is told in the result.

I think it was in May of that year that the battle of Chancellorsville was fought. My father was then with my eldest brother in the hospital at Washington. Intending to visit him, I went by permission of Mrs. Lincoln to the White House hothouse to obtain a bouquet of flowers for him. Miss Parnie and myself applied to the private entrance, expecting only to receive the flowers and depart. Mrs. Cuthbert, Mrs. Lincoln's waiting woman, eagerly met us at the door. "O, my dear young ladies," she exclaimed in her broken French fashion, "the madame is distracted. Come to her, I beg of you. She wants you very much."

MRS. LINCOLN'S FALSE VISION.

Surprised at her earnestness we went upstairs and were ushered into her bedroom. Mrs. Lincoln, in a loose wrapper, her long, beautiful hair down her back and over her shoulders, was distractedly walking up and down the room. As she saw me she came forward and exclaimed, "O, Miss Nettie, such dreadful news; they are fighting at the front; such a terrible slaughter, and all our generals are killed and our army is in full retreat; such is the latest news. O, I am glad you have come. Will you sit down a few moments and see if we can get anything from 'Beyond?'"

No hint of the battle had as yet reached the public. I was surprised. I threw my things aside and we at once sat down. "Tinkie" controlled me instantly, and in her own original way assured Mrs. Lincoln that her alarm was groundless; that while a great battle had been fought and was *still*

in progress, our forces were fully holding their own; and that none of the generals, as she had been informed, was slain or injured. She bade her have no fear whatever; that they would get better news by nightfall, and the next day would bring still more cheerful results.

This calmed her somewhat, and after I awoke she talked very earnestly with me to know if I fully trusted and believed in what was said through me. I assured her of my confidence in whatever was communicated, and it seemed to give her courage. It was now approaching 1 o'clock, and Mr. Lincoln entered the room; he was bowed as if bent with trouble, his face looking anxious and careworn. He shook my hand in a listless way and kindly inquired how I was, shaking hands with my friend also. He sat down at a little stand on which Mrs. Cuthbert had placed a cup of tea and a plate of crackers. It seemed that it was his custom at this hour to partake of this frugal lunch. Mrs. Lincoln instantly began to tell him what had been said. He looked up with quick interest.

My friend Parnie said: "Perhaps Mr. Lincoln would prefer to hear it direct: would you not like to, Mr. Lincoln?" He said: "If it would not tire your friend too much, yes." I hastened to assure him that I felt no weariness whatever and again I was soon under control. This time it was the strong, clear utterance of one we had learned to call "Wisdom," and Parnie told me that Mr. Lincoln listened intently to every word. For twenty minutes "he" talked to him, stating clearly the condition of affairs at the front, assuring him of what news he would receive by nightfall and what the morrow would bring forth, and that in nowise was the

battle disastrous, and, though not decisive particularly in character, was sufficiently so to be a gain, not a loss, to the Union cause. He brightened visibly under the assurances given, and my friend said she had never seen me more impressive or convincing when under control. Evidently "they" felt his need in that hour and met it. When I awoke his tea stood untasted and cold, and as none seemed to think of it that should have done so, my friend quietly arose taking it from the stand, handed it to Mrs. Cuthbert and said: "Change this for a hot cup of tea, and bring it soon." No one seemed to think she was stepping out of her place in thus thinking of the weary man before us. It was quickly brought and he drank it with a relish, but left the crackers untasted. He shook us warmly by the hand and with a pleasant smile passed back to his private apartments.

I need not say that our hands were well filled with flowers when we left the White House. However, it was then too late to go to the camp. The next morning, on our way to the hospital, we called at the White House and received from Mrs. Cuthbert the assurance that the news had been received as predicted and that "Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were both feeling much better and full of hope.

Taking the cars at Fourteenth street, we made our visit to Mount Pleasant hospital. Its thousands of clean, white, empty tents, full of little cot beds, suggested the possibilities of war, but presented none of its horrors. My brother was better, although still in bed, and my father was glad to see his visitors. We stayed a few hours and he showed us over the departments, taking us to the surgeons' headquarters, where all seemed quiet and peaceful. We returned to the

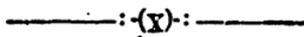
city, little dreaming of the scene that would greet us when we again visited the camp.

There was more or less superstition in Lincoln's nature, says Herndon, and, although he may not have believed implicitly in the signs of his many dreams, he was constantly endeavoring to unravel them. His mind was readily impressed with some of the most absurd superstitions. His visit to the voodoo fortune teller in New Orleans in 1861, his faith in the virtues of the madstone, when he took his son Robert to Terre Haute, Ind., to be cured of the bite of a rabid dog, and the strange double image of himself which he told his secretary, John Hay, he saw reflected in a mirror just after his election in 1860, strongly attest his inclination to superstition. He held most firmly to the doctrine of fatalism all his life.

His wife, after his death, told me what I already knew, that "his only philosophy" was, what is to be will be, and no prayers of ours can reverse the decree." He always contended that he was doomed to a sad fate, and he repeatedly said to me when we were alone in our office: "I am sure I shall meet with some terrible end."

In proof of his strong leaning towards fatalism he once quoted the case of Brutus and Caesar, arguing that the former was forced by laws and conditions over which he had no control to kill the latter, and vice versa, that the latter was specially created to be disposed of by the former? This superstitious view of life ran through his being like the thin blue vein through the whitest marble, giving the eye rest from the weariness of continued unvarying color.

MYSTERIOUS MANIFESTATIONS IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.



[HERE is the introductory letter from Babu Amrita Lala Das of 29, Kankungachee Road, (Harrison Road P. O., Calcutta,) with which he sends the further instalment of the interesting account of the Kankungachee affair:—

“Sir,—I am very glad that you have kindly published the account of the ghostly pranks in our house in the February issue of your widely circulated and much esteemed Magazine for which I feel greatly obliged to you. I am now sending herewith the remaining portion of the account in obedience to your letter received of late.

“The incidents have been described in detail so that the different aspects of the manifestation may be seen at a glance and studied without the least effort. I have jotted down the incidents as they happened and have not attempted to go deep into the matter, nor have I allowed myself to make any criticism. The whole question is left to you and the readers of your magazine for consideration, so that we may get a sure remedy and speedy deliverance from the pranks of these mischievous beings.”]

V. —UNVEILING OF THE MYSTERY.—(*Contd.*)

On the following day, *i.e.*, on Tuesday, the 14th of *Ashar*, another wonderful incident occurred at noon. My eldest brother's daughter, a baby one year old, was sleeping on a bedstead in my brother's room. Suddenly she awoke from sleep and began to cry. At that time my mother and eldest

brother's wife were taking their meals in the kitchen, and none else was in the house just then. They hurriedly finished their meal and went to take charge of the little one, lest she fell from the bedstead and received a hurt. But to their utter surprise, they found the child, not in the room but lying on a mat spread in the verandah. They began to question themselves as to how the child could be brought there and laid on the mat. It was also observed that the baby was smiling and playing with someone whom they could not see. From the circumstances of the case, they were forced to attribute the cause of this singular phenomenon to nothing but the mysterious work of our spirit friend.

In the afternoon, when the boys came back from school and were calling for tiffin, a few pieces of copper fell from above, with which they purchased eatables from the confectionery shop. This incident showed that the spirits were not altogether evil in their nature.

Later on in the evening we noticed another strange thing. My eldest brother, on returning from office, found to his infinite surprise that his room was filled with the fragrance of sandal, while marks of water were visible on the floor, as if someone had just finished his evening worship. As before evening none was allowed to enter the room, the doors having been locked up, we naturally concluded that the spirit had just performed his evening service as on the day previous. Afterwards my brother accidentally found that there were two freshly prepared "danadars" placed under his pillow. We asked each other as to who could have brought these sweets there and on enquiry it transpired that no sweets had been purchased that day. We conse-

quently came to the conclusion that the spirit must have given us these sweets to eat, and we gladly partook of them.

From the foregoing two incidents we thought that our spirit friend was piously inclined, and on the day following we arranged for and procured all the requisites for divine service, namely flowers, sandalwood, "Tulsi" plant, etc, and kept them in the niche at noon, while the room, in which the divine service had been conducted on the previous two days, was kept closed. In the evening we examined the niche and found nothing there, and when brother came from office, we opened his room and to our great amazement noticed that these things had been brought there from the niche and the divine service performed. To our astonishment we saw that 'batasha' (sugar cakes) and flowers had been very judiciously arranged round the "Tulsi" plant; that one of the "batashas" was slightly broken as if it had been offered to God; that a little quantity of the sandal had been used for making paste and that water had been sprinkled round the earthen pot on which the plant was placed. We were beside ourselves with joy at this wonderful manifestation as there was not the least shadow of a doubt that all these had been done by the spirit himself.

Afterwards, as brother was going to open his box, he found four sweetmeats (*danadars*) on it. We at once suspected that, as on the previous evening, they had been kept there by the spirit. Brother was delighted at seeing the sweets and brought them before us. The evening before, when we were partaking the spirit-gift, it suddenly occurred to brother that our two younger brothers, who were then away from home, were being

MANIFESTATIONS IN A HAUNTED HOUSE. • 127

deprived of the share of the presents.* So he made up his mind to send some of the sweets to them, if he again got them and now this was done.

From the 16th of Asarh, 1311 B.S. the spirit began to manifest itself in a very different way. From this day forward all divine services were stopped, and the spirit began to torment us in divers ways. As before, our domestic articles, especially eatables, and even money itself, began to disappear. We were at a loss to make out the cause of this change in attitude.

The depredations made by the spirit began to increase daily and we lost many valuable things including gold coins.

VI—REMEDIAL MEASURES.

At last we were compelled to adopt certain measures to get rid of these unwelcome attentions.

First of all, the help of an astrologer was sought but he failed to do any good. Then our friends and relatives were requested to find a good exorcist for us. This was done on the 26th of Asarh, 1311 B.S.

In the meantime, the following manifestations were observed, which seemed to be new and peculiar in certain aspects.

On the 31st of that month, on which day the Hindu festival *Rathjatra* took place, an amusing incident occurred. As it was a festive day, the young children in a body pressed mother to give them something as 'Parbani' (present) for the festival. As mother was being teased by their constant importunities, she, in joke, told them to ask the spirit for it.

* The fact possibly was that a wicked spirit supplanted the previous one.—Ed.

The children followed her advice. But no sooner was it done than copper pieces began to fall, as if from the sky. The boys in high glee, picked up the coins to purchase sweets.

One day, just at candle-light, when my eldest sister-in-law was entering one of the rooms to light it, she saw a pale and emaciated figure standing erect on the floor, at a few yards' distance from her. As she advanced, the phantom was seen receding from her, which at last disappeared. At first my sister-in-law took it for my youngest brother, as he was then very weak and thin, but as still she had a doubt in the matter, to satisfy herself, she asked mother as to his whereabouts. On being informed that he had long gone out marketing, she became very much frightened and related to mother what she had seen in the room. The figure was that of the spirit, and this was the first time that he appeared in person before any of our family members.

On Tuesday, the 7th of Bhadra, 1311 B.S. another strange thing happened, which showed the spirit's love and affection for me. It was a rainy day and I felt a strong desire to eat a cocoanut, on return home from office. Accordingly I expressed my desire to mother, but unfortunately there was no cocoanut in the house, that day. So mother sent my youngest brother to some neighbours to get one, but they too could not comply with our requisition. When my youngest brother was relating the result of the errand, a cocoanut fell in the courtyard from above, as if from the open sky. He instantly ran to the spot and picked it up. When it was being peeled, another cocoanut fell and then another. It seemed that some one, remaining invisible in the air, was throwing

the fruits into our courtyard. At last I offered my thanks to the spirit for his trouble and begged him not to throw any more. The spirit heard my prayer and the operation stopped.

Again, another day, on return home from school, the children wanted their tiffin. As usual, *chupaties* had been prepared for them and kept in the proper place, but when my brother's wife went to fetch them, she found that the food had been spirited away. A careful search was made but to no purpose. Every one guessed that it was the work of the spirit, and the children were told to address the spirit to furnish them with pice to purchase tiffin with. No sooner had the children made their request than a few pice fell from above, with which they appeased their hunger.

On the following day, *chupaties* were again prepared for the children but again they disappeared in a mysterious way. This day, however, no pice fell from above in spite of repeated entreaties. At night, Sinjan (my youngest brother) brought from bazar a pice of curd in a small earthen pot. As he was counting the change, keeping the pot on the floor, it instantly disappeared, but soon after the empty pot fell from above minus the contents.

Similar and even serious disturbances took place. At last, on the 12th of Bhadra (Sunday), 1311 B.S., we brought an exorcist of established fame. Having heard everything in detail from us, he made a round of the house and then examined each room by smelling the walls. By this means, he said, he could understand that the spirits were not then present in the house—most probably they had quitted their haunt having got intimation of his arrival. He said that several spirits, about six or seven in number, haunted the

house; they did not remain at all times there; they were of migratory habits—sometimes they remained in, and sometimes they went away from the house, but that would be for a very short period. There might be many good-intentioned spirits in their company, but most of them were of a wicked nature. The exorcist then tested if any of them were related to us. He placed a vessel full of water before him and began to blow into it uttering words of incantation which, however, we could not understand. He then told us to look into the water, one by one, and to ascertain whether we could see any shadowy figure resembling any of our dead relatives or friends. But none were visible, and he was then convinced that there were none of our relatives in the gang. Having been requested by us to dwell on and explain the mysteries of the spirit-world and its weird manifestations, he delivered a long speech in the course of which he enlightened us to the best of his ability. He seemed to be a good spiritualist, one well-versed in his special subject, and many of our doubts were removed by hearing him. In accordance with his instructions we made arrangements for the expulsion of these spirits from our house. Before departing he advised us to be more courageous and not to take fright, as most probably the spirits might try to do some mischief that night. But nothing was done.

The exorcist began to collect materials for the purpose of expelling the spirits. In the meantime a series of manifestations were witnessed, of which the following two are more striking and noteworthy.

One evening a very wonderful light was observed by my mother, eldest sister-in-law and youngest brother. This

phenomenon was observed outside our courtyard. At first my sister-in-law caught the glimpse of a light and the matter was eventually brought to the notice of my mother and brother. The light which was globular in form was seen floating in air. It did not seem to be the light of a glow-worm, for it was larger and brighter. It was soon lost in the darkness.

Another evening a most strange incident occurred, which filled every member of the household with disgust and dismay. One evening we went in to sit down to dinner. But there was no food for any of us. We then came to the conclusion that this was the work of the spirit. Strange to say the articles of food had been so cleverly stolen by the spirit that not a grain of rice, nor even a trace of the food was visible in any part of the cooking utensils. We then made arrangements for the preparation of another fresh meal, and with this purpose in view went to the store-room for rice, dal, vegetables, etc. But strange to say all vestige of these, locked up as they were in the room, were also found missing! In despair we made up our mind to pass the night with only a light supper of *Mohanbhog*, made of flour, ghee and sugar. But unfortunately these too had disappeared and nowhere in the house could a trace of them be found. At first we earnestly begged the spirit to give us back our articles of food, but finding our entreaties falling flat on his ears began to remonstrate with him in not very gentle language. The spirit turned a deaf ear to our threat or request and nothing was given back. At length, pinched by hunger, we were compelled to send one to market for some food. What was remarkable in all this was that when these articles were brought

from the market, flour was seen falling before us from the ceiling of the verandah followed by the falling of a few handfuls of rice into the courtyard.

That night we had to incur much loss and to undergo great trouble ; nay, we were afraid of being constantly disturbed with this sort of harmful pranks. So, we were compelled to adopt energetic measures for the expulsion of the spirit.

Next morning this incident was reported to the exorcist. But we were informed that he was too unwell to do anything. Information was therefore sent anew to our friends and relatives requesting them to help us again.

In the meantime, it came to our knowledge that the exorcist had had a threatening dream in which he was warned by the spirit to the effect that if he tried to expel him from our house, he would come to grief. This frightened his wife very much and she told us to break off the contract and look for another man.

A few days after, i. e., on the 7th Kartik, 1311 B.S., exorcists from different quarters began to come from midday till evening ; as if a meeting of ghost-doctors was going to be held on that day in our premises, and that there would be a demonical exhibition. The news spread so far and wide that multitudes of people flocked to our house that evening to witness the weird performances of the various exorcists. But they did simply nothing, they discussed on the various modes of manifestations of the spirits and the methods by which they might be expelled. The doctors, in short, failed to expel the ghosts from the house.

What could we do now? We began to set apart as advised by an exorcist, some food consisting of sweets.

etc., for the spirits who seemed to be pleased with them, which was evident from the fact that while the food intended for them disappeared, our own portion was not tampered with. Not only would the usual daily food be kept, but whenever any fresh eatables were brought into the house, some portion of it would first be dedicated to them for their propitiation. In this way we continued dwelling with the spirits, as if they were our family members. And there were many occasions on which we got indications of their presence in our midst.

One evening a few friends came to satisfy their curiosity and see the ghost of possible. I told them all that we had suffered, but they refused to believe us. One of them said, "If you could show anything wonderful in our presence, then would we believe." We cared very little whether anybody believed in ghosts or not, but on this occasion, for the friends' sake at least, we requested the spirits to shew them some phenomenon. And this was done immediately.

At first cloves and cardamoms began to be showered on the head of my brother who was then engaged in prayer. These were then brought to my friends, but they did not believe yet, as this had been done within the house. But when they came to the courtyard, a rupee fell before them as if from the sky. Still they ignored this potent fact and remained firm in their disbelief. Then one of them stretched out his hand and said, "If anything happens to fall on this palm, then there will remain no shadow of doubt in our mind." As soon as he had uttered these words, a rupee fell from above on his palm, and all were thunderstruck. We learned subsequently that when the coin touched my friend's fingers,

it was hot while, it seemed to him, that an electric shock passed through his whole body.

Here is the testimony of my friend to the fall of a rupee in his hand:—

“I do not feel any hesitation in endorsing my opinion and belief regarding the existence of spirits in the house of my friend, Amrita Lala Dasa of Kankurgachee, and this statement of mine will be corroborated from the following fact.

“One evening I went to his house along with other friends and had a conversation with him anent the haunting of spirits in his house. At first I did not believe in his accounts and told him that if he could show some manifestations in my presence then I might believe them. On this, he began to supplicate the spirit (or whatever it may be called) for the purpose, and no sooner had he done this than a rupee fell from above before us. I then stretched out my hand, ignoring the former manifestation and addressed the invisible being to drop something on my hand. As soon as I uttered these words, another rupee fell on my palm to my great amazement. Seeing this mysterious phenomenon I came to the conclusion that this was nothing but the doing of the spirit and I was fully convinced of its existence in my friend's house.

(Sd.) “Nripendra Nath Majumdar,

“Senior House Surgeon,

“Bengal Veterinary College, 18-3-09.

Two years rolled by in this way. During the first year there were slight disturbances only which we did not care at all, as we got accustomed to them. During the second, there was a complete cessation of all sorts of ghostly pranks. Consequently we began to entertain the idea that hencefor-

ward we would be able to live in peace. But, we were not fortunate enough to enjoy the blessings of peaceful days for long. Disturbances again broke out and money began again to disappear from places considered to be quite safe. This time it was observed that the spirits directed their attention only to money and not to other things. This sort of things became unbearable in the long run and we lost our patience.

One evening, i. e., on the 14th of Pous 1314 B. S., as I was about to sit down to my supper I heard a sound as of the fall of a heavy substance on the floor, and instantly mother screamed out saying that a brick had fallen on her back. Immediately I rushed towards her and with the help of a lamp began searching for it, but instead of a brick-bat we found an orange lying on the floor. We then concluded that not the brick but the orange had been thrown in mother's direction which accidentally fell on her back. This orange together with many others had been kept in an almirah which was under lock and key. Soon after, the almirah was opened and an orange was found missing. We thereupon inferred that this was the doing of the spirits, and when we were talking of the subject another orange fell before brother, and this was followed by another which fell again on mother's back in the kitchen.

The disturbances now continued as before. We observed a peculiarity this time. Stones, brick-bats, etc., began to fall on the persons of members of the family as had not been the case on previous occasions. Not only this, human excreta too began to fall on beddings and eatables.

One morning it was found that a handful of human excreta, enveloped in a piece of paper, was placed on the

bedding in my room. It was emitting a very bad smell. We understood that it was nothing but the wickedness of the spirits.

Again, two days after, i.e., on the 23rd of Falgun, when mother was extracting the juice from the tender leaves of *hinchā*, (*Fuhydra Heloncha*) for brother, a little quantity of human evacuation was thrown into the cup in which the juice of the vegetable was being kept. Thus the whole thing was spoilt. A few hours later, it was found that brother's office tiffin, which had just been prepared, was missing from the kitchen, though the cook and several others were present there.

VII.—COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE SPIRITS.

When we were undergoing these troubles we heard of the *Hindu Spiritual Magazine*, and ventured to knock at the door of Babu S. K. Ghose, the Editor. He advised us to form a circle in our house, and at last we had the satisfaction of opening communication with the spirit, but of this in my next. The spirits now seem to be in a much better mood though of course the disturbances have not ceased altogether.

AMRITA LALA DASA.

GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY TO ALL.



The following is the text of a very interesting lecture delivered in Plymouth Spiritual Church, Rochester, N.Y., at the sixtieth anniversary of modern Spiritualism by the pastor, Rev. B. F. Austin. Everyone who takes interest in spiritualism cannot fail to read it with pleasure. Rev. Austin said : --

With great appropriateness and strict justice Spiritualism—born into the world in 1848 through the instrumentality of angels and the mediocrity of innocent children—may be called Glad Tidings of Great Joy to All People. This by no means repudiates the claims of other religions, especially the Christian religion, to be called glad tidings to the world. The pure and simple Gospel of Jesus—proclaiming that God was our common Father, all men are brethren ; that the service of man is, in effect, the worship of God—with its ministry of healing and proofs of immortality—was glad tidings to the age and great joy to all who received it.

But the purity of the primitive Gospel of Jesus has been lost amidst the jargon of creeds ; the voice of the Master was silenced by death ; the proofs of immortality, so strikingly given by Jesus, no longer existed in the churches supposed to represent him ; the wonderful gifts of the spirit

which made Christianity a life and a demonstration of spirit power and blessing, faded out of the belief and practice of the Churches.

While early Christianity proved the continuity of life, Modern Christianity not only fails to do so but denies the possibility of doing so. Early Christianity healed the sick by the laying on of hands and by mental and spiritual healing. Modern Christianity either ignores or denies metaphysical healing. Early Christianity was a religion of significant dreams, prophecies, trances, spirit communions, healing of the sick, visions and discernments of spirits. Modern Christianity has none of these experiences, and denies and often derides the claim that they exist.

Is it to be wondered at then, that Spiritualists should claim for Spiritualism—which is in a large measure a revival of primitive Christianity—the very designation the angels are said to have given to Jesus' ministry—Glad Tidings of Great Joy to all people.

There is in the teachings and ministry of modern Spiritualism glad tidings of great joy to all people, and first, we shall speak of the joy of discovery. We are all rejoiced, when we find things—especially things of great use or value. Now Spiritualism rejoices us first with the joyful discovery of a spirit realm. It is quite true that Spiritualism did not make the first announcement of a spirit realm to men. The doctrine that there was another world, and a future life, had been a dogma of many religions before Spiritualism was born into the world. Jesus had taught the people that in his Father's house were many mansions. Zoroaster taught before Christianity, and Mohammedanism after, that there was a

future and unending life for man. Yet aside from the bare fact of immortality, neither Zoroasterism, Christianity or Mohammedanism had any revelation of the future life. These were statements merely of the teachers, made on authority (with the one exception of Jesus who alone demonstrated his doctrine); and they were statements accepted by the people on faith—a faith that often gave way in the crucial hour and left its possessor stranded between hope and despair.

Spiritualism brought not only the fuller knowledge of the future, the clear demonstrations of the future, but brought multitudes into experiences by which they were in actual touch with immortality. It rolled back the clouds of ignorance, the dark mists of doubt and uncertainty, from the spirit realm, and caused it to shine out bright and clear in the vision of humanity. It brought it near to hand. The heaven that was “far, far away” under orthodoxy became the “kingdom of heaven is at hand” under Spiritualism.

It opened man’s mental and spiritual nature to the great truth of Coleridge’s statement, “Heaven lies all around us in our infancy,” but it proved also that heaven lies all around us in manhood and in old age. It showed us the great truth of interpenetrating worlds and convinced us that, for aught we know to-night, while we on the mortal plane are occupying this church and as pastor and people participating in this service, there may be at this very hour another service going on here on the spirit plane of vibration; and perhaps a Myron Adams is at this hour preaching a sermon from this rostrum to his old parishioners, all of them in spirit life!

Spiritualism thus not only asserted the future life—it revealed it. It brought it nigh. It enabled men to bring

it into the realm of experience. It mapped out the future more fully than any preceding religion had. It brought us into touch with its inhabitants. It made it real to us to a fuller extent than any preceding religion had ever done.

And all this it did for men here and now. Other religions had promised this knowledge and experience, but only in the future. They left men amid life's burdens and sorrows with only a promise of heaven's future revelation. Spiritualism, in a large measure, fulfilled that promise and gave to men living under life's burdens and carrying life's sorrows, the knowledge and comfort and inspiration that come from realization of the truth—there is no death. Thus those who were only "prisoners of hope" under other religions—compelled to await the release of death before the revelations of the spirit world could come to them—became under Spiritualism the joyful participators with the angels and their departed friends of the knowledge of the kingdom of heaven. Is it a wonder that Spiritualism was esteemed Glad Tidings of Great Joy?

Spiritualism became Glad Tidings of Great Joy to men in that it opened before the human mind an entirely new realm of knowledge. On matters spiritual and therefore, pertaining to man's higher and immortal life, the discovery by Spiritualism of a spirit realm and the new method of spiritual telegraphy introduced by Spiritualism to the world, were of vaster importance to mankind than any discovery ever made by Columbus, or by the astronomer with telescope sweeping the heavens, or any invention of ancient or modern times, or any revelation from nature's wonderful storehouse of truth. †

How the world would be startled and aroused if Lowell and Pickering at Harvard should announce, and if Marcon and Edison should confirm, some real proofs of intelligent communication between the Earth and Mars. A new world in communication with us. What realms of possible knowledge! What a field for exploration! What a broadening of human thought! What an enlargement of our knowledge of the Cosmos! Yet all this and more Spiritualism did in revealing to men the encompassing spheres of the spirit realm and putting men into sensible touch and communication with them.

Spiritualism is Glad Tidings of Great Joy in that it discovered to us our lost Father in heaven. When Spiritualism came into the world, the divine Fatherhood of God was almost lost sight of through the teachings of the old theology, and God was the inexorable Judge and Avenger of sin rather than the Father and the Friend of Man. The God of Orthodoxy was an arbitrary God, a personal God, a God strict to mark iniquity and severe to punish sin—a God from whom men shrank in terror—and in whom the conception of Fatherhood was lost in the thought and dread of the Judge. Spiritualism taught from the first that God was the life and soul of the universe, the Power that made for righteousness, the Spirit of Growth and progress and development everywhere manifest in nature, the spirit of life and beauty and beneficence manifested so largely in nature's bounty and beauty—in whom we live and have our being and whose loving kindness is manifest to all. So Spiritualism brought out again before men the picture of God's beneficence and love which Jesus had tried to show to humanity, and thus it became Glad Tidings of Great Joy. 4

But the discovery of the spirit world to man and the discovery of the lost Fatherhood of God, were not the only discoveries our religion gave to men. Spiritualism discovered man to himself; and this we look upon as the greatest of all discoveries. However great the need of man in regard to knowledge of the surrounding realm of spirit, however pressing the need that man should know God as Father and as Friend, the greatest need of the human soul must ever be the knowledge of Self. A true conception of one's own nature must ever lie at the base of all right living, of all progress, and of all character building. There was greater need of this in that the churches had given man an utterly false conception of human nature. Man was "vile, conceived in sin and born unholy and unclean," "sprung from the man whose guilty fall corrupts his race and taints us all," "in Adam's fall we sinned all." Men were under "the curse" and wrath of God. Men had no strength and power in and of themselves. Men could not think a good thought or do a good deed without the help of heaven. Man could not of himself rise above his condition, could not of himself conquer his environment, could not of himself achieve the noblest and best.

Spiritualism came to the world with the message that all men are by their very birth members of God's family and not estranged from God: that men are born to rule; that men are inheritors not of the anger and curse of God, not of the weakness and sin of Adam, but inheritors of all attributes of the Godhead in themselves, inheritors of divine strength and wisdom and power and blessing, of health and happiness and destined to rule over Nature as well as them-

selves. Spiritualism came telling men that as they had climbed upward through past ages from the mud and slime of primitive forms of life to their present condition, so they were to move on and up and up and on, to nobler forms of expression, to wider knowledge to richer experience, to brighter hope, to greater achievement--in short, that before them was one ascending pathway of growth and power and blessing and rulership and the expanding powers of the Godhead.

Spiritualism came to tell men they needed no atoning blood, no ritualistic service, no priesthood and no offerings to win God's favor—that God was Father and Friend to all—that heaven was near and the so-called dead were living, and from the heights of the bright Summerland were signalling to us their undying love and constant watchcare. It came to teach every man that he and he only could be the saviour of his own soul.

Spiritualism came as joy to all people, because, from the first, in its philosophy, on its rostrum, in its messages and its inspired addresses, it stood for pure Democracy and human liberty. It has always stood four-square to the world against all forms of tyranny and oppression. It asserted human equality of rights and privileges and has fought against kingly claims and priestly power. It was the same spirit intelligences who gave Spiritualism to the world as a new revelation of truth, who ushered and directed the movement from the spirit side of life resulting in the war of American independence. Spiritualism in its inspired utterances, in its spirit messages, has been intensely democratic—recognizing no superiority in wealth or station, only the aristo-

cracy of intellect and of spirituality. Kings and aristocrats, and rulers, and priests all stand on a level with the common man in the seance room; and this seance room is the only spot on earth where absolute equality is known and recognized.

To-day Spiritualism flings her banner to the breeze and on it I see inscribed "Liberty. Malice Toward None. Charity for All. Special Favors to No One, and Equality of Privilege for all Men. No Monopoly."

Spiritualism brings us the joy of comfort. On one point all orthodox people agree with Spiritualists, that if Spiritualism be true, it is the most comforting and consoling religion on earth. Many, many times orthodox people say to me and to other Spiritualists: "Your philosophy is a very beautiful one, and if I could only believe that spirit communication was true, it would make me exceedingly happy." Nearly every one in his heart desires to believe the chief doctrine of Spiritualism, viz., that his departed friends are living and near him and interested in his welfare. Why, this thought, this belief, this knowledge, comes to multitudes as the most joyful fact that ever entered into their lives! It is like discovering that some friend dear to you as life itself, whom you once knew, and loved and held in communion sweet, who somehow got lost and separated from you, whom you have mourned as dead, suddenly comes into your life again. You see his face, you grasp his hand, you hear his voice, you drink in his words and greeting and your soul rejoices with a joy inexpressible in words. Spiritualism abolishes death as Jesus did in his day.

I must tell you of a Mrs. Kate Easton of Edmonton, N. W. T.,¹ Canada, who for half a life time was a Methodist and

thought her religion the best in the world. Her brother was killed in a brawl in British Columbia. She was almost beside herself with grief. She thought he was lost—shut out from God and heaven—among the damned. She went to her clergyman—good man that he was—and asked him: “Where is my brother? In heaven? In hell? In the intermediate state?” What could the minister say? All his theology—no good. All his church history—no good. All his faith and “vicarious atonement” and “witness of the spirit,” and “justification” and “sanctification”—no good. Here was a practical problem, in life—his religion could not meet it. Here was a test of the value of any religion in the great crisis of life and of its power to comfort those who mourn.

He tried to comfort her by expressing the hope the brother had gone to heaven. But if Methodist teaching is true, the brother had not gone to heaven at all; and this woman knew it. He “hoped” the brother had not gone to hell—but how could this pious hope comfort that broken-hearted sister? He didn’t “know”—he said—if the brother was in the intermediate state or not.

I read her letter in Toronto six years ago—11 pages of post—and could sense the suffering of her heart from every line. It seemed as though as I read these pages the great sorrowing heart of humanity was beating against my own and I could feel the bitter agony of her soul. “Where is my brother? How is my brother? Can I communicate with my brother? Can my brother communicate with me?” Oh, it was the human race that seemed crying out through her soul for relief, and her cry of anguish was humanity’s cry

of anguish. It was a challenge to the old religions of the world: Is there a balm in Gilead? Is there comfort for the heart-broken? Is there consolation for the bereaved and afflicted?

I wrote her and sent her literature. She formed a little home circle—no medium, no exponent of Spiritualism present—just a little group of troubled hearts waiting for heaven's consolation—that was all. And while sitting by the table her son—9 years old—was seized by some spirit power, his hand wrote out wonderful messages that had in them internal proof that they came from the brother. * * *

And now she writes: I am the happiest woman in the whole Northwest. I have thrown off my weeds of mourning. I will never wear them again. Almost daily I get communications from my brother."

And so she was comforted as millions have been comforted by Spiritualism. What spiritualism did for her it can and will do for millions the world over who have failed to find comfort in the old forms of religion.

THE EVIDENCE OF A NOTED SCIENTIST.



It would require a volume to demonstrate that the dead have a fragmentary existence which completes itself in the presence of the medium.

I am just finishing a work which contains many experiments and graphic demonstrations, together with my psychological and chemical studies. This book will be published in English. (Small, Maynard & Co., of Boston.)

But to sum up in a few words, I have attended at least a hundred spiritualistic seances at Genoa, at Turin, at Naples and at Venice.

I am perfectly convinced of the authenticity of the phenomena produced by the medium Eusapia Paladino. Nevertheless, when she finds herself in a condition not favorable to the production of these phenomena, such as raising a table off the floor and moving objects about the room, she does not hesitate to resort to tricks. This is partly due to a great desire to please those who expect something from her.

Also I am convinced that before many years this celebrated medium will be incapable of producing them at all. Her power is diminishing day by day. The spiritualistic

force with which she is gifted is becoming extinct. I do not make this statement by guess, but by actual observation of her.

Already, at the present time, she materializes but rarely, whereas a few years ago she did this with comparative ease. At the actual moment, also, her materializations have become vague in outline, fragmentary, a sort of phosphorescence difficult to distinguish.

As to the explanation of her manifestations, Eusapia Paladino is a confirmed hysteric, owing probably to an accident—to a blow which she received on the head, in the right temple, when she was a child of three years. The scar remains, a deep hole in the temple. During her trances there exhales from this hole in the temple a gaseous vapor.

As to whether science can rend asunder the mystery which surrounds the production of these phenomena, I will say of certain of them, yes; of others, no, not yet. Science has not made the necessary advance to affirm positively whether they are a reality, or whether they may be due to trick or possibly to the hallucination of those who witness them.

But as to the moving of objects at a distance without contact, such as raising a table from the floor or the moving of objects about the room—such as a chair, for instance—in my opinion there is no longer any room for doubt as to their authenticity. There are a number of instantaneous photographs in existence, for the matter of that, which speak for themselves.

These were taken after every precaution had been taken by the scientific men present to prevent fraud. The medium,

Eusapia Paladino, had both her legs and her hands tied, while, for further safety, an investigator sat on each side of her holding her hands and with a foot pressed down firmly on each of her feet. And yet the photograph taken at the instant shows the table almost twelve inches off the floor!

But I have seen other things more wonderful than this; I was present one day when a pot of flowers weighing six pounds, which was sitting on the table around which were grouped the scientific men, suddenly lifted itself in the air, making a circle over our heads, and then settled down near the spot from which it had risen.

On another occasion, at Venice, I assisted at a most strange occurrence.

By the aid of the medium we invoked the spirit of a defunct countess, Countess M—~~n~~. The spirit was very long in making her appearance, and when she did she quickly disappeared, leaving a message written on the table in Latin. It read, "There is a dirty pig among you." We were stupefied. And again we begged the spirit to return and explain. When she did, she wrote, "I will not come again until he leaves the room."

Naturally, we all remained, as no one was willing to pose as the pig.

Finally she came and indicated the one meant. He was a well-known literary man, known and respected by us all. For a moment he was non-plussed. Then a light broke over his face. In his wonderings he had picked up a book for its rare binding. It was an old but very obscene brochure. He had it in his pocket.

On another occasion I had the pleasure to see and embrace my dear, dead mother.

As to the levitations of the table, it has been proved that the weight of Paladino increases during the time the table is in the air exactly the weight of the table, although there are a hundred witnesses ready to take oath that she does not touch it. And I am willing to make a deposition that the table rises in the air, as well as to the moving of objects at a distance, without contact, and that this is done honestly, without any trick whatsoever.

C. LOMBROSO.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.



A GOOD TEST OF SPIRIT IDENTITY.

MR. A. W. ORR, writing in 'The Two Worlds,' reports that at a recent meeting of the Manchester Psychic Research Society, a communication was received by means of an alphabet-card and a pointer, the latter being supported on the open palms of the hands of two ladies. The letters spontaneously indicated by the movements of this pointer spelt the word 'funny,' and on being asked for particulars regarding himself, the communicator spelt out that his name was 'William Henry Palmer,' that he lived at Geneva-road, Brixton, London, and that he had passed over in 1903 at the age of sixty-two, but he declined to state what his business had been. In answer to a letter of inquiry the Registrar for Brixton said that an entry had been found recording the death of W. H. Palmer at 16, Geneva-road, Brixton, on December 12th, 1903. Mr. Orr states that a copy of the death certificate has been sent for, and adds: 'It only remains to say that nobody present had any knowledge whatever of the alleged Palmer, nor of the district of Brixton.' Mr. Orr thinks that neither coincidence nor mental telepathy is adequate to account for this and similar messages, but that they are, as they purport to be, 'messages from "the living dead."'

SPIRITUALISM TRIUMPHANT IN COURT
OF JUSTICE.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., Mar. 4. —Spiritualists the world over will, in the future, regard LeRoy, a village of this county, as their Mecca. Within a short time it will be the headquarters of the cult, and nearly a half million dollars will be at their disposal.

The decision just handed down by the Illinois Supreme Court in the famous Crambaugh case probably ends the controversy over the estate, relatives who were ignored making a determined effort to have the will set aside. After two trials in the courts here and two appeals to the Supreme Court, the latter body has decided in favor of the will and against the relatives. The latter may take the case to the United States Supreme Court, but this is hardly possible.

The testator, J. T. Crambaugh, was a banker at LeRoy and his only child died in infancy. He became a convert to Spiritualism and imagined that the dead babe, having grown to manhood in the spirit world, was always near him to advise and protect him.

He named this son "Bright Eyes" and engaged an artist to paint a life-size portrait in oil of him, and as he would appear had he lived and grown to adult size. This fanciful picture was hung in the room of the banker, and he was very fond of it.

The relatives contended that this action was a sure indication of a disordered mind. When the case was fought through the courts the painting was placed on exhibition and was a unique feature.

Crumbaugh always maintained that his spirit son was by his side sleeping and waking, that he had saved his father's life on several occasions by a timely warning of danger, and that good advice about investments had enabled him to amass his fortune. Crumbaugh became so infatuated with Spiritualism that he believed implicitly in what he heard at seances.

The relatives claim that he was the dupe of designing persons who were fake mediums and who succeeded in securing large sums from him.

During the two trials some sensational testimony was given, calculating to show that he had been imposed upon. "Spirit letters" purporting to have been written by "Bright Eyes" and other spirits were read in court.

The will left nearly the entire fortune to found a church for Spiritualists and to disseminate the tenets of the cult. An annual income is provided, by which the cause of Spiritualism will be promoted and its beliefs explained.

Leaders will probably take charge of the estate shortly and erect the church in accordance with the will. Crumbaugh also provided for the erection of a public library to cost \$25,000 in his home city. It is likely that both will be erected during the coming year.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

NOTES.



How do men feel when dying? We have to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a valuable book, "The Encyclopædia of Death and Life in the Spirit-World," in three volumes, by Mr. J. R. Francis, editor of that excellent American spiritual journal, the *Progressive Thinker*. It deals with death in its various aspects and describes authenticated incidents of men apparently dead who have been resuscitated. From such people information on two very important points could be gained, namely, whether the process of death is painful and whether those that have returned from the Border had got a glimpse of the life beyond. "The Indian Sketches" has a well-authenticated case to the point,—authenticated because we were present when the man recounted his adventures, which we quote below :—

"In the village of Khalsi, on the bank of the river Kapatakhi, three miles from our native village, Amrita Bazar, where there was an indigo factory in old days, live a few fishermen of the Malo caste. The river there is very narrow and full of weeds. One of these fishermen came accidentally to our place, and we were surprised to find that his left arm had been mauled as if by an animal armed with dreadful fangs."

"We asked him the cause of the tooth-marks on his arm. He said he had been carried off by an alligator. He showed us tooth-marks also on his leg, where they were deeper than on the arm. He told us the story how he was saved from the jaws of the monster.

"His house was on the bank of the river. It was the month of May. He carried his net to the bathing ghat below his house, as a relation had come as a guest and there was no fish in the house to entertain him. When he was taking up the net on his shoulder to proceed, his elder brother warned him of the alligator which had made its appearance close to their ghat. The latter told him that the alligator had a ferocious look, and seemed to be fond of looking at men standing on the banks, which showed that it must be a man-eater. Fish-eating alligators are never so bold and would never venture to float like a log of wood, when people gaze at it from the banks.

"But the younger brother said he would not go deep into the water, and that if the alligator came to him he knew how to deal with it. The fact was, the man was very strong as we could see from his well-developed muscles and tall stature. He assured us that his elder brother was as strong as he.

"Well, he left his house, entered the river and threw his net. He went a few steps into the river, the water reaching up to his thigh. But the alligator was there. It caught his leg in its mouth, gave him a shake and felled him.

"The man found himself in a queer position. The water was very clear and he could see everything clearly. He saw that the hideous animal had caught his leg and was dragging

him slowly into deeper water, because he was instinctively resisting its attempts to drag him out. The man was completely under water. Indeed, he was almost on his back, and resisting the progress of the alligator with his two hands, catching hold of anything that came in his way.

The man said that he reflected for a moment on his danger and how to save his life. What people used to say about blinding an alligator with thrusting the fingers into its eyes while carrying a man, occurred to him.

The fact is, it is believed that the surest and safest way of escaping from the jaws of the monster is for the man, who is being carried off, to blind the alligator with his fingers. The fisherman thought of this plan.

There was a very good opportunity for him to do this, for the water was clear and he could see the eyes distinctly, and his fingers were very close to the eyes of the monster. But yet he could not steady his aim; for the alligator was dragging him and he was instinctively resisting its progress with his hands.

We asked him how he could reflect so coolly at a moment like that. He said in reply that he did not feel the danger at all; and though he knew that he would be dead in a few minutes, he did not care for it much. He felt utterly indifferent. Death seemed to him then a very ordinary and harmless affair. But we inquired of him to explain how he could be so calm, when he was under water and was feeling the sensation of suffocation coming upon him.

He said he did not feel the least inconvenience in being under water. He did not at all feel any necessity for breathing. In short, he was not altogether in an unpleasant

state of body or mind. He neither felt any sorrow for his approaching death, nor any sense of suffocation, nor any pain from the bite of the monster. Just then he found himself caught by a man.

"The elder brother had warned him to take care of the alligator. But this did not satisfy the former. A moment after he felt uneasy, and approached the river to see whether his brother was all safe. But lo! he saw no one at the ghat. He approached nearer in a state of excitement, and found that something was struggling under water. The water was clear as glass and he at once saw how matters stood. He hallooed for assistance, entered the river, and caught hold of an arm of his brother. Then there was a struggle for his body between the alligator on one side and the elder brother on the other. Just then help came,—men, women and children. They caught one another by the hand and not only raised the head of the man in danger above water, but began to drag the alligator also towards the bank!

"When the alligator found itself dragged towards the bank, it let go its hold of the leg, but again attacked the victim's arm. Then the villagers arrived and began to strike the brute with bamboo poles and fishing-spears. The alligator was thus obliged to leave its prey, and fly for life.

"The fisherman said he was six months in bed, on account of the wounds that he received from the bite of the alligator."

He felt acutely when he was brought to the land and fainted away from his sufferings. We intend commenting on the book of Mr. Francis in detail hereafter.

We personally know the case of a lady, who was so deeply mesmerised that she almost died under the process. We saw that her body had become cold, her heart and pulse had ceased to beat. With gigantic efforts she was brought to consciousness. And no sooner was this done than she declared: "Why did you bring me back? There is struggle in death; I conquered it without any struggle; I had been to the border of a beautiful world. Let me go; let me tell you that death is nothing but a pleasant change. So don't mourn for me." She at last consented to come. But wonder of wonders, when she had regained her consciousness fully, she refused to be mesmerised again, lest she died again and could not come back. In short, when in this world people refuse to die, and when in the spirit world, the spirits refuse to come here.

We have heard with surprise complaints made to the effect that this Magazine does not contain so much indigenous as it does foreign matter. We can give as much of indigenous matter as would satisfy the most patriotic. But the subject must be viewed from another than "Bande-Mataram" standpoint. The *Swadeshi* movement is no doubt excellent, but spiritualism itself is a *Bideshi* (foreign) product. It was in 1848 that spiritualism was announced in America, that is more than 60 years ago. Since then thousands and thousands of circles have been formed in the west; hundreds and thousands of them have investigated the matter; hundreds of periodicals on spiritualism have been started to disseminate the glad tidings and discussions on the subject; and many

thousands of valuable books have been written upon it by the most competent men in the west. Add to the above the prominent fact that the leading scientists of Europe and America have experimented upon spiritualism and are still doing it. As we said, spiritualism is a foreign product. It is true, we have our Yoga and Tantras, but spiritualism has made researches in the occult a very easy matter. How many men there are in the world who can bear the rigours of a training in Yoga? Spiritualism may be said to be only two or three years old in India. This is the first journal started here on the subject. We thought it our first duty to let the people of this country know how far the intelligent and scientific men of the west have been able to achieve success in throwing open the door of the other world.

To speak frankly our object was not so much to teach Yoga and Tantra to the people of the West as to let our people know the advances made in spiritualism in the West. If we had dealt more largely in occultism as it has been cultivated and developed in India neglecting spiritualism of the west, we might have secured immense circulation for our paper in western countries where India's researches on the subject are very much valued. It is rather a sacrifice than anything else on our part to adopt the policy we have done in the interests of our own country. But we now think that the time has come however when we should disseminate our Yogic and Tantric researches to the people of the west.

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When Gladstone was asked about the value of the philosophy of spiritualism, he said that it was "the most important

subject that could engage the attention of man, by far the most important." Exactly so. What does a man, who is a slave, care for his worldly troubles if he knows that an endless life of happiness is open to him in the next world? But dreary is the prospect of a man if he were to feel that his life ended here finally though he be the Emperor of the world. A few of those who realize the importance of the subject have suggested to us that we should start a Bengali organ of spiritualism for the benefit of widows and bereaved mothers and fathers who do not know English. Yes, a Bengali organ ought to be started, and we are quite willing to do so if sufficient patronage is forthcoming. It may be called "Paraloke Tatwa" or the "Philosophy of After-life." But from the manner this magazine has been patronized, though it has just entered its fourth year, we have our misgivings. Then also there is the chance of many of our Bengali subscribers taking the Bengali publication instead of this magazine. For them, however, it may be said that the Bengali journal will not be a translation of this magazine or anything like it. The Bengali journal will be priced Rs. 2 per year and those who are in favor of it should communicate with us. It will only contain facts suited to the capacity of those who are not very highly educated. It may however be said that this new journal will not be published if it does not meet with sufficient assurance of support in the beginning.

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DIFFICULTIES IN BELIEVING
SPIRITUALISM.

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No fact has been more conclusively established than the continuity of life after death, and the power of the spirits to communicate with men below. Tens of thousands of men, sceptically inclined, have, after investigation, certified to the above two statements. Yet why is there such unbelief about it in the world? What is more strange than this is that, confirmed spiritualists have to see fresh evidence to *strengthen* their belief. A spiritualist, who has no doubts whatever to-day, will find them gradually creeping into his mind and weakening his belief.

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When we first got our spiritual communication, we were overpowered by a feeling of thankfulness to God. We felt a joy which we can scarcely describe. The sun, the moon, the trees, the birds, all became thousand times more beautiful, and all men lovely and beloved friends. We felt an impulse to embrace every one whom we came across.

This state of feelings continued, without the slightest abatement, for three entire days and nights. At night, we could not sleep for joy. Why sleep at all and forget our happiness? And then, after three days, a grain of doubt entered into our mind. And why? It entered quite unnecessarily. Can it be possible, we thought, that the destiny of man is so grand? Well, we felt to our mortification that we needed some more manifestations to strengthen our belief. We got them, and our faith was revived. One day we got contradictory statements from the spirits and our faith was again weakened. On the following day, the very contradiction became a strong proof of the truth of spiritualism! It was, in this manner, that, tossed between faith and doubt, the faith grew imperceptibly.

The reason why men can not fully realize an after existence seems to be this. But let us first explain the distinction between realization and belief. A man who has realized the truth of the spiritual philosophy will not suffer from the pangs of bereavement, as Mr. Stead does not. He lost his young son of 31, whom he devotedly loved, but yet he is as happy as before. And then a man, who has such a realization, will not fear death. Now why does not this realization come in spite of overwhelming evidence proving the truth of spiritualism? Belief comes easily but realization is

a quite different thing. Indeed if four reliable men say that there is a pigmy race in the wilds of Africa, we accept the statement as absolutely true. But why can we not fully believe in the existence of a spiritual world, when testified to by tens of thousands of reliable men, after thorough examination?

We think we cannot realize the continuity of life after death, because we cannot conceive of a condition of life in the spiritual world. First of all we cannot conceive of life and intelligence without material body. How can a thing, or energy, or force, which is more ethereal than air, live or think like men? This is the way we men have to reason. Yet it has been established beyond doubt that there are ethereal forces with intelligence. This the most confirmed sceptic has been obliged to admit.

Amrita Lala Dasa, when describing the Kankurgachee ghostly pranks, in this Magazine, says that he wanted to eat coconut, and immediately nuts began to fall as if from the skies. When three had fallen, one after the other, he said, "Enough, don't want more," and no more nut fell. There is his further statement in the account, that a sceptic challenged the ghosts to let fall a rupee on the palm of his hand, which was done immediately. Here we see the intelligence of an invisible agent. Even in table tiltings and raps by invisible agents, this intelligence is almost always seen.

If, therefore, it is established that there are invisible forces which shew human intelligence, what is the difficulty in realizing that the spirit of man lives, and this spirit is his intelligent part?

There are millions of spiritualists who were originally sceptics, but have now been obliged to accept spiritualism

because they could not help it. Overwhelming evidence forced the belief into their minds. Yet how many of these have the living faith of a Wallace, a Stead, a Morse, a Robertson or an Austin !

There are some questions which must be answered to convert belief into realization in the truth of spiritualism. Thus it is alleged man is immortal, but how is it possible for man to live for ever and ever and not find life intolerable? What is the occupation or are the occupations which could keep man engaged for ever and ever in the spiritual world?

We shall try to give an answer to this question. God is a spirit; He is immortal; He is, no doubt, happy. Well, as men grow they become more and more like God. So if God does not feel the pangs of ennui or His existence dull, on account of His immortal life, why should men do it, men whom He created after His Image?

It will not however do to dispose of this question in a vague manner. We must have a definite and clear account of the likely occupations of the spirits. It is said that they teach, they help, they themselves learn, &c. &c., and thus lead a happy life. This too is vague. There is a vast deal of difference between the life of a spirit and that of a man. Man has a material body on earth, this he must feed. He must eat and must work to find his food. He has to protect himself from cold and heat, storms and hails, wild beasts and wicked men, and so forth. In the spirit world has he any such urgent work? Certainly not.

It is the needs of the material body that compels man to be active and which gives zest to his existence. It is these

needs of the body which enables a man to be a king, and it forces another to be a slave. After death he loses this body. What then would lead him to move at all? Why does he not recline on a spiritual bed and do no work? And if he does no work how long can he remain on bed?

It is true that after death man gets a spiritual body, which means that he has to feed that body with spiritual food. But suppose he does it not, what then? Here if we don't take our food, we die; hunger here compels us to take our food. Why should a spirit be compelled to take his spiritual food when he can fast without killing himself? Of course it may be said, that if he does not take spiritual food, he does not grow. But here if men had only this condition that they would not die or suffer acute pangs, if they did not take food, there would be many who would not take any food at all. If that is the only punishment of the spirit, that he would not grow if he does not take the spiritual food, a good many spirits would give up food than learn mathematics.

Our question then is that as hunger &c., forces men to lead an active life in this world, what is its counterpart in spirit life where hunger does not cause acute suffering?

About the occupations of the spirits, it is said that, their work is philanthropic, but that cannot be the work of the earth-bound.

We can realize that Charles Bradlaugh is doing such work now in the other world. But what he would do five hundred years hence? Would he do the same philanthropic work, teaching the ignorant and helping the sufferer for ever and ever? If that be so, his life would be very dull in the spiritual sphere.

A lady with excellent clairvoyant powers thus describes the condition of the spirits in the spheres :—

“She saw paradisaical scenes which are so beautiful as to be beyond general conception. She saw strange flowers, bigger than the Victoria lotus. She saw men amusing themselves, such as, playing cricket, foot-ball and so forth. On the other hand, she saw dark regions filled with dark spirits,— [moral lepers, whose very sight is calculated to give a sudder.”

From our own experience, and from what we have learnt from others, we shall try to give an account of the condition of life in the spiritual world. As soon as man dies he finds himself in a new world where the sights, the society, etc., keep him engaged for a long time. When George Pelham was asked, a few weeks after his death, what he was doing, he said, he was then doing nothing but would soon have an occupation. Sometimes men, after death, remain in an unconscious state for a considerable time. They always take some rest after death. Others cannot realize for sometime that they are dead. It can be easily realized that a man, in a new world, among friends whom he thought he had lost for ever and, with developed capacity, has much to occupy his attention in the beginning. Of course, when he is tired of sight-seeing or enjoying the company of his friends, he thinks of doing something and take some occupation suited to his taste and capacity.

As for the earth-bounds they spend their time as an indolent man, with some money in the bank, would do. They have no hunger to compel them to work because by fasting they do not suffer any pangs of hunger or kill themselves, but

their punishment is that they do not grow. In this manner, earth-bounds may remain hundreds of years in the spirit-world without undergoing any change. Of course their life must be dull but the lady clairvoyant, whose vision we quoted above, has given an idea how they keep themselves engaged. They have games of chess and card: they have athletic sports; they swim, dance or sing or take upon themselves works of mischief to satisfy their vindictiveness. Have we not seen in this world indolent men, having competence, spending their life smoothly without doing any work?

Let us then see how those, who are more favoured, fare in the spirit-world. An indolent spirit, but who was not a bad man, once complained that life had become intolerable to him because he did not know how to kill time. To him life was dreary. He was told to have an occupation and he agreed and said, possibly that might kill my ennui. Now, in the spirit world, the spirits have to cultivate their intellect and their heart. Ex-President Hill of Harvard gives an answer to this question of occupation. He was one of the most famous mathematicians of the last century. When asked what he would do in the other world, he said, "There are enough problems, mathematical problems, connected with the arc of a circle to keep me busy and happy for at least a thousand years."

Now the arc of a circle is not the only figure which may engage the attention of mathematicians. If the arc of a circle takes one thousand years, how many thousand years will a parabola take, or an ellipse? And mathematics is not the only science in the world. There are men in this world who have only cultivated their intellectual faculties.

All their happiness comes from the exercise of their intellect. They are quite welcome to lead a happy life, in this manner, in this good God's world of endless days.

Take also into account, as we said, that mathematics is not the only science that should engage the attention of a man. As men are progressing, the number of sciences also is increasing with their progress. Every science has its endless secrets to occupy the endless life of a man.

Then have we not endless worlds in the universe? When they have done with the earth they may take up Mars, and when they have done with the solar system they may take up other systems, which we are not aware of.

A man who does not nourish his spiritual body with food suffers only this negative punishment that he does not grow. In the same manner the man who cultivates his intellect, neglecting the heart, only secures a partial growth. There are others who neglect the intellect and cultivate only the heart. They too are deprived of a harmonious growth. We have now to see the condition of existence of a man who neglects his intellect and cultivates his heart only. The man who cultivates his heart will find endless occupation. We think his lot is better than that of a merely intellectual man.

A man who loves will not need any other happiness except the company of his beloved ones, say, wife, children, brothers and friends. The joys derived from love are celestial. But we have yet another and better object of love than wives and children. Pious men say that that object is God. Those who desire to have some glimpse of the ecstasy that proceeds from the love of God, ought to study the career of the Avatar, Lord Gauranga.

Yet one, who cultivates his heart, neglecting other faculties, will only be a half-developed man. For a man, who is progressing towards perfection, must cultivate all the capacities of his mind. Then we have our exquisite pleasures derived from the senses. If we have eyes, with limited vision, the spirits have the faculty of clairvoyance. Sight-seeing is one of the pleasures of man. A sight-seer will find endless occupation in this world alone. But a spirit will have the privilege of seeing the sights of endless worlds. If we derive pleasure from our material senses, we can expect infinite times better from the spiritual ones.

Take only the sense of hearing. Those who have cultivated music find in it enjoyment which is indescribable. A musician will tell you that music alone will satisfy him in the world of endless days. The same thing will be told by the poet, the painter and the sculptor. We have there authors and books. Says Newell to Rogers Rich (*vide* Hodgson's report), "I am writing a poem. I am now pursuing my literary studies with the greatest pleasure." If we have now five senses, we can expect the opening of other senses in the spirit-world. Already people are talking of a sixth sense. It is certain that we will have not only our sixth sense developed in the other world, but possibly innumerable other senses.

An earth-bound, leading a purposeless, unhappy or wicked life, is, somehow or other, led to aspire after higher things. And he is at once liberated. An intellectual man, solving problems, may be led to taste the joys of love and a new world is unfolded to him which gives him other occupations than the cultivation of the intellect. A man, quite happy in the company of his beloved, may be tempted to taste the joys

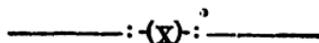
derived from the solution of problems appertaining to the arc of a circle. And he finds a new occupation in the cultivation of intellect.

Here then comes the work of the philanthropists. It is the philanthropist who tends the baby born in the spirit-world before its time ; it is he who educates and comforts the undeveloped. Their work is to lead the man of intellect to the world of love, and the man of love to the world of intellect.

But there are other minor points which need elucidation. The material body has its exquisite pleasures peculiar to it, called the carnal joys, as for instance, joys proceeding from eating. The spiritual body must have its counter-part of these carnal joys. What are they? If earth-bound roughs persecutes a weak female who protects her and how?

Our knowledge on the subject, we are treating, is limited. Will the Steads, the Peebles and others, some of whose names we mentioned above, be so good as to give a complete and clear idea as to the occupation of man in the spirit world? Dr. Hodgson associated about six years with George Pelham, yet he did not ask the latter what he had done all those years, or if he did ask we know not what answer he received.

THE RELIGIOUS CONVENTION AND ITS WORK.



WRITTEN FOR THE CONVENTION OF RELIGIONS HELD IN
CALCUTTA LAST MONTH.

(By Shishir K. Ghose).

IN the Hindu sacred books it is laid down that God sends Messias or Avatars at different times and different places, to instruct men about matters they cannot know by their own exertions. We Hindus have therefore to admit that Buddha, Jesus and Muhammad are Messias, though Christians and Mahomedans do not admit any of our Avatars. These Avatars are divided into classes by the Hindus, some are full, some half, some quarter and so forth, each having his special function. Thus we have Avatars of science, of morality and of religion. Kapila is considered an Avatar because he taught the Yoga philosophy and its secrets to men. When it is necessary to teach religious truths, the God Himself has to come down for the purpose, and then it is the Full Avatar.

So there is a difference between religion and morality. Morality teaches us our duties to our neighbours and our duties to ourselves. Religion teaches us how to establish a tender relationship with God. Morality teaches us that we

should not speak an untruth, we should not be unjust, we should not steal, we should succour the distressed to the best of our ability. Religion teaches us that we should love God. An Avatar of morality is not therefore necessarily an Avatar of religion. Charles Bradlaugh was a moral man and a philanthropist. He will get his reward for his good works and observance of duty. But the acquisition of the Lotus feet of God cannot be one of them, for he never sought or hankered after Him.

It follows then that Buddha is not an Avatar of religion but of morality. He taught morality and not religion. In the same manner Jesus Christ is not an Avatar of religion, but of morality.

The Sermon on the Mount, by Jesus Christ, is considered his greatest work, a sermon which enthralled all men. It is no doubt one of the greatest ever delivered. But it has nothing to do with religion. In the sermon, a code of moral laws is laid down for the guidance of men. They are told to do this and not to do that. They are told that if they do this they will get their reward, and if they do that they will be hurled down to hell. The Sermon is, as it were, a criminal code of moral government.

Suppose a scientist lays down sanitary laws for the preservation of health. He lays it down that men must not eat indigestible food, or he must not breathe air saturated with deleterious gas. He lays down rules for the preservation of health in the physical body. A moral Avatar, in the same manner, lays down rules for the preservation of health in the spiritual body. Neither the one nor the other teaches religion. The teachings of Jesus consisted mainly of the

moral duties of men. He cannot be called, therefore, an Avatar of religion.

It would not be out of place here to see what Max Muller said in his "Chips from a German Workshop" about the moral code of Buddha. The savant says, keeping in mind the Sermon on the Mount :

"That moral code of Buddha, taken by itself, is one of the most perfect the world has ever known."

Buddha is, like Jesus, a Messiah to teach moral duties to men.

So when Jesus urged men to repent and ask for the forgiveness of sins, he did not meddle with religion. He advised men how to avoid punishment, when they had broken moral laws. Thus a man, convicted of a crime, may beseech the magistrate to forgive him, telling him that he was sorry for what he had done, and promising that he would not do so again. The magistrate may discharge him with a warning. But that does not establish any tender feeling between the criminal and the magistrate. God, in the same manner, may forgive a repentant sinner, but there the claims of the latter upon Him cease. When a man craves for the forgiveness of his sins, he thinks only of himself; he goes to God because He alone can help him. If his sins are forgiven, it is no matter to him whether God remembers or forgets him after that.

It may be urged that a moral training is necessary for the purpose of acquiring God. But it is not for that purpose that men are told, by these moral Avatars, to repent and lead a moral life. They are told to do it, only to avoid the tortures of hell. It is to their interest and fears that an

appeal is made, but the God Himself does not enter at all into this arrangement.

Of course there are religious teachings here and there in the sayings of Jesus, but that is not the main object of his mission. When Jesus advises men to pray to God, he tells them to establish some relationship with God, but no tender relationship. They are told, not to appear before God in their prayers as His children, or friends, or even as servants, but as beggars. Men are advised first to soften the heart of God by some sweet words such as "hallowed be Thy name," "Thy kingdom come," "Thy will be done," &c. This done, men should pray to God what they want of Him. It is to supply them with daily bread, to forgive their sins, and not to lead them astray.

A beggar approaches a great man with blessings such as these: "let thy name be glorified," "let thy shadow never grow less," &c., &c. In this way, after softening the heart of the great man, the beggars stretch their hands for alms. The prayer to God referred to above is just like that of a beggar to a hard-hearted, flattery-loving great man. In that prayer they only think of themselves. Of course, they say, "Thy will be done." But it has no meaning, which we shall shew later on.

Of course when Jesus says "love God" he enters into the domain of religion. But, as we have shewn before, that is not the principal object of his mission. It is to make men moral, by appealing to their fears and holding up the tortures of hell, that he devoted the four years of his labors.

When we say that Jesus is an Avatar of morality, we do not belittle him. He had to appeal to half-civilized and unlettered men. The people, he addressed, were not fit to

receive higher truths than those taught them by Jesus. The divine character of the mission of Christ is established by his being eminently successful in softening the hearts of the fierce races of the west. If Jesus had tried to teach his followers the teachings of the Geeta, they would not have understood him at all, and would have fled from him. They had therefore to be enthralled by miracles. In the same manner, if an Avatar in India had tried to create a following, he would have failed if he had adopted the course of Christ, that is to say, strengthened his teachings by miracles. In India such an Avatar would have been put down for a mere occultist or a magician.

Viewing the thing from the same point of view, Hinduism, generally speaking, has very little of religion in it. We have *Saktas*, worshippers of Durga and Kali; we have *Saivas*, worshippers of Siva and we have others. But they worship the Gods and Godesses for favours: for prosperity; for protection from dangers; for destruction of enemies and so forth. Here let us remember what Sri Krishna told the Gopees (*vide Rash* section, *Srimat Bhagabat*). He said, "those who worship Me for favours do not worship Me, but themselves." So when a Sakta devotee kneels before Goddess Durga and begs for prosperity, he does not worship the Goddess but himself!

It is true, the devotees of the higher class beg also for *Muksha*, from these Gods and Godesses. But what is *Muksha*? It is liberation; liberation from what? Liberation from re-birth. Popularly, liberation means practical annihilation. The liberated man loses his identity and his soul merges in the Soul of souls. A child can understand that

loss of identity means annihilation. In short so repugnant is this idea of *parakal* (after-life) that men, believing in re-birth theory, prefer annihilation to eternal life. According to them, and very properly so, better annihilation than to born again and again, each time a different man, each time being separated eternally from those whom we have dearly loved ; and that is what re-birth means. So those who believe in re-birth, naturally pray for annihilation. And can it be called religion which teaches man to pray to God for annihilation ?

If religion can be so defined that it is the art of establishing a tender relationship between God and man, then it is Vaishnavism, and possibly Vaishnavism alone, that can be called a religion. Even your Vedantism puts God aside, and makes a God of man himself. Vedantism teaches the creed or *Sohung*, which means "I am He." It teaches how to develop the soul and train it ; its idea of God is that He is an inert mass who can do neither good nor evil, in short, He is *Nirgun*. Possibly he has intellect, but he has no feeling.

But Vaishnavism teaches that man is separate from God, and the highest object of his existence is to attach himself to God, and to grow continually. The Vaishnavas have only one prayer, viz., "My Lord, may Thou abide in my heart, may my soul cling to Thy lotus feet." Vaishnavism teaches that the highest duty of man is to love God, for by loving God man gets in Him an eternal and loving Partner. It teaches that, though God is All-powerful, He is also All-loveliness, and man should make himself *en rapport* with Him through His loveliness and not Almightyness. They admit that God is Great, All-pervading and Omnipotent. But His greatness repels man from Him, while His loveliness attracts.

In the Geeta, Arjun asked Sree Krishna to show him the mightiness of God and this was done. The frightful Figure presented to him brought faintness in him, and he cried : "Forbear my Lord. Be Thou man again."

Swedenborg calls God a "Grand Man." But the Vaishnavas anticipated him ; they also call God a Grand man (*purushattam*) with this difference that they regard Him perfect in every respect, and thus He is also named *Sarbangasandhar* by them, which literally means "Beautiful in every limb." That is He is perfect in holiness, perfect in wisdom, perfect in goodness, perfect in loveliness and perfect in beauty. To pray to Him for favours is an act of foolishness. He knows best what is for our good and, as He loves His children with His unfathomable love, it is therefore a purposeless act to ask favours from Him. The Vaishnavas are, therefore, enjoined to annihilate self in worshipping God. They must forget self, and do everything *Krishna Preetartihy*, which means to please Sree Krishna, the God of Love.

So the Vaishnava idea of God differs fundamentally from that of other creeds, aye, the ideas differ as the two poles. The God of most religious faiths is an irresistible and wilful Tyrant, with of course some good points, as for instance, He can be brought into good humor by flattery, etc. Of course, He is called good, wise and merciful by all of them, but this is done to soften His heart, the object being to extort bounties from the Great Autocrat by some sweet words. God is told that His mercy has no bounds, and then He is requested, not to throw the poor, eloquent devotee into the furnace of hell ! God is freely given the permission to exercise His will and no body's else : He is told "Let Thy will be done,"

yet he is asked to put aside His will when the devotee thrusts in his own. "Let Thy will be done," says the devotee, but not when my own is brought into requisition! A man, who prays for favor, simply asks God to put aside His will, to give place to that of the devotee.

In spite of the high encomiums that he insincerely heaps upon God, in his heart of heart, he thinks Him to be a wilful, nay, a cruel monster, for he believes that He is capable of hurling men, whom He had made weak, to the bottomless and fiery pit,—of compelling men and women to love children, wife, husband and friends, and then forcibly separating the husband from the bosom of his wife and the son from the bosom of his mother.

But to the Vaishnava, God is Beautiful, and He bewitches men and women by His external and internal loveliness, and therefore, He is given simply a flute. Some arm Him from the sole of His feet to the top of his head with deadly weapons; some put a thunderbolt in His hands which, alas, says the Vaisnava, do not hurl thunderbolts, but distribute blessings.

The Vaishnava presents a lovely God to his fellows, to draw the hearts of obdurate men towards Him. A frail woman can be kept faithful to her lord by two methods; one is to tell her that her powerful lord will cut her to pieces if she proves unfaithful. It is, in this manner, teachers of most faiths, try to keep frail men dutiful towards God, that is by appealing to their fears and interests. But there is yet another method of keeping a frail woman faithful to her lord. It is to convince her that her husband is infinite times better, in every respect, than the gallant who tries to lead her astray. It is this

latter method that the Vaishnavas adopt to lead men towards God. It is thus, most faiths appeal to the fears and interests of men to make them honest, while the Vaishnavas appeal to their good sense and feelings to secure that end. Other faiths try to soften the heart of a terrible God, the Vaishnavas contemplate the loveliness of the Deity to fill their heart with an irresistible attraction for Him. In short Vaishnavism teaches that the highest object of man is to make God the superior Partner of his soul, and participate in the joys of God, who is called "Anandamaya" or All-joy.

Thus men at first worshipped the elements. Then philosophy and science entered into the religious thoughts of men, and Yogism and Vedantism were the results. There is not a drop of religion, as defined above, in them. From these grew Buddhism, Christianity and others which are principally mere codes of morality. Worship was added to this morality, and we got such creeds as Shaktatism, Saibatism and others, but their worship is not the worship of God but practically of self. And finally sprung Vaishnavism, which is the latest development of the religious thoughts of men.

We have quoted above the Christian prayer ; we shall now furnish some Vaishnava addresses to the Deity,—they use the expression "address" or *nivedan* instead of "prayer." This is the address of Billamangal, the author of Krishna Karnamrita :—

"O the object of my reverence, O my beloved, O the only Friend of the universe,

"O Thou who attracts all, O Thou who art elusive (i.e. who cannot be easily caught), O Thou ocean of mercy,

"O my Lord, O the delightful object of the communion of my soul,

“Grant me this that I can have a glimpse of the Lotus Feet of Thine.”

Here is a prayer of Puree Goswami, who was as John the Baptist to Lord Gauranga :—

“O my Lord whose heart melts at the sight of misery,

“My restless mind is searching Thee. When shall my eyes have the ecstasy of seeing Thee?”

The following are some addresses from Lord Gauranga himself :—

“1. My beloved, whether you clasp me into your heart or you crush me by that embrace it is all the same to me,

“For you are no other than my own, the soul Partner of my soul.”

“2. Shall I ever attain the inexpressively good fortune, Oh my Lord, so that only by uttering Thy name tears of ecstasy shall trickle down my cheeks, my voice shall be thick in the excess of joy and my body shall be covered by *puluk* (i.e. eruptions which appear on the body during the ecstatic state.)”

“3. My Lord, it has become intolerable for me to kill time on account of my excessive misery for which every moment seems to me an age, my eyes have been converted into clouds of the rainy season and the world world appears to me void and dreary, because of Thy absence.”

It is a pity the above addresses are untranslatable.

The fundamental principles of Vaishnavism are as old as Shaktivism and others. But its present absolutely pure character is due to the advent of Gauranga, the Avatar of Nadia, who converted millions of men to the Vaishnava faith within the 24 years of his labors, not half-civilized Beduins or unlettered and ignorant fishermen, but the intellectuals

of India, nay, the savants of Nadia, whose researches in the Nyaya philosophy make, says Prof. Cowel, late of the Sanskrit College, "European head dizzy." But that is not the chief distinction of Gaurangā. Christ has been worshipped as the son of God, Muhammad as His friend, but Gauranga as the Incarnation of Lord God Himself, in the country which produced Buddha. Fancy, the irresistible magnetism of the Personality, who, though he lived like an ordinary man could yet extort the respect, due to the Almighty Himself.

There is another fact which distinguishes Gauranga from other Avatars. The sayings and doings of other Avatars are involved in mystery, for instance, it cannot be proved that Jesus Christ actually brought the dead Lazarus to life, a miracle which however Gauranga performed. But there is no doubt about the sayings and doings of the Nadia Avatar. They are supported by overwhelming evidence, the evidence of a large number of eye-witnesses, His immediate followers, themselves holy and learned and men of the highest position in the country.

He flourished only a little more than four hundred years ago, and, therefore, His position as an Avatar is not yet very well known beyond India. But yet that Seer, Madame Blavatsky, the Founder of Theosophy, records in her great book, that Gauranga is the latest Avatar in the world. The Leelas (sayings and doings) of Gauranga have now been published* and people in the West are coming to know the character of this divine Personage and it has already created some sensation there. Thus a devout Christian, whose

* Lord Gauranga, two vols, in English, by Shishir K. Ghose, Patrika Office, Calcutta.

name we cannot publish without permission, after reading His *Læla* writes to us : "There is no doubt of it that Sweet Gauranga is an Indian Christ who came to save sinners." This from a Christian, who is not permitted to acknowledge any other Avatar except Christ !

Mrs. Adams of Chicago who with her busy, thoughtful and saintly pen, is a well-known figure in America, and who, a writer in a Review, says, is addressed "mother" by every Indian who visits America, thus writes to me : "I respect all Avatars, but the sweetest of them is my Gauranga, who, for the first time, taught mankind, by practice, what God-madness is and how to attain it." Vaishnavas will be glad to learn that she has adopted Vaishnavism, and is trying to spread the faith, and has taken the name of Nityananda Dassee.

Rem. Johnston, a powerful writer, on philosophical and spiritual subjects, an ardent Christian, having read the life of Gauranga, indited an article in the paper called *Balana*, (Denver, America,) from which we cull the following sentences :—

"So remarkable have been the claims made for Gauranga by his devotees that a strong, and apparently enduring, cult has sprung up to add its complexity to the world of religious thought. . . . It must be apparent at once, that the man, divine or not, who could evoke a reverence due to God only that has persisted with such increasing fervency for five hundred years, and in a country that produced Buddha, must have possessed extraordinary spiritual attributes. . . . The principles of his teachings, as drawn from the ancient *leelas*, may afford the casual reader food for thought, in that Vaishnavism actually appears to offer, in many

ways, standards of breadth and tolerance that would seem to indicate a divine source."

So this liberal Christian has no objection to accept Vaishnavism, like his Christianity, as a religion of divine origin. But to quote Rem. Johnston again :—

"The men, of the various religions well-known in the Occident, worship God, either to escape the pangs of eternal punishment or for the purpose of obtaining favours. The Vaishnavas assert that God is not pleased by such worship. Accordingly they seek to induce in themselves a tender feeling towards the Almighty.

"The Vaishnavas say that God serves as He is served. If one worships God as a bounty-giver, God answers his prayer gives him the bounty, and ends the connection there—the First Cause having fulfilled the demand made on Himself. If one loves God simply, then he receives in return love. The real devotee tries to establish a relation with God that will endure. He prays after this fashion. 'My Creator! let my soul cling to Thee, let my mind be filled with reverence for Thee, or allow me the inestimable privilege of loving Thee.' . . . The Vaishnavas worship God as the all-sweet Being, for if the establishment of a tender relationship with God be the sole aim of the existence of man the Almightyness of God does not help in establishing it; on the other hand, it creates an impassable gulf between the Creator and man.

"As has been stated, the Vaishnavas are tolerant in their attitude to all religions. The growth of their organisation has been rapid of late years, and now that the history of the founder may be had in English, the cult may be expected to grow and flourish on American soil. Certainly nothing can be

more sane or helpful than Mr. Ghose's conclusions from his studies of Gauranga's teachings: 'To the true man of religion God is not only what marks him out from man, but also what makes him common with men. The first part of God is useless to him, and he sticks to that which is common to both. As he develops himself, he appropriates to himself, little by little, this something, which, in the beginning, is beyond his reach, and becomes gradually more divine in nature in his progress.' "

Before concluding I must notice one apparently weak point in the Vaishnava conception of God. It is that if God is only good and if He is also Omnipotent why is there misery in this world? In short, the agnostic contends that God being all-powerful, He should have made man perfect. Now He created man after His own Image, and, therefore, to make man perfect is to make man a being like God Himself. We see then it is practically urged that God should have made as many gods as the number of men He created. Now though the Vaishnavas know that He is omnipotent, they also admit there is one limitation to His power,—which is that He cannot create a God like Himself.

Though He could not create as many Gods as the number of men He created, He did the next best thing. In His creation, the atom is at one end and the God Himself at the other. By evolution the atom finally grows into a man and the man continues to grow until he approaches God, though never reaching Him, and thus gradually making a God of himself.

It is this imperfection of man that gives zest to his life, that urges him on to grow. It is in this struggle that the

chief happiness of man lies. Says Descartes, "We are the imperfect; we are the finite; we are the caused. There must be one who is the complement of our being, the infinity of our finitude, the perfection of our imperfection."

Emille Sasset, another French philosopher, says in effect :--

"I find around me thousands of objects capable of pleasing and interesting me. Why then do I search for something beyond? This because I am imperfect. And this condition attaches to the very nature of things. It is this imperfection that draws me towards the Perfect one. He commands my admiration. How vast, how sublime, yet how near! He is intimately near and I yield to the seduction of His attractions."

And it is thus man approaches God and grows, and grows because of his imperfections.

We have now to find the legitimate functions of this Convention. It is said that its object is to preach toleration to those various religious sects which are found in India. We fancy, that cannot be the object of this great organization. For India does not need such an education. We know the saying that no one should send coal to Newcastle. And why? Because it is Newcastle which sends coal to all parts of England and not all parts of England to Newcastle. In the same manner, it would be mere dissipation of energy to try to teach toleration to India. For it is India, which has taught this lesson to all religious faiths in the world and is, therefore, not in need of this help.

We have already seen that Christians and Mahomedans will not accept any other Avatar except theirs. But the

Hindus accept all. Indeed, have you not seen Hindus salaaming to Mahomedan shrines? Nay, the Mahomedans of India have been taught by the Hindus to pay respect to Hindu saints and sacred objects. The bigoted Emperor Jehangire murdered the great Historian, because the autocrat believed, he had weakened the faith of his great father Akbar in Muhammad. This Emperor, so irresistible, and so bigoted himself, admitted that he had prostrated before a Vaishnava saint of Brindaban.

Just fancy what the Hindu Shastras say. According to "Vishnu Puran" "a man who follows sincerely the faith of his forefathers is sure to be saved." Can there be anything more liberal than this? Then there is another text in which it is laid down that "a sincere convert, even to a false religion, does not suffer for having gone astray." This text means that a man, who is prepared to make such a sacrifice, as to give up his relations and friends for the sake of what he believes to be the truth, is sure to get a reward for his sacrifice, sincerity and love of truth.

No, India does not need to be told that we should be tolerant. But this Convention should remind us of another fact, namely, that India has a well-defined mission in the world, which is to give religion to other nations. America is distinguished for its telephones and phonographs, France for the discovery of radium, England for its great Empire. For what is India distinguished? It is that it gave religion to the world. And, therefore, the world actually expects that the modern Indians should follow in the footpaths of their forefathers. Don't you see how a Hindu, with only a piece of red cloth round his loins, is regarded in the West? Such

a man, though when worthless, is sure to get a following. They say "Light comes from the East" and a Hindu will hear men in the Christian countries appealing to him to save the races of the West sunk in infidelity and atheism. For the West has developed a civilization which has dethroned God. Lord Beaconsfield in his "Tancred" said exactly this.

Our forefathers also expect us to follow in their footsteps, to give a religion to the intelligent infidels of the West, and save the people. This is then the function of the Convention, namely, to send properly organized missionaries to all parts of the world to teach the nations the principles of the religion of love, the only true religion as we have seen above, that we have. Our forefathers sent missionaries to Thibet, to Central India, to China, to Japan, to Corea, and to America. Antiquarians say that "Guatimala" is only a corruption of "Gautam-alaya" or "the abode of Gautam." Our Buddhistic forefathers carried the banner of Gautam to all parts of the world. Let us, too, carry that of the latest Avatar Gauranga, to all parts of the world, who taught mankind that Love of God is the highest object of his existence and who further taught by practice, how to attain this love!

TANTRAS AND THE TANTRIKS.



Chapter—VIII.

POWERS OF THE TANTRIK YOGEES.

To the unbelieving Jews Jesus Christ said, "If you cannot believe me as a Prophet or as one *sent* by God on earth, then believe me at least for the (wonderful) works that I do in the name of my Father in heaven." A Tantrik sage or a seer may as well say, "you may abuse our Tantrism with such contemptuous epithets as "humbug" or "nonsense," but rest assured that there are, even now, men and women among us, who can perform more wonderful feats than you can imagine or dream of.

Volumes after volumes may be quoted and stories may be related in regard to the innumerable powers of the Tantrik Yogees. But, instead of depending upon others as authorities, I should like, for the present, to give one or two more such examples, from my own personal experiences, and I need hardly say that I hold none but myself responsible for their absolute truth. The Tantrik adepts are not permitted to glorify themselves by manifesting their wonderful powers, even the powers which are given to them by the Mother of all Forces, but occasions arise when they feel duty to display their powers for the benefit of man.

I would now like to give my own personal experiences in regard to the most wonderful spiritual powers of a renowned Tantrik Yogi whose name was Baba Omkar Deo.

BABA OMKAR DEO : A REMARKABLE YOGI OF NORTH INDIA.

Many years ago, during my travels in the Punjab, I alighted one evening from a railway train on the platform at Thanesar, the nearest railway station to Koorooksetra in the district of Karnal. The season was autumn, the weather was foul, and there were heavy clouds in the sky. Instead of proceeding to Koorooksetra, which is situated at a distance of two miles from the station compound, I came to the bungalow of the Revd. B. Sarkar, a Bengali Christian Missionary attached to the American Presbyterian Church of North India. Before I came to Koorooksetra for the third time, I had formed acquaintance with Mr. Sarkar at Shaharanpore when he was Head Master of the Mission school there. The reverend gentleman received me very warmly and introduced me to his wife who was a Panjabee lady and had a tolerably fair knowledge of English. At 8-30 p.m., when the servants were making arrangements for beds, I asked Mrs. Sarkar to order her page to put a cot for me on the verandah of the bungalow, so that I might sleep there at night and enjoy the fresh air of the fields. The night was rather cold, and therefore Mrs. Sarkar felt disinclined to allow me to sleep on the verandah, but at last the kind lady had to yield to my request with some reluctance. The bungalow was situated at an out-of-the-way place and there was no human habitation close by.

A little before I went to bed, I had carefully kept under the pillow all my Sanskrit books, country-made

medicines, a small satchel containing silver coins and currency notes, and two precious manuscripts of two rare and ancient works on Mahomedan theology in the Pusto language. I had brought these manuscripts from Candahar in Afghanistan. I had also kept under another pillow a leopard skin and a nice blanket manufactured at Bellary in South India.

When the clock struck 3 A.M., I felt as if some one was pressing on my body.* I got up from bed and no sooner I opened my eyes than I saw a strongly built but short statured man, like one of those peculiarly shaped Islamites whom I had seen many years ago at Singapore and Penang, jumping down from the verandah and then running with a bundle in hand, towards the jungle near the bungalow. A lamp was immediately lighted by me and when the bed was examined, behold! all my things were taken away by the robber. There was not a single article left untouched by the strange man.

Early in the morning, Mr. Sarkar came out of his room and kindly inquired if I had slept comfortably at night. Instead of telling him a word about what had taken place at night, I simply thanked him for the question and he withdrew. Mr. Sarkar was a native of my country and he took me in with a noble and generous heart. Lest I should hurt his feelings, I refrained from unfolding anything to him in connection with this mysterious robbery.

In the morning at about eight o'clock I left the bungalow for good, although the good Sarkars had no mind to part with me so soon. I walked straight towards Koorooksetra. As I did not like to be entertained by any family man of the

town for some private reasons, I had to fast the whole day long, for I had not a pie in my pocket to buy even a handful of fried rice with. My blanket was also stolen and I was put to very awkward circumstances.

At about 4 P. M., when I was walking alone on the banks of a large pond, I saw a European lady and a gentleman coming together towards me with a servant in their rear. They came and introduced themselves to me and then began to talk to me on theology, philosophy, spirituality and other abstruse branches of human knowledge. They seemed to be greatly pleased with the conversation and expressed a desire to hear me more at length on another occasion. When I was about to leave them, the lady handed over to me, unsolicited, a currency note for Rs. 20 and said that she considered it a duty on her part to help a sojourning Sadhu who was preaching religion to the people. The European gentleman, who was the lady's husband, asked me if I could name an ascetic who would be able to honestly and correctly answer their questions pertaining to their future. I promised to see them at the Dak bungalow on the next day at 3 P. M.

On my way back to the town I learnt from the Post Master and the Tehsildar of Koorooksetra that there was living, at this time, a profoundly learned Hindoo ascetic, Omkar Deo by name, whom the people believed to be a Sadhu of superhuman powers. The head clerk of the Sub-Magistrate informed me that on several occasions the Sadhu had walked on fire, drunk *serbut* mixed with cobra poison, gulped bricks down his throat, and confined himself for several days within a large iron-chest without

food, water, light or air. The ascetic lived in a hut or a hovel at the outskirts of the town on the other end of the Panchayati Boundary. The hut stood on a large maidan surrounded on all sides by numbers of old and lofty trees. On coming to the maidan, I saw, to my great amazement, a slender-bodied man hanging headlong from the branch of a large tree. The Sadhu was then practising a *Sadhan* according to Yogini Yantra. His two legs were tied to the branch with a long and strong chord. On my standing under this tree, he untied his legs and then jumped down from the branch in a minute. The branch was so high above the ground that no man could jump down from it without losing his life or receiving a fatal hurt, but this extraordinary man felt no pain at all. I was able to understand that he was Baba Omkar Deo, although I had never seen him before.

This remarkable ascetic lovingly embraced me as his younger brother, and without giving a moment's time to introduce my humbleself to him said that he was very glad to see me there and that it was very kind of me to come over and pay a visit to him. He told me to follow him to his hut and I followed him rather silently like an astounded man. When we entered his holy retreat, he turned his face towards me and said, "Dear me! How have you lost the rare manuscripts and the useful books?*" The man who robbed you of your valuables must be a very daring and professional thief. However, God will give you back all your stolen things to you except the money, the blanket and the medicines. Where do you intend to go from Koorooksetra?" I said: "I will go to Ferozabad in the district of Agra."

* I did not speak a word to the ascetic about the theft at Thanesar.

The Sadhu spoke with a smile that all my things would be got back there and they would be delivered to me by "a strange man whose occupation was to recover stolen properties." In fact, I could not understand a bit of what the Sadhu said, and so I did not like to tease him with any questions pertaining to the recovery of my things, but I remembered his words till I reached Ferozabad in a fortnight.

When the night was far advanced, I told Baba Omkar Deo all about the conversation between me and the European lady and her husband. The Sadhu promised to see them at the Dak Bungalow next day in the afternoon.

I took him to the Sahibs at about 3-30 P. M. The lady and her husband received him with great politeness and submission due to a venerable man like him. The lady spoke thus to the ascetic: "Day before yesterday we had received here a telegraphic message from America which was redirected to us by the Telegraph Master of Delhi according to our previous instruction. My father is seriously ill. He is almost sinking. Can you honestly and correctly tell me if he is alive or dead?" The Sadhu said: "I will answer all your questions after I hear you in details." The venerable Baba spoke English eloquently and seemed to have acquired a very good knowledge of that language. The lady continued thus: "We have come to India for a short time to see the country, and we will leave Hindoosthan in the next cold weather. We are Roman Catholic Christians by religion. My husband is a native of England but I was born of American parents in New York. My dear mother breathed her last about eleven years ago. I am the only daughter of my father and I have no brother. My revered

father who is a very rich man is greatly displeased with me for some private reasons which I cannot unfold to you or to any body else here. There is no one to inherit his money and landed properties except myself. If he is dead, has he bequeathed his estate? If he gives nothing to me, then I am sure there will be heavy litigations in American courts." When the lady said all that she had got to say, the ascetic wanted to enter a small room and remain alone within it for some hours. He would be able, he said, to answer her questions on coming out of the room. The lady and her husband consented, and the ascetic entered a room attached to the bungalow. The doors and windows were bolted from within and the Sadhu remained there alone. No body knew what happened inside the room.

After four hours and some minutes, the remarkable saint came out of the room and asked the lady and her husband to hear him. He spoke as follows: "Yes, your father is seriously ill and almost sinking. There is no hope of his life. He will die within two days, and I am sure of it. I have seen his face to face; he is now lying in the third room of his house. I was introduced to him by Miss Jameson, an intimate friend of yours. Your father *salaamed* me but could not talk properly although he has not absolutely lost all consciousness as yet. His case has turned up to be an immedicable one. Dr. Harris, a skilled medical man, has pronounced it to be hopeless. The very Revd. father Beauchcroft, S. J., comes to your father's house twice or thrice in a day to pray to God for his life, but God hath already limited your father's days on earth. Your father's house is a two-storied building with a gate on the roadside, behind which there is a statue of an

Italian lady made with Mosaic stone. The corner room and the big hall next to it are now occupied by some boys and girls who have come from Boston with a Jesuit father. I was immensely delighted at seeing a large number of beautiful birds in the spacious hall adjoining the parlour. The old maid-servant who nursed you in childhood is still alive. She told me that your father is a great merchant and a profoundly learned botanist. Your father has already bequeathed all his money to the only *sor* of Mrs.—, a far-famed and very handsome Armenian woman whom he had kept at his house for a long time as his “mistress.” You have got the landed properties by virtue of his will. I have come to know the reasons why your father has been so much displeased with you. The matter is strictly confidential.” The lady then took the ascetic into a room and privately listened to him with great interest. The Sadhu’s confidential conversation kept the lady spell-bound. In fact she was so much amazed that she laid her bonnet at his feet and said with a loud voice—“you are a messenger of God and Master of man.”

I passed some days at Koorooksetra during which I became very familiar to the lady and her husband. I placed myself in communication with them when they returned to England. I need hardly say that every word that fell from the holy mouth of the venerable monk, was proved to be exactly accurate, not a word excepted. It was also proved to their entire satisfaction that the Sadhu, or rather his astral body, had gone to America during the hours he remained alone within the room in the Dak Bungalow at Koorooksetra.

In a fortnight I reached Ferozabad and put up at the

house, of S. L. I had not known him before I came here. I had an important business with a Brahmin Pundit of the place, but as he was found absent from home I was obliged to introduce myself to S. L. * In a couple of hours I came to know from a reliable source that he was the ringleader of a notorious gang of dacoits and robbers who created havoc on the railway line. This man had about two hundred followers under him who used to commit robberies in railway trains and at places near railway stations both in day time and at night. A criminal case of a very serious nature was then going on against him in the Agra Court which created great sensation all over the United Provinces, and many distinguished ladies and gentlemen, including Rajas, Ranis, Nawabs and Begums, had to give evidence on the side of the prosecution. As I wanted to pass only one night there, I did not leave the man's house. I was then also suffering from fever and cold and cough.

In the midday, a friend of his came and he took him into a separate room and began to talk with him rather privately. In the meantime I was writing a letter on his table. All on a sudden and unexpectedly a man touched my back with a stick and when I turned my face backwards I found no man, but a large canvas bag (dirty and torn) was seen shaking in a peculiar fashion near the window. With great curiosity I touched it and behold ! my lost manuscripts and books fell down to the floor from this worn off bag. I at once recognised that these things were mine.

When S. J. came, I told him that the books and the manuscripts were mine. He said that he had purchased them from a hawker and that he was unwilling to part with

them. He told me a lie. A man advised me rather privately to report the matter to the police. I thought within myself that the man, however wicked, had fed me and lodged me comfortably, and taken great care of me at his house, and so I should not do anything, which could put him to danger. But behold ! in half an hour, an Inspector of Police and Sub-Inspector of Police came there with a posse of constables and told the man that they wanted to make another search at his house to see if there were hidden some valuable jewels of a Begum of Hyderabad who was robbed in a railway train. The man, in the meantime, tried his best to remove the books and the manuscripts ; and when he was secretly doing so, suspicion arose in the Inspector's mind and he at once seized the things, and asked me if I could tell him anything about them. I could not now remain silent and so I unfolded the mystery. The shrewd Inspector of Police ordered the Sub-Inspector to arrest the man, but the notorious S. L. was shrewder than the Inspectors. He lost no time to fill the pocket of the policeman by putting seven gold mohurs into it, and so the case, as far as the theft of my things was concerned, was hushed up once for all, and the books and manuscripts were returned to me by the Inspector "whose business was," as Baba Omkar Deo said about a fortnight ago, "to recover stolen properties "

When I remembered the extraordinary Yogee of Koorooksetra and his superhuman powers, I said to myself--Blessed be the men and women who live in God and whose souls commune with Him both in day and at night.

DHARMA NANDA MAHĀVARĀTE •

MY FIRST PSYCHIC EXPERIMENT.



BABU J—, an inhabitant of Azimganj, was suffering from various unpleasant and complicated diseases. He was a young man of 25 of dissipated habits. He lost his mother in his infancy and his father died about 4 years ago. His step mother and wife also died thereafter. It was in the year 1904 that he came to know that I was cultivating hypnotism and spiritualism. Though not of an exemplary character, he seemed to have some fondness for his father, and he repeatedly requested me to try mesmerism on him, if thereby I could establish a communication with his deceased father, who died rather mysteriously from some unknown cause. So eager was he, that I could not refuse him in the end, and thought of trying the experiment.

One evening, in the presence of two other gentlemen, I mesmerised him and succeeded in putting him to a deep sleep in a short time. I however did not stop but went on giving him still more passes for about half an hour, but no fresh development occurred. Feeling tired, I was about to give up further attempt, when he opened his mouth and began to groan. I felt somewhat anxious and gave him a few more passes while asking him what the matter was. He, however, suddenly thundered out, to our great astonishment, thus—

“Why have you called me?” (*keon hamko bolaya.*)

At first I got a little confused, but soon collected myself and asked—

Question. "Who are you?"

Ans. "Don't you know me? I am Ramchandra Acharya." (I never heard this name.)

Q. "Are you related to this man?" (pointing to my subject.)

A. "Don't you know that? He is my *kulangar*," (a blot of the family.)

He then became very furious and began to use abusive, and even obscene, language towards his son, when I came to know that he was the father of J—. I suggested that he, as a father and a Brahmin, should not lose his temper and use abusive language towards one who was his son. "My son?" said he. "Don't call him my son, he is no son of mine." Knowing that he was a Brahmin, to pacify him, I began to recite the sacred *Gayitri* as also asked him to do so which he repeated along with me and gradually became consoled. I entreated him to tell his story. He said after a long sigh:—

"Doctor Babu, this is my eldest son, but he is a rake and has squandered away all the money I left him. He is enjoying himself while I am suffering."

Q. "How did you die? Where are you at present?"

A. "I am in the top of the room where I died which is at Azimganj. I died after taking my meals. I felt something giving way in my heart and I had to leave the body. I had rupees 400 for the purpose of *anant brut*, a religious ceremony, but this rogue, my son, spent it all after dancing girls. Last full-moon day was the anniversary of my death when my annual *sradh* ceremony ought to have been performed and it

was his duty to do so. He did not even give me a drop of water or offer a prayer for my sake, on the other hand, though the day ought to have been sacred to him, he spent it in vile pleasures after gambling and women."

Q. "Why are you still earth-bound? A *pinda* had been offered at Gaya for your liberation."

A. "The *pinda* was not given in the proper way. It was a polluted one, it was abominable!" And here the earth-bound, full of emotion, gave a horrible account how his son had spent the night before the holy day and how he did not care to take a bath or even to change his clothes.

We were not a little surprised at the strange disclosures made by J - which a sane man could never give out. I again offered a prayer and sought to pacify the spirit. I entreated him to let bygones be bygones and inform us how things should be managed henceforth. "If the rogue," proceeded the wrathful father, "want health and peace he must do what I say," and gave directions as to what the son should do to secure his salvation which was to offer a second *pinda* at Gaya and to celebrate the holy ceremony for which he kept the money (Rs. 400). He also described the exact place where the *pinda* was to be offered and the process.

I promised that anyhow I would manage to send the son to Gaya at once.

Q. "Can you give us any further information about your 'plane'?"

A. "Ask me, I will try."

Q. "Where are both of your 1st and 2nd wives?"

A. "They are both here."

Q. "Where is the wife of your son?"

A. "She is also here with us."

Q. "During earth life they used to quarrel with each other. How are they pulling on now?"

A. "Doctor Babu, there is no quarrel here. We all live peacefully and harmoniously. Had it not been for this son we would have been very happy. We cannot be happy when we think of him."

Q. "Can you tell me where my wife at present is? (My wife was also dead.)"

A. "Let me see (after a few minutes) you know very well where she just now is. I won't tell you anything more."

Then I asked a few more questions about my wife which were not answered. He simply said, that my wife was in a higher plane, and that he could not approach there.

He now said: "Don't forget your promise. I must go now, I feel much difficulty in remaining in this unclean body. Peace to you all." After this the medium shewed signs of coming back to consciousness and began to cry and beat his breast and exclaimed "oh my breast! my breast!"

When he fully became conscious he asked me whether I had succeeded or not. We showed him the notes which we had taken down as we proceeded. He looked bewildered and at last began to cry: "Save me, save me. How do you come to know these secrets?"

We explained him the whole facts, and he readily confessed everything. We thereupon sent him to Gaya the next day.

From the way J— exposed his depravity to us, the reader one can see that he was not playing a part in the conversation.

KALI PRASANNA BANERJEE, L.M.S.

Asstt. Surgeon, Midnapur.

A SEANCE WITH MADAME PALADINO.



[MR. GILMAN HALL, one of the editors of "Everybody's Magazine," sailed for Europe last May on a vacation. In his party of seven was his brother-in-law, Dr. Herbert R. Moody, Associate Professor of Chemistry in the College of the City of New York. Mr. Hall sought out Filippo Bottazzi, Professor of Biology in the University of Naples, in an effort to secure photographs to illustrate Mr. Garland's series, "The Shadow World." The offer of a seance with Madame Paladino came unexpectedly and was gladly accepted. Here are the reports of Mr. Hall and Dr. Moody.]

The seance was held in the same laboratory and with the same cabinet that Professor Bottazzi had used in all his previous experiments. It was a bare room with cement floor and bare walls—a room with almost no fixtures or laboratory paraphernalia. There were one or two shelves around; a stone pedestal; and a window opening on a garden. The cabinet was formed by a recess opposite the door by which we had entered; and the back of it was a door leading into another laboratory. This door and the door leading out of the second laboratory were locked by Professor Bottazzi in Dr. Moody's presence, and Professor Bottazzi put the keys in his pocket. The cabinet was about twenty-four inches deep. Professor Bottazzi had

placed in it a shelf nine inches wide about three feet from the floor, and on this shelf he had put various things—a scale, a trumpet, a small drum, a box of matches, a heavy brass candlestick, and an electric bell.

There was no intention on our part of reporting the seance. The time was too short for extensive preparations. So, while we took many precautions and made a number of tests, yet we depended on Professor Bottazzi for all the preliminary arrangements. I desire to make it clear that the test of Madame Paladino was not complete outside of him.

Professor Bottazzi and his assistant joined us at the table, making a party of nine, which proved an unwieldy number. Madame Paladino sat about one foot in front of the curtain that hung before the recess, and faced the end of the table. I sat at her right, but around the corner. Madame Paladino faced east, I looked north. Mrs. Moody sat beside me and Dr. Moody beside her, both facing north. Mrs. Hall sat at the medium's left and opposite me, facing south. The rest of the party finished out the circle, which extended beyond the table. Professor Bottazzi sat directly opposite Madame Paladino and at least three feet beyond the end of the table. Mrs. Hall and I by our position were in charge of the psychic and it was our duty to see that all the necessary tests were put on her. I held her right hand. By her instructions, I pressed my knee against hers and put my left foot over her right one. Mrs. Hall applied the same tests on the left.

The curtains in front of the cabinet were black, made of some thin material like cheesecloth. The table was a light deal one—about two by four, and the chairs were rather light

common ones. We began the seance with a red 16 candle electric light on a wall bracket, quite high above Mrs. Hall's head, and a 16-candle white light on a small shelf back of Professor Bottazzi. Soon, at Madame Paladino's request, we turned the white light out. The seance was not one hour along when, by request of the "spirit" controlling the medium, we placed a handkerchief over the red light. Later, we put another handkerchief on. And later still, the handkerchiefs burned and we took them both off. *We could see plainly all through the seance.*

Within a minute after we seated ourselves, the table began to tremble. I noticed it almost instantly and called the attention of every one to it. It seemed to me as though the fiber of the wood was vibrating.

Within five minutes, the table began to rock and rise from the floor. One end would lift up from six to twelve inches and then drop noisily. Now one end, now the other would come up. Then the table would lift on one side. Dr. Moody pressed against it at one of these times and said he thought it took a pressure of three pounds to force a release of the table from the unseen power.

Soon raps began. The table was pounded on the floor for raps—generally ordinary ones; but now and then it would strike the floor with great violence, giving a startling effect of emphasis. The table-tipping continued at intervals throughout the seance, growing stronger and more pronounced as time wore on. There was one very dramatic lift near the end of the sitting. Madame Paladino suddenly thrust both her hands high above her—Mrs. Hall and I being drawn from our chairs in our efforts to retain our holds on her, and

the table—every leg of it—rose all of eighteen inches from the floor. The synchronism which Mr. Garland told of in his articles was perfect in this experiment. The table followed the psychic's hands on the moment.

The first twenty minutes we spent in trying to identify the "spirit" controlling the raps. There was talk of a "John King"—whom Madame Paladino said was her "spirit control." We asked if there was any one in the room with whom the spirit wished to communicate and got an answer—"yes." It proved to be Mrs. Moody that was meant, and soon the table moved toward her—nearer and nearer—and finally pressed against her chest. But the answers were contradictory, the results futile, and we gave it up. Anyway, we were looking for physical phenomena.

The next manifestation after the table-raising was a sudden swirl of the curtain, which enveloped me completely. From hanging limp, it suddenly rose high in the air—as though blown by a strong wind—and fell over me. I remained in that position a full ten minutes; for it gave me an excellent view of the inside of the cabinet. But nothing of importance occurred there, beyond a marked movement of the other curtain. I had hardly thrown the curtain off when there was a crackling sound and the table leg under me began to split, at the point where it joined the table. I felt the leg press against me as it moved. Professor Bottazzi cried out a protest—"Here, John King, leave my table alone," and it stopped.

"He broke a table to pieces for me once. I do not want it done again," commented Professor Bottazzi.

The action seemed like that of a miniature flash of lightning; the sound was of rending wood—a splitting, tearing sound.

We spent some time trying to persuade the "spirit" to bring us a fan which lay on the pedestal under the red light, but we failed utterly. A minute later, though, some force knocked the matches from the shelf in the cabinet to the floor. Suddenly Professor Bottazzi cried out excitedly, "Here comes the candlestick." There darted through my mind the thought that this was the crucial time for me to know beyond all doubt that I was holding Madame Paladino's hand. I clenched it firmly and instead of looking at the candlestick I gazed steadfastly at the hand I held. The candlestick, a heavy brass one, and the candle it held came from the shelf in the cabinet up through the opening in the curtains about a foot above the medium's head, and landed with a crashing blow on the table in front of Mrs. Moody. The candle fell out and then both candle and stick rolled into her lap. On the way to the laboratory I had said, "If I could only see some object moved one inch I should be satisfied." I had had my wish in full measure.

We had not time to recover before a heavy, clumsy, crockery plate containing a wad of clay, which Professor Bottazzi had placed in a vacant chair some two feet to the left of Madame Paladino, came hurtling with tremendous force and almost superhuman speed on to the table. It landed with a really appalling noise. The effect was as though it had been thrown by a giant's hand and in great anger. There was a wait of a few minutes. Then some force swept the remaining objects from the shelf in the cabinet. The

drum fell, the trumpet followed; there was a succession of various noises from falling bodies. "There go the scales," said Professor Bottazzi, as the heavy thud of falling iron was heard.

For some of his previous experiments, Professor Bottazzi told me, he had cut a peephole in the door which formed the back of the cabinet, and one of his assistants had been stationed there. An electric light was placed on the wall of the cabinet, the wires for which led to a pushbutton in Professor Bottazzi's pocket. During some of the amazing phenomena, such as we witnessed, Dr. Bottazzi had switched on the light so that his assistant could see clearly into the cabinet. He proved beyond a question that no one approached the cabinet from behind, and that no one was in it.

If Madame Paladino went into a trance, it was not, for the major part of the time, a deep one. She was conscious of almost all our doings. During the seance, and particularly during the earlier stages of it, she coughed a great deal, cleared her throat repeatedly, and suffered severely from hiccoughs. She interspersed her manifestations with remarks to Professor Bottazzi, which sometimes translated. Often she called out in a half moan asking if we had a good control over her. "She always inquires about that," volunteered our mentor. A dozen times during the evening she cried out in complaint of our gripping her hands so tightly. Just before anything spectacular happened she moaned, and seemed to sink suddenly but temporarily into a deeper, perhaps an entire trance. Her head would roll a little from side to side, but in a moment she would return

to her half-consciousness again, and would show a somewhat dazed knowledge of what was going on. Before the seance was a half-hour old, she threw her legs up on our laps—her left leg on Mrs. Hall's lap and her right one on mine. She held this position for a good part of the sitting. Before and during the manifestations, there were violent convulsive movements of the arms and sometimes of the legs. We grew used to these and soon learned to call out a warning of some impending action when we felt these muscular movements.

The next occurrence was a startling one—and aimed directly at me. My chair was seized from behind by a powerful force, and an attempt was made to drag it from under me. I had again the impression of a giant at work in our presence. I cried out. All saw me moving. The force tugged at the chair and nearly succeeded in getting it from me. I was swerved around so that I faced Mrs. Moody and was seated on only a third of the chair. Though every one saw me moving, no one saw any figure or apparition back of me. I had just resumed my position when I felt a hand move across my back as though some one were reaching by me to Mrs. Moody. Mrs. Hall, too, felt some one touch her on the back.

There was a series of remarkable kicks in the cabinet,—a noise like the pounding of a horse's hoof in a near-by stable in the dead of night. No man could have produced it. It was made apparently within the fiber of the wood. And here the synchronism between the convulsive workings of the medium's muscles and the manifestations was marked. Mrs. Hall felt Madame Paladino's foot thrust forward with great force, in time with each kick in the cabinet behind her.

Professor Bottazzi here said that he was surprised at our calmness. We ought to get more excited. We ought to talk more—to demand manifestations. We should select some one thing and then clamor for it. Supposing, for instance, we tried to lift the empty chair to the table.

So we tried.

Madame Paladino asked us to set our minds on the task. We did. We all talked at one time. We called out demands that the chair be lifted. The noise became a veritable babel. Madame Paladino's hands worked convulsively—though held by us—as if in an effort to lift the chair. And up it came—a foot or so from the floor, giving the impression of a magnet's work. Then, as if the magnet's power had failed, the chair dropped to the floor and rocked back to its normal position. Twice, three times, four times we tried, but the lifting power was not strong enough. After a few moments, however, with amazing swiftness the chair came on to the table—and lay on its back. It seemed incredible. We made several efforts to will the chair to an upright position, but in that we did not succeed.

Madame Paladino here spoke to Professor Bottazzi in a half-querulous voice. "She is complaining of the circle," he said. "She says it is a poor one and does not help her." I realized the truth of her complaint. The circle was unwieldy in numbers; having no common language was a serious handicap; Madame Paladino had been ill for two months and was far from strong; three of our party knew nothing of psychics; Dr. Moody had come to the meeting under protest and in utter scorn of it all. There were a dozen reasons why the circle was of small potency.

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The blowing out of the curtain was a frequent occurrence, and those nearest the cabinet felt often a cool breeze—as though a window had been thrown open. “Has any one noticed a light above Madame Paladino’s head?” inquired Dr. Bottazzi. We all turned to him. “There it is now,” called Mrs. Hall, and we all turned quickly back. But it had gone. “Let’s will it back,” suggested some one, and we set up a clamor demanding it. It came at once—a pear-shaped light about six inches above the medium’s head. I did not see it, but every other member of the circle did. It appeared to them like a faint electric light shining through a ground-glass bulb. At the same time Madame Paladino’s face was illuminated. Her skin shone as though phosphorescent.

It was now twelve o’ clock and we broke up the circle. We arose, turned on the white electric light, and I walked around the table. Professor Bottazzi then took Madame Paladino’s hand—in bright light and with no circle—and produced sharp raps. He beat her hand toward the table, stopping short when within twelve inches of the top—and a rap would come from under the table. Most of the phenomena had been synchronous with her movements, but these raps would follow a perceptible moment after the beat of the finger.

I have been often asked if I was convinced. I can see no other alternative than acceptance of the phenomena. Only one of the main phenomena took place entirely in the cabinet; only one other important one—the moving of the candlestick—originated in the cabinet. All the rest of the manifestations occurred in the room and in clear light.

There could not possibly have been any preparations in the laboratory that would not have been visible to us. Had Madame Paladino used paraphernalia for trickery, we should have been able to see it when the manifestations were in process—for it was light enough for that. On these points we are all agreed.

I asked Professor Bottazzi about the chances of fake. He was as impatient of the subject as he has been of spiritualism. He had had trained scientific men to help him in his experiments. Many people had been present at the various seances. The phenomena had been established in utter finality. But they had led nowhere. He had reached only a *circle* of phenomena. He had "come face to a blank wall." He was through—for the present, anyway.

Professor Bottazzi's assistant brought Madame Paladino a cup of strong coffee. She seemed dazed and in real distress. Where she had been gracious before, she now seemed hardly to realize our presence. She showed many of the symptoms of a person in dire seasickness. She looked old and seamed and yellow. She seemed to have little strength left. She drank a little coffee, placed the cup on a shelf, crossed the room to the window opening on the garden, and vomited. Professor Bottazzi said she was always weak and nauseated after a sitting. We all stood about, and I, for one, felt like a guilty child. It seemed wrong that we should have caused this woman such sickness just to satisfy our curiosity and interest in psychical experiments. I gained an added respect for her from the thought of all she had been doing for years at so heavy a cost, in her sittings for the various scientists. We waited perhaps twenty minutes

and then said our farewell to Madame Paladino—a farewell which she returned with a limp hand and an indifference strangely in contrast with her early greetings. Madame went out first. As we left the building, we passed her, leaning heavily on the arm of her husband, who had been waiting for her outside; dragging herself slowly and painfully along the narrow lane which leads to one of those wonderful streets of steps in Naples—which, in turn, gives on the larger street where the carriage waited.

GILMAN HALL.

NOTES ON THE PALADINO SEANCE.

Location:

An ordinary bio-chemical laboratory, practically unfurnished, with a cement floor and a few shelves, in the University of Naples. Two double doors—both leading into other laboratories equipped for regular preparative work, one door—that by which we had entered—left ajar all the evening, with the room beyond well lighted; the other door shut and locked in my presence—after I had thoroughly examined the rooms—and the key put into Professor Bottazzi's pocket. This latter door was midway through an alcove, making a recess about two feet deep on our side of it, the recess curtained off with a simple black cheesecloth curtain. Across the back, behind the curtain, a shelf eight to ten inches wide.

Equipment:

Ten rush-bottom chairs; a large plate containing clay on an unoccupied chair two feet from Paladino, a plain deal table—no drawer—(could see under it); a pedestal five feet high; two wallshelves a foot wide; one red electric bracket lamp; and one portable white lamp on wall shelf.

Procedure :

Circle formed and all held hands lightly. Those at the two horns of circle held Paladino's hands and kept their feet and knees against hers. Later she extended her legs so that second sitters beyond guarded her feet. Her movements always kept under absolutely perfect surveillance. White lamp burned at first, later screened, after five minutes or so extinguished. This left full power red lamp; later, receiving five raps for less light, this was screened with two handkerchiefs. Eyes accustomed themselves to dim light—all could see even the expressions on others' faces.

Phenomena :

Almost imperceptible tingling through hands—comparable to feeble current. Table began to rear almost at once, at first with Paladino's hands on it, but soon with no hand whatever touching it. Maximum height of elevation about eighteen inches. Always descended with violence, not as if falling but as if thrown down, with noisy clatter. I pushed it down myself once; required from three to five pounds pressure to overcome elevation. Fiber of table trembled, quivered. All in full light. Got usual one, two, three, four, five knocks at will at any time upon request. Their significance seemed slight except as directions for more or less light, or a request to talk among ourselves. Instead of diminishing Paladino's power by talking, during utterly inconsequential conversation fine results came. This points to possibility of desire to distract attention of observer until object is practically accomplished. If so, in our case this was not successful; we were continuously alert. Doubt if this were intended, as conditions absolutely gave no chance for fraud

and because at all times when we concentrated our minds on what we wished done, the end was reached more quickly. For example, appearance of phosphorescent luminosity in pear-shaped form about a foot above Paladino's head. Part of the time her face was mildly luminous. Afterwards Professor Bottazzi rather discredited this, but it was apparent enough to me.

Phenomena of telekinesis were wonderful. Candlestick and candle came through opening between curtains and proceeded in a leisurely way in a sort of parabolic trajectory and fell rather violently on edge of table and into Mrs. Moody's lap. Plate containing ball of clay rose from chair a foot from corner of table and dropped to table-top with a violent bang. Nearly everything on shelf in recess was noisily thrown down and, queerly enough, directly under the shelf—not on the floor in front of it. Cool drafts developed, an "arm" appeared around the side of the curtain at a height of about six feet. Mr. Hall's chair was almost pulled from under him, a hand touched Mrs. Hall's back, and after various slight excursions across the floor the unoccupied chair finally rose and lay on its back on the table, then moved off on to the floor. Door behind curtain was hit several hard blows resembling kick of a horse.

After the circle was broken, and in full light, Professor Bottazzi held Paladino's hand and moved her finger tip through space of about an inch. The finger never got nearer than six inches from the table, and yet there was a distinct knock as if a force were propelled from finger and struck the table directly underneath. This was done in various parts of the table.

Important to observe that all kicks, noises, and movements were synchronous with spasmodic movements of Paladino's muscles. Also phenomena were preceded and accompanied by signs of hysteria, coughs, and unusual noises. Paladino, much exhausted after sitting, had active nausea, and no strength to leave until twenty minutes after the end of the sitting.

Conclusion :

Considering the sort of phenomena that I am accustomed to observe, my preconceived opinions were at variance with these facts, but I had to accept what I saw.

HERBERT R. MOODY, Ph. D.

A GRUESOME HORROR IN GEORGIA.



THE following story reaches me from across the Atlantic. It appeared in the *San Francisco Examiner*, November 29th, 1891. If it is not true it is at least well invented, the item about the cat being in itself sufficient to justify its reproduction here. The authority for the story is a correspondent of the *Chicago Press*, in Statesborough, Georgia. The occurrences are said to have begun about the first week in November, in a house occupied by a farmer of education, named Walsingham, in Oakville, on the Savannah River. Not believing in ghosts, the Walsinghams at first attributed the disturbances to mischievous neighbours. This explanation, however, soon had to be abandoned.

These disturbances generally took the form of noises in the house after the family had retired and the light extinguished, continual banging of the doors, things overturned, the door bell rang and the annoying of the house dog, a large and intelligent mastiff.

One day Don Cæsar, the mastiff, was found in the hallway barking furiously and bristling with rage, while his eyes seemed directed to a wall just before him. At last he made a spring forward with a hoarse yelp of ungovernable fury, only to fall back as if flung down by some powerful and

cruel hand. Upon examination it was found that his neck had been broken.

The house cat, on the contrary, seemed rather to enjoy the favour of the ghost, and would often enter a door as if escorting some visitor in, whose hand was stroking her back. She would also climb about a chair, rubbing herself and purring as if well pleased at the presence of some one in the seat. She and Don Cæsar invariably manifested this eccentric conduct at the same time, as though the mysterious being was visible to both of them.

The annoying visitant finally took to rousing the family at all hours of the night by making such a row as to render any rest impossible.

This noise, which consisted of shouts, groans, hideous laughter, and a peculiar, most distressing wail, would sometimes proceed, apparently, from under the house, sometimes from the ceiling, and at other times in the very room in which the family was seated. One night Miss Amelia Walsingham, the young lady daughter, was engaged at her toilet, when she felt a hand laid softly on her shoulder. Thinking it her mother or her sister, she glanced in the glass before her, only to be thunderstruck at seeing the mirror reflect no form but her own, though she could plainly see a man's broad hand lying on her arm.

She brought the family to her by her screams, but when they reached her all sign of the mysterious hand was gone. Mr. Walsingham himself saw footsteps form beside his own while walking through the garden after a light rain.

The marks were those of a man's naked feet, and felt beside his own as if the person walked at his side.

Matters grew so serious that the Walsinghams became frightened and talked of leaving the house, when an event took place that confirmed them in this determination. The family was seated at the supper-table with several guests who were spending the evening, when a loud groan was heard in the room overhead.

This was, however, nothing unusual, and very little notice was taken of it until one of the visitors pointed out a stain of what looked like blood on the white tablecloth, and it was seen that some liquid was slowly dripping on the table from the ceiling overhead. This liquid was so much like freshly-shed blood as to horrify those who watched its slow dropping. Mr. Walsingham, with several of his guests, ran hastily upstairs and into the room directly over the one into which the blood was dripping.

A carpet covered the floor, and nothing appeared to explain the source of the ghastly rain ; but, anxious to satisfy themselves thoroughly, the carpet was immediately ripped up, and the boarding found to be perfectly dry, and even covered with a thin layer of dust, and all the while the floor was being examined the persons below could swear the blood never ceased to drip. A stain, the size of a dinner plate, was formed before the drops ceased to fall. This stain was examined next day under the microscope, and was pronounced by competent chemists to be human blood.

The Walsinghams left the house the next day, and since then the place has apparently been given over to spooks and evil spirits, which make the night hideous with the noise of revel, shouts, and furious yells. Hundreds from all over this country and adjacent ones have visited the place, but few have

the courage to pass the night in the haunted house. One daring spirit, one Horace Gunn, of Savannah, however, accepted a wager that he could not spend twenty-four hours in it, and did so, though he declares that there is not enough money in the county to make him pass another night there. He was found the morning after by his friends with whom he made the wager in an insensible condition, and was with difficulty brought out of the swoon. He has never recovered from the shock of his horrible experience, and is still confined to his bed suffering from nervous prostration.

His story is that shortly after nightfall he endeavoured to kindle a fire in one of the rooms, and to light the lamp with which he had provided himself, but, to his surprise and consternation found it impossible to do either. An icy breath, which seemed to proceed from some invisible person at his side, extinguished each match as he lighted it. At this peculiarly terrifying turn of affairs Mr. Gunn would have left the house and forfeited the amount of his wager, a considerable one, but he was restrained by the fear of ridicule of his story not being believed in. He seated himself in the dark with what calmness he could, and waited developments.

For sometime nothing occurred, and the young man was half dozing, when, after an hour or two, he was brought to his feet by a sudden yell of pain or rage that seemed to come from under the house. This appeared to be the signal for an outbreak of hideous noises all over the house. The sound of hurrying feet could be heard scurrying up and down the stairs, hastening from one room to another, as if one person fled from the pursuit of a second. This kept up for nearly an hour, but at last ceased altogether, and for

some time Mr. Gunn sat in darkness and quiet, and had about concluded that the performance was over for the night. At last his attention was attracted by a white spot that gradually appeared on the opposite wall from him.

This spot continued to brighten until it seemed a disc of white fire, when the horrified spectator saw that the light emanated from and surrounded a human head, which, without a body or any visible means of support, was moving slowly along the wall, about the height of a man from the floor. This ghastly head appeared to be that of an aged person, though whether male or female it was difficult to determine. The hair was long and grey, and matted together with dark clots of blood, which also issued from a deep jagged wound in one temple. The cheeks were fallen in, and the whole face indicated suffering and unspeakable misery. The eyes were wide open, and gleamed with an unearthly fire, while the glassy balls seemed to follow the terror-stricken Mr. Gunn, who was too thoroughly paralysed by what he saw to move or cry out. Finally, the head disappeared, and the room was once more left in darkness, but the young man could hear what seemed to be half a dozen persons moving about him, while the whole house shook as if rocked by some violent earthquake.

The groaning and wailing that broke forth from every direction was something terrific, and an unearthly rattle and banging as of china and tin-pans being flung to the ground floor from the upper story added to the deafening noise. Gunn at last roused himself sufficiently to attempt to leave the haunted house. Feeling his way along the wall in order to avoid the beings, whatever they were that filled the room,

the young man had nearly succeeded in reaching the door when he found himself seized by the ankle, and was violently thrown to the floor. He was grasped by icy hands, which sought to grip him about the throat. He struggled with his unseen foe, but was soon overpowered and choked into insensibility. When found by his friends his throat was black with the marks of long, thin fingers, armed with cruel, curved nails.

The only explanation that can be found for these mysterious manifestations is that about three months ago a number of bones were discovered on the Walsingham place, which some declared even then to be those of a human being. Mr. Walsingham pronounced them, however, to be an animal's, and they were hastily thrown into an adjacent lime-kiln. It is supposed to be the outraged spirit of a person to whom they belonged in life that is now causing such consternation.—*Borderland.*

MR. STEAD'S EXPERIENCES.

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(Continued from our March issue.)

[THROUGH a sad oversight the concluding portion of Mr. Stead's very interesting article in the "Fortnightly Review" was not published in our April number for which we regret. We now give it below.]

The lady whose initials were E. M., and whose tragic fate I have just described, had promised me that if she died before me she would do four things. She had constantly written automatically with my hand during her life. She promised, in the first place, that she would use my hand, if she could, after death, to tell me how it fared with her on the other side. In the second place, she promised that, if she could, she would appear to one or more of her friends to whom she could show herself. In the third place, she would come to be photographed, and, fourthly, she would send me a message through a medium, authenticating the message by countersigning it with the simple mathematical figure of a cross within a circle.

E. M. did all four. (1) She has repeatedly written with my hand, apparently finding it just as easy to use my hand now as she did when still in the body.

(2) She has repeatedly appeared to two friends of mine, one a woman, the other a man. She appeared once in a

dining-room full of people. She passed unseen by any but her friend, who declares that she saw her distinctly. On another occasion she appeared in the street in broad daylight, walked for a little distance, and then vanished. I may say that her appearance was so original it would be difficult to mistake her for anybody else.

(3) She has been photographed at least half a dozen times after her death. All her portraits are plainly recognisable, but none of them are copies of any photographs taken in earth life.

(4) There remains the test of a message accompanied by the sign of a cross within a circle. I did not get this for several months. I had almost given up all hopes, when one day a medium who was lunching with a friend of mine received it on the first attempt she made at automatic writing. "Tell William not to blame me for what I did. I could not help myself," was the message. Then came a plainly but roughly drawn circle, and inside it the cross. No one knew of our agreement as to the test but myself. I did not know the medium, I was not present, nor was my friend expecting any message from E.M.

Is it surprising, then, that after such experiences I have no more doubt of the possibility of communicating with the so-called dead than I have of being able to send this article to the Editor of the *Fortnightly Review*?

I have referred to spirit photography. Let me disarm any sceptical reader by admitting that nothing is more easy than to fake bogus spirit photographs, and further that an expert conjurer can almost always cheat the most vigilant

observer. The use of marked plates, which I handle, expose, and develop myself, no doubt afford some protection against fraud. But my belief in the authenticity of spirit photographs rests upon a far firmer foundation than that of the fallible vigilance of the experimenter. The supreme test of an authentic spirit photograph is that a plainly recognisable portrait of a dead person shall be obtained by a photographer who knows nothing whatever of the existence of such a person, and that no visible form shall be seen by the sitter in front of the camera.

I have had such photographs not once but many times. I will here only mention one. The photographer whose mediumship enables him to photograph the Invisibles is a very old and rather illiterate man, to whom this faculty was at one time a serious hindrance to his photographic business. He is clairvoyant and clairaudient. During the late Boer war I went with a friend to have a sitting with him, wondering who would come.

I had hardly taken my seat before the old man said : "I had a great fright the other day. An old Boer came into the studio carrying a gun. He fairly frightened me, he looked so fierce, so I said to him, 'Go away ; I don't like guns.' And he went away. Now he's back again. He came in with you. He has not got his gun now, and he does not look so fierce. Shall we let him stay ?"

"By all means," I replied. "Do you think you could get his photograph ?"

"I don't know," said the old man ; "I can try."

So I sat down in front of the camera, and an exposure was duly made, Neither my friend nor I could see any

other person in the room but the photographer and ourselves. Before the plate was removed I asked the photographer :

"You spoke to the old Boer the other day. Could you speak to him again ?"

"Yes," he said ; "he's still there behind you."

"Would he answer any question if you asked him ?"

"I don't know," said the old man ; "I can try."

"Ask him what his name is !"

The photographer appeared to put a mental question, and to listen for a reply. Then he said :

"He says his name is Piet Botha."

"Piet Botha," I objected. "I know Philip, Louis, Chris, and I do not know how many other Bothas. But Piet I never heard of."

"That's what he says his name is," doggedly replied the old man.

When he developed the plate there was seen standing behind me a hirsute, tall, stalwart man, who might have been a Boer or a Moujik. I said nothing, but waited till the war came to an end, and General Botha came to London. I sent the photograph to him by Mr. Fischer, who was Prime Minister of the old Orange Free State. Next day Mr. Wessels, another Free State delegate, came to see me.

"Where did you get that photograph," he asked, "the photograph you gave to Mr. Fischer ?"

I told him exactly how it had come.

He shook his head. "I don't hold with superstition. Tell me, how did you get that portrait ? That man did not know William Stead—that man was never in England."

"Well," I replied, "I have told you how I got it, and you need not believe me if you don't like. But why are you so excited about it?"

"Why," said he, "because that man was a near relative of mine. I have got his portrait hanging up in my house at home."

"Really," I said. "Is he dead?"

"He was the first Boer Commandant killed in the siege of Kimberley."

"And what was his name?"

"Pietrus Johannes Botha," he replied, "but we always called him Piet Botha for short."

I still have the portrait in my possession. It has been subsequently identified by two other Free Staters who knew Piet Botha well.

This, at least, is not a case which telepathy can explain. Nor will the hypothesis of fraud hold water. It was the merest accident that I asked the photographer to see if the spirit would give his name. No one in England, so far as I have been able to ascertain, knew that any Piet Botha ever existed.

What is wanted is that those who profess to disbelieve in the existence of life after death should honestly attempt to define the kind of evidence which they would consider convincing. I have narrated in this paper what seems to me conclusive evidence of the continuance of personality after death. All of these incidents occurred in my own personal experience. Their credibility to my readers depends upon their estimate of my veracity. These things actually occurred as I have written them down. Suppos-

ing that they had happened to you, my reader, could you refuse to admit that there is at least a *prima facie* case for a careful exhaustive scientific examination into the subject? What more evidence, what kind of evidence, under what conditions, is wanted, before conviction is established?

I asked no one hastily to accept anything on other people's testimony. It is true that all people are not mediums, any more than all telephones can take Marconi messages. I am fortunate in being my own medium, which eliminates one possible hypothesis. But there are plenty of honest mediums, some possibly in your own family if you cared to seek for them.

One last word. For the last fifteen years I have been convinced by the pressure of a continually accumulating mass of first-hand evidence of the truth of the persistence of personality after death, and the possibility of intercourse with the departed. But I always said, "I will wait until someone in my own family has passed beyond the grave before I finally declare my conviction on this subject.

Twelve months ago this month of December I saw my eldest son, whom I had trained in the fond hope that he would be my successor, die at the early age of thirty-three. The tie between us was of the closest. No one could deceive me by fabricated spurious messages from my beloved son.

Twelve months have now passed, in almost every week of which I have been cheered and comforted by messages from my boy, who is nearer and dearer to me than ever before. The preceding twelve months I had been much abroad. I heard less frequently from him in that year than I have heard from him since he passed out of our sight. I have not taken

his communications by my own hand. I knew him so well that what I wrote might have been the unconscious echoes of converse in the past. He has communicated with me through the hands of two slight acquaintances, and they have been one and all as clearly stamped with the impress of his own character and mode of thought as any of the letters he wrote to me during his sojourn on earth.

After this I can doubt no more. For me the problem is solved, the truth is established, and I am glad to have this opportunity of testifying publicly to all the world that, so far as I am concerned, doubt on this subject is henceforth impossible.

CORRESPONDENCE



THE ART AND CRAFT OF MIND READING OR TELEPATHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *H. S. M.*

SIR,—Mind reading or telepathy is now too much to the fore. A “peep behind the scenes” will at the present time, I think, do immense good to the neurotic persons carried away by the recent clever exhibitions of so-called Mind Reading or Trick Telepathy in this city.

Mind Reading has been given much publicity through the advertisements and performances of several celebrated public performers, and their lesser-light imitators. Some of these public performers have sought to give an attractive public entertainment rather than a scientific demonstration. They have even gone so far as to add sensational features to their performance, employing confederates, for the purpose of thrilling and mystifying their audiences.

But the careful observer soon discovers that in many of these cases there is no Mind Reading or Telepathy at all, but only a “fake” imitation of the real thing.

The majority of these public performers have a series of cleverly arranged “code-words” by which the confederate

conveys to the "Mind Reader" the name and description of the article handed to the former by some one of the audience. Each article is numbered, and the number of articles likely to be found among an ordinary audience is surprisingly few. The performer going round the audience, merely signals numbers to the "Mind Reader." It is necessary to have only ten "code-words" to do this,—one for the cypher, and one for each of the nine numerals. Thus, if the word "What" has been agreed upon to represent the figure 1, and the word "This" to stand for cypher, and the performers have decided that a watch shall be number 10 in the code, the confederate will have signalled the fact that he is holding a watch by asking the simple question "What is this?"

In an elaborate code, there are separate numbers for an ordinary lead pencil, a pencil with a broken point, a silver pencil case, and so on. There are also "code-words" for different colours, nationalities, materials, metals, etc., and a code alphabet in which each letter represents another.

Another trick is to ask some member of the audience to write a question on a writing-pad. The leaf of the block is then torn off by the writer, and the performer announces that an answer to that question will be given in the course of the performance by the spirits. The explanation of this trick is to be found in the preparation of the paper. This paper is rubbed well on one side with a piece of wax candle. The performer hands a hard lead pencil—not too finely pointed—to the man who is going to write the question, and when the paper has been written on, a very faint impression of the question is left on the leaf below. It is scarcely visible, but by sprinkling a little dust, or better still, ground coffee,

on it, and then shaking the paper, the performer is easily able to read the question. Of course, this part of the performance does not take place in view of the audience. Having read the question, it is a simple matter to give any humorous answer to it. This trick is also done by means of a pad of card-board, having a piece of black carbon paper hidden in the middle. This plan is adopted by many of the professional mediums who pretend to be clairvoyants.

Various other instances of Trick Telepathists can be given, but the foregoing examples will afford sufficient clue to some of the various counterfeit exhibitions of Mind Reading. There are, however, other public performers who give fine exhibitions of the genuine phenomena.

The School of Hypnotism,
19, Berapooker Road,
Kidderpur, Calcutta.

PROF. S. N. BOSE.

NOTES.



PROF. RICHEL found many wonderful manifestations through Madame X, with whom he was experimenting. He had to decide the question as to who produced the phenomena. And he thus argues: "Assuredly, the hypothesis that it is the spirits who do it is the simplest and at first glance it satisfies us." "But there are no spirits," says the Professor. "How is it possible for the consciousness to survive after death?" "How can intelligences which suffer birth escape death?" "A beginning implies an end." "Birth implies death." So if the father of the Professor who is dead, now materializes and comes before him in broad daylight and announces himself, the learned Professor will put him down for a humbug. He will tell the figure, "You cannot deceive me by these tricks. You call yourself my father, but did you not die? I know you died. How then are you living?" The Professor would also tell him that he was absolutely certain that his father was born and since he was born he is bound to die. Had he not a beginning? He had, and since he had a beginning, he must **have an end.**

Thus with a settled conviction like the above, the Professor went to experiment with Madame X. He found X

writing Greek, Latin and Arabic though she did not know the languages. She personated dead people; the friends of the Professor had proved their identity in a remarkable manner. "How do you do it?" asks the Professor of the medium who does it all when in a state of trance. Madame replies that the spirits do all these. "But there are no spirits", says the Professor. So the Professor had to find a theory which would exclude the spirits to account for the phenomena. And his theory is that Madame's "subliminal" does all that. "Madame has a superior state", says the Professor, "and when in that state she is able to do these wonders." But,

Q "Is Madame an honest woman?"

Prof. "Certainly."

Q. "She speaks truth?"

Prof. "Certainly."

Why then does she lie when she is, according to the Professor, in her superior condition? For she says that the spirits do all the wonders, and not her "subliminal" when in a superior condition.

So, according to the Professor, the medium in her inferior condition is honest. But she becomes a liar when she attains the superior condition! His theory is, what has a beginning must have an end! But the world had a beginning and will it have an end? And how does the Professor know that birth means death? D. D. Home was not only a wonderful medium but had the firmest faith in spiritualism. Once a spirit-hand wrote a sentence before a sceptic. He was asked how did he account for it? The sceptic replied, "How can I know that it is the hand of the spirit of a man.

Why not say that it is only a new force?" And Home replied, "If that be so, we are all forces."

WHEN Rogers Rich was having a sitting with Mrs. Piper, of course Dr. Phinuit controlling, we were given a hint as how spirits take possession of the human body. As we said, the spirit, Dr. Phinuit, was controlling Mrs. Piper, the medium, who was in a trance, and Mr. Rich asked the Doctor to send for his spirit friend, Newell. Here let us quote from the report of Dr. Hodgson. "The Doctor said to me [Rich] 'I'll send for Newell,' and kept on talking with me for a while. Then he said, 'Here's Newell and he wants to talk with you [Rich], so I'll go about my business whilst you are talking with him, and will come back again later.' Then followed a confusion of words, but I clearly heard the voice of the 'Doctor' saying: 'Here, Newell, you come by the hands while I go out by the feet,' which apparently being accomplished in the proper manner, my name was called clearly as 'Rogers, old fellow!' without a sign of accent, and the same questions put as to how were the 'fellows at the club.' My hand was cordially shaken, and I remarked the same movement of twisting the moustache, which was kept up by Mrs. Piper during the interview.'"

Thus A is in the room and B is standing outside, and A accosts B in these words, "come in, B, by the Western door while I leave by the Eastern." Dr. Phinuit asked Newell to come by the 'hands' of the medium intimating he would vacate the body by the feet! Thus it would appear that sometimes spirits enter through the feet or the hands

of the medium. The most remarkable thing in these sittings of Rich was the twisting of moustache by Newell. Mr. Rich believed that his friend Newell was talking to him, but what made him absolutely certain was, the twisting of the moustache by the medium. Mrs. Piper was a woman and she had never a moustache to nourish or to twist. As for Newell, his habit was to twirl his moustache constantly when talking, so whenever he possessed Mrs. Piper she twisted the moustache as Mr. Newell used to do. And this convinced Mr. Rich that he was actually talking with his friend, Newell.

"AN OCCULTIST'S TRAVELS"* is a remarkable rather an epoch-making book. Prof. Willy Reichel is an enthusiastic sight-seer, and has traversed France, England, Italy, Africa, America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Japan, China, the Philippines and Hawaiian Islands, but the main object of his travel was to search for occultists and occultism. Whenever he reached a place, his first enquiry was whether there was a medium or an occultist. The result is that he brings forward proofs of the truth of spiritualism which are overwhelming and absolutely conclusive.

He came across very wonderful mediums, but the most wonderful among them was Mr. C. V. Miller, whose portrait shews him to be a very good natured and simple minded man. This Miller is a materializing medium and with his help,

* "An Occultist's Travels" by Willy Reichel, Hon. Professor of Faculty of Magnetic Science of Paris; R. F. Fenno and Company, 18 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

the author, a German, had been able to converse with a dead German in Los Angeles. What better evidence could be given in proof of spiritualism than this that, when the author attended that materializing seance in Los Angeles, there came a friend, a German, whom he had known, and who had died in Germany now spoke to him in German while none present knew the language?

But the author saw even more wonderful manifestations of spirit power than the above. Here is an account of materialization described by the author :

"I will now briefly state what I experienced with Miller. I saw, by *an amply sufficient light*, while Miller was standing before the cabinet, *a fully developed spirit* come out from behind it, *go about nine feet*, to a lady sitting beside me, embrace and kiss her—*it was his mother*—and then watched Miller who—not in a trance—slowly followed him, as he took him by the hand and led him back to the curtain, where *he dematerialized before it.*"

Again, "I also saw *eight times* a gentleman *well known* to me in life, *ten feet away from the medium*, first approaching and sinking in front of me as a little *floating flame*, develop in perhaps a minute and a half, till he stood in his *full figure directly before my eyes*. He then held long conversations with me, drew back himself to the curtain, where I followed, and *dematerialized before my eyes, still talking until his head at last vanished.*"

"Who having had such an experience," exclaims the author, "could still doubt the truth of spiritualism?" But he

has something to say more of the spirit just mentioned. "This spirit," says he, "in his voice and his whole manner of speech was absolutely unmistakable! I asked him if he would be able to appear before me in the dress he was laid in his coffin, as a still more positive proof identity. He promised to do so, and the next day he appeared to me in the dress exactly as I had seen him in the coffin, his face without any covering."

He says further: "I saw with my own eyes little revolving flames, white, blue, and a wonderful light blue, from which voice spoke to me, giving their full names and those of friends and relatives, some sank, and quickly developed."

And again: "I saw my nephew Helmuth, who died in Berlin, August 31st, 1898, as a child four years old, float with his fair hair *out of the cabinet*, calling constantly: 'Uncle do you see me?' I saw him hovering about in the room a long time and then disappearing through the ceiling."

We agree with the author in the remark that, who having had such experience can any longer doubt? If he does, he is not a fair minded or a rational being.

MR. JAMES ROBERTSON'S delightful book called "Spiritualism: The Open Door to the Unseen Universe"* ought to be read by every one interested in the subject. Mr. Robertson, like most men, was a confirmed sceptic, but is now a believer — not a half-hearted believer like those prominent men who are ashamed to own that they have accepted Spiritualism but an

* L. N. Fowler and Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E. C. London; and Fowler and Wells Co., 24 East Twenty-second Street, New York.

enthusiastic one! In this book he records his own wonderful experiences. Indeed, he has seen spirits so thoroughly materialized as enabled them almost to walk with friends in the garden. The preface is written by Mr. J. J. Morse, editor of the *Two Worlds*, to whom spiritualism is so vastly indebted. The criticism of Mr. Robertson of the cowardice of those scientists who, for fear of losing caste, were not willing to see things which were placed before them, is amusing. Indeed, his indignation at the conduct of those who, instead of giving bread to the hungry people of this world, *viz.*, a belief in after-life, they gave to their fellows "subliminal" and "telepathy," knows no bounds. We shall quote here only one instance in point. Mr. Robertson thus speaks of that "unique character," Mr. Frank Podmore:—

"Mr. Frank Podmore, one of those strange freaks who crop up in human history, like the sages who will have it that the earth is a flat plane and not a globe. He stands alone, conscious of his marvellous vision, and as he hears of others yielding to the spiritual hypothesis, he becomes more and more convinced that there is but one sane man left and that his name is Podmore. There is no wisdom or insight anywhere but what is exhibited in his own marvellous personality. Nature formed but one such man, and then the mould got broken. According to him even his great hero, Sidgwick, was not altogether an ideal investigator. Nothing is of the least value but what receives his own approval. Professor Hyslop's report is so much colossal simplicity, and Podmore can only hold up his hands in amazement at such an exhibition. As for Dr. Hodgson, he had been so completely hypnotised by Mrs. Piper that he

lost his power of observation, or he would have protested against Hyslop's methods.

"Podmore stands forth proof against a mountain of facts, and can show to his own satisfaction that the mountain is only a bit of conjuring and mal-observation. Not the smallest piece of spiritual phenomena is allowed to pass through his sieve. However eminent and honest his *confreres* may be matters not—they are dupes, everyone of them. There never were raps heard under conditions where it was not possible for someone present to make them. Crookes might assert that he heard them, but he lacked hearing. Wallace was credulous, Myers without capacity, Hodgson hypnotised. In one man alone dwelt the insight to see that pure trickery was the sole origin of what been called spiritual phenomena. The Chinese in ancient times drew a map of the world, and outside their own dominions they marked 'inhabited by barbarians.' Mr. Podmore has consistently and practically said: 'I am the centre of intelligence and knowledge; outside me are only blindness and desert.' Has there ever been such an exhibition of cool egotism and audacity as this man's assertions against the judgment of many of the ablest men of the century? Can there be any wonder that this Society, which promised so much, has accomplished literally nothing, when it has been handicapped by the influence of a man who freezes up all phenomena, ignores all conditions, and casts aside as of no moment the experiences of hundreds of thoughtful and wise people? To meet records such as Spiritualism presents with contemptuous insinuations of credulity and dishonesty is scarcely what could have been expected from anyone claiming kinship with philosophy or science."

THE following occurs in a recent issue of *Reason* in an article in which Dr. T. A. Bland, M.D., of Chicago, has given some of his personal experiences :—

“In June, 1869, I had my first seance with a medium for independent slate-written spirit messages. This medium was an entire stranger, and I did not reveal my name or place of residence until after the sitting, in the course of which my mother wrote in her own hand this remarkable message :

“My darling son, ‘Tommie : I was glad to meet you in Deyton and give you the proof of continued life. You, my son, have had all the proof you need of the beautiful truth that we live after we die. But other members of our family have not your advantages. So, for their sake, I desire to give you another test ; one which will be a test to them, also. If you will go to any picture gallery in company with this lady (the medium) and sit for your picture with her, I will go with you and have my picture come on the same plate. As I left no likeness of myself, this will be proof to them that I still live.—Your Spirit Mother, Sarah A. Bland.’

“The medium, Mrs. K. and myself went at once to a photograph gallery, sat together for our pictures, in the ordinary way ; and to my great joy, and the profound astonishment of the artist, just above and between our faces the well-remembered face of my mother appeared. I recognized it perfectly, and it has been pronounced an excellent likeness of her by members of our family, and by personal friends who knew her well in earth-life.”

To the above the editor of *Reason* appends the following : “We have seen the picture referred to, and believe that Dr. Bland’s statement is in every way trustworthy.”

THE
Hindu Spiritual Magazine.

—:-(X):—

EDITED BY

Shishir Kumar Ghose.

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THE ORIGIN OF THEOSOPHY
IN INDIA—III.

—:-(X):—

THE Colonel had described to me the wonders done by the Mahatmas through Madame. One was done in my presence. A young Parsee—of whom I spoke before, his name, I believe, was Sreebhoy or something like it,—came there every evening. He came one evening as usual from his place of business to Madame, where I and Colonel were sitting. Sreebhoy sat, Madame approached him, stood behind and touched his cap, and observed, "is it the custom here to wear two caps one upon the other?"

We could not understand the object of this remark. Madame took up a cap from his head and another

mained! The two caps were exactly alike. Sreebhoy felt astonished and said, "how is this? I wore only one cap!" And Colonel laughed outright and addressed me. "Shishir, here you see duplication! Sreebhoy had one cap, Madame created another by her mere touch."

Of course this was a wonderful feat, a most wonderful one. Yet men are naturally very sceptical in such matters. The impossible nature of the feat made me also very sceptical, though, of course, I was disposed to believe as I could not detect any trickery. But still I could not, at the same time, make myself sure of it. It was evening, the light was dim. I thought that perhaps Madame had kept one cap concealed in her hands. On the other hand, if that were the case, how could she know the nature of the cap that Sreebhoy would wear, for they two were exactly alike. Is it possible that Madame had seen the cap which Sreebhoy usually wore, and had procured one exactly like that, and then, by a sleight of hand, placed it upon his head? Or is Sreebhoy an accomplice, and he had put two caps on his head and come so as to enable Madame to perform this feat? But then Sreebhoy was devotedly attached to Madame, why would he be so devotedly attached to one who was a fraud? All these thoughts came into my mind, in spite of myself, probably because, as I said, the feat performed was seemingly impossible.

The Colonel had shewn me one day a handful of beautiful glossy black hair, which add so much to the beauty of Eastern women. He told me that Madame, one day, had plucked the hair from her hoary head, and then they were, by an occult process, immediately changed into glossy black ones. This was also an equally wonderful feat. I spoke

to Madame of this feat and requested her to give me some, so that I could shew them to my friends in Calcutta. She said, "she could not promise. The Masters (Mahatmas) could do it, I must shew them first that you deserve to see such a phenomenon."

We heard in the afternoon that Louis Cavagnari, in charge of the Political mission to Cabul, and party had been massacred. Madame immediately took a looking glass, placed one edge of it on her throat and began to see something. "What are you doing?" I asked. She said, she was seeing how many had been killed. Here was then a wonderful looking glass, by gazing at which one could acquire clairvoyant powers. About an hour after this, it was then evening, we were all in Madame's sitting room. I asked Madame to give me the looking glass, which she had, or to give me another with similar virtues. No sooner had I said this than she showed excitement and said, addressing the Colonel, "Olcott talk, talk loudly, I am coming." Saying this she hastened to the adjoining room for a moment where she slept at night, and returned immediately and handed me a looking glass, while the one with which, she alleged, she had seen the Cabul affair was in her breast pocket. Here was another duplication. But to my shame I must confess this phenomenon too did not seem to me to be above suspicion. She had the looking glass in her breast pocket we all knew; we saw she presented me with another just like it. But why did she go to her bed chamber at all? Her excuse was that she could not perform the feat when all eyes were upon her.

As a matter of fact, this looking glass remained with me

for a considerable time. I made several attempts to develop my clairvoyant powers with its help, but could not.

She perceived, shrewd as she was, that my scepticism remained, and this rendered her, now and then, savage towards me. For she, be it known, though the most generous of souls, could also be the pettiest of the petty. The Colonel complained to me that though he owed everything to Madame, she, now and then, treated him most cruelly. He suffered all that because he knew that she was really a good soul, but had a very fitful and bad temper.

One night, instead of going to bed, (Madame slept very little), she, Olcott and myself were having a talk in that house which was not used, and of which I had spoken before, and in which I slept. Madame was explaining to us the Hindu theory of Evolution. She said Darwin had only a glimpse of that theory. In this manner, she talked for about an hour and both myself and Olcott were enthralled. She then seemed to me a goddess, more than a human being. It seemed that she knew all the secrets of the creation. She began to talk what had happened five millions of years ago and what would happen five millions of years hence. She was assuredly then under the influence of a Hindu saint or Rishī. I said: "Enough! Enough! My poor brain is not strong enough to assimilate such deep mysteries." She was gratified and said that she was only a humble vehicle through whom the Masters spoke now and then, "May my Master bless you." I rose and asked for the black glossy hair, such as she had plucked from her head and given to the Colonel. "Do you want it?" said she. "Then take it," saying this she plucked from her

hoary head like that of an old woman, a handful of black ones just like those she had given to the Colonel. No sooner had she made over the hair to me, than her alleged Elementals began to manipulate the musical bells. These sweet-sounding bells were incontestable proofs of the super-normal powers of Madame. She began to move her fingers and the sounds, it seemed, followed the movements. She then said "enough," and the sounds ceased.

Shortly after this, there was a proposal of starting a journal dealing with Theosophy. We three had serious talks on the subject. Madame proposed to introduce History as a subject, for, said she, she had a contributor well-versed in that subject. But I strongly objected and the point was yielded to me. The *Theosophist* was thus started. When it came out, I had left Bombay.

Myself and Colonel were fast friends, but Madame was suspicious and that rightly. I could not accept all her theories. I could see that she was a psychic, the musical bells and her discourse on the Evolution theory proved it incontestably. She had another occult power which she could shew always. If she gave a stroke with her finger, it was immediately followed by a rap! This, though a very simple affair, was yet supernormal, for you or I cannot do it. Fancy, all her finger strokes were responded to by another invisible agent!

What, however, really made me uneasy was her attitude towards spiritualism, and her belief in the theory of re-birth. We have quoted the phenomena that the Colonel described which he had seen at the Eddy Brothers'. I asked him to explain them to which he had testified, without accepting

the spiritual theory, if he could. When I taxed him with inconsistency and that before Madame, he felt very uncomfortable. He said: "I have no doubts about the phenomena I witnessed, but I do not now attribute them to spirits as I did before."

Myself. "To what do you then attribute them?"

Colonel. "To Elementals."

Myself. "But these Elementals themselves say that they are spirits."

Col. "Yes, but they speak lies."

Myself. "But how am I to know that these are Elementals at all?"

Of course this the Colonel could not prove. And then I very seriously observed to Madame, that her theory of re-birth would make Theosophy unacceptable to the vast majority of mankind.

"Why?" asked she.

Myself. "Between Theosophy and Spiritualism most men will prefer the latter."

Madame. "Why?"

Myself. "What men fear most is death and to avoid which they will sacrifice everything. Spiritualism removes this fear of death, and Theosophy increases it."

Madame. "Why, we do not believe in the annihilation of souls. We say that the soul lives after death."

Myself—"Let me explain. Why do men fear death? It is because they fear that, by the change, what is called death, they will lose their identity. If they knew for certain that, after death, they would remain just the same they were on earth, men would not fear death at all. The spiritualist says

that John, after death, will remain John, and will live in the after world with his dear ones. Such a philosophy not only removes the fear of death, but also the pangs of bereavement. But the theory of re-birth says that John, after death, will be James, and this means that, as far as John is concerned he will be annihilated, and thus he will lose all his dear ones, wife, children, and all. This is a dreary doctrine, and, I fear, it is this doctrine, if tacked to Theosophy, will make your which movement unpopular and unattractive."

Madame was, I saw, getting angry but I thought I must make a final effort to induce her to give up this dreadful theory of re-birth.

Madame. "Fie! you a Hindu and don't believe in the theory of re-birth which marks out Hinduism from every other religion?"

Myself. "This theory of re-birth is not of Hindu but of Buddhistic origin. I admit that it has been accepted by the latter day Hindus generally, but this because they know not what Hinduism really preaches."

Madame. "What is it?"

Myself. "There is a Shastric injunction to the effect, that when the Smritis and Puranas disagree, we must accept the ruling of the former and reject that of the latter, and when the Smritis and Vedas disagree we must reject the former and accept the latter. Indeed, the Vedas are supreme in India; no Hindu can go against their doctrines and the Vedas not only ignore re-birth, but proclaim the spiritual theory in unmistakable terms. Indeed, the Vedas say that men live for ever and ever in the spirit world after death with their dear ones. Spiritualism teaches the same thing."

Madame. "But where is your authority for what the Vedas say?"

I told her that I could not quote the text from memory, but Madame might rest assured that what I said was strictly true.

I saw Madame was losing temper and finally she lost it completely. I tried to pacify her; I told that even if she rejected re-birth, Theosophy would immortalize her name and create a revolution in human thought, for it taught the existence of Mahatmas which was not known previously, and it taught that there was such a science as yoga, by practising which a man could make himself, in power and capacity, like a god. But Madame was not to be so easily appeased.

I remained for about three weeks with Madame and Colonel, and the above conversation took place only about two days before my departure. These two days Madame was so angry that she did not deign to speak with me. The day, rather the moment of my departure, arrived and I went to take leave of Madame. I knelt before her and with folded hands addressed her thus: "Mother, forgive me; nay, not only forgive me, but also bless me. For lucky individuals like you are born only to bless." When I addressed the above I was myself deeply affected, and what did Madame do? She burst into tears; laid her hand upon my head and said "may Heaven shower His choicest blessings upon you."

Thus we parted. What I said came to pass; Theosophy became unpopular and Madame lost her temper. She at last almost gave up her theory of re-birth. During the last

days of her life, she repented her theories and wrote the following characteristic letter to General Lippitt :—

“Why some spiritualists should pounce upon me in the way they do I cannot realise ? From the beginning I have never been other than a true friend of all the genuine mediums. I believe in their facts of mediumship and I have ever given them money, even when I would have none left for myself after. Is this hatred because I deny being a medium myself? But why should I lie? Why should I—whatever I was in girlhood—knowing that I now possess *none* of the wellknown characteristics of a medium, call myself one? Were I to do so, I might cheat hundreds, in the most transparent way, and for money R . . . would be the first to fight tooth and nail for me! But I am not one. I am not negative, nor was I ever controlled *as they are*. And, I know, if I know anything in this world, and am not unconsciously to myself *insane*, that apart from human spirits (those unable to get rid of the earth’s atmosphere—the elementary) there are thousands of other unseen forces and semi-intelligent powers and invisible beings, which produce most of the phenomena ; I do believe that some, perhaps many, human individualities survive after death (certainly not all), and I firmly believe that for a short time after the death of the body, an intense feeling of love or of hatred can cause the *will* of these ‘individualities’ to clothe itself in its scin-læca or spiritual *double* of the body that was ; and that that double lingers about its familiar places for a while until the final disintegration of its objective particles (those having the possibility of being perceived), when only the purely spiritual or rather subjective ones remain

forever impressed in 'the Ether—that picture gallery from which nothing in our planetary system ever disappears ! What I, with other theosophists, fight against is simply the often absurd theories raised into dogmas, expounded by, and believed in by such rabid asses as R . . . That theory is that human spirits produce the phenomena and that all men —materialists strongly opposed to survival after death, as well as those who have craved for future life, and even little children who die before they know what life or death means—even the stillborn —become denizens of the 'Summer Land' and all of them return ! My dear General, I never went against *Spiritualism proper*."

So Madame believes that "many survive after death (certainly not all)" and in the above view we agree. Alas ! if Madame had admitted all the above before, Theosophy would have stormed the world.

THE JEALOUSY OF A SPIRIT WIFE



WHEN the spirits first rapped in America in 1848, the Fox girls perceived that the sounds were controlled by intelligent forces. And it is, in this manner, the fact was made known that men lived after death, and that the dead could communicate with men below. Is it possible that the spirits rapped in the presence of the Fox girls for the first time and that they had never done such things before? It is almost certain that they rapped before 1848, but none took any notice of such manifestations, and this because they did not understand the supreme significance of these almost inaudible sounds.

In the same manner, "possessions" conclusively prove life after death, and the possibility of the dead to communicate with men on earth. These cases occur everywhere in the world, in India and elsewhere, and at all times, indeed there is scarcely a village here which cannot boast of a case of possession. But still these cases created only local and temporary interest. When a spirit possesses a man or a woman, exorcists are brought to expel the evil influence. When this has been accomplished the manifestations are forgotten. And why? Because nobody realizes the supreme significance that underlies the matter.

Said a great philosopher in England, "spiritualism did not interest him!" What interested him then? Is not the question, whether men lived after death, more important than every other thing which can affect humanity? It is even more important than the question whether there is a God or not. For if there is no next world the importance of God at once ceases.

We say possession cases prove conclusively the truth of spiritualism. In such cases the spirit takes absolute control of the medium, so that the latter forgets himself, and personates the spirit that possesses him. The evil spirit, when urged, generally discloses his or her name, and in genuine cases, the earth-bounds very easily succeed in establishing their identity. Thus A possesses B. B, when possessed by A, ceases to be himself and personates A.

The earth-bound at first refuses to disclose his name. When, however, he has done this, the spirit is asked: "Why have you become earth-bound?" The answer is that he died a violent death, or that he committed a dreadful sin. In India it is believed that violent deaths make the spirits earth-bound. The belief amongst Hindus is that a certain ceremony (*pinda*) in Gya, liberates the earth-bound soul and enables it to rise in the other world.

To the question, why you possessed the medium, a Hindu earth-bound will say that he did it only to secure a *pinda* in Gya. He will entreat those present to help him and earn the reward of a meritorious act. He will tell you that he had no desire to open communication with men of the earth and disclose to his friends his wretched condition. But he found that to release himself from the weight which

fastens him to earth, he must have the benefit of a *pinda*, and so he possessed his medium to secure that end.

As we said such cases occur frequently, but does any one realize its importance? Very few do it, or for the matter of that, none does it. In short, these possession cases, with which most of us are familiar, prove that men live after death and that some secure a better place in the other world, while others are not so fortunate and that these dead men can communicate with their fellows on earth. And the object of spiritualism is to prove only the three propositions laid down above.

In the Town of B—, in the United Provinces, India, Srijut A— served as a clerk in a Government office. Once coming back to his house he found that his wife had fled. On enquiry he learnt, that she had fled to her father's who was a railway station master. Srijut A—, thereupon, wrote to his father-in-law that he would never go to bring a wife back who was so wilful. The wife would have come back herself but she was afraid. Thus a year passed and then A—'s mother persuaded him to marry again. When the first wife heard this, she found that she had gone too far and she came back to her husband and craved for forgiveness. This was accorded to her and she remained with her husband as before. A little while after, she was found to be in the family way. But she died in child-birth, though Srijut A— had brought first class medical men at great cost to save her life. A dead child was found in her womb and there the matter ended.

Soon after this, the mother of A—, one day, saw the shade of her daughter-in-law moving about in the house. These

visits were repeated and the mother got used to them. She was of an irritable temper, and earth-bound souls are never given a cordial welcome in this country. She, therefore, began to use abusive language towards her daughter-in-law. Finally the earth-bound daughter-in-law took possession of the other wife of Srijut A— and opened communication with her mother-in-law and husband. The second wife would lose consciousness and then address either her mother-in-law or her husband, and sometimes the medium herself, in the name of the dead wife. In this manner, she used most filthy language toward her mother-in-law, though she did not entertain so much bitter feeling against her husband. She would say, through the medium, that she had been and was the mistress of the household, though a rival had been brought to supplant her. For this she would give them a lesson, and, true to her word, she became very mischievous. She began to spirit away money and eatables. She would destroy clothing and tear them to pieces and sometimes reduce them to ashes by applying fire.

Here is a funny incident. They had prepared *khitchry* (rice and *dal* mixed) and the plate with the food disappeared. They made a close search but could not find it, so they had to procure eatables from the bazar to break their fast. A little after, they saw a large number of crows on the terrace making a good deal of noise. In short, they found the plate on the terrace and the crows feeding on the *khitchry*. Srijut A—, who had gone to see why the crows had assembled in such numbers, explained the reason. Immediately the second wife, the medium, was influenced, and the dead wife spoke through her to the effect that "she had invited the

crows and they must not remain hungry." So she mixed humor with her mischievousness.

It was seen that she could handle heavy things. As for instance, she took up a heavy iron instrument with which she, one day, began to belabour the medium, and her shrieks brought immediate help. What they saw was that some invisible agent was belabouring the second wife with the iron instrument. When others appeared the spirit ceased, and the instrument dropped.

This sort of persecution continued for several years, and at last, in despair, A— was induced to appeal to us for help.

From the account we received, of her sayings and doings, it appeared to us that she was not altogether a bad woman, and kind treatment had always a soothing influence upon her. So we advised the husband to try to appease her by kind words. The husband tried this method. When the spirit next announced herself, through the medium, the husband appealed to her better nature. He said :—

"I married again because you forsook me. And now, though you are dead, you are still my wife as before. Why should you forget all your previous love for me and turn an enemy, for I am not only your husband but also innocent?"

Before this the husband had, on certain occasions, taken her side against his mother. In short, if the spirit abused the mother, the mother, on her part, paid her with compound interest. The husband, on some occasions, blamed his mother for treating the poor woman, who was at one time her daughter, in this rude manner. The husband reminded her of this fact and continued : "You have become earth-bound

for your sins. The best course for you now is to reform yourself, but by the method you have adopted of tormenting me, your mother-in-law and my second wife, you are only injuring yourself."

The appeal had a soothing effect upon her. She replied : "I know that I injure myself by trying to injure you ; I feel that very well. But you try my temper very much and I forget myself. You know I was never a woman distinguished for gentleness. You do treat me well, and I promise I shall cease to torment you." So this was the compact made between the spirit and her relations on earth.

Let us enumerate some other mischievous tricks that she had played on her husband and his family.

(1) She slowed the clock that her husband might be led to go to office late and receive a scolding from his superiors.

(2) When the wife received any letter, sealed though it was, the spirit would tell her that A—, her husband, had opened it in office, suspecting her fidelity.

(3) She would spirit away silver coins and when a hue and cry was raised after it, she would throw them from the skies or the ceiling.

(4) The second wife has three children, and she would frighten them in various ways. As for instance, she would appear before them in hideous shapes. When this was done the children would shriek in terror, and explain that they had seen frightful sights.

Well, as we said before, the appeal had a beneficial effect upon her. A truce was made ; she was told to live in the family, just as she was before, and she promised, on her part, to behave better. As a matter of fact, though she is now constantly present, she does not cause any disturbance.

MODERN HISTORY OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM AND MESMERISM.



THE terms, Animal Magnetism, Electro-Biology, Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, Odylic or Odic force and Hypnotism, have been used to designate peculiar nervous conditions in which the mind and body of an individual were supposed to be influenced by a mysterious force emanating from another person.

With the exception of Mesmerism, a name given to the phenomena in honor of F. A. Mesmer, each of these terms implies a theory. Thus the phenomena of Animal Magnetism were supposed to be due to some kind of magnetic force or influence peculiar to living beings and analogous to the action of a magnet upon steel or certain metals; Electro-Biology, referred the phenomena to the action of electrical currents generated in the living body and capable of influencing electrically the bodies of others; Clairvoyance implies power of mental hearing or of a mental production of other sensations by which the individual became aware of events happening in another and a more remote part of the world from where he was, or could tell of the existence of objects which could not affect at the time any of the bodily senses; Odylic force is a term given to a force of mysterious

character by which all the phenomena of Animal Magnetism might be accounted for and Hypnotism, from a Greek word meaning sleep, is a name applied to a condition artificially produced in which the person was apparently asleep and yet acted in obedience to the will of the operator as regards both motion and sensation.

From a remote period the apparent power of influencing the mind and bodies of others had attracted much attention and was eagerly sought after for purposes of gain or from a love of the marvellous or for the cure of diseases. These phenomena were not investigated in a scientific spirit and quacks and charlatans have thrown much discredit on a department of the physiology of man of the deepest interest.

Physiologists and physicians have set about investigating the subject quite recently in a manner as to bring it into a domain of exact science thus helping to dispel the idea that the phenomena are due either to any occult force or supernatural agency.

In all ages diseases were alleged to be affected by the touch with the hand of a certain person supposed to communicate healing virtues to the sufferer. Among the Chaldeans, the Babylonians, the Persians, the Hindoos, the Egyptians, the Greeks and the Romans, many of the priest-effected cures or threw people into deep sleeps otherwise producing effects like those now referred to Animal Magnetism. Such influences were held to be supernatural.

In the middle of the 17th century, several persons appeared in England professing to cure diseases by stroking with the hand. Notable among these was Valentine Greatrakes of Affane in the county of Waterford, Ireland, who

attracted great attention in England by his supposed power of curing the king's evil or scrofula. These cures were witnessed and attested to by many of the distinguished scientists and theologians of the day such as Robert Boyle and R. Cudworth.

These marvellous phenomena implying a mysterious and supernatural power take so firm a hold on the imagination that belief in them breaks out now and again with all the intensity of an epidemic.

A. F. Anton Mesmer was born at Weil, near Rhine, on May 23rd, 1733. He studied medicine at Vienna under eminent masters like Van Swieten and De Haen, took a degree and commenced practice. Mesmer took an interest in Astrology and imagined that the stars exerted an influence on beings living on the earth. The supposed force was first identified by Mesmer with electricity and then with magnetism; next it was supposed that stroking diseased bodies with magnets might effect a cure. He published his first work (*De Planetarum Influxu*) in 1766. Ten years later he met with Gassner, in Switzerland, who effected cures without the use of magnets by manipulation alone. This Joseph Gassner flourished about the middle of the 18th century. He was a Roman Catholic priest in Swabia and held that the majority of diseases arose from demoniacal possession and could only be cured by exorcism. He had an extraordinary influence over the nervous system of his patients and he believed his power to be altogether supernatural and connected with religion. Mesmer was gradually led to discard the magnets and to suppose that some kind of occult force resided in himself by which he could influence others. He

held that this force permeated the universe and more specially affected the nervous system of men. On his removal to Paris in 1778, the French Capital was thrown into a state of great excitement by the marvellous effects of Mesmerism. He was stigmatized by the medical faculty of Paris as a charlatan but he made many converts and the people still crowded to him. He refused an offer of a large sum from the Government for the disclosure of his secret. He received private reward of large sums of money. He appreciated the effect of mysterious surroundings on the imagination of his patients and had his consulting apartments dimly lighted and hung with mirrors; the profound silence was broken occasionally with strains of soft music; odours were wafted through the room and he made his patients sit round a kind of vat in which various chemical ingredients were concocted or simmered over a fire. •

The patients sat in expectancy holding each others' hands or joined by cords and then Mesmer dressed as a magician glided amongst them affecting one by a touch, another by a look and making passes with his hand towards the third. Various effects were produced but all were held to be salutary. Nervous ladies became hysterical or fainted; men were seized with palpitations of hearts or other bodily disturbances and some became convulsed. A commission of physicians and members of the Academy of the Sciences, was appointed by the Government to investigate the phenomena; Franklin and Baillie were members of this commission; they drew up an elaborate report admitting many of the facts but contesting Mesmer's theory that there was an agent called Animal Magnetism and they attributed the effects to physiological

causes. Mesmer was undoubtedly a mystic and he was honest in the belief that the phenomena produced were real and called for further investigations.

Animal Magnetism fell into disrepute for a time, it became a system of downright jugglery and Mesmer himself was denounced as an empiric and impostor. He withdrew from Paris and died at Meersburg in Switzerland on 5th March 1815. Of his many disciples the most distinguished was Marquis de Puységur. This noble man revolutionized the art of Mesmerism by showing that many of the phenomena might be produced by gentle manipulation causing sleep and without the mysterious surroundings and violent means resorted to by Mesmer. The gentler method was followed successfully by Deleuze, Bertrand, Georget, Rostan and Foissac in France and by Dr. John Elliotson in England upto about 1830.

It was announced by one Baron Von Reichenbach in 1845 of a so-called new "imponderable" or "influence" developed by certain crystals, magnets, the human body, associated with heat, chemical action, or electricity and existing throughout the universe to which he gave the name of Odyl. Luminous phenomena near the poles of magnets or even around the hands and heads of certain persons were observed in whose bodies the force was supposed to be concentrated. A translation in 1850 of Reichenbach's "researches on magnetism etc., in relation to vital force" by Dr. Gregory, professor of chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, gave a new impetus in Britain to this view of the subject. These researches show many of the phenomena to be of the same nature as those described previously by Mesmer and long

before Mesmer's time by Swedenborg. Scientific men, having a mental bias for mysticism, have always given countenance to the existence of some such force.

The next great step in the investigation of the phenomena was made by James Braid, a surgeon in Manchester, who began the study of magnetism or mesmerism in 1841. This led him to the discovery that he could artificially produce "a peculiar condition of the nervous system, induced by a fixed and abstracted attention of the mental and visual eye on one object not of an exciting nature." To this condition he gave the name of Neuro-Hypnotism i. e. *nerve sleep*. For the sake of brevity "neuro" was suppressed and "hypnotism" came into general use. Braid read a paper at a meeting of the British Association in Manchester, on the 29th June 1842, entitled "Practical Essay on the Curative Agency of Neuro-Hypnotism" and he published in 1843 his work entitled, "the rationale of nervous sleep considered in relation with Animal Magnetism" illustrating cases of its successful application in the relief and cure of diseases. Braid was undoubtedly the first to investigate the subject in a scientific way, and to attempt to give a physiological explanation. In this he was much aided by the Physiologist Herbert Mayo and also by Dr. William B. Carpenter. The latter was the first to recognise the value of Braid's researches as bearing on the theory of the reflex action of the ganglia at the base of the brain and of the cerebrum itself with which Dr. Carpenter's own name is associated.

The subject, however, has recently been re-investigated by Professor Weinhold of Chemnitz and more particularly by

Dr. Rudolf Heidenhain, Professor of Physiology in the University of Breslau, who has published a small but interesting treatise on Animal Magnetism. In this work, Heidenhain has attempted to explain most of the phenomena by the physiological doctrine of inhibitory nervous action as will be shown hereafter.

(To be continued.)

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TANTRAS AND THE TANTRIKS.

—(X)—

Chapter—IX.

A FEMALE TANTRIK AND HER AERIAL CAR.

MANY years ago, during my travels in the United Provinces of India, I was very kindly entertained by a Hindoo Tahsildar, at Hariadah, in the District of Jaunpore. According to the old rules, the Tahsildar was vested with the powers of a second class Munsiff and of a second grade Magistrate. The gentleman was all attention to me, and I was obliged, for some reasons or other, to put up with him at his bungalow in Hariadah for about twenty days.

One morning, it so happened that the Sub-Inspector of the local Police Station, accompanied by a Head Constable, came to the Tahsildar and reported to him to the effect that there had come a woman in the town, clad in rags and cast-off clothes, who would neither sleep nor talk. Her name was not known to any mortal man, and nobody could give any information about her movements. She apparently had no home nor caste nor any particular religion. The Head Constable swore solemnly that the woman was insane, and she was never found to buy or to beg or to enter into the house of any man. Whatever was given to her to eat, she cheerfully accepted and swallowed it up.

The little naughty children of the streets pelted stones at her and she ran away with peals of laughter. The Sub-Inspector remarked that it would be better to arrest her and send her to the Lunatic Asylum at Allahabad.

The Tahsildar was a man of a religious turn of mind ; he was almost a devotee of the first order. He asked, with a peculiar voice, if the woman had created a breach of the peace or disturbance at any public place. The Police said : "She is calm and quiet, and no nuisance at all, but whoever or whatever she may be, it is not proper to allow a strange and suspicious character who cannot give a satisfactory account of herself, and who seems to have no ostensible means of livelihood, to loiter about in the town days and nights. She has committed no crime, but as she seems to be a lunatic, she ought to be kept under Police surveillance." The Tahsildar said : "I know many men and women, whom the world believes to be insane, are, in fact, great *mahatmas*. It is not proper to arrest a person until he or she proves by his or her conduct that the Police is justified in doing so. Many great saints wander under a disguise and many a time we entertain hospitably or turn out scornfully these angels unawares. I do not know if this woman is a member of a particular religious order. However, I will take a few days' time to pass an order on the matter. It is always better to pass an official order with great care and caution." When the Tahsildar had finished, the Police went away, and nobody talked about the woman any more.

Two or three days hence, I went to bathe, as usual, in a pond on the other side of the town of Hariadah. On my way back, I saw the woman standing under a large tree

near the banks. Her face was shining like that of an angel, and her two eyes were as bright as a couple of valuable jewels. There was a heavenly light in her face. Indeed, she seemed quite different from ordinary run of women and appeared to be a personality not of this world. Her gestures and other peculiarities enabled me to understand in no time that she was a great *Yogin* and that she was the lady whom the semi-educated Policemen reported against to the Tahsildar. I had some fruits with me which I had plucked from a tree. The *Yogin* kindly accepted and ate them, but she did not utter a word. I asked the woman most humbly and respectfully if she would be willing to accompany me to the Tahsildar's place and put up there for a few days. She smiled and made a peculiar sign by which I understood that she had to go to a village near Hariadah. I left the place and came straight to the Tahsildar whom I told that the woman was a pious ascetic and she belonged to the order of the *Sanyasin*. The Tahsildar expressed great delight over this information, and thanked God that he had not permitted the Police to arrest and confine her.

A few days after my visit to the *Yogin*, I told the Tahsildar that a grand *meḷa* (religious fair) would be held on the sacred banks of the Ganges at Allahabad. I expressed a desire to proceed to the assemblage of the holy men as soon as I could. The Tahsildar promised to make the necessary arrangements for my departure. He said there were Police outposts and Chowkees on the road between Hariadah and Allahabad, otherwise called Prāyag Ksetra, and the length of the road was over forty-five miles or thereabouts. A carriage drawn by a pair of strong and swift horses would

convey the passengers from Hariadah to the Ganges bank near Allahabad in fourteen or fifteen hours, provided jaded ones were replaced by fresh horses on the way. The Tahsildar, who was exceedingly kind to me, had sent a *Purwana* beforehand to the headmen of the Chowkees on the road to render help to me and the coachman when needed.

A couple of days later, I got one morning into the phaeton of the Tahsildar to which a pair of excellent horses was harnessed and an able coachman employed. We prepared ourselves for the journey and everything got ready for the long drive. Just about the time of departure, I saw the aforesaid *yogin* moving leisurely on a grassy plot of land in front of the Tahsildar's bungalow. I at once pointed out her to the Tahsildar and told him that she was the woman against whom the Sub-Inspector of Police had reported to him. The saintly Tahsildar bowed before her, and then, putting his two hands over her feet, said with great submission that he considered himself highly favoured by her sudden and unexpected advent to his bungalow. He then gave her milk to drink and some fruits to eat. On being questioned by the Tahsildar if she would like to put up at his bungalow, she asked for a slate and a pencil by signs. When a slate and a pencil were brought she wrote in the Sanskrit language: "I am sorry I can not put up with you, because I will leave Hariadah to-day for a distant place." I asked her if she would like to go to Allahabad in order to be present at the sacred gathering of the holy men. She again wrote on the slate: "I will meet you at the *Mela*." When I and the Tahsildar and some other gentlemen were reading the writing on the slate which was in Devanagri charac-

ter, behold! the *yogin* disappeared in a second, and nowhere could she be found. How she made herself invisible in the twinkling of an eye, we could not discover.

However, I got into the Tahsildar's phaeton and drove towards the banks of the holy Ganges at Allahabad. There were only three in the carriage, myself, the coachman and a grass-cutter, and the horses being strong we sped along very fast. In fact, we experienced no difficulty in driving along the road, although it was lengthy and the journey tiresome. We were, of course, obliged to change horses at almost every Chowkee or Police out-post.

When we were driving, we did not see a single cart, carriage, palanquin or any other sort of conveyance, nor were there any animals with riders on back. We did not see any conveyance of any sort whatever passing through the road from or to Hariadah. The road through which we passed is not always used by travellers or the local people, for there is another road more convenient for passengers on foot, but ours was better for those who drove in carriages. There were, therefore, only a few men and women seen on the road travelled by us.

I arrived at the Joshi banks of the Holy Ganges down the city of Allahabad at about 10-45 P. M. (night), when I alighted from the carriage and dismissed the coachman and the grass-cutter with it. The two men took leave of me and I began to move towards the landing ghat of the river in order to speak to a boatman to take me to the other side so that I might reach Allahabad in half an hour or thereabouts. No sooner had I gone a few feet forward than the coachman began to shout with a loud voice:

“*Gajab Hai, Gajab Hai*” which means “wonder of wonders,” “wonder of wonders.” I turned my face and asked him if he had seen a strange apparition or a giant of the days of Nimrod. He implored me to come close to him at once and I went running and stood before him. The coachman said: “Behold, sir, the woman whom we saw this morning in front of the Tahsildar’s bungalow at Hariadah is now here! She is standing under yonder tree.” I looked towards the tree and saw the *yogin* standing there with a smile in her face! There was a shop close by the tree. I asked the shopkeeper if he knew anything about the woman. The shopkeeper spoke to me rather angrily. He said there was no use of inquiring much about a dirty and ragged woman who appeared to be a lunatic. He would, he said, gain more by selling the commodities in his shop to his customers rather than by speaking to a nasty creature who was deaf, dumb and perhaps mad. This man concluded by saying that he had seen her walking near his shop at about 3 P. M. (the same afternoon). Another shopkeeper told me that he would be the last man on earth to waste energy and time over the movements of an insane woman of no importance, but he had seen the woman, he said, walking and remaining by the side of a well at 2 P. M., on the same day. Poor men! I pity ye for ye know not what a precious jewel ye have failed to recognize. •

I came running to the *yogin* and saluted her, as usual. To cut short, I compelled her to speak to me in Hindustani which was her mother tongue. After a short conversation, when I asked her how could she come so soon from Hariadah to Joṣhi banks, she at first burst into a fit of

laughter. Then she began to sing and the melody of her song carried me away. I asked: "The birds even have to take rest after flying for a long time, and they too cannot come so shortly, from Hariadah to Allahabad. You seem to have come to the banks of the river within a time which is beyond the power of a human being." She answered thus: "The fact is you have come here in a wooden carriage, and I have come in a carriage which you may call the *Aerial Car*. It is swifter than the wind. The carriage of my mind is drawn by a pair of most swift and powerful horses—the one of which is called WILL and the other GRACE. The Will-Force must run along with the Grace of God, without which the power of WILL will succumb without doubt." I said: "I understand you thoroughly, but how can a man attain to this supernatural power?" She said: "It is not a child's doll that one can buy it with money, neither is it a knowledge of theory that one may learn in a school or at a lecture hall. This wonderful power, which is latent in every man and woman, requires to be cultured and this culture is called *Sadhan* which is not the work of a day or of a week. Every man's mind is just like a fertile field; he who cultivates reaps harvest in abundance and enjoys it with great glee."

An old man who was overhearing us from a little distance said that it was good to remain absolutely blind than to see nothing with having two eyes wide open. He sang as he went on, and his nice little song meant this: "God has given us eyes but we do not know how to open them and see the universe." It is Tantrism that aims at opening our spiritual eyes and enabling us to look into the things as they are.

DHARMANANDA MAHAVARATI.

THE EXPLORATION OF THE OTHER WORLD.

—————:-(x):—————

[By the courtesy of the illustrious writer, we are enabled to publish an article, Mr. W. T. Stead has written for the *Fortnightly Review*, of which he has favoured us with an advance copy. It will be seen that it relates to a scheme organized by Mr. Stead, than whom a more capable man cannot be found in the whole wide world, considering the colossal nature of the project. If successful it will stir every spot inhabited by man. It is a matter which is, far and away, the most important that can be conceived and we hope nothing will be wanting on the part of those, who really feel the momentous nature of the project, to offer hearty co-operation and help to Mr. Stead in his noble endeavour.]

In the January number of the *Fortnightly Review* I stated some of the facts which justified me in asserting that I know the dead return. Those, who read that article will not be surprised to hear that as the natural and logical corollary of that conviction I have opened an office for the purpose of facilitating communications between those who love each other, but who are temporarily divided by the grave.

This duty has long been pressed upon me. I have hitherto postponed attempting to discharge it for many reasons, some of which no longer exist. I dare no longer delay

making experiment in order to settle in simple practical fashion, whether or not those who, from the other side assure us that such communications can be established between their world and ours, can make good their promises.

On the 24th of April I opened a Bureau in London for the purpose of attempting to bridge the abyss between the Two Worlds. It is now established in my old office at Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, London, and is under the direct control of the Friend on the Other Side who, for the last fifteen years, has been urging me to allow her the opportunity of making good her words.

Those to whom the conception of the close and constant communication between the incarnate and discarnate halves of the human race is new and strange will naturally regard this announcement with amazement. But to those who know that such communications do take place, the creating of such a Bureau will seem so obvious and proper that the only ground for amazement will be that it had not been established fifty years since.

The experiment, of course, may fail. But it would be both cowardly and inconsequent not to put the matter to the proof. Before entering into detail as to the working of the Bureau, I will set forth the general scheme of Exploration in which it will be an integral if not a fundamental factor.

I.—*The Land to be Explored.*

In his latest book, *The coming Science*, Mr. Herbert Carington says :—

“There is no more fascinating field than the Borderland of the Unknown, the dim, obscure region that lies between mind and matter. The

phenomena presented for our consideration are the most vital that can ever be discussed, while the immense significance of their interpretation must be apparent to all who think and reflect at all Upon the outcome of this investigation may be said to hang the whole future spiritual evolution of the race."

Mr. Carrington does not exaggerate the importance of the coming science, the Science of the Coming Century.

But while the exploration of the barren, uninhabited, and remote regions that lie around the Arctic and Antarctic poles has attracted and continues to attract the fascinated interest of mankind, how few, how fitful the endeavours, and how meagre the resources of those who seek to explore the mysterious realm that is so near and yet so far that lies on the other side of Death! I am, however, not without a confident hope that when once the work of exploration is commenced in businesslike fashion, it will command the resources needed to equip the explorers who are competent to take part in the investigation.

I postulate as a starting point that there is another world lying close to the world of which we are cognisant by our bodily senses, that into this world our souls pass at death, and that it is possible to communicate with the disembodied intelligences which inhabit that world. I admit, of course, that there may be no foundation for these assumptions. There may be no other world, we may have no souls, and it may be impossible to communicate with the disembodied dead. I do not dogmatise. I merely put forward the above postulate as a working hypothesis constructed to account for various facts which, so far as I am concerned, can no longer be regarded as disputable.

A working hypothesis even if mistaken, based upon accurately observed phenomena, is often a key to the discovery of other phenomena that would otherwise have escaped observation.

We enter upon our journey of exploration with an open mind. Whatever working hypothesis we may adopt from time to time, it is only a provisional makeshift, which we shall drop the moment any hypothesis is forthcoming, that furnishes a better explanation of the facts. Of one thing only shall we be intolerant, viz., the assumption that anyone knows everything about anything, with sufficient certainty to justify his refusing to admit the testimony of credible witnesses because it runs counter to his assertion. This is the very extremity of insufferable insolence. The dogmatism of materialism, equally with the dogmatism of theologians, obstructs the calm, clear vision of the open mind on the look-out for facts. The search for facts, and ever more facts; the careful and accurate observation and scrupulous record of phenomena, these essentials of every explorer of the surface of this planet are not less essential in the exploration of the other world.

II.—*Our Guides in the Exploration.*

Let us suppose that all the children of men were born with closed eyes, and that the whole race lived and died without ever being able to raise an eyelid. Men would under these conditions have lived in a four-sense world. The classic instance of Helen Keller, born blind and deaf, shows that existence is possible, even for those who live in a three-sense world. Mankind would have adapted itself to its conditions. Smell, touch, taste, and hearing would have enabled

them to evolve some kind of a civilisation, even though they lived in the perpetual darkness of those on whose optic nerve the light rays never fall.

Suppose further, that somehow, somewhere, somewhen, among the myriad dwellers on this planet, some men or women at intervals of a generation, of a century, or of a millenium, contrived to raise their eyelids and see. How could they describe what they saw to men who could hear, touch, taste, and smell, but who could not see? If they made the attempt they would expose themselves to ridicule always, to persecution often. For they would deny that the world was dark, or that the surface of the earth was the entire universe. They would proclaim the discovery of a new world, radiant and glorious, sublime and infinite, beyond the loftiest imaginings of the closed-eye race. But if asked where it was, they could only declare that it was all around them. Not another world, but the same world, revealed in a new and entrancing aspect. "Where is it?" the scoffers would sneer, "this new world of which you speak? Can we hear it? Can we touch it? Can we smell it? Can we taste it? You admit that we can do none of these things. Then how can you expect us to believe that it exists? Verily, all the laws of science and all the canons of our most sacred religion compel us to proclaim you as an impudent liar or a poor, deluded lunatic, if indeed we ought not to put you to death as an impious blasphemer!"

Yet all the while these arrogant sciolists of the four-sense world would be warmed by the rays of the sun, whose existence they denied, and would be spending their lives among the flowers whose fragrance they enjoyed, but whose glorious colours they could not see.

And it is possible that after they had killed a few, and imprisoned many of the men of the opened eyes, and had endeavoured to silence the rest by scornful ridicule and abuse, the time might come when, here and there, a few of the men of the closed lids would begin to admit that, after all, there may be something in it. Shakespeare's hackneyed tag:—

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy,

would be trotted out again to justify a timid and tentative inquiry from the men of the opened eyes for some information as to the world of light and colour in the midst of which they said they were living. It would probably take a hundred years before the knowledge of the five-sense world would penetrate to the consciousness of the men of the closed lids.

We who lived in a fifth-sense world are very much in the same position to-day towards those from whose eyes the veil has dropped which conceals from them the six-sense world into which we pass at death. There are many such persons living in our midst. They are silent for the most part, fearing ridicule or persecution. But they exist. While living in this world they also live in the world which lies beyond the frontiers of the five senses. When they reveal themselves they have many names: psychics, sensitives, mediums, clairvoyants, all of which are *aliases* for the one distinctive title of the seer—the *Man of the Opened Eyes*. The *Man who Sees*.

If we would explore that Other World we must take as guide, as pilots across the uncharted ocean, those who have been in that world, nay, who live in it even now, and who are in more or less constant communication with those who have left our world. On our voyages of discovery and explo-

ration the first indispensable thing is to secure the services of the Men of the Opened Eyes.

III.—*The Whereabouts of the Other World.*

Columbus thought that he would reach India by sailing across the Atlantic. The grave is our Atlantic, the unbridged sea that stretches to the far horizon in every direction. Columbus steered west. The mediæval notion was that heaven lay above us in the firmament, and hell below us in the depths. But now we know that we neither go up nor down, nor do we journey north nor south, nor east nor west, to reach that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns."

For, according to the evidence of those who have been there and have described what they have discovered of life on the Other Side—after all, it is not another side or another world—but is in very truth a world existing in and alongside of the actual world of things which we see, hear, taste, smell, and handle. When our children die they do not depart to a distant, unapproachable place. The little ones do not go away. The world into which they pass is with us here and now, just as the colour and light world of the man who opened his eyelids was the same world as that dark world in which the closed-lidded men lived.

As the boy of a dear friend of mine wrote in reply to a question from his sorrowing mother:—

"Can't you understand? None of us have gone away. There is here."

Exactly so would the fifth-sense man of the opened eyes reply to the four-sense men who asked him to tell them where lay the world of sight and colour. "It lies all around

you. I have all that you have, without the darkness and the gloom. I am in the same world, I am living side by side with you, only I see things you don't see.

The men of the opened lids live, more or less, in the same world—the sixth-sense world into which all men pass at death. Many enjoy already many of the same privileges and extended powers which the disembodied dead possess. The first thing that my dear friend Julia told me that struck her after her death when she went out from her death chamber was that everything was exactly as she had seen it before, only “the streets were full of spirits.”

The men of the opened eyes do not wait till death to see the “streets full of spirits.” The normal clairvoyant is constantly seeing spirits, and, as Julia said, “they seem to be just like ourselves.”

Those who have been born again into the new life of which the grave is the portal, possess not only the faculty of seeing spirits; they also enjoy the faculty of travelling with the rapidity of thought. They are where they think themselves to be. This faculty is by no means confined to the disembodied. A popular Scottish novelist told me a short time ago that she had only to sit quietly in a chair for a few minutes, and she could think herself into any place she wished to visit. Her body remained in the chair, but her perceptive intelligence was transferred in the twinkling of an eye to the uttermost parts of the earth. She told me that before writing her last novel, the scene of which was laid in South America, she thought herself into the market square of Valparaiso, and carefully noted everything and everybody, laying in as

much local colour as she needed. When her story was published she was congratulated by South Americans upon the extraordinary fidelity of her description of their scenery, their cities, and their people. Nothing would convince them that she had not been there. And so in truth she had. But she did not carry her physical apparatus across the Atlantic.

Another faculty is possessed by the dwellers in the Beyond, and that is the ability to read past events and to foresee much that will happen in the future. The capacity to recall the past so that the events of long ago are as vividly enacted before the eyes as if you were looking at a cinematograph is one of the most widely diffused of all psychic gifts. Professor Denton's story of his stable-boy who, being given a bit of a burnt bean wrapped up in paper, which had been brought from Herculaneum, saw the whole stupendous tragedy of the destruction of the doomed cities unfold itself before his eyes is a well-known instance of this capacity. It is called psychometry. The capacity to foresee what is to happen is rarer. The disembodied only possess it to a limited extent. But even those who are still in their bodies are occasionally vouchsafed glimpses into futurity.

The ability of the dwellers in the Beyond to directly convey their thought without resorting to the machinery of speech or of writing is also shared by many who are on this side of the grave. So we might go on. But I have said enough to illustrate my point—that the other world into which we pass at death is no far-distant, unapproachable place. Jesus taught, the Kingdom of Heaven is within you. It is not less true if the men of the opened eyes may be believed

that the Other World is all around us. It is the same world. There is here. Only a veil will be removed from our eyes. Our eyes will be unbandaged by the Angel of Death, and we shall live in the sixth-sense world in which many of us are living now.

IV.—*How to Explore the Other World.*

If these things be so, if the Other World is in very truth our world, and if there are those who, being on this side of Death, do already habitually dwell on the other side, what is more simple and more obvious than to interrogate these favoured mortals as to what kind of a world it is in which they spend so much of their time. It seems like the familiar story of the egg of Columbus. It is easy enough to make it stand on one end when you have been shown how to do it. The only wonder is that no one thought of the solution before Columbus tried his hand.

But here we are confronted by a difficulty. No one will accept the evidence of anyone whom he or she does not know. Second-hand testimony they dismiss. They must have everything at first hand, excepting, of course, all scientific knowledge about everything, from the number of the stars to the constitution of the atom. It is true that ninety-nine hundredths of all the sum of our knowledge upon which we order our lives from the cradle to the grave comes to us second hand, if not a hundredth-hand. But with regard to this matter of the Other Side, on that no second-hand testimony will suffice.

It is necessary to convince the ordinary man that there is such a place as Africa or Australia, that he should either go there himself, or that he should hear from someone

whom he knows that he has been there, and that the atlas and the geography can be relied upon. So with regard to life after death, it is necessary either that the ordinary man should visit the Other Side before death, which he can only do if his eyes have been opened, or he must be put in communication with someone whom he knows who is actually living upon the Other Side. It was to secure this object that my friend Julia proposed the opening of a Bureau of Communication between this world and the next.

It is nearly fourteen years since she wrote, after being two years on the Other Side :—

I wanted to ask you if you can help me at all in a matter in which I am much interested. I have long wanted to establish a place where those who have passed over could communicate with the loved ones behind. At present the world is full of spirits longing to speak to those from whom they have been parted. It is a strange spectacle. On your side, souls full of anguish for bereavement ; on this side, souls full of sadness because they cannot communicate with those whom they love. What can be done to bring these sombre, sorrow-laden souls together ?

What is wanted is a Bureau of Communication between the two sides. Could you not establish some such sort of office with one or more trustworthy mediums ? If only it were to enable the sorrowing on the earth to know, if only for once, that their so-called dead live nearer than ever before, it would help to dry many a tear and soothe many a sorrow. I think you could count upon the eager co-operation of all on this side.

We on this side are full of joy at the hope of this coming to pass. Imagine how grieved we must be to see so many whom we love, sorrowing without hope, when those for whom they sorrow are trying in vain every means to make them conscious of their presence. And many also are racked with agony, imagining that their loved ones are lost in hell, when, in reality, they have been found in the all-embracing arms of the Love of God. See what can be done. It is the most important thing there is to do. For it brings with it the trump of the Archangel, when

those that were in their graves shall awake and walk forth once more among men.

For a dozen years and more I was unable to do anything to carry out this suggestion. As recently as 1905 I wrote:—

I have been willing, but I have not felt the imperious call which impels me to thrust aside all obstacles and say it must be done. I am a public man, immersed in public affairs, and I have felt that call in relation to mundane things, which left me neither means nor leisure to attempt to found the Bureau.

Now, however, I find myself in a position to make the attempt. But before explaining how I hope to work the Bureau for the purpose of exploring the Other Side, I had better say a few words as to the identity of Julia, and my reasons for accepting her authority.

V.—*The Personality of Julia.*

Julia was the first name of Miss Julia Ames, formerly on the editorial staff of the *Union Signal* of Chicago, the organ of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She was of New England stock, born in Illinois in 1860. When she visited Europe in 1890, she called upon me both going to and coming from the Continent, and we became good friends. She returned to America, and in the autumn of the following year she fell ill at Boston, and died in the hospital there.

Like many another pious soul, Miss Ames had made a pact with her dearest friend who had been as a sister for years, that if she could she would return from the Other Side and manifest herself in order to afford proof of the continuance of the soul after death and its ability to communicate with survivors. Many have made that pact.

Few have kept it. Miss Ames was one of the few. She kept it twice over, and on the second occasion I happened to be staying at the castle where her apparition had been seen. As my hand was then beginning to write automatically, I placed it at the disposal of Miss Ames, and she has used it as her own ever since.

The evidence that convinced me as to the identity of Julia may be divided into two classes:—(1) Internal; (2) external.

The internal evidence may be briefly summarised under six heads:—

(1) The beginning of the communications as above described. (2) The giving of a test in the first message of an affectionate soubriquet bestowed by her on her death-bed, which was known to her friend but unknown to me. (3) The minute description of an incident which had occurred in or about 1885, of which I had never heard, and which her friend herself had entirely forgotten until her memory was revived by the mention of details of place and time, which were quite unknown to me. (4) The writing down with my hand of names, Christian and surnames, entirely unknown to me, who were her friends in her native land. (5) The intense personal and affectionate interest taken by the user of my hand in persons and movements in which my interest was by no means so deep as was Julia's. (6) The strongly marked and unvarying personal idiosyncracies of the writer of these letters, which is certainly not my own, is, I am afraid, in many respects very superior to my own. The external evidence falls under six heads also, viz:—(1) That strangers who had never heard of her existence have

described her as standing near me when my automatic hand was writing. (2) That several of them have not only described her, but have given her name. (3) That one here and one in her native land have also given her surname, which I had refrained from publishing, and which I had in vain endeavoured to telepath to the minds of other mediums. (4) That in one case the seer picked Julia's portrait out of a score, from which there was nothing to distinguish it, and identified it as "the lady who writes with me." (5) That in another case details were given in the description by the seer which I believed, and asserted, were mistaken, but which, on reference to her more intimate friends, were admitted to be correct. (6) That, by arrangement, Julia has kept appointments with seers at great distances from me.

To these may be added the evidence of my own son and other friends who have passed beyond, who have borne uniform testimony to the reality and the delightful personality of Julia.

VI.—*How the Bureau will be Worked.*

The problem is a serious one. The proposal to construct a bridge across the abyss will stagger most people by its audacity. Some will regard it as profane. But all those who have taken any intelligent interest in the progress of psychical research will admit that the time is at hand when such an enterprise ought to be taken in hand by serious investigators, and resolutely prosecuted to its final conclusion.

The only question is what are the facts? Can we or can we not organise such a service of trustworthy persons whose eyes have been opened to undertake the guidance

of the pioneers who are endeavouring to build the bridge between the living and the dead?

I think that with patience and perseverance it can be done. Julia, who fifteen years ago first insisted upon the duty of opening such a Bureau of Intercommunication, has now undertaken to direct its operations from day to day.

It may amaze some people that I should thus gravely write of the possibility of opening an office in the heart of a great capital which can only succeed—if it succeed—by the constant, conscious direction of the invisible Intelligence of a human being who died and was buried seventeen years ago. But if there be any truth in the fundamental doctrine of modern spiritualism, there is nothing incredible in this. Certainly I should not dream of undertaking a duty so onerous, entailing such certainty of ridicule and abuse, were I not firmly convinced that we can confidently depend upon the businesslike co-operation of those on the Other Side.

Before allowing the Invisible Director of the proposed Bureau to set forth the salient lines upon which the Bureau should function, I shall briefly state the fundamental hypothesis on which it rests, and the practical fashion in which this is to be applied. I believe that when our friends and relatives die they are merely liberated from their mortal bodies. They go on living, without losing their sense of personality. In some cases after death there is unconsciousness which lasts for some time. But in most cases the dead are very much more alive than they were before they ceased to breathe, and usually whenever they loved much they are extremely anxious to comfort their sorrowing friends by assurances of their welfare and of their continued existence.

That is the hypothesis. The Bureau proposes to act upon it as follows:—A Directory of competent Sensitives, a muster-roll of those whose eyes are opened, will be compiled after careful and continued investigation, test, and experiment. When anyone who has lost a beloved friend or relative wishes to ascertain whether or not he can communicate with him, and applies to the Bureau, he will be informed of the conditions under which alone such an attempt can be made. Should he assent, the sanction of the Director must then be obtained. *It will be refused to all who do not seek to hear from those whom they have loved and lost.* On this point Julia is very positive. She writes:—

The watchword of the Bureau is to help those who love to find each other again after the change called death. It will be a kind of Dead Letter Office, in which missing messages will be sorted out and re-delivered. Where there are no messages of love and of longing from either side, there is no place for its work. Or the officer at the Bureau may also be compared to a kind-hearted policeman who exerts himself to find a child lost in the crowd and restores it to its sorrowing mother. When he has brought them together his work is done. There will be a constant temptation to transcend this function and to constitute the Bureau a centre for the exploration of the Other World. To yield to this would be fatal. Not that I have any objection to such exploration. It is the natural and necessary and most important outcome of your work. But the Bureau, my Bureau, must not undertake it. It must confine itself to its first duty, the building of the bridge, the re-linking of broken ties, the establishing of communication between the bereaved.

When the Director has approved, and the applicant has subscribed to the regulations of the Bureau, the experiment will begin. Accompanied by a stenographer, sworn to secrecy, the applicant will be sent in succession to three Sensitives of proved integrity but of differing gifts. The first might be a natural clairvoyant, the second a trance medium, the third an automatic writer. The sittings would be held apart. No communication would be allowed between the mediums. The stenographer would report every word

spoken on either side. The stenographic report would be submitted to the applicant for confirmation or otherwise of the accuracy of its contents, and an attestation of the success or failure with which the Sensitives had been able to obtain communications which could be recognised as coming from the deceased. If in only 10 per cent. of such cases the applicant were convinced that he had obtained authentic communications from beyond the grave, the experiment would surely be worth trying. But judging from preliminary experimental tests, the proportion would be much greater than 10 per cent.

VII.—*Developments of the Bureau.*

Julia's Bureau, as she is never weary of repeating, must stick to its own proper business, which is that of putting those who love into communication after they have been severed for a time by the change called death. But out of this will spring a vast series of new developments. For instance, Julia writes :—

Outside, but growing from the Bureau, there will be the Exploration Bureau, for the record and the compilation and the comparison of facts of our life on the other side, which demands men of encyclopedic grasp of mind, of catholic sympathy, and of piercing insight. And directly springing from the work of the Exploration Bureau there will come what is the most important of all—the Bureau for the study of the inter-relation of the Two Worlds. How does your life on earth mould your life here? How do we on this side influence you? How can the influence of the good spirits called ministering angels be made more potent and the influence of evil spirits diminished?

Here indeed is a field wide and fertile enough to demand the energies of innumerable workers.

It will be Julia's Bureau, not mine, although, of course, I accept the responsibility for seeing that her directions are

carried out. The staff at first will be small, consisting of a sub-director, with stenographer and archivist. It will be in constant touch with psychics, or those who possess the sixth sense, and it will search for the most gifted of those Sensitives as for hidden treasures. In the beginning there will be no attempt to do more than to deal thoroughly with cases which, in Julia's judgment, are suitable for submitting to the threefold test. It will be better to do half-a-dozen cases thoroughly with careful record of both successes and failures rather than to scramble through a hundred cases.

I would not assume the responsibility of making the attempt if Julia had not assured me that she will personally decide which cases the Bureau shall take in hand.

Those who believe that Julia is only a phase of my sub-consciousness will be puzzled to explain how it is that she communicates with equal ease through me or through two or three other Sensitives. For the proper functioning of the Bureau my personal attendance will not be necessary. Nor is Julia alone. Many others who are actively co-operating with her in this effort to bridge the abyss. If any reliance can be placed upon assurances and communications received from the Other Side, both my son and Mr. Myers are actively interested in making this Bureau a success.

I shall be glad to hear from any Sensitives—Men or Women whose eyes have been opened and others who sympathize and are willing to assist in this great enterprise.

If it fails it will not be for lack of earnest and sincere co-operation on both sides. But if it succeeds—!

W. T. STEAD.

HOW TO TRANSMIT THOUGHT MESSAGES.



THE readers of "Reason" are assured by its well-known editor, Rev. E. L. Austin, a series of articles of great interest and value to all New Thought Students showing how to reach the heights of achievement in character building, success winning, psychic unfoldment, and in attainment of wisdom, power and happiness. We have much pleasure in quoting below the first article of the series which has appeared in its April number. |

The "impossibles" of past days are among the easy achievements of to-day. This is the real age of miracles. We are just on the borderland of more stupendous accomplishments than the world has ever known. And the most wonderful of all present or prospective achievements are among the exercise of our Thought Forces.

No discovery of our age ranks higher in intrinsic value than Telepathy, the general recognition of which among scientific investigators is a distinguishing mark of our era.

Of course Telepathy is not new, as men have ever practised it unconsciously, and a few Eastern Adepts have long consciously used the power of thought transmission. It is only in the apprehension of the truth, in the discovery of some of the conditions under which it takes place, and in the conscious application of our thought forces that it may

be styled a discovery. Thought power is one form—a primal one probably—of that one great Force that creates and moves the worlds. Its study is the most practically important of all branches of human investigation.

Before we touch the question practically, it needs to be said that all careful study and investigation that deepens the conviction in the mind of the student that Telepathy is a fact—and that, in Thought Transmission, there is an open channel through which he can reach his distant friends and influence them for good, is of great practical value as a preparation for the work. We need confidence not only in the ability of the specialist and the adept to transmit thought, but we should come to a clear recognition of the fact that this is not a special gift to the few but the privilege and the power of the many. The old Scripture: "Have faith in God," needs to be amended to: "Have faith in yourself," and this is, in effect, its true meaning.

By study, experiment and success, we must translate our faith in Telepathy into knowledge—as the strong conviction of our ability to reach our distant friends is, other things being equal, largely the measure of our success in thought transmission.

To assist the reader, therefore, to this stronger conviction, let us take a brief preliminary glance at the evidence on which our faith in Telepathy rests.

Large numbers of people have noted that it is very common for a person, busily engaged in other things, to suddenly think of some person who is about to call upon him. This very common fact is most easily explained by the secret action of mind upon mind.

In a great many cases where correspondence between distant friends has been neglected for years—a sudden desire to communicate on the part of one of the parties seems to secretly awaken the same desire on the part of the other and the letters of the new correspondence cross each other. Sensitives like Mollie Fancher and others are able to tell when their friends are about to call upon them—even to describe their location from time to time while upon the way.

In a multitude of instances, in the social circle two persons start at the same time to say the same thing. In times of difficulty and danger, when the brain vibrations of an individual are raised far above the normal, it is quite common for the near relative or friend at a distance to get a clear impression of the danger to the absent friend—sometimes, indeed, the whole scene is flashed along those invisible lines of electro-magnetic vibration that connect the brains of relatives and affinitized persons, and the distant friend sees the endangered one in the water, or wounded in battle, or falling from some height. Such a multitude of narratives, well authenticated, attest these experiences that no candid mind who has studied them can remain in doubt of their truth.

In the actual experiments of the Society for Psychical Research and in private experimentation, it has been clearly demonstrated that success attends the conscious efforts of the mind to reach other minds through other than the sensory channels, in a much larger proportion of cases than can be accounted for by coincidence or chance. For example, in one class of experiments conducted by a committee of this society, an effort was made to transmit numbers of two

digits. As there would be 90 possible combinations, by the law of probabilities, the chances for success were only as 1 to 90. Yet out of 664 cases, 131 were successful. The success of the experimenters in transmitting arbitrary designs and geometrical figures was most marked—sometimes attended by perfect success, sometimes only partially successful, yet leaving in all cases the clear conviction that more perfect conditions and fuller knowledge and skill in the art, would have achieved complete success.

SUGGESTIONS FOR EXPERIMENTERS.

1—Make a systematic study of the literature of this question. Make a special study of the conditions under which telepathy takes place. Settle the great fact with yourself, that the power to telepath thought to others is a natural endowment of the race—therefore, it belongs to you, and is not a special gift to the few.

2—Select for experimentation some relative—for we are told that fine lines of electro-magnetic vibration connect the brains of those between whom there are ties of blood—or some past associate with whose magnetism you have come into touch, or some one engaged in similar studies to your own, or cherishing like objects in life, or working for the same reforms, and hence upon similar lines of thought vibration.

3—Select as the most favored hour for experiments two o'clock in the morning. The hour is inconvenient, it is true, but there are good reasons for choosing it. At that hour the disturbing vibrations caused by the roar and hum of traffic, the clang and rattle of machinery, and the mingled thought vibrations of the multitude—all of which render the finer ethereal currents of brain vibration more liable to

interruption—are then at their lowest intensity. There is another reason: Your subject will then generally be enrapt in slumber. Slumber of course will prevent the conscious reception of your message, but it will not interfere with its real reception. Indeed, it will enter more deeply into the nature of your sleeping subject than it possibly could in his waking moments. If, therefore, you wish to convey a suggestion of health, hope, happiness, success, or a suggestion that shall amend his conduct in some direction, you can not do better than to transmit your message to your friend while he is asleep.

4—In the act of thought transmission, you must cultivate strongly the thought that your friend IS NEAR YOU, not afar off, as, indeed, he is spiritually. Distance applies only to the separated bodies; it is practically annihilated in the realm of mind and spirit. Sense this fact, that your friend is in the room with you: visualize him as perfectly as possible and put your suggestions into words. Speak the thought, the determination, the hope, the assurance for him as though he himself were uttering it. Either let it be: "I am recovering, surely, quickly recovering my wonted health," or "I shall never touch intoxicants again. I have the power to quit drinking. I use the power: I am free!" or "I am going to win great success. I am capable of success: it is mine!"

It is the transfer of these thought vibrations to his mentality that is desired. Hence, speak for him and even use his name to deepen the impact of the message.

5—Give more heed to reaching the subject in sleep or in hypnosis than in the waking hours, as the message is much more effective that is directed to the subjective mind in

sleep or in hypnosis than that which reaches the objective mind. While it may be in a sense more satisfactory to have your friend intelligently grasp a message, yet remember that so far as effect of a suggestion is concerned, it is always greater when made to the subjective mind.

6—REPEAT! REPEAT!! REPEAT!!! To reach a distant mind with a message is a great accomplishment. Remember how many cross-currents and interblending vibrations there are to be encountered on the way. It is the constant dropping of water that wears away the stone. It is the constant infection and propulsion of your little thought current into the vast realm of your friend's subjective mind that will, by and by, produce a current of thought therein, powerful enough to awaken his objective mind to action, and HE WILL ACT UPON THIS INJECTED SUGGESTION AS HIS OWN.

7—Speak with authority in sending the thought message—especially to the sleeping friend. The subjective mind acts on suggestion. It is accustomed to obey. It likes a Master.

8—Concentrate all your mental and spiritual forces on the messages, shutting out the senseworld, shutting out selfish considerations, transforming yourself for the time being into the personality of your subject.

THE WAY TO TRANSMIT THOUGHT-MESSAGES IS TO TRANSMIT THEM.

There are rightful limitations to the exercise of this power. He who invades another's personality for selfish ends and purposes lays up for himself here those natural punishments that follow all violations of the moral law of individual rights and liberty, and the remorse of an awakened conscience hereafter.

OBJECTS WHICH CARRY MISFORTUNE.



[THE "Occult Review" for June has, in its "Notes of the Month," accounts of some excellent incidents showing how the so-called "superstitious" beliefs, such as are generally found to be entertained by Hindus, are formed. A Hindu reader will hardly find anything new in the narratives we quote below. It is, however, a good sign that even the Western people have begun to see things through Hindu spectacles, and have ceased to taunt the latter for their belief in similar matters—the outcome of an accumulated experience of an ancient nation extending to thousands and thousands of years.]

How comes it about that there are certain houses and certain articles which enjoy a reputation, that no length of time seems able to shake off, of bringing either good or evil fortune to their owners? Such a tradition was utilized by Longfellow in one of his best known poems, viz. "The Luck of Eden Hall," a poem, by the way, founded upon a perfectly authentic story of a fortunate drinking-bowl. Many of the best known of these stories centre round some precious jewel. Others have reference to some apparently quite commonplace dwelling-house, which has the reputation of bringing disaster to all those who inhabit it, however fortunate they may have been previously. Only this morning I have a letter from a correspondent who writes: "I know personally a lady whose children have all wasted and died,

and all children who live in the same house with her go into a dying and wasting condition, and have to be removed from the house, after which they recover."*

UNLUCKY HOUSES.

Another correspondent who signs herself "Rion" sends the following story, which I reproduce verbatim :—

"Down towards the east of India there are a number of haunted houses, and my experiences with ghosts have been not a few. The one, however, that I write of ended very sadly for me.

"My husband had just been transferred to Gulzarbagh and after staying there for a short while was retransferred. As I was not feeling very strong in those days I did not go with him to his new station, but stayed on in Gulzarbagh.

"The house we had was a very large one with beautiful rooms, and I had staying with me my husband's people, so I was by no means lonely; besides, I had a little girl of two years and my little baby boy, who was just five months.

"When I first entered the house I felt so strange and upset that I sat upon the doorstep and wept for quite a long while. At length I was persuaded to go to my room. The first night there I woke three times with a most peculiar feeling, as if some one was looking over me and breathing very heavily. I got up and looked round the room, but there was nothing. Next morning I got my sister-in-law to share my room. She came for that one night, but next morning she refused to sleep with me. My brother-in-law had gone to Bankipore that day and returned at about 10

* There are other houses where financial disaster and general ill-luck dog the tenant, and not specially ill-health.

p. m. I had gone to bed rather early that night, and I awoke at about twelve. I distinctly heard some one pull a chair across the dressing-room, and then it sounded as if they were undressing in a great hurry, throwing their clothes across the chair. I called out twice, thinking it was my brother-in-law who had perhaps mistaken the room, and on getting no reply I got up to see. There was nothing in the room and the chair was as I placed it. I returned to bed, but not to sleep.

“Next morning I told my mother-in-law what had happened, and she said that my sister-in-law had told her the same thing. I then asked her what time my brother-in-law had returned, but she said 10 o’clock. I told her of what I had heard; but she assured me that I must be wrong as she had seen him go to his room.

“That day at about one o’clock my baby fell very ill. I sent for the doctor, and he said that it was very strange that the child should have been taken ill so suddenly. I told him that the child would persist in keeping his eyes fixed on one corner of the room, and in whatever position I put him he would get his head round to that corner. By 4 o’clock he was dead, and the doctor was quite unable to account for his death.

“That night I sat up with a lady friend of mine and she told me that she had heard that evening that every family who lived in that house had lost their youngest child.

“Some time after a petition was sent up to government to allow the house to be levelled to the ground, which was granted.

"Great care was taken when the particular corner that my darling had stared at was brought down, and in the wall was found the skeleton of a little child.

"Many people are said to have lost their children there, and I can vouch for the truth of this story. I expect many people will recognize it, as it is well known down those parts."

MUMMIANA.

The interest in the subject of this peculiar tradition of misfortune following those who have to do with so-called unlucky or ill-luck-bringing objects has been reawakened in England by a recent lecture which drew the attention of the public to what was already a more or less familiar story of one of the mummies in the British Museum, and the disasters which attended all who had any relations with it. At the risk of recapitulating what is already familiar to many readers, I will briefly enumerate the several misfortunes that overtook those who were mixed up in the history of the mummy case of the so-called Priestess of Amen-Ra. How far this title is justly attributed to the mummy in question seems a matter of some doubt; but what is perfectly certain is that although the mummy itself is no longer in its case, yet a succession of disasters has overtaken all who have had dealings with the shell which once contained the mummy in question.

The history of the mummy, as far as modern experience is concerned, begins with the year 1864, when the case was found by an Arab in Egypt. The gentleman who purchased it from this Arab lost a fortune within a few weeks of its purchase, and died shortly after of a broken heart.

Two of his servants who had handled the mummy-case died within a year. A third, who made some scornful remarks with regard to it, lost his arm by a gun-shot accident. It arrived in London without further adventure, but a series of misfortunes overtook its London purchaser. This mummy-case is illustrated (as is usual) by a face and form purporting to be a replica of the dead. Instructions were given by its owners to have this portrait photographed. The camera, however, reproduced, not the face on the case, but the face of an apparently living Egyptian woman. Shortly afterwards the photographer died. No purchaser being now forthcoming for the mummy-case, and the owner, not unnaturally wishing to part with it, it passed into the possession of the British Museum. The carrier who removed it died a week afterwards, and one of the men who helped to put it into its place broke his leg the next day.

A further attempt was made at photographing the case. A gentleman interested in Egyptology commissioned the well-known Oxford Street photographers, Messrs. W. A. Mansell & Co., to take the photograph. The case, which, by the way, is numbered in the Museum catalogue 22452, stands in an angle of the mummy-room, and Mr. Mansell's son and his photographer visited the Museum to decide the best method of taking the photograph. On his way home Mr. Mansell smashed his thumb so badly that he was unable to use his hand for long afterwards. The photographer himself, on returning home, found that one of his children had fallen through a glass frame and sustained dangerous injuries. The photographer returned to the Museum the next day, and photographed the figure on the case. Lifting his head

suddenly as he took the picture he struck it against the frame of a glass case and cut his nose to the bone, at the same time dropping a valuable screen, which was ruined by the fall. This photograph may be inspected at the British Museum. This is not the only mummy in the British Museum that enjoys the credit of possessing weird peculiarities. There is, for instance, the breathing mummy at the opposite end of the room, and there is also the mummy of Katebit, which, I am given to understand, is not precisely normal.

Those who are of a superstitious turn of mind may be interested to note that whereas in every other room in the British Museum there is a bench provided for the public to sit down on and *one* seat for the curator, in each of the two mummy rooms *two* seats are provided for *two* curators close together, while no sitting accommodation at all is supplied for the British public. A learned Egyptologist who drew my attention to this fact gave me to understand that accidents had taken place in these rooms which led the authorities to draw the inference that they were not safe resting-places for psychically-minded people. There are, of course, other mummy stories besides the one recapitulated here. There was, for instance, the mummy that brought disaster to an Egyptian shooting party in literal fulfilment of the curse inscribed on the case. Then again, there is the record of a mummy that found its way to South Africa, and enjoyed a reputation for unexpectedly sitting up in its case, to the surprise of the guests who utilized the billiard-room, where it was deposited. This record certainly requires confirmation, in spite of the circumstantial detail with which it

has been narrated. There is, however, no story of any ill attending the possessors of the last-named mummy, and it is with the mummy as an "anti-mascot," if I may be permitted the expression, to which my present observations have reference. Dr. Franz Hartmann, whose attention has been drawn to this subject, writes to me that such things may seem to be very strange and incredible, nevertheless they are neither unheard of nor new. "Similar occurrences," he observes, "are narrated in Emily Hardinge Britten's *History of American Spiritualism*, and he forwards in confirmation of his statement the following account given by T. H. Kerner of Wernsberg, a literary man of some note in Germany.

Herr Kerner Writes :—

A FATAL PICTURE.

"One day Count Alexander, of Wurtemberg sent to my father a picture in an ordinary black frame. It was the life-size picture of a wild cat, drawn with black chalk upon a bluish paper, and the same bluish tint was to be seen in the eyes of the cat, the animal being of a dark colour. The most remarkable feature of this picture was that the longer one looked at it the more did the cat seem to be living. The eyes then assumed a malignant, dismal look, making one feel quite uncomfortable. Even now, after years have passed, I cannot forget that look. The picture was accompanied by the following letter :—

"My dear Justin,—I send you this picture ; it is so well painted that I do not like to burn it ; nevertheless, I cannot keep it any longer, as it would make me crazy. I saw it once hanging on the wall in the room of a forester in my service. The man seemed to be in excellent circumstances

and happily married, but two months ago *he shot himself without any apparent cause*. I bought the picture from the widow and hung it up in my room ; but I cannot bear the eyes of that cat any more ; they constantly attract my attention and render me so melancholy that I feel I should finally end in the same way as the forester unless I gave the picture away. I therefore send it to you, as you are known to be a master over the spirits ; to you this evil spell will do no harm.'

"Soon afterwards *Count Alexander died*. The picture now hung in our room and my father had a dislike for it, but as it was the last gift of his friend he would not part with it. One day, however, he gave it to me, desiring me to put it away. He said he could not bear any longer to have it about him.

"For nearly a year the picture hung in my room and I paid no attention to it. One night in winter, while I was writing a letter, it suddenly seemed to me as if I were *not alone in my room*, as if something strange were sneaking near me. I looked up and saw the eyes of that cat. I then knew instantly that there would be no more peace between us. These eyes seemed to persecute me ; I hated them, and the worst thing was that I felt they were stronger than I. The eyes of that cat seemed to suck the very life out of my nerves and to absorb my thoughts.'

"I did not wish to give it away, but finally I found an excuse for doing so. I knew a gentleman who was a great lover of sport and hunting and just getting ready to furnish his new house. To him I gave the picture. He was very glad to receive it and hung it up in the hall. Six months afterwards *he killed himself*, having become melancholy without any apparent cause.

"A relative of this gentleman took the cat with him. A few months passed away, when he *was found dead in his bed*. Whether he was murdered or committed suicide has not been ascertained. I do not know what afterwards became of the cat."

Dr. Hartmann observes in conclusion :—

"It seems clear from this account, that it was not the painting itself which exercised such a deleterious influence upon its possessor ; but that some living power, whether we call it an 'elemental' or a 'thought-form' or a 'magic spell' had been attached to it, as presumably was, and still is, the case with the picture on the lid of the coffin in the British Museum. Such things will naturally be incomprehensible to our physicists as long as they are unable to realize the fact known to every occultist, that the 'astral' and mental planes are worlds of their own, invisible to our physical eyes, but nevertheless real and substantial and having inhabitants of their own with powers to will and think and act, be it instinctively or intelligently. Perhaps it is our own willing and thinking which create such invisible living forces, which outlive their creators. Everybody knows that thoughts and ideas continue to exist, and may exist, for centuries after their originators have passed away."

PORTRAITS THAT HYPNOTIZE.

A friend of mine whose name will be familiar to many occultists—Mr. W. T. Horton—recently drew a chalk portrait of a spirit-face seen by him with masses of golden hair and those penetrating mesmeric eyes that appear to follow you to every corner of the room. The intensity of the expression of the portrait seemed to create the effect in the mind of the

person looking at it of an actual living presence, and I have no doubt that by concentrating the attention on it for a length of time a state of hypnosis would have been produced. By allowing yourself to be fascinated by such objects the occultist avers that you relate yourself to their influence, or to the characteristics which they indicate, by a subtle form of spiritual bond. This is all the more powerful if the portrait is drawn deliberately with a certain definite intent in the mind of the drawer, whether for good or evil. Even without the presence of such a thought in the painter's mind, those who are versed in the secrets of occultism will readily understand that there may be influences brought to bear in the process of painting, and that a certain intent or mental force may have been exerted upon and infused into the picture by the overshadowing of a controlling will. As a matter of fact, we are perpetually relating ourselves to the unseen influences of another plane, working for or working against us, and physical objects, in some way associated with these unseen forces, enable them to affect us in a manner which would otherwise be impossible. The portrait—the mummy case—the mascot—the so-called haunted piece of furniture—each of these is a medium or a means of communication between entities working on adjacent but physically different planes, and the power of the talisman resides in the fact that it becomes a concentrating point and centre of accumulation for forces which would otherwise be dissipated, and consequently could not be utilized for the accomplishment of the objects for which they were intended. You can have no relations with a different plane without a medium of some sort. The virtue of a mummy lies in the fact that

It gives the spirit an opportunity for manifesting, and not, it is well to bear in mind, always or necessarily the spirit that once inhabited that body.

It is quite impossible for the long arm of coincidence to cover the succession of catastrophies and mishaps which have attended those who have had dealings with the mummy-case of the Egyptian priestess. Yet there are many who will prefer to sit and gape at a narrative of facts and enjoy that sort of eerie sensation so familiar to the superstitious, rather than acquiesce in the propounding of an occult natural law such as I have endeavoured to indicate, which relates these same facts to other phenomena with which we are familiar, and puts them in their own niche in the harmonious ordering of the universe. In doing so they overlook the fact that without the existence of such a law these same occurrences would be impossible. It is better to learn to think scientifically, and to gain the mental habit of relating isolated facts to general laws, even at the risk of being dubbed a fool by those to whom true science is a closed book, and leave it to others to gape the gape of ineptitude, and follow the bell-wether of orthodoxy into oblivion.

TRUMPET SEANCES BY MRS. WAGNER.



THE spirits are now going to prove their existence in so many different ways that one theory cannot account for all of them. The subliminal consciousness of a medium may lead him to read the mind, but will that explain how a table is raised or how a spirit-photograph is taken or a material figure is projected, who can be seen and heard and touched? One new method of the spirits to announce themselves to men on earth is to speak through trumpets. The medium holds the trumpet in his hand or keeps it near him and the inquirer, by applying his ear to it, hears voices from spirits. Sometimes these trumpets move about, touching the persons in the sitting, who are thereby reminded that friends want to hold converse with them. We give below a report of some trumpet seances sent by Mr. J. M. White, Kansas City, Mo. (U. S. A.) to the *Sunflower* :—

“March 30, 1909.—As we have never before given full details as to how Mrs. Wagner seats her circle we think that a better understanding of her regulations is necessary, in order to realize the complete elimination of fraud, or its possibility, from her circle. There is a window on the east

side of the room, with a heavy shade over it, to exclude the light, and a door on the west side, with a hook attached, to fasten it on the inside. This room is on the third floor, far removed from any chance of interruption or collusion with confederates. There is a ventilator at the top of the room, for the admission of fresh air, and when the room is crowded it often proves of insufficient capacity, and the door opened a little, but even then no one could gain access to the room without climbing over a row of chairs full of people. Mrs. Wagner sits on the north side of the room, several feet from the door and always with quite a number of sitters between her and the door. Every one has to touch feet during the seance and whenever the circuit is broken the medium knows it. When feet are touched no one can move without the knowledge of the others. Last night, March 29th, Mrs. Wagner assigned the writer a seat beside her, where everything could be noted, and right here I wish to say if any one wants to realize what strain on the organism trumpet mediumship is, just sit beside a trumpet medium during a seance, and when it is over you will feel as though you had done a week's work in a day.

"In this medium's seance the trumpet begins at one side of the medium and goes clear around the seance, visiting each person in turn, and never misses any one. We were present, however, on one occasion when the trumpet never moved, but such a thing is of rare occurrence. In the seance of which we write the trumpet began on the right and came around on the left and patted the writer on the left shoulder and face and left hand, while the medium was taking on the right, and her foot pressing tightly against his own, and

everything showing her to be in her chair. Three languages were spoken during the evening, accurate tests being given in languages unknown to the medium.

“Every voice was different, and about 100 messages were given and recognized.

“There were many present who had never been in a trumpet circle before, and who stated that they regarded it as an intervention of Providence when they were led to visit the seance room of Mrs. Wagner. While the medium converses with the circle the trumpet voice is heard at distant points from her, and the tapping of the trumpet, sometimes on the ceiling, sometimes on the shoulders or heads of the sitters, and when the room is so closely packed with people that there is scarcely room in the center for the basin of water in which the trumpet stands, the results are just the same, whereas, if any mortal was walking around in that dark room there would be a tumble somewhere. The manipulation of a three-foot tin horn in that crowded room in pitch darkness, without cutting somebody in the face, can only be possible by spirit power, the lightness and delicacy of the touches of the trumpet being lighter than mortal hand can bestow.

“Pat Murphy, the genial Irish control, who acts as master of ceremonies, assisted a little spirit baby to send a message to those who mourned the transplanting of the tiny human blossom to the richer soil and more glorious climate of the summerland. Every conceivable form of message was given, dealing with all the affairs of life, and innumerable recognized spirit names were given, and at the close of this memorable seance all united in expressing their delight at meeting with

those who have put off mortality for immortality, and are not dead, but only gone before.

“March 30.—The seance of Tuesday afternoon (today) was a wonderful demonstration of spirit power. The ladies outnumbered the gentlemen, but the room was not uncomfortably crowded and excellent conditions prevailed. Mrs. Wagner always holds a Tuesday seance at 3:20 p. m. On this occasion considerable light filtered through a crack of the door and the manifestations still continued. Bright lights and ethereal forms were seen, and one spirit, whose earth trade was that of an electrician, told it by bringing a brilliant light in answer to a request of his friend in the circle to tell his former profession. Little prattling infants whispered faintly to those who were lamenting their loss and sent kisses to their dear ones through the trumpet. Many full names were given, and one spirit made the initial of his name on the floor with the trumpet, one person present detecting his meaning and he rapped his assent to their queries. The manifestations were very instructive, one new born spirit, Myron Savage giving a nice discourse, with a beautiful message to his dear ones, forty-five miles away. The trumpet in use was not Mrs. Wagner's trumpet, but one left there to be magnetized by the guides. Another spirit proved his identity by beating martial music on the floor with the trumpet and on recognition he gave a beautiful message. Conditions were unusually good, and there was no uncertainty about the manifestations, but all were highly delighted.

“April 1.—The subject of trumpet mediumship opens

a wide field for 'scientific investigation, no two seances even being just the same, and conditions necessary for its production are so simple, yet if there is the slightest violation of them there' is either no manifestation or else very poor ones. One extremely important fact all investigators should bear in mind is not to call for names as soon as the trumpet comes to them. The message is what they are concentrating their energies upon, and if one falls in line and encourages the giving of a message the name comes first enough, with additional proofs of identity.

"After long observation of the phenomena for trumpet speaking it has been our experience that those that have failed to receive accurate communications are always those who meet the spirits with determination to get names first and then their messages, but if such people, on visiting earth friends, were met at the threshold and refused admittance until standing a cross-examination worthy of the requisition, or were sent a letter giving the signature first and the whole letter written backwards, they would be very indignant and never visit such a friend (?) again, and would return such correspondence, yet they expect our spirit friends to take insults they could not accept themselves and they cry 'fraud,' because the arisen ones act as they would themselves under the same conditions.

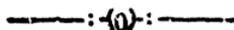
"In Mrs. Wagner's circles when the forces are strong the trumpet rises almost to the ceiling, but as the power runs down it keeps close to the basin of water in the center of the room.

"The seance of March 31st, the anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, was one of unusual power and brilliancy, two

etherealized forms appearing at once in the circle, and the entire seance being a continual display of spirit power. To Dr. G. T. Murphy came a cousin, a military man of high standing in the British army in Canada, whose approach was heralded by martial music made by the trumpet on the floor. He spoke with great clearness and power and made a fine address to all present. To Mrs. Murphy came an ancient Greek spirit, who delivered a wonderful lecture, in a voice of unusual mellowness and strength. While we cannot go beyond the word of the spirit in this case for proof, all present had to admit that it was a remarkable voice and a powerful intellect that gave the message. To one gentleman came a spirit claiming to be his grandfather, and when he asked, "What did you give me many years ago?" the trumpet responded by rattling and bumping around the floor in such a way that all recognized the fact that a child's wagon was the present referred to, and later developments proved it was a little red wagon. To Mr. Arthur Hart came a brother, who passed out by steam, the sound of escaping steam coming from the trumpet.

"Pat, the guide, gave all the names in full, relating to the Hart family. Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, rendered two lines of one of the oldtime songs of the stage, a favorite of hers that endeared her to the people of all lands wherever this gifted lady sang. Names, incidents and places were rapidly and readily given, and the voices were higher up than usual, the trumpet almost touching the ceiling at times. It was a beautiful and impressive occasion and from the seance room all departed feeling that heaven and earth were very near, and that it truly is 'only a thin veil between us.'"

NOTES.



A WEALTHY spiritualist in America, when dying, bequeathed his fortune to further the cause of spiritualism. His relations objected to this arrangement and carried the matter to the law-courts. Their objection to the terms of his will was based upon the allegation that as a mad man he had no right to dispose of his property and as a proof of his madness they referred to his faith in spiritualism. The courts finally disallowed this objection, and the spiritualists have now a large sum at their disposal for the furtherance of their good cause.

Prof. Huxley declared that spiritualism did not interest him. He did not know his own mind. Did he fear death? If he did he was bound to feel an interest in spiritualism. Did he dread the pangs of bereavement? Did he marry and had he children? Did he love his wife and little ones? If he did he must have felt a profound interest in spiritualism. The world is considered a vale of tears and rightly so. But the world can be converted into a happy Brindaban. And that can be done by establishing the truth of spiritualism. Now we have believers and non-believers. Let

disbelief be made impossible and to do this the legacy referred to above should be utilized.

Mr. Stead is going to open a Bureau with the same object, namely, to throw the gates of the other world open to all. Let a committee be formed, and let them decide how this idea can best be carried out. Undisputed facts alone will do it. Mr. Stead has already formed his plan. Let this be supported, or if necessary, other methods be adopted. What we think necessary would be to utilize the services of the best mediums of the world, and put them under an intelligent and honest committee.

But how is this committee to be formed? Naturally men look to scientists to undertake the task, but Professor De Morgan, in writing to Dr. Wallace, said to him: "I doubt whether inquiry by *men of science* would lead to any result." Why this is so the Professor cannot tell, but says he, "There is the fact." The reason why scientists generally are incompetent to carry on such business is, that they have a position to maintain!



MR. OXLEY, a man of some scholarship, was a Methodist Christian, but he was converted to spiritualism. As an inspired medium he translated the Bhagabat Geeta which he published under the title of "Philosophy of Spirits." We have not seen the translation; we would like to hear from those who have seen it. Is it a literal translation? We are told that Mr. Oxley did not know Sanskrit. Was then his Geeta a translation or paraphrase of a translation?

OUR readers are aware that in 1870 the Dialectical Society was formed to inquire into the truth of spiritualism. In a previous issue we have given the experiences of a few well-known men from the journals of the Society. The name of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres also appeared among those who strongly supported the cause of spiritualism. He was, however, asked if he obtained any information which was not known to the medium or to any one present and he spoke as follows :—

“A friend of mine was very anxious to discover the will of his grandmother, who had been dead forty years, but he could not even find the certificate of her death. I went with him to the Marchalls (well-known rapping mediums, who had brought conviction to many inquirers), and we had a seance. We sat at a table, and soon the raps came. My friend then asked his questions *mentally*. He went over the alphabet himself, or sometimes I did so, not knowing the question.

“We were told that the will had been drawn by a man named William Walker, who lived in Whitechapel. The name of the street and the number of the house were given. We went to Whitechapel, found the man, and subsequently through his aid obtained a copy of the draft. He was quite unknown to us, and had not always lived in that locality, for he had once seen better days.

“The medium could not possibly have known anything about the matter, and, even if she had, her knowledge would have been of *no avail*, as all the questions were *mental* ones.”

WE have to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the two most valuable books, "Spirit Identity" and "The Higher Aspects of Spiritualism," bound in one volume, by Stainton Moses, who did more for spiritualism in the beginning than any we know of. The books are published by the London Spiritualist Alliance, 110, St. Martin's Lane, W. C., London, and are priced at 3s 6d for the complete volume. Mr. Moses gives, in his books, accounts of cases of Spirit Identity which prove conclusively that men live after death, and they can come back to communicate with men on earth. Rev. Mr. Moses was at first an ardent Christian and had no faith in the philosophy of spiritualism. He gives an account of how he was converted to the truths of spiritualism. He was somehow or other induced to sit with a medium. At first he was treated, as usual, with hazy nonsense, but he persevered and got his reward. Let us quote below his own words:—

The spirit possessing the medium asks him—

"You want me?"

Mr. Moses replies—

"Yes. What is your name?"

"I'd rather not tell you. You can ask me any questions."

"No. Tell me what you see, or describe any one whom you see near me. I will answer yes or no; no more."

"I see a man, very old, tall, with a long white beard, and long hair."

"Yes."

"The beard is very white indeed."

"No. Go on."

"He has a very high broad forehead, and his eyes are drawn down. Why, he's blind!"

"Yes."

"And his face is black and blue. And (here the medium shuddered violently), oh! what's that in his mouth? It's like slime . . . and mud . . . and . . . oh! blood."

"Yes."

"And . . . It's dark. I can't see."

"Go on. How is he dressed?"

"He has on a long blue coat. No, not exactly a coat, . . . something long. I can't see his feet."

"Where does he stand?"

"Right opposite; close by you."

"Can you see his name?"

"No. He seems in trouble. I think it's money. He looks so horrible. Let me go! Why do you keep me here?"

"Go then. Do you know me?"

"No." (This very emphatically)

I shall not attempt, says Mr. Moses, to describe the scene during the time that this conversation was being held. I have quoted from a full and careful record written at the time, and the whole scene is photographed indelibly on my mind. Everyone seemed petrified and astonished. They would have been still more so, had they known with what photographic accuracy a scene in my own private experience was being re-enacted before my eyes. It was, I am sure, unknown absolutely to any person in the room, as unknown as I was myself. It was a scene that passed in a very distant part of Great Britain, and it was reproduced with a realistic power that bore down before it, as with torrent-force, all doubt and hesitation. I felt that the man was

there before me; himself reproducing the story of his death for my conviction.

THE *Sun Flower*, a spiritual paper of Hamburg, N. Y., says that it will be glad to have more subscribers. *Light* of London, when noticing this paragraph of the American paper, also says the same thing. The fact is, spiritual papers are not adequately supported by the public though, of course, it is needless to point out that they are doing a work for humanity than which more important cannot be conceived. The more enterprising spiritual papers are those that have been able to appear weekly, but even they too are very poorly supported. Spiritualism is valued by those who have suffered bereavements, and who are aware that they have not much longer to live. The rest are engrossed with worldly affairs. The bereaved mourn for the loss of their dear ones for a time, but they soon forget them. If a spiritual medium offers to prove the continuity of existence he will be treated with scant courtesy, but if a psychic undertakes to speak of hidden treasures, he will be surrounded by a busy concourse of people. Men, generally, have no idea of higher things; they are practically animals with only this difference that they can talk.

SAYS the *Two Worlds*: "There are people whose investigations into Spiritualism comprise the reading of the Watch Tower Bible Society's tract, Mr. Frank Podmore's 'Studies of Psychical Phenomena,' 'The Dangers of Spiritualism,' by a member of the S. P. R. who dare not sign his name, Mr. T. J. Hudson's 'Laws of Psychic Phenomena,' portions

of the Dialectical Society's reports, several accounts of exposures of mediums, and Huxley's description of a seance. The followers of these would-be investigators might almost be forgiven for supposing that Mrs. E. H. Britten's 'Nineteenth Century Miracles' dose not exist. It would appear to them that Sir William Crookes's 'Researches into Spiritualism,' Mr. Stainton Moses's 'Spirit Identity,' the Rev. M. J. Savage's 'Can Telepathy Explain?' Mr. F. W. H. Myers's 'Human Personality,' the works of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Madame d'Esperance, and a host of others had never been published. Indeed, only within these last few months several critics seem more inclined to value the statement of an Irish politician on matters psychical rather than study the subject themselves from our own point of view. Truly, we live in a strange world, amongst strange people!"

— ◆ —

ONE important question to be considered regarding the "raps" is—are these sounds governed by any apparent intelligence? The earliest Fox rappings, we have noted, spelled out a message regarding the body in the cellar—facts apparently known to no living person. The same is noted by Prof Barrett, M. Flammarion and many other investigators. The immaterial drummer obeyed the request of M. Joncieres; but Sir William Crookes notes that the raps are "frequently in direct opposition to the wishes of the medium," and in Dr. Maxwell's case the noises displayed a most waggish perversity. "At a very early stage of the inquiry," says Sir William, "it was seen that the power producing the phenomena was not merely a blind force, but was associated with

or governed by intelligence; thus the sounds to which I have just alluded will be repeated a definite number of times, they will come loud or faint, and in different places at request; and, by a pre-arranged code of signals, questions are answered and messages given with more or less accuracy."

—◆—

A DESCRIPTION of astonishing psychic power manifested in her own household is given by Mrs. Jordan W. Lambert, wife of a wealthy chemical manufacturer of St. Louis, in a recent number of "The Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research." The experiences have been submitted to Prof. James H. Hyslop, who within the past few days has been in consultation with Mr. Lambert's brother, Marion Lambert.

The high social standing of the writer of the remarkable observations has caused them to be widely discussed. William Hannegan, employed by the Lamberts as an attendant for their seven-year-old son, is the subject. He is said to have imparted to the boy many of his strange powers, and the mother is convinced the child, who, she says, has been a clairvoyant from birth, is in communication with mystic influences of the world beyond.

Hannegan comes of a respectable family, but has had many hard knocks in the school of adversity. Last April he was graduated from the St. John Hospital Training School for Nurses in St. Louis, and was engaged as an attendant for the junior Lambert, then far from being strong. These are some of the things that Mrs. Lambert says Hannegan has accomplished:

Tables and chairs follow him about the room as if bewitched.

Without the slightest education in music, he is endowed with supernatural powers over the piano keys, being able to play the scores of operas he has never heard.

His astral body wanders about the house unlocking doors.

Lost articles are located by him with accuracy.

Roses of a species unknown to the spectators are materialized by him as gifts from friends in the world of spirits.

On one occasion he spirited a tennis ball from a bath-house into the pocket of Lambert, Jr., through a padlocked door.

Another time he summoned the spirit of Mrs. R. H. Davis, a friend of the Lamberts, and when the lights were turned up at the end of the seance, roses were found strewn on the table. A florist who examined them said their like could not be found in any earthly flora.

Warnings are uttered as if given by those from a distant shore.

Balls are suspended in the air.

Mrs. Lambert says that once, when Hannegan was sleeping, she saw his astral body floating over his bed. She claims that her son has increased in strength of mind and body under Hannegan's care.

THE
Hindu Spiritual Magazine.

—:-(X):—

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G. P. COMMUNICATIONS.

—:-(X):—

THOSE who are anxious to earn the blessings of a firm faith in spiritualism, should carefully study the experiments of Dr. Richard Hodgson with the medium, Mrs. Piper. Dr. Hodgson was an Australian. He believed with Gladstone and many other eminent men that the greatest work of man is to investigate whether there is a life after death. With this belief he began his researches, though he was a confirmed sceptic, that is, had a firm conviction that a life after death was not even conceivable.

His idea was this. It is better for an investigator to begin as a sceptic than as a believer. For a believer may be led to

accept upon insufficient evidence what he believes, but a sceptic has no such fear. So he began his researches, as we said, as a sceptic, a most confirmed sceptic, and sometimes an unreasonable sceptic. His investigations increased his scepticism, for he found fraud among the mediums. Nay, he went to the length of denouncing Madame Blavatsky as a fraud. And thus he got the name of a "detective." We shall presently show how he carried his scepticism to an unreasonable length.

We then come to Mrs. Piper. She has brought under the banner of spiritualism a larger number of men than perhaps any other medium has been able to do,—we mean men of science and of high intellectuality,—by her mediumistic powers. Even those who could not admit the spirit theory had yet to admit that Mrs. Piper had a power not possessed by ordinary men. Even Mr. Podmore had to admit that she was not a fraud. The difference between Eusapia and Mrs. Piper consists in this. The former is a physical medium, and has generally to work in darkness. But Mrs. Piper appeals to the intellect, works in light, and she has, therefore, no opportunity or very little opportunity of deceiving her clients. We shall shew gradually what extraordinary powers she possessed.

Then there are spirits and spirits: Some are good communicators, others quite the contrary. Have we not men who are clear in their communications while others are not so? George Pelham, the spirit, happened to be one of the best communicators among spirits, who influenced mediums to talk or write to men on earth. And this G. P., the clear communicating spirit, controlled the medium, Mrs. Piper.

So here was a combination of the best of conditions for investigation. Dr. Hodgson was a most diligent intelligent and careful investigator ; Mrs. Piper was a gifted medium, and G. P. one of the best communicating spirits that ever took upon himself to communicate with men below.

Let us now see how Hodgson and Mrs. Piper first met. Dr. Hodgson came to Boston, and heard of Mrs. Piper from men of the highest position. A sitting was arranged by him with her, without mentioning names. Well they sat, Mrs. Piper and Dr. Hodgson, face to face. The following is taken from the account of sittings given by Dr. Hodgson himself. The spirit, Dr. Phinuit, then influenced Mrs. Piper, (G. P. was then not dead,) and the former began to talk, having taken possession of the tongue of Mrs. Piper: "Mother living, father dead, little brother dead. Four of you living besides mother." All these were true and Hodgson was surprized. Then Phinuit continued: "You and your cousin Fred went to school together. He is here before me, he goes a jumping frog and laughs. He had convulsion [due to an accident] and he went off in a sort of spasm."

Dr. Hodgson admits all these to be true, in the description of his cousin Fred, and how he died.

Then Phinuit described the lady with whom Dr. Hodgson was engaged, but who also had died. Dr. Hodgson wanted an accurate description of her eyes which were very peculiar. Phinuit gave the required description and Hodgson asked Phinuit how he could give such an accurate description of the eye which was so peculiar. He said, "because the lady is standing beside me and shewing me her right eye saying that it was that what you wanted to know."

Phinuit also gave the names of several of the acquaintances, friends and relations of Dr. Hodgson, such as, William, Robert, Alfred, Alice, Arthur, Carrie, Marie, and five or six others. Dr. Hodgson at first could not recall any one named "Marie," but he did it afterwards.

Now what we see is this. Mrs. Piper was entranced and said, that one Dr. Phinuit was speaking through her. This Phinuit gave an account of the surroundings of Dr. Hodgson correctly, and said that he was a spirit and named the relations of Hodgson who had gone to the spirit world. How could Mrs. Piper do this? You must either admit that Dr. Phinuit is a spirit or you must explain how Mrs. Piper could get an access into such information. You will say that Mrs. Piper could read thoughts, but how could she state facts which were not in the mind of Dr. Hodgson? So you have no help but to believe in the spiritual theory. But let us continue :

Phinuit described one of Hodgson's friends thus : "School mate, with freckles, little fellow, red hair, &c." And Hodgson says that this was a school mate of his in Australia.

Phinuit referred to another school mate who was lame. Then he mentioned the names of Knight, Dr. Edward, Weldon and Welton.

Said Phinuit, "you quarrelled with a lady in Germany and he then gave certain details of this quarrel and Hodgson admits the information to be correct. It is, in this manner, Dr. Phinuit read Dr. Hodgson, as he would do an open book.

Let us summarize : One comes from Australia to Boston. There he hears of a medium. He approaches her without giving names. They sit face to face and Dr. Hodgson is

supplied with information about himself, about half of which has been told above, the rest omitted for want of space, and some of which he had himself forgotten. He asks Phinuit how could he give such detailed and definite information? And he replies—"because I am in the spirit world, and your friends are here and I am repeating what they tell me." This explanation is eminently satisfactory. You however "hate the spirits" as one sceptic said. If you have a better one let us have it, but you have none. Hodgson had none. What was the opinion formed of the medium Piper by Hodgson? He only admitted that she had some super-normal powers, that is all!

Thus the mind of Hodgson was cast in a sceptical mould. He saw that Mrs. Piper was speaking to him in a harsh masculine voice. This voice itself admitted and explained that it was that of a man, a French doctor, whose spirit had taken possession of the body of Mrs. Piper, the medium. The voice further explained, as we said just now, that he was surrounded by the spirits of the friends of Dr. Hodgson who were supplying him with the information. Yet Dr. Hodgson could not believe in the spiritual theory.

Dr. Hodgson rejected this explanation of the voice. He declared that the voice, though harsh and masculine, belonged to Mrs. Piper and no other. And the information that she was furnishing in such a miraculous manner also came from her. In short, according to Dr. Hodgson, there were two Pipers who brought about the manifestation. Mrs. Piper, in her first stage, is an ordinary woman and is as ignorant, as an ignorant woman should be. But when she arrives at her superior state, she becomes quite a different being,

and then the minds of all men of the universe are opened out to her, and thus she reads the minds of men, and gives the information.

If that be the case, why does Mrs. Piper conceal the fact? Why does not the harsh voice admit that the French doctor is a blind, and that it really belongs to the superior state of Mrs. Piper? And then how does it happen that Mrs. Piper, who is by all accounts an honest woman, becomes a liar when she arrives at her superior condition? What does she gain by deceiving the world in this manner? Would not the superior condition of Mrs. Piper receive greater homage than the spirit of a French doctor? And above all what or who is this "superior condition?" Where is the proof that a man can arrive at a superior condition and find himself *en rapport* with the secrets of nature and then deceive all who approach him? It is a mere theory and an extravagant one.

Well if the spirit of the French doctor Phinuit failed to convince Dr. Hodgson, the spirit of George Pelham, called G. P., succeeded in demolishing his scepticism, and forced him to accept the spiritual theory. From 1887 to 1892 Dr. Hodgson struggled, and fought against the spiritual theory so long Dr. Phinuit was the spirit which controlled. But in 1892, that is five years after, G. P. came into the field.

George Pelham met his death, probably instantaneously, by a fall in New York in February, 1892, at the age of thirty-two. He was a lawyer by training but had devoted himself chiefly to literature and philosophy, and published two books which received the highest praise from competent authorities. He had resided for many years in Boston, but three years preceding his death, he had been living in New York. He was

a man highly esteemed by his friends, and among whom was Dr. Hodgson himself.

Between four and five weeks after George Pelham's death, John Hart, an intimate friend of his, arranged a sitting with Mrs. Piper and Richard Hodgson was present. Of course, Mr. Hart's name was not told to the medium nor did she know Pelham. Mrs. Piper was controlled by Dr. Phinuit and said, "George Pelham has come." This was the first time G. P.'s name was mentioned. In this manner, Phinuit talked as the representative of George Pelham. The full name of Pelham was given, as also the Christian and surname of several of his most intimate friends, and recognized John Hart himself. Then G. P. took control and began to speak in this manner: "Is that you John Hart? Tell James Howard I want to see him. He will hardly believe that it is I that is speaking. Go up to my room where I used to write. I left things mixed up. Kindly straighten them for me. Rogers has got a book of mine." John Hart then asked:—

"Who gave these to study?"

G. P. "I sent them to you; I want you to keep them."

Then G. P. wanted to see James and Mary Howard, his most intimate friends and said: "Tell Katherine that I will solve the problems for her," Katherine being the daughter of the Howards. G. P. continued: "I lent a book to Meridith. Tell him to keep it for me."

You must remember that Mrs. Piper knew not George Pelham nor his friends, so the way she spoke, at once convinced John Hart that he was actually in the presence of George Pelham.

John Hart related his experience with Mrs. Piper to James Howard, who was a confirmed sceptic. But the message that G. P. sent to Katherine, his 15-year old daughter, viz., "tell Katherine that I shall solve the problems for her," very much impressed him. For G. P., while alive, had actually many talks with Katherine on philosophical subjects and problems relating to time, space, &c. Now this no one knew except Howard and his daughter Katherine. So he was led to have some sittings with Mrs. Piper.

It so happened that appointments had been made for other experimenters, (Dr. Hodgson calls them sitters and we shall also call them so) and it was nearly three weeks before Mr. and Mrs. Howard could find an opportunity of having a sitting with Mrs. Piper. And at these sittings, held before James Howard had his, Dr. Phinuit always spoke, but at every one of them the doctor said, "G. P. was anxious to see his friends." Thus Phinuit, in the midst of his talks, would say "George says, when are you going to bring Howard? George is anxious to tell his friends the philosophy of spirit life," or "George says he wants to tell his friends where he is, what spirit life consists of, and what he is doing."

George had entered the spirit-world only a few weeks before; he suddenly found an opportunity of talking to his friends on earth. He was a most intellectual man, and thus he was very anxious, not only to talk to his friends but also to prove that he was not dead, and also to tell men below what the spirits did, or how they lived.

At last an arrangement was made and Mrs. Piper sat at the library of Mr. Howard. The arrangement was made by Dr. Hodgson and the medium Mrs. Piper had no knowledge

at whose library she was sitting and why the sitter was anxious to have a seance with her. Phinuit began the talk and then he gave place to G. P., who, using the voice, kept up a brisk conversation with his friend, Mr. Howard, for the rest of the sitting.

Now, just fancy what this means. Howard is an intimate friend of G. P., who has spent several years with him in his house. They had common experiences, common talks, which extended to many years, and G. P. began the talk, through Mrs. Piper the medium, who knew none of them. Do you think it possible for any cheat to escape detection at once under the above circumstances? G. P. did not talk in monosyllables, nor in vague phrases, but he began the talk just as he would have done if he were alive. And thus he easily proved to Howard that he was no other than his friend George Pelham. Let us quote a portion of the talk from the beginning. G. P. at once calls Howard by name thus:—

Jim is that you? Speak quick, I am not dead, I am awfully glad to see you. Can't you see me? Can't you hear me? Give love to father and tell him to come to me. Tell him I am happy here, more because I can now communicate with you. I want you to know that I yet think of you. I spoke to John Hart the other day.

Howard. Where are you George, and what do you do?

G. P. Scarcely yet able to do anything, I am just awakened to the reality after death. It was like darkness, dark hours before dawn Jim. I was puzzled, confused. Shall have an occupation soon. I can see you, and can hear you, so, I can distinguish your accents, and articulation. Yours seems to me like big drum, mine would sound to you like the faintest whisper, is it not?

Howard. Our conversation is something like telephoning?

G. P. Yes. I was surprized when I found myself living. It was beyond my reasoning powers. It is, however, now clear to me as day light. We have an astral fac-simile of the material body.

Reader take note of what G. P. says. We have a spiritual body enclosed within the material-body. When the latter is

destroyed, the former, the spiritual body, remains, and which is the real self, the ego.

It must be borne in mind that the reports were taken most rigidly, not a letter was omitted of what fell through the lips of the medium. We have thus a very accurate and faithful account of the experiments of Dr. Hodgson with Mrs. Piper.

Let us summarize: Mrs. Piper does not know G. P. and therefore could not know who his friends or relations were. An intimate friend of his, Mr. Hart, goes to Mrs. Piper to open a communication with G. P., if that were possible. Of course Mrs. Piper knows him not nor the object of his visit. So he, Hart, was very much surprized when he was accosted by G. P. himself with the glad tidings that he was not dead. Says he: "I am George Pelham. You are John Hart." In this manner, he gave his own name in full, and the names, in full, of many of the friends of G. P., nay, he mentioned facts not known to any one sitting there, not known to Hart or Hodgson. The names of his most intimate friends Mary and James Howard are mentioned and then to their daughter Katherine, whom he names, is sent word that he (G. P.), would solve the problems for her. This was neither known to Hart nor Hodgson. G. P. says, "lent a book to Meridith" which was a fact not known to any, so mind-reading could not help the medium here.

Dr. Hodgson in his first sitting with Mrs. Piper was told the names of his friends and relations, nay, incidents like his quarrel with a lady in Germany. When G. P. announced himself, his friends came to test him. He was an intellectual and educated man, and had a large circle of edu-

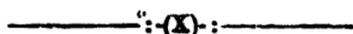
cated and intellectual friends. They all came to cross-examine him. Came his mother and father. G. P. proving his identity to almost every one of them. This he did very easily. His friends had only this disadvantage that they did not see his body or hear his voice. But they could test him in innumerable other ways, in his mode of thinking, his mode of expression, his likes and dislikes, his experiences which all shewed that he was no other than G. P.

Mrs. Piper, an ordinary half-educated woman, is entranced, and personates dead people. These dead people say, that they were men on earth and that they had gone to the spirit world. If you accept this, everything is fully explained. You must accept this spiritual theory or suggest a better or at least an equally good one to explain these manifestations. Have you any such theory? You have none. You say she reads mind. But this in itself requires proof. How can one believe that Mrs. Piper has the power of reading the secrets of men who come to her? If that be so why does she not say so? Why does she attribute the manifestations to spirits? And then if it be mind-reading, how is it that she reads what is not in the mind? Thus it was not in the mind that G. P. had talks on philosophical subjects with Katherine. So the confirmed sceptic Richard Hodgson had at last to yield to the spiritual theory.

We shall shew in a future issue how G. P. succeeded in convincing Mr. Howard who was as strong a sceptic as Dr. Hodgson was. He did that in a most extraordinary manner.

MODERN HISTORY OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM AND MESMERISM.

II.



THERE are three great schools of Hypnotism :—

(1) The school of Charcot, (2) The School of Nancy and (3) The school of the Mesmerists.

Classification of the symptoms of Hypnosis has led to the enunciation by some of certain stages, namely :— (1) Drowsiness, (2) Lethargic, (3) Somnambulistic.

Charcot has classified the symptoms into three stages . -- (1) The Cataleptic, (2) Lethargic, (3) Somnambutic.

Classification according to Forel .—

(1) Drowsiness :—The subject can resist suggestion only with effort.

(2) Hypotaxy :—The eyes are fast closed and cannot be opened ; the subject is obliged to obey the various suggestions.

(3) Somnambulism :—It is characterised by loss of memory on waking.

The scientific classification into two groups by Max Dessoir according to the extent of the functional disturbances :—Group I. Change in the voluntary movements. Group II. Abnormalities in the functions of the sense organs.

Heidenhain divides the symptoms of the hypnotic states under four heads :—

(1) Those referable to the conditions of the sensorium or portion of the brain which receives nervous impulses resulting in movements of a reflex and imitative character.

(2) Insensibility to pain and various forms of perverted sensations.

(3) Increased irritability of the portion of the nervous system devoted to reflex actions ; and (4) States of the nervous centres controlling the movements of the eye to objects at various distances and the movements of respiration, etc.

Since Hypnotism is a kind of nervous sleep a knowledge of the mechanism and working of the nervous system is essentially necessary for a right understanding of the phenomena of hypnosis.

Nervous system is the apparatus by which purposive movements are actuated and regulated.

The movements in an animal lower down in the scale of organism is in fact a movement of parts, never of organism as a whole.

The study of the nervous system resolves itself into a study of the means by which movements are effected and directed towards a definite end.

All movements are not purposive though the initial impulse was owing to some external stimulus acting on the organism.

Movements are effected in higher animals by the contraction of muscles due to stimulation or impact.

Though the functions of all nerves are identical in as much as they are the distributors of energy, a difference

however arises from the fact that nerves are either *motor* or *sensory*.

Motor nerves carry their streams of energy *outwards* from the great nervous masses to their branched terminations at the periphery of the body, while the sensory nerves carry their currents of energy from the periphery of the body *inwards* to the central masses of nerve-substance and thus serve to connect the cerebro-spinal axis with the skin and the special sense-organs.

The structure of the nervous system is built up by a force converted from energy of motion into energy of position.

The two following important conclusions can be arrived at from a study of the nervous system.

(1) That while certain nerve-centres actuate movements *directly* by discharging through the nerves into the muscles there are other centres which actuate movements *indirectly* by discharging into and 'setting in action the centres of the first order.

(2) That the special direction and the time of starting of a current into this or that set of muscles are determined by the influence of in-going currents derived through the organs of sense from the outside world.

The nervous centres are so arranged that the highest centres have control over the lower ones and so on.

Like the double circulation of blood there is a double circulation of the nerve-energy in the body,

As the greater or systematic circulation of blood flows from the heart to the body at large and from body at large back to the heart, and as the minor or pulmonary circulation flows from the heart to the lungs and from the lungs bac

to the heart, so from the sense-organs and the skin to the brain, and from the brain back to the muscles flows the greater circulation of the nerve-energy by which are adapted the movements of the body to circumstances of the outside world and the lesser circulation of the nerve-energy by which activity or function is adapted to bodily needs flows from the viscera and the body at large to the brain and from the brain back to the viscera and other organs.

Let us try to realise now the relation of mind to nervous process.

Our mental life is composed of a series of conscious states and processes and our bodily life of a series of molecular combinations and disintegrations, but on no account can the states or movements of matter be convertible into states and processes of mind or *vice versa*.

The true connection between nervous and mental phenomena is believed to be this:—That when a nerve-current in the course of its circuit from the organs of sense to the muscle, reaches the highest centres and sets them in action it is invariably attended,—we cannot say why or how,—by a mental state or ideation.

All that is known is that the one set of changes accompanies the other set of changes invariably and instantly just as the movement of the shadow accompanies the movement of the man. As it is impossible for the shadow to move the man, so also it is impossible for the mental changes to influence or alter the nervous changes. On the other hand, the nervous system or the body which contains it can no more act independently and directly upon the mind than the man can pick up his shadow and throw it away.

As on the sensory or in-going side, so on the motor or outgoing side : The actual state does not rise, save only when the nervous process is set agoing, or more accurately speaking, there is no thought or rather no mental condition without a nervous process.

With nervous processes the continual repetitions bring about complete organization.

New acts become habitual, habitual acts automatic and automatic acts reflex.

The degree of consciousness accompanying a nervous process depends upon the degree of novelty and activity of the nervous process.

Our conscious life is made up therefore of two factors :- -
(1) States of mind and (2) Changes from one state to another.

The states of mind are called feelings and the relations between them are called thoughts and all consciousness is made up of feelings and thoughts.

Feelings accompany discharges of grey matter. Thoughts accompany the passage of discharges from centre to centre.

The totality of consciousness is then made up of two parts :--One corresponding with impressions made by, and actions made upon the outside world ; the other corresponding with currents arriving from and discharges distributed to the interior of the body itself. The former constitutes our consciousness of self, or in other words the former is object-consciousness and the latter is subject-consciousness.

The fact that mind and body conjointly make up what we are or feel ourselves to be, is no proof that either or both could not exist independently. The nature of con-

connection subsisting between them (body and mind) is one of juxtaposition or parallelism.

The Idealist, the Naturalist and even the Psychologist, all agree in this that the relation of body and mind is coordinated, adjusted and maintained by means of the nervous system and that the mental processes directly correspond with certain processes of the nervous system and those more especially of the brain.

The fact that the connection between brain and what we call mind is more intimate than between mind and the rest of the body is proved by the following experimental evidences :

(1) The insensibility of a nerve to stimulus of every kind follows when its communication with the brain is cut off, thereby proving that feeling is not really in the part itself and that what we call sensation directly corresponds with a state of the brain and only indirectly with the part itself. Hence we are wrong in supposing that taste is in the tongue, the touch is in the skin and the pain of our cuts, lams or bruises is in the hand or feet. It is nearer to the truth to say that "we feel not that which acts on our bodies but only that which goes in our brain."

(2) Psycho-physical evidences go to prove that there is a measurable interval of time between the application of a stimulus to any organ and the corresponding sensation. For example, between the sensation of pain, light or sound and the physical agents, such as pricking, conflagration and the striking of a bell.

The fact that stimulation does not at once give rise to sensation, but takes a measurable interval of time, proves

that some process must intervene between them which is a process of transference along the nerves to the brain.

(3) An increase of *mental work* is always accompanied by an increase of *brain work* and which in their turn are followed by a casting off of certain waste materials, the residue of the used-up brain materials from out of the system in the form of phosphates and sulphates.

(4) The manifestation of intelligence is connected with the size and convulsions in the brain.

The nervous process, underlying the phenomena of motion accompanying, as it does, certain chemical changes wrought in the nervous mechanism, occupies the same central region as that which underlies a sensation or a thought with the exception that the latter process does not involve the peripheral region of the nervous system which exclusively belongs to the dynamic of movement. The production of what is called sensation is dependent on the action of some external stimulus, e. g. light on the sense organ. The sensation arises upon the transmission of the nervous process through the nerves to the conscious centre or sensorium.

When an excitement has once entered the nerve it is always the same, or in other words the nerve of sight is not really different from the nerve of hearing, neither is that of taste different from that of touch." The case of the other sense-nerves is also similar.

A closer examination will show us that the nerve fibres are homogenous one with the other, and that it is not the nerve, but a peculiar receptive and terminal apparatus with which it is provided at its peripheric end which can be

excited by definite influences and which are then transmitted to the nerves.

The nerve-fibres end in nerve-cells and the difference in our sensations is dependent on the difference in the structure of terminal apparatus i. e. on the characters of the nerve-cells.

Let us suppose now that the nerves of hearing and of sight of a man were cut and that the peripheric end of the former were perfectly united with the central end of the latter, that is the peripheric end of the nerve of sight were united with the central end of the nerve of hearing, then would the sound of an orchestra elicit in us the sensation of light and colour and that an impression of sound would follow on witnessing a highly coloured picture.

The conclusion from the above experiments is that the sensation which we receive from outward impressions are not dependent on the nature of these impressions, but on the nature of our nerve-cells.

The same vibratory motion may be felt, heard and seen according to the nature of excitement in the nerve-cells. We are therefore forced to look in the nerve-cells for the reason of the difference in our sensations, as the nerve-fibres which accomplish the various sensations differ in no way from each other.

There are four characteristic qualities attributed to nerve-cells which are entirely absent in nerve-fibres. They are—

- (1) That the nerve-cells might become excited independently, i. e., without any visible external irritant.
- (2) They (nerve-cells) are able to transfer the excitement from one fibre to another.

(3) They can receive an excitement transmitted to them and transmute it into conscious sensation.

(4) They are able to cause the suppression (retardation) of an existing excitement.

Thus we have seen --

(a) That the nervous system affects the motions and sensations of the body, and that these qualities belong mainly to the central parts in which ganglion-cells occur.

(b) That periphelic nerve-fibres act merely as conducting or transmitting apparatus to or from the central organs.

(c) All sensations are communicated by the periphelic nerves which all terminate in one or other of the nerve centres.

(d) If the nerve is cut at a point between the irritated spot and the nerve centre the muscular pulsation occurs, but the sensation of pain is absent.

(e) If on the other hand the nerve is cut at a point nearer the periphery no muscular pulsation occurs, but pain is felt.

(f) That the periphelic nerves—when irritated at any point in their course—are able to cause effects both at their central and periphelic ends.

SATISH CHUNDER SANJAL.

(To be continued.)

THE HANUMANNAGAR SPIRITS RE-APPEAR.

—:-(X):—

A few months ago we gave an account of spontaneous spiritual manifestations in a family, consisting of a medical man, his wife, two daughters, and a widowed sister-in-law, that is to say, the widow of his elder brother. For the information of non-Indians, let us state that the Hindu widows do not marry, and they generally live, either with their brother, husband's brother, father or other relations. The philosophy of spiritualism is also not generally understood here and, therefore, if any spirit makes his presence known, he or she is put down for an earth-bound or ghost. Indeed, if any spiritual manifestation takes place in any family, great care is taken to conceal the fact, for no one here likes it to be talked about that, any member of his family has become a ghost or earth-bound. When, therefore, the medical man, alluded to above, found ghostly pranks in his house, he, at first, attributed them to wicked neighbours, but when the ghosts or a ghost was caught red-handed, the fact was kept concealed from outsiders for a considerable time.

Our readers have possibly forgotten how the disturbances began. They first heard knocks, then there was pelting of stones and latterly there were manifestations of a wilder nature, so much so that the doctor had to vacate his place for a time. One night at 3 A.M. they heard a loud knock at one

of the doors. Immediately there was alarm and a search was made for thieves, unsuccessfully. On the following day they heard the same knock again precisely at the same time. On the third day, brickbats began to fall and some fifty or sixty of them were gathered. After nightfall knocks were again heard, it seemed, in every part of the house. When one was located and approached the sound immediately ceased and travelled elsewhere. These knocks were followed again by the fall of brickbats. The knocks then, as it were, entered into the house. They were heard distinctly within the room, nay, within the closed almirah. At first these knocks showed some respects to those who watched them. But eventually they did not stop even when large crowds assembled to witness the mad-pranks. Indeed, the knocks seemed intended to draw their attention.

New manifestations followed the knocks and the pelting of the stones. Thus mosquito curtains began to be swayed to and fro with great force, and cold draughts of wind sent a chill through the systems of those who were in bed. Hand-fans were taken away by force from the bed and brickbats fell within the rooms.

It seemed very clear that those who were creating these disturbances heard all that was told of them. Said a watcher, the knocks seemed to have stopped and immediately they were commenced !

Manifestations became more and more violent day by day. Sometimes doors were suddenly closed by invisible hands and blows were showered upon the unfortunate sister-in-law, the sound of which could be heard from outside. She was touched now and then, nay, sometimes she was pinched too.

The body of the wife of the doctor was also not spared. She was also occasionally touched and pinched. One day an *arum* was seen to drop from the ceiling within closed doors, and also some brickbats. And thus it was manifest that the spirits could pass matter through matter.

It was the sister-in-law who, however, received the greatest attention. A wrapper was brought from a distant room by invisible hands, and wrapped round her body. Sometimes, in this manner, the veils were removed from her face to her confusion. Cotton soaked with sweet scent was plugged in her ears. One day a chalk was taken by an invisible hand and the face of the lady was marked in a ludicrous manner. On another occasion a materialised hand, besmeared with sandal paste, was held to the nostril of the lady. And the room was filled with a sweet fragrance.

The doctor who was a thorough sceptic was dumbfounded. He not only saw an invisible force working all around him, but saw it was guided by intelligence. He clearly perceived that "telepathy" or "subliminal consciousness" would not meet the requirement of the case. So, in despair, he wrote to us for advice and help. We suggested that it was all the work of a spirit, and the spirit was no doubt a near relation who wanted to open communication. So what they should do was to put paper and pencil before the sister-in-law who was no doubt the medium, and to ask the spirit to say his say if he had anything to communicate. This was done and the response came immediately. The lady wrote, in effect, the following in Bengalee: "I cannot tell you now. Don't be afraid. I love you." This was followed by a second communication to this effect: "I love you most dearly. I have come to see

you as we have not met for an age. I feel sorry if you suffer. I touched you to remind you of me, for you have forgotten me, though I have not forgotten you. I asked you to use scent but you did not. I had therefore to apply scent to you."

After this the lady began to talk. He would go into fits of trance and then talk. The spirit announced himself to be the husband of the lady, and brother of the doctor. So, in great glee, the doctor wrote to us that the spirit was no other than his brother,—dead some years. We wanted to know how he could be sure that he was the brother and not another and, in reply, he wrote to us that he found it out very easily. "Is it possible for anyone to personate a brother with whom I have lived together for a good many years and then deceive me? If the spirit was a fraud he would have been detected at once." This is reasonable.

Gradually this brother-spirit became a familiar, though invisible, figure in the family. He resented being called a ghost. He was high above that. Indeed, he wanted worship as angels are worshipped. He then undertook to heal diseases by administering drugs and adopting other methods. A short time after he began to get scarce day by day, and finally disappeared altogether from the family.

The lady began as a writing medium, but the mode of communication subsequently changed. She would enter into a state of trance, and while quite senseless, personate other people and talk. In this manner she would be entranced several times a day. Thus, while doing her household duties, she would suddenly fall down in a swoon. In this state, after saying the say of the controlling spirit, she would come

to her senses forgetting what she had said just before. In short, she never sat to invoke spirits, they came of their own motion. The trance would come suddenly without any previous intimation whatsoever. Gradually, however, the spirit left her and the doctor, who never took any acute interest in the matter, was rather glad than sorry to see her sister-in-law, regaining her normal condition.

In this manner, a few months passed, but spirits suddenly manifested themselves again in the beginning of June. This time the spirit who announced himself was a total stranger to the family. He gave a name which was not known. He said that the spirit-world is divided into several localities. Thus there is the heaven where the highest spirits reside. Then there is the world of those who have improved themselves by a rigid spiritual training. And there is the place what she called *Indralok*, where the philanthropists find their home. There is also the ordinary spirit-world and the world of the wicked. In this way, the spirit said, the spirit-world is divided into six localities. Those of the lowest world, by improving themselves, get a promotion next to his place of habitation.

"One day," writes the doctor, in his letter dated June, "the lady suddenly entered into a state of trance and declared that a saint was standing before her with a cup of consecrated water in his hand. And this water he would sprinkle over your persons, which would purify your body and soul. No sooner was this said than we saw a few drops of water falling on my body and that of my wife." "Another day when we were anxious," continues the doctor, "because of the high fever of my daughter, the lady was entranced and she said that a

spirit would cure the girl by putting a mark on her forehead. Just then we actually saw a black round spot appearing on the forehead of the girl between the eyes, and the girl was healed soon after."

"Again, another day the spirit informed us," continues the doctor, "that good spirits had just then worshipped God with water, sandal-paste and *toolsi* leaves as is the custom with a certain sect of Hindus. And he said that, in proof of it, you would find a brass pot with water in it scented by sandal-paste and *toolsi* leaves. We sought the place indicated and actually found the brass pot, the *toolsi* leaves, and the scented water. We (myself and my wife) were directed to eat the *toolsi* leaves as we were told this would do us good. As regards the *toolsi* leaves what is wonderful is that they are not to be found in this part of the country.

"Another day my sister-in-law was passing by me while I was sitting there. I saw that an envelope dropped on her head and this was carried to me, as if by the wind. I immediately took it up and found my name written in English on it. On opening the envelope I found a letter which contained a sentence, also in English, addressed to my sister-in-law, being signed by Hemanginee Debi. In that letter, Hemanginee Debi requests my sister-in-law, in English, not to delay any longer but to come quick to her husband. This Hemanginee, who is dead, was the wife of the friend of my brother."

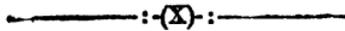
Some explanation is necessary here. It would appear that the spirit Hemanginee had procured a piece of paper and an envelope to enclose it. In this paper she had directed the doctor's sister-in-law to come as soon as possible to the

spirit-world, to her husband. This letter fell from the skies when it was clear day. The paper and the envelope had been taken from the doctor's box, but the writing was strange. No body could say whose handwriting it was, and the wonder of wonders is that the sister-in-law, that is to say, the medium, does not know a word of English.

We wanted to know whether any trickery was possible and the doctor said that it was quite impossible; for, "we live in a small house and the members of the family consist of myself, my wife, my sister-in-law and my two little girls. Servants are not permitted in."

Several spirits came and if their communications had been recorded, the doctor says, they would form a bulky manuscript. But unfortunately no record was kept. The doctor has, however, kindly promised to reproduce the communications from memory and let us know.

TANTRAS AND THE TANTRIKS.



Chapter--X.

BENEVOLENT SPIRITS.

BENEVOLENT spirits appear unto men to do good to them. They are neither mischievous by nature nor hideous in forms. Sometimes they come and work out their mission of their own accord, and sometimes they are invoked according to Tantrik rules. Many benevolent spirits have been found to remain obedient and faithful to their Tantrik Masters for a long time; but the spirits that are benevolent are more mysterious in their ways than the ghosts and spirits of other nature; and other classes. Their methods and the objects of philanthropic mission on mundane world are very little known. The following few instances will give the reader a general idea of the nature of the mission and various works which the benevolent spirits perform on suitable occasions.

In his celebrated work, entitled the "Religious Sects of the Hindoos," Professor H. H. Wilson narrates the following account of the wonderful powers of exorcism displayed through a benevolent spirit, by Sri Ramanuja, the illustrious founder of the well-known Vaishnava sect of that name. He was born about the end of the eleventh century, and became

known as a savant and holy saint all over Asia in the middle of the twelfth century. His history is recorded in various legendary tracts and traditional narratives. Ramanujacharya was born at Perumbur in South India and he studied at Kanchi (Conjevaram) where also he taught his system of the Vaishnava faith. He afterwards resided at Sri Rangam, and there composed his principal works. This distinguished Acharya (Priest and Professor) then visited various parts of India holding dialogues and discussion with the pundits of different creeds, overcoming them of course, and reclaiming numerous shrines, then in possession of the Saivas, for the worshippers of the Vishnu, particularly the celebrated temple of Triputi. On his return to Sri Rangam, the disputes between the Vaishnavas and the Saivas became exceedingly violent, and the king Keriakala Chola, being a devout worshipper of Siva, commanded all the Brahmins in his dominions to sign an acknowledgment of the supremacy of that deity, bribing some of the most refractory, and terrifying others into acquiescence. Ramamuja, however, was immovable, and the king sent armed men to seize him. But he effected his escape with the help of his disciples and, ascending the Ghat Mountains, found refuge with the Jam Sovereign of Mysore, whose name was Vithal Deva Ballava Key. The king's daughter fell seriously ill, and Sri Ramanuja, who was regarded by the people there as a saintly man, was entreated to render medical service to the king's daughter. On examination it was found that the girl was not suffering from any disease, but was possessed by an evil spirit, and hence the physicians had failed to cure her. It was a Brahmā Raksas, a notoriously mischievous class of

evil spirit that possessed the girl. Ramanuja performed a powerful Tantrik *Kriya* (ceremony) and invoked a mighty and benevolent spirit by a secret *mantra*, a portion of which may be translated as follows: "Gods and goddesses! Serpents and saints! Lord of the plumed race and regents of the planetary orbs (such as Jaksas and Gandharvas)! I salute you all in the name of the Mother (Bhowni) the authoress of Tantras. In her sacred name, O spirits that dwell upon the earth, I ask you all to listen to me. Let Demi-gods who frequent the brows of mountains and hills and ghosts that haunt groves be favourably disposed unto me. Let impure goblins that disturb graves and burning grounds; spirits that sport in streams, in tanks, in lakes, in fountains, on trees, in caves and the depths of the sea, be faithful towards me. Let all Goblins who dwell in villages, in towns, in the deserted temples, in the stalls of elephants and the cells of monks, favour me to-day. May the Imps that haunt the roads, the lanes, the markets, and where cross-ways meet, bless me. May the ghosts that lurk in wells and thickets, in the hollow of a solitary tree, in funeral paths, and in the cemeteries of the dead, and demons of terrific form who roam as bears and lions through the vast forest, or rest in the forest-clad slopes of mountains, bless me to-day in the name of Goddess Kali, the Mother of the Universe. O Lord of the winds, lord of the main, King of spirits (Ishan)—I invoke you all, kneeling on the ground. Accept this offering of incense, this humble offering of lights. Please accept with grace and eat and drink and render this act propitious. * * * O king of the spirits! Let not any mischievous or vindictive spirit disturb my *kriya*

(ceremony) this day; let not any evil-natured male or female ghost destroy my *kriya* (ceremony) on this occasion. * * * I invoke Thee, Chief of the benevolent spirits, to help me, and to enable me to perform this worship and ceremony peacefully and satisfactorily. &c. &c." A benevolent spirit appeared to Ramanuja and drove out the evil spirit that had taken possession of the king's daughter. The Raja was highly delighted, and presented to the illustrious saint and professor his grateful offerings. The king was finally converted by Ramanuja to the Vaishnava faith.

Let us take another instance. Some years ago, Lala Bihari Lal was a well-known Tehsildar* under the Government of the North-Western Provinces and Oudh. He was an elderly man of a religious and literary turn of mind. When I was proceeding to the sacred Chitrakote hills on a pilgrimage, he was posted to Mhow in the district of Banda as a Tehsildar and special Settlement Officer. The good Lala Sahab formed an acquaintance with me and entertained my humbleself at his bungalow for a few days. The Tehsildar was a good Persian scholar and he knew enough of Hindee and Urduo languages, but his knowledge of English was limited, and therefore the Government of the United Provinces overlooked his claims and refused to promote him to the post of a Deputy Magistrate and Deputy Collector. His juniors were elevated over his head while he remained only a Tehsildar. He determined to learn English and a European gentleman was appointed by him as his private tutor, but this man quarrelled with him and his services were dispensed with.

* A Tehsildar is a revenue officer and a magistrate vested with second class powers.

Then the Lala (who was in his 41st year) began to read English with a Bengali gentleman who was a Hindoo monk and a linguist, but before he could barely finish half a dozen books, the Bangali monk left him and went to another place. I was then at Bargarh, the nearest Railway Station, on my way to Chitrakote. There I received a letter from Lala Bihari Lal in Urdu. Here is the true translation of the Lala's letter which was sent to me through his chaprasi :

"My Dear and Revered Sir -

"I hope you have recovered from illness by this time. We are praying to God for you and we have good reasons to believe that the Almighty Lord has either answered, or will soon answer, our humble and sincere prayers.

"I hasten to write to you this letter so that you may be pleased to favour me with an interpretation of the wonderful dream which is the subject-matter of this letter to you.

"To night, at about 2 a. m., I dreamt, during my sleep, that a respectable looking gentleman stood before me and said with a loud voice "Bihari! Bihari! What makes you sad? Cheer up: the good days are at hand. You will be elevated to the post of a Deputy Magistrate and Deputy Collector in no time. I advise you to apply to the authorities for a leave of two months. When the application for leave will be granted—and rest assured the leave will be granted to you—you better go to Allahabad (Prayag) and erect a small hut on the banks of the sacred Ganges during the Makar Mela (fair) and pass one month in *Kalpabash* in that hut as a saint, according to the rules enjoined in the Sastras. Try to devote all the time to worship of God and divine contemplation and to the study of religious books. Do not take

rich or luxurious food for one month during the *Kalpabash* ceremony and mix with no men other than the saints and sages.'

"The figure vanished suddenly without vouchsafing any answer when I asked his name.

"Will you be pleased to interpret the dream without delay to thereby oblige

"Yours very sincerely,
Bihari Lal."

Behari Lal did exactly all that he had been asked to do.

On my way back from Chitrakote to Etawa, I met him at Allahabad, where he was posted as a Deputy Magistrate and Deputy Collector. To cut my story short, I quote here the Lala's own words: "When the *Kalpabash* ceremony was finished under strict Sastric rules and my leave expired, I wrote to the Chief Secretary to the Government to transfer me from Mhow to some other place. The Chief Secretary replied to me as follows:—"Your application for transfer has been granted. Order will be issued, as usual, in the course of the current week." Within that week, the Chief Secretary again wrote to me thus: His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to give you a promotion. You are now elevated to the post of a Deputy Magistrate and Deputy Collector and posted to Allahabad in the Headquarters."

I need hardly say that the spirit that appeared unto Lala Bihari Lal was a benevolent spirit.*

* Lala Bihari Lal is a Hindoostanee Kayastha and a native of Benares. He is now enjoying in his country home a handsome and well-earned pension.

In the "Hamlet" we read that the spirit of the deceased father of Prince Hamlet, appeared unto him and spoke to him about the remarriage of his mother, and the unlawful inheritance of the Royal throne. The spirit warned the prince in regard to the conspiracy of his uncle against him to take away his life by foul means in the same manner as the wicked conspirator did in his (the king's) case. The spirit was a benevolent spirit.

In the Old Testament (see I. Samuel, Ch. xxviii) we read that a witch invoked the spirit of the deceased King Samuel to appear unto Saul, and the spirit appeared and spoke to Saul about many important subjects, the information about which he so eagerly expected to hear. The spirit that appeared to Saul was a benevolent spirit.

Anangamanjari was the name of the only daughter of a respectable Hindoo gentleman in the district of Rungpore, in East Bengal. She was as pious and learned as she was exquisitely handsome, and she served both God and her husband with all her heart and soul. Unfortunately, she became a widow in her youthful age. As long as her good husband was alive, her father-in-law and mother-in-law treated her with consideration, because her husband used to give them all the money that he earned, but no sooner did he die, than they began to torment her. They abused her, deprived her of all her ornaments and told her to leave the house and go to her father's. Her head was shaved, her books were burnt to ashes, valuable clothes were sold to relatives and all articles of luxury were thrown away. She did not get even enough of meals either in the day or at night. She had to starve for many days or to live upon scanty food. In

short she had to suffer all sorts of oppressions and cruelties. She, with tears in her eyes, prayed to heaven and prayed to her deceased husband. One night the spirit of her husband appeared before her and said "Fear not ; neither weep nor be mournful. I will give you things which you love to eat every day, and no man or woman will be able to see them." In fact, the spirit used to give her various sorts of nice eatables and to supply all her reasonable demands. A fortnight after the spirit appeared again and said, "I can now take you away from the mortal world if you so like. You will be transferred to the spirit-world if there you will be at peace."

Anangamanjari died of high fever in a few days. Only a couple of days before her death, at night, the spirit appeared again and this time to his worldly father and mother who were then asleep on one and the same cot in the house. They were awakened. Lifting one of his fingers at his father, the spirit said rather angrily, "Cruel man! You will have to suffer dire consequences of your sins and iniquities. For three long years, you will remain confined to bed with a painful paralysis of the left side of your body." To his mother, the spirit said, "You will never be happy on earth as long as you live in it. Your days will be spent in the utmost miseries and wretchedness." Anangamanjari died with a smiling face and in perfect peace. Her father-in-law suffered most severely from a painful paralysis for three years, and, even after his recovery, he suffered from the disease, in one form or other, till he breathed his last. Her mother-in-law died a most miserable and wretched woman ; she could not enjoy peace as long as she lived in this mundane world. The

spirit that appeared unto Anangamanjari was a benevolent spirit.

The Hon'ble Mr. Ranchode Lal, C. I. E. of Ahmedabad in the Province of Bombay [a gentleman of great wealth, position and fame] told me on several occasions that almost throughout his whole life, he was guided by a benevolent spirit whom he had seen and had spoken and listened to with great interest.

Mr. R—, Dewan of —, wrote in a letter to his friend that in every walk of life he was guided by a benevolent spirit whom he had seen. When he went on famine relief works, the spirit followed him : when he entered into court or the Maharaja's palace the spirit was with him. On a certain occasion, when he was inspecting a public school the spirit gave him useful instructions, and on another occasion he was warned by the benevolent spirit against accepting the invitation of a friend to dine with him at his house.

DHARMANANDA MAHARATI,
23-A Sitaram Ghose's Street, Calcutta.

ARE THE DEAD ALIVE?



If man could know—scientifically know—of the immortality of the soul it would bring peace and comfort to many a doubting heart grieving over the loss of loved ones who have gone before. With the aid of a large staff of assistants, Mr. Fremont Rider has worked unceasingly for the past six months, and has printed some of his experiences in an issue of the "Delineator" which we publish below.

For countless centuries man has been puzzled by certain occurrences which have not fitted into his established order of things. Ever since the beginning, since man groped forward into a clear belief in the future life, there has existed, for instance, a concurrent belief that the "spirits" of the dead in "the other world" sometimes came back to earth, sometimes communicated with those they had left behind here. But "ghosts" were something that modern science, as it grew up in the past three centuries, could not explain; so science cheerfully denied that they existed.

Then there were other queer occurrences,—you and I may have had them—a friend, perhaps, on the other side of the world, suddenly dies, and we wake up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat with an inexplicable realization of our friend's decease. We call such a case a "strange coincidence." At some other time we are inexplicably warn

ed of a danger suddenly imminent to ourselves, and we call that warning a "presentiment." Even two-score years ago there were some venturesome people who said that these "coincidences" and "presentiments" were examples of a hitherto unsuspected power that they called *telepathy* or "thought transference." But modern science had no place in its scheme of things for telepathy, so again it cheerfully denied that the alleged instances really occurred.

About the middle of the last century there appeared a new class of phenomena, in some respects even more bewilderingly contrary to the existing laws of science. Mysterious rappings were heard, with no one to make them, and musical instruments played when no "natural" explanation seemed possible. Solid articles, especially tables, danced violently around and occasionally rose of their own accord into the air and floated there. Rarely, persons were "levitated" in the same way. Under favorable conditions forms were said to appear and disappear instantaneously. For these and other similar wonderful occurrences science had no explanation: they were contrary to all her established laws. So science denied that they ever occurred; and those who witnessed them, in default of any other explanation, ascribed them to the work of "spirits" of the dead and other causes.

Of course, the little genuine phenomena, admitting that there were some genuine, during this last half-century were imitated by a host of charlatans, self-styled "mediums," seeking notoriety and fortune at the expense of an easily duped public. As a consequence, spiritualism fell into such disrepute that for some time reputable scientists declined even to investigate its pretensions. Yet the more thoughtful,

As the century drew near its close, argued that where so much smoke was there must be a little fire. Thousands of people were claiming that they had seen tables tipped and levitated, that they were daily receiving messages from friends who had died. Ghosts were part of the tradition of every race on earth. Scores of respectable men and women, contrary to their expectation and better judgment, admitted the reception of telepathic messages. Here were facts that science, in the opinion of some of its leaders, could no longer ignore.

The first cry that the average man makes in the presence of alleged supernormal phenomena is that of fraud, and on the whole he is abundantly justified. The history of mediumship is one long, disheartening record of fraud and exposure. That nearly all alleged spiritualistic phenomena are fraudulent there isn't the slightest doubt. That every "medium" who in the daily papers advertises "advice" for sale is an arrant rascal may be taken as a foregone conclusion. That some of the most noted mediums, after months and sometimes years of scientific co-operation, have turned out to be impostors, is true.

But if we immediately dismiss in disgust the whole subject we are gravely in danger of the opposite error. When Dr. Thomson Jay Hudson, author of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," himself an opponent of the extreme spiritualistic position and an ethical writer of weight, says, "The man who denies the phenomena of spiritualism to-day is not entitled to be called a skeptic; he is simply ignorant"; and when the great English scientist, Alfred Russel Wallace, the co-discoverer with Darwin of evolution, recently said, "No

more evidence is needed to prove spiritualism, for no accepted fact in science has a greater or stronger array of proof in its behalf," does it not behoove the man in the street at least to read before scoffing?

Sir William Crookes, once president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, one of the three or four greatest English scientists of the nineteenth century, the discoverer of the element thallium, and inventor of the Crookes tube which made possible the X ray, and studied various phases of mediumship for five years with scientific care and thoroughness. At the end of that time he announced his conversion to spiritualism.

Sir Oliver Lodge, an admitted authority in biology and metaphysics, after many years of investigation, asserts his unqualified belief in the reality of telepathy, clairvoyance and similar so-called "occult" phenomena. Professor Richet of the University of Paris and Professor William James of Harvard, perhaps the most eminent psychologists of Europe and America, respectively, have devoted a large part of their lives to the study of mediumship.

These men are not tyros in scientific research, or liable to be hoodwinked by fraud or biased by personal feeling. They are among the leaders in the intellectual life of their respective countries. Nor do they stand alone, by any means. The (British) Society for Psychical Research, for thirty years the recognized leader in the investigation of psychical phenomena, was founded in 1882 for the express purpose of investigating "all that large group of phenomena outside the boundaries of orthodox science." This included, of course, clairvoyance, rappings, apparitions, and trance writ

ing and speaking, as well as the various allied phenomena of hypnotism. The society owed its inception to Professor W. E. Barrett of Dublin, to whose agitation its founding was chiefly due, and to two close friends, Frederic W. H. Myers and Professor Sidgwick of Cambridge. Frederic Myers was a student of psychology of such depth and breadth that his monumental work, "Human Personality," may be said to have revolutionized our conceptions of psychology. Professor Sidgwick was one of the greatest philosophical thinkers and writers of the century.

From the beginning the investigations of the society proceeded with scientific caution. It numbered among its members the leaders of the intellectual world. Among its presidents have been Arthur James Balfour, former Prime Minister of Great Britain, and Professor Balfour Stewart, the eminent logician.

Yet this society, after unmasking and discarding a tremendous accretion of fraud and error, finds enough left to state officially that the existence of ghosts and the occurrence of telepathy at least are scientifically *proved*. And the Society for Psychical Research is but a type of similar societies in France, America and Italy which have rallied around them the greatest investigators in their respective countries. The men mentioned are but a few of those who are professed believers in the reality of spiritualistic phenomena. Hudson, Hodgson and Stead in England; Dessoir in Germany; Hyslop, Funk and Sidis in America; Janet, Richet, Ochotowicz, Flammarion, Du Prel, De Gasparin, Maxwell in France; and Lombroso, the great criminologist, Foa and Morsella in Italy—the list of names is a long one.

In fact there are now in all the world but one or two scientists of the first rank who deny the actual probability of the future life ; while a large proportion claim that this life has been actually proved by the occurring phenomena of spiritualism .

You are probably surprised at this ; you probably never suspected the slightest *favorable* consensus of scientific opinion on this matter. All your life you have believed in a future life, simply because you have—believed ; but all your life, perhaps, too, you have choped and sought in vain for proof, tangible, visible, scientific proof, that your loved ones who had gone before were alive, that your faith might be more than a faith, might be an actual knowledge. Now these men assert that they have found this proof. What is it they have found ? Their scholarly attainments give their discoveries weight ; and you and I at least want to know.

As we go on, trying to pierce a little way into the unknown, remember that this whole subject of spiritualism, with its asserted proof of the future life, is one in which women should be specially interested, because with it they have had most to do.

Women seem to be peculiarly susceptible to psychic influences. For every man who receives a spontaneous premonition, there are a dozen women. Intuition, sometimes developed to a really uncanny expertness, is preeminently a feminine trait. Women seem naturally endowed with that inscrutable psychic faculty that we call clairvoyance. The great majority of mediums are women ; exactly *why* this is true we as yet simply do not know. We only gain by actual results that there is something finer, more subtle, about a woman's psychic make-up that makes her more impression-

able to these strange influences about which as yet we know so little.

In the light of the reports of these eminent scientists who have investigated spiritualism most thoroughly, you and I have neither the right—nor the desire probably—to cast aside the whole subject without at least a cursory investigation on our own account. After personal examination of the facts and a weighing of the conclusions derived from them, personal judgment may be reached which, even if it be adverse, is founded, not on contemptuous ignorance, but on unbiased acquaintance with facts.

Putting aside for the moment all questions of a future life, the psychical phenomena which we propose to investigate are claimed by the men who have studied them most to prove the existence of very wonderful abilities, powers which we are accustomed to think utterly unworthy of credence, and existing, if at all, only in the imagination or perhaps in a vague "other world." It is asserted, as we have seen, that there are, for example, really such things as :

CLAIRVOYANCE, the ability to see independent of the eyes, the material organs of sight, to see spontaneously, for example, what is within a locked drawer or what is happening a thousand miles away.

CLAIRAUDIENCE, a similar ability of hearing independent of the material organs of hearing.

TELEPATHY, the ability to communicate thought independent of all physical senses, transcending space, giving the power to the thoughts of another, be he a few feet or miles away.

PREVISION, the ability to transcend time. This may be either *retrocognition*, that is, the power of knowing what happened in the past or, more rarely, *precognition*, or prophecy, of seeing take place what has never happened, but *in the future will occur*.

TELEKINESIS, the ability to affect physical objects without contact, as, for example, moving chairs or other objects when at a distance from them.

SELF-PROJECTION, the ability of a man to make himself visible at a distance.

These are indeed wonderful things, beside which the greatest discoveries of modern science fade into comparative insignificance. That is, *if* they are true, you say. Well, that is exactly what we shall try to find out; but with one qualification. Our purpose, you will remember, is to answer an even larger question, "Are the dead alive?" and we shall consider all psychic phenomena from the standpoint of their relation to that question.

We shall very soon discover that the phenomena divide themselves into two general classes. We have table-tippings, rappings, materializations, knot-tying and other "cabinet manifestations" which do not give alleged "messages" from the "other world" and indeed may claim no connection with it. These "physical phenomena," therefore, however interesting in themselves, are irrelevant to the main point at issue and may be treated by us at much less length.

We have, on the other hand, table-tippings, rappings and materializations *with* "messages." These, together with apparitions, auditions, *automisms* (that is, automatic trance speaking and writing through a medium), are of value, because

they purport to be communications from discarnate (deceased) "spirits." You will see at once, then, that the question of the genuineness of these alleged spiritual phenomena divides itself into two :

1.—Do tables tip spontaneously? Do human beings and other material bodies rise and float in the air? Does writing occur of its own accord between sealed slates, etc.,—that is, do these things, considered simply as physical events, ever genuinely happen?

2.—Is the *source* of the alleged messages in the "other world." All these wonderful things, in other words, may or may not happen; even having proved, if we can, that they do happen, as actual, visible, *physical phenomena*, we have still to prove their spiritual origin.

The first question, as for our purposes the less important, we shall consider briefly, preliminary to the second. To undertake the solution of the latter at all advisedly, we should know something about the allied phenomena of *clairvoyance*, *telepathy* and *secondary personality* and *possession* (the "possessed by demons" of the Bible). A large field this, evidently, and one of absorbing interest; what shall we find therein?

Before beginning any detailed consideration of the phenomena mentioned by the various writers quoted, it may be well to note a few of the more famous historical instances— one or two of the striking and typical landmarks, as it were, of the country we are about to traverse.

To give quickly an idea of the extent and importance of well-authenticated psychic phenomena, I can do no better than to review very briefly Crookes's famous "Investigation of Phenomena Called Spiritual"; weighing on the one hand

Sir William Crookes's position as one of the foremost scientists of Great Britain, and on the other the extraordinary nature of the phenomena he describes, we may well understand that amazed outcry that arose upon the publication of his report.

He had said with truth, "There appear to be few instances of meetings held for the express purpose of getting the phenomena under test conditions, in the presence of persons properly qualified, by scientific training to weigh and adjust the value of the evidence which might present itself." He realized in advance the storm that would follow the announcement of the results of his inquiry, and his preliminary words are a model of judicious rebuttal.

"The phenomena I am prepared to attest are so extraordinary that even now, on recalling the details of what I witnessed, there is an antagonism in my mind between reason, which pronounces it to be scientifically impossible, and the consciousness that my senses, both of touch and sight—and these corroborated, as they were, by the senses of all who were present—are not lying witnesses when they testify against my preconceptions."

With these few words of introduction Sir William proceeds to classify simply and relate with the utmost brevity a series of the most marvelous phenomena that—*if bona fide*—it ever befell mortal man to witness.

He states, for instance, that he had observed "the movement of heavy bodies with contact, but without mechanical excitation"; that he had heard during his experiments raps and other noises varying from "delicate ticks as with the point of a pin," to "a cascade of sharp sounds as from an

induction-coil in full work" and "detonations in the air"; that he had seen "movements of heavy bodies when at a distance from the medium"; that he had watched "a chair move slowly up to the table from a far corner when all were watching it"; that he had repeatedly witnessed "the rising of tables and chairs off the ground without contact with any person"; and even "the levitation of human beings"; that he had seen "luminous appearances," not once, but many times, and under the most varied forms; that once "*in the light*" he had seen "a luminous cloud hover over a heliotrope on a side table, break a spig off, and carry the spig to a lady"; and "on some occasions a similar luminous cloud visibly condense to the form of a hand and carry small objects about"; that there had been several times "appearances of hands, either self luminous or visible by ordinary light." He tells how once "a beautifully formed small hand rose up from an opening in a dining-table and gave me a flower"; and he adds:

"I have more than once seen, first, an object move, then a luminous cloud appear to form about it, and, lastly, the cloud condense into shape and become a perfectly formed hand. At this stage the hand is visible to all present. It is not always a mere form, but sometimes appears perfectly lifelike and graceful, the fingers moving and the flesh apparently as human as that of any in the room. At the wrist or arm it becomes hazy, and fades off into a luminous cloud. I have retained one of these hands in my own, firmly resolved not to let it escape. There was no struggle or effort made to get loose, but it gradually seemed to resolve itself into vapor, and faded in that manner from my grasp."

These are facts, of course, which seems utterly beyond belief, yet the evidence which Sir William Crookes brings up in their support is imposing.

In answer to the immediate accusation of trickery, we are told that the occurrences took place in the writer's "own house, in the light, and with only private friends present besides the medium," and they happened, not once, but scores and hundreds of times, observed by many witnesses, under every test condition that expert scientific knowledge and trained detective ingenuity could devise.

Against the accusation of some kind of a wholesale self-hypnotization of the whole company, the writer contends :

"The supposition that there is a sort of mania or delusion which suddenly attacks a whole roomful of intelligent persons who are quite sane elsewhere, and that they all concur to the minutest particulars, in the details of the occurrences of which they suppose themselves to be witnesses, seems to my mind more incredible than even the facts they attest."

But there is stronger evidence. Sir William Crookes did not rely alone upon human eyes and touch, only too fallible as these often are. The amount of force was measured with a dynamometer ; the loss of weight of levitated bodies registered on specially prepared scales ; the inexplicable cold rush of air which preceded or accompanied the more startling phenomena "lowered a thermometer several degrees." Dynamometers, scales, thermometers, cannot be hypnotized !

The entire report is of absorbing interest, and the more important parts of it will be considered at greater detail later. The purpose here is simply to show that the occurrence of

phenomena of a most astounding character is asserted soberly and in the most emphatic terms by men of the very highest scientific reputation.

One more incident might be quoted, however, as an example, as Sir William Crookes says, of those "special instances which seem to point to the agency of an exterior intelligence."

"During a seance with Mr. Home a small lath, which I have before mentioned, moved across the table to me, in the light, and delivered a message to me by tapping my hand; I repeating the alphabet, and the lath tapping me at the right letters. The other end of the lath was resting on the table, same distance from Mr. Home's hands.

"The taps were so sharp and clear, and the lath was evidently so well under control of the invisible power which was governing its movements, that I said, 'Can the intelligence governing the motion of this lath change the character of the movements and give me a telegraphic message through the Morse alphabet by taps on my hand?' (I have every reason to believe that the Morse code was quite unknown to any other person present, and it was only imperfectly known to me.) Immediately I said this, the character of the taps changed and the message was continued in the way I had requested. The letters were given too rapidly for me to do more than catch a word here and there, and consequently I lost the message; but I heard sufficient to convince me that there was a good Morse operator on the other end of the line, wherever that might be."

We have already noted that the first cry that the average man makes in the presence of alleged spiritualistic pheno-

mena is that of fraud; and that on the whole he was only too well justified. The record of professional mediumship is a disheartening one. The Fox sisters, who started the spiritualistic furore in this country in the early 40's, confessed in after-life that their "spirit" rappings were made by movements of the knee joints. Eusapia Paladino, most famous of all "physical mediums," was detected by the committee of the Society for Psychological Research in the most transparent fraud. The pretensions of Madame Blavatsky, founder of the cult known as the Theosophical Society, with thousands of adherents, were utterly riddled by Dr. Richard Hodgson, the sleuth keen eyed in detecting the shady weaknesses of mediums. Slade, who completely mystified Zollner and other savants of Germany, met a much-merited Waterloo at the hands of the Seybert Commission of the University of Pennsylvania.

In short, M. Flammarion, the eminent French astronomer and psychologist says: "During a period of more than forty years I believe that I have received at my home nearly all of them—men and women of divers nationalities and from every quarter of the globe. One may lay it down as a principle that all professional mediums cheat."

It is unfortunately true, too, that the scientist is not the best observer or critic of psychic phenomena. Mother Nature, who works by invariable rule and never lies, however much she hides, does not begin to require that alertness, detective skill and hard common sense which the investigator who is contesting the wiles of a crafty charlatan must have. Experience has demonstrated that even the best-trained observers fail to perceive all that transpires in the seance room

and that, consequently, the quickwitted medium of fraudulent tendencies has ample opportunity to effect his triumphs by trick and device.

But we have testimony from other men, investigators of a different stamp. Mr. Hereward Carrington, an expert prestidigitator himself, after a lifelong study of fraudulent spiritualistic phenomena, says :

“There may be much fraud in modern spiritualism ; in fact, I am disposed to believe that fully ninety-eight per cent, of the phenomena, both mental and physical, are fraudulently produced ; but a careful study of the evidence, contemporary and historic, has convinced me that there must have been *some* genuine phenomena at the commencement of this movement, in order that the first mediums may have copied them by fraudulent means, and that a certain percentage of the phenomena occurring to-day is genuine. A counterfeit implies a genuine, and a shammer something to sham.”

Alfred Russel Wallace declares that the facts observed in the history of spiritualism “are incontestable,” and Dr. Elliotson, long a determined opponent of spiritualism, said, finally, “I am now quite satisfied of the reality of the phenomena.”

In other words, here as elsewhere in human experience, we must “prove [test] all things” and “hold fast to that which is good.” We must remember that D. D. Home and Mrs. Piper, whose performances are in every respect the most wonderful of all, have *never* been detected in the slightest suspicion of fraud. And they were for many years under the severest scrutiny of investigators trained for that very work. All Mr. Carrington’s shrewd observation and analysis, laying bare the thousand clever devices with which unscrupu-

lous mediums have hoodwinked credulous humanity, but make more startlingly conclusive the slender section in the back of his book that he believes are "Genuine, Phenomena."

"We are inclined," says M. Flammarion, "to smile at everything that relates to the marvelous, to tales of enchantment, the extravagances of occultism, the mysteries of magic. This arises from a reasonable prudence. But it does not go far enough. *To deny and prejudge a phenomenon has never proved anything.* The truth of almost every fact which constitutes the sum of the positive sciences of our day has been denied. What we ought to do is to admit no *unverified* statement."

"The first step in progress," says Dr. Funk, the well-known publisher, in "The Widow's Mite," a study of spiritualistic phenomena which he had personally observed, "is to be willing to say, 'I don't know;'" and the second step is like unto it, to be willing to be led, empty of theories, empty of preconceptions, by a fact."

The trouble is that your man of science objects to the conditions imposed by the medium,—the darkened room, for example, and the constrained position, which often prevents anything like genuine investigation. He points out that there is a peculiar mysterious atmosphere in a seance room which works on the emotions and unsettles the judgment. He declines to become involved in any study wherein gross fraud has been and is so prevalent; and he denies the existence of any phenomena not reproducible (as are the phenomena of chemistry, physics and biology) at will.

Of course this position is both selfish and scientifically indefensible. We have no more right to insist that a "materialization" must take place in daylight than to insist that a

photographic plate must be developed in daylight. We know nothing as yet regarding the laws of psychic phenomena. We cannot dictate *how* they should happen ; we can not reproduce them at will, simply because we don't know enough about them ; yet to take such a position is as absurd as that of the *savant* of medieval times who denied the existence of lightning because he could not manufacture it when he pleased !

To such an astounding and unequivocal statement as that of Professor Challis, Plumierian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge University, mere scoffing is, it seems to me, no really adequate answer :

"I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to such facts (spiritualism) which has come from many independent sources and from a vast number of witnesses. In short, the testimony has been so abundant and consentaneous *that either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up.*"

A SERIES OF MATERIALIZATIONS.



MR. J. C. MARKHAM, (Jersey City, N.J., U.S.A.,) has thus given his experiences in *Reason* :—

The facts that I herewith relate were those witnessed at the seances of Mrs. M. E. Williams, in New York City. They are only a very small fraction of what I saw there: and I must say that of all demonstrations that I have met with, Mrs. Williams's are most satisfactory, and thousands agree with me in declaring that through her mediumship we have received statements of facts and circumstances from our friends and acquaintances in the spirit world, of which she nor anyone else, except ourselves and the spirit friend communicating, knew anything. We have also received through her knowledge of facts unknown to ourselves at the time, but found afterwards to be true, as told by the spirits. And not only this: we do hereby positively assert that through her mediumship we have seen produced the materialized forms of friends and acquaintances whom she had never seen or known. In addition to all this, I must say that I have become familiar with the most important fact that Mrs. Williams has a cabinet of ministers and councillors in the spirit world who are not excelled in wisdom, intelligence or integrity by those of any potentate or government on earth.

This being the case, we regard her seances as among the most potent agencies for the elevation of mankind.

Being an entire stranger, I was introduced by Henry J. Newton. The usual conditions of seances being so generally known, I do not refer to them. After a singing of "Nearer My God to Thee," by about half of the audience of some twenty-five persons, a voice of a child was heard to say, "Good evening," and addressing several of those present as if acquainted with them; then a rich male voice also said the same; then there appeared a white form in front of the cabinet, not half the size of the medium. Any candid observer would have known from its appearance and motions that it was no mortal body; it moved across the room and *dissolved*. Several similar forms were announced, generally recognized by some one present; then the voice, which was said to be Frank Cushman's, announced that the spirits of the mother and wife of Mr. Newton's friend, Mr. Markham, were present wishing to communicate. Then there appeared the form of an old man called Holland, who said to me, "We are glad to see you here. I will aid your friends in communicating with you; you shall see them. Then his form disappeared: it did not move away, but *vansued*. After this the voice of the child, "Bright Eyes," said, "Here is a flower that Mrs. Markham has kissed and sends to Mr. Markham, and here is another that 'Bright Eyes' sends to him"; and two carnation pinks were placed in my hand by some agency invisible to me. (This was a favorite flower of my wife.) After this the voice of Cushman announced that the spirit of a man was present who said he was in sympathy with Mr. Markham, and giving the name Sir Christopher Wren. Here I should

explain that, in compliance with a request of Spiritualist friends, I had submitted preliminary sketches for a temple for the Spiritualists of New York, and that I had in mind an idea of St. Paul's Cathedral of Sir Christopher's design, but had not thought of this at this time until this announcement was made.

At the next seance, April 27th, at the same place there were present some twenty other sitters. After several manifestations addressed to others, the spirit voice which I at once recognized as that of Mr. Cushman, announced the presence of the spirits of my mother and my wife, and said, "Mrs. Markham is trying to materialize her form so that he (myself) can recognize it; but as this is her first attempt to materialize, she has some difficulty, and she fears she will not be able to speak to him." Then there appeared the spirit form of what was said to be an Aztec princess who had lived on earth many years ago. She appeared clothed in a thin, flowing gauze robe, profusely decorated with brilliants and with a crown or wreath of these around her head. And she came forward near the audience and passed along with a flowing, swinging motion; and as she passed by she touched my forehead with her hand, which seemed slightly cold, and spoke in a human voice the words, "God bless you." Then the voice of Mr. Cushman said, "I feel that Mr. Markham wishes to see me, though he has not said so; and for his satisfaction I will show him my materialized form." Then immediately there appeared standing before me the form of a middle-aged man, about six feet in height, of fine proportions, in the usual dress, with low-cut vest. He spoke inviting me to come to him, he standing about eight feet

from where I sat. I arose and went to him; he took hold of my hand and spoke in the most natural and gentleman-like manner, and said, "I am glad to see you." Then he placed his hand on my head and spoke a few earnest sentences, referring to my advanced age, closing with, "I see shining on your venerable head the dawning light of a spiritual day." Then a female form appeared standing by his side, and he said, "This is my sister." Then she spoke, saying, "I come to assist Mrs. Markham to materialize." Then both disappeared. They did not move away; they vanished.

Then after several other manifestations not addressed to me, the voice of the child "Bright Eyes" cried out, "Lady Markham is coming; don't be afraid, Mr. Markham." Then there appeared a shadowy form; and when I came near it I at once recognized the head of my wife. Not as I expected to see her in health but very pale, with her abundant grey hair hanging in heavy dishevelled curls beside her face, and with a blanket about her shoulders, as I had seen her in her last illness.

She reached out her hands and took hold of both of mine. I said, "Is it you?"

Then she spoke in her natural voice, "Yes, my dear! my dear! Thank God! thank God!" Then she disappeared—dissolved. This is what converted me to Spiritualism.

Neither the medium, nor anyone else present had ever seen her in this condition, and I did not expect to see her in this form. I returned to my seat and asked my friend Newton if he saw and heard her. He said he did.'

I believe the evidence of my senses. There was no deception; no hypnotism. I know that no such phenomenon can be produced by any artificial means.

The next case that occurred to me at Mrs. Williams's was the announcement of the presence of the spirits of my mother, wife and a sister who had lately died at Clifton, N. Y., leaving among her papers a note given her for money loaned to her niece in Missouri, which she had told a cousin she intended to give in her will to this niece, Hattie Shaw, but which, it seemed, she had not referred to in her will: and I had promised this cousin that I would write to Hattie, explaining, but in the confusion of business I had forgotten to write. Now, all of this was entirely unknown to anyone within hundreds of miles, yet here came the spirit of my sister and said she was anxious I should write to Hattie. I wrote to Hattie. The business was done according to the directions given by my sister's spirit through the mediumship of Mrs. Williams, and has been entirely satisfactory.

If this is not satisfactory, I am preparing a volume of facts and circumstances intended to illustrate the nature and character of Spirit Power, not only here but hereafter—not only in the material life with which we are so intimate, but in the vastly finer, higher spiritual life towards which we are all progressing.

DISTINGUISHED MEN ON SPIRITUALISM.



WE think we have seen our loved one die, but if our inner eyes were opened to that world which is at *ove*, around, beyond the world of sense, we should see that not one second's check to the uninterrupted development of that dear soul's true life had ensued.—ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.

I have again and again heard these voices from the angel world, caught the living words of instruction and inspiration fresh from angelic lips, seen forms materialising and dematerialising like a cloud vanishing from sight, and have learned to know and trust and love the inhabitants of the spirit world, even as I know and trust and love friends in the flesh.—REV. B. F. AUSTIN.

Nobody has ever come back? Will the Christian say that? If any one peculiarity of the Bible stands conspicuous, it is the constant reiteration of the nearness of heaven to earth and the repeated assertion that angels have literally visited the habitations of men. . . . Those who have gone have neither lost their affection for, nor their interest in, us. We are indebted to them for constant service, and are bound to them by unbroken ties.—REV. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

I have assisted at a hundred experiments, and have observed and reflected for nearly thirty years, and can only

say that I believe there is no escape from the tremendous conclusion that just beyond the thin hiding veil of what we call "the senses" there is a new or undiscovered world, where all the subtle forces are, and where the myriads upon myriads of God's children who have vanished—live and love, and think and work. What most puzzles me is, not that they sometimes signal through the veil, but that they do not signal all along.—REV. J. PAGE HOPPS.

I hold most firmly that everyone who believes in the Bible as the orthodox profess to do, is committed to spiritualistic belief and spiritualistic phenomena. All through, the Bible has texts and doings adhering to Spiritualism. It has divinations—some favoured and some condemned—the casting of lots, oracles, visions, prophetic dreams and the like, in abundance. I think, therefore, nothing can be clearer than that, in the New Testament days, people were Spiritualists, and were believing in the kind of things Spiritualists are believing in now.—REV. PETER DEAN.

Use your Bible and use your brains when the facts of Spiritualism come before you, for they all fit in, in a very extraordinary manner, with the general mechanism and theory of the Christian religion. With this caution and with a God fearing spirit of desire to reap that which is good only, they cannot fail to bring you comfort and blessing. All the Bible is full of spiritual manifestations, mighty rushing winds, tongues of fire, trances, automatic writings, visions and appearances of the dead, moments of high inspiration, powers of healing, divine impulses which made people act with a strength and ability beyond their ordinary capacities.—REV. H. R. HAWES.

I could as soon doubt the existence of the sun, as doubt the fact of my holding communion with my darling daughter. I thank God, daily, for the privilege. It has drawn me nearer to Him, has led me to pray more fervently, to preach more faithfully, to sympathise more deeply, to act more discreetly, to labour more earnestly. I have been a minister for over thirty years, but this has intensified the joy of preaching. "Angels are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be sons of salvation" and I feel certain that my daughter is one to me. I no longer mourn her as dead! No, she lives! and I anticipate the time when I shall join her in her bright abode, and we shall together swell the song of thanksgiving and praise to our great and gracious Father God.—REV. THOMAS GREENBURY

Suppose the departed wife, sister, or friend of anyone present desired to make herself manifest to him, how could she on the supposition that modern phenomena are produced by natural laws? Suppose a departed wife or a sister wanted to converse. She speaks to you, moves your furniture, touches your dress, your person—"all automatic action" you say, of some brain *en rapport* with the locality. She sings, plays the guitar or piano, takes a pencil and writes, and you see the pencil in free space tracing your wife's or sister's autograph—"automatic still," you say. She shows you a cloudy hand, nay a luminous form, and smiles and speaks as when in life—"that is an optical illusion, or hallucination, or subjective vision," you say. She communicates facts, past, present and future, beyond the scope of your knowledge—"that might be clairvoyance," you say. Alas! what could she do more? She must retire baffled and confounded, complaining that you had

become so scientific that all communication with you was impossible.—REV. CHARLES BEECHER.

What I have seen I know. What I have felt I believe. I began as a young man to interest myself in the manifestation of psychic forces in matter, which possessed the power to act at a distance, such as making a table move or a chair walk about the room. I began as a sceptic, as most people do. Very soon I found I could make a small table run all over the room without touching it, and I could not tell in the slightest how I did this. I willed it, and the thing accomplished itself. Soon I discovered that by holding a pen, my hand would write without any effort on my part, and I began to make sketches of which I was incapable, by myself. I have seen and touched materialized bodies, hands and hair, and on one occasion when I was sitting before my table a bunch of white roses, fresh and fragrant as if just culled, fell from above on the table before me. I kept those roses for twenty years until they crumbled to dust.—VICTORIAN SARDON.

The boundary between the two states—the known and the unknown—is still substantial, but it is wearing thin in places; and like excavators engaged in boring a tunnel from opposite ends, amid the roar of water and other noises we are beginning to hear now and again the strokes of the pickaxes of our comrades on the other side. So we shall presently come back out of our tunnel into the light of day and relate our experience to a busy and incredulous, or in some cases too easily credulous, world. We expect to be received with incredulity,—though doubtless we shall be told in some quarters that it is all stale news, that there

has been access to the other side of the mountain range from time immemorial, and that our laboriously constructed tunnel was quite unnecessary. Agile climbers may have been to the top and peeped over. Flying messages from the other side may have arrived; pioneers must have surveyed the route. But we are to construct a permanent road or railway for the service of humanity.—SIR OLIVER LODGE.

In the dusk of the evening, during a seance with Mr Home [deceased] at my house, the curtains of a window about eight feet from Mr. Home were seen to move. A dark, shadowy, semi-transparent form, like that of a man, was then seen by all present standing near the window, waving the curtains with his hand. As we looked, the form faded away and the curtains ceased to move. On three separate occasions have I seen Mr. Home raised completely from the floor of the room. Once sitting in an easy-chair, once kneeling on his chair, and once standing up. On each occasion I had full opportunity of watching the occurrence as it was taking place. A beautifully formed small hand rose up from an opening in a dining table and gave me a flower; it appeared and then disappeared three times at intervals, affording me ample opportunity of satisfying myself that it was as real in appearance as my own. This occurred in the light in my own room, while I was holding the medium's hands and feet.—SIR W. CROOKES.

The old reasons for belief in continued existence after death are growing faint and far away in the minds of thousands and thousands of people in the modern world. This is not true merely of those who are looked upon as unbelievers. On account of my peculiar relation to this work my mail is

flooded with letters of inquiry from all over the world. At least half of these come from people who are supposed to accept the orthodox faith. This life is fair and sweet in spite of its difficulties and sorrows, provided we can believe that it is only the prologue to a great drama the unfolding of which lies beyond the curtain which is not yet raised. But if this world is all, then even those who are meeting with the greatest apparent successes will come more and more to feel that it is hollow and unsatisfying. I believe, therefore, that to settle this matter in a scientific way would do more for the world than the decision of any other question.—REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE.

That the soul survives the destruction of the body, I have not the shadow of a doubt. It is not the body which produces life. It is life which organizes the body. We often take our ideas for reality. This is a mistake. For example, to us the air is not a solid. We pass through it without effort. An iron door, on the contrary, we find impenetrable. But with electricity, exactly the contrary. It passes through iron, and finds the air an impenetrable solid. Flesh, clothes and wood are transparent for the X-rays, while glass is opaque. Many objections have been made because a medium under control brings forth his best effort in semi-obscurity. But it is in no way, to the intelligent mind at least, a suspicious circumstance. Try if you will to develop a photographic negative anywhere except in a dark room. Light is the natural medium for producing certain effects, and it completely opposes the production of certain others.—
CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

I have witnessed a struggle between an invisible hand

and an experimenter for the possession of a photographic plate. And as these phenomena were produced under conditions where fraud was absolutely impossible, I have not the shadow of a doubt as to their authenticity. One cannot deny that they are astonishing. But it is probable that in the near future we will be able to penetrate to the bottom of what to-day is inexplicable. While waiting, then, we should consider them in the same light as we do so many other manifestations of cosmic energy, which is, after all, the essence of the whole universe. We do not any more deny the emanations of radium, or the existence of the waves of electricity which traverse the mountains with prodigious velocity. Why, then, may not an organism be gifted with the power to send off an energy which exists probably in us all, and which belongs to cosmic phenomena as yet inexplicable? The science of psychic phenomena is progressing.—PRO FOA.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.



KEPT PROMISE TO COME BACK.

THE *Atlanta Journal* about three months ago published the following account of the experience of Robert B. Harrison, president of the Atlanta Psychological Society, with a medium who gave him the communications below as coming from a former vice-president of the society, J. W. Houchin, and who had passed away two years ago. The two had agreed that the first one to die would try and communicate to the other. The *Journal* says :

This had been their agreement :

“When one of us dies he will try to communicate with the other from out yonder.” And one of them had died.

The other stood by the side of a psychic, who sat in a chair. The shade was pulled down, making the light of the room soft, and restful to the eyes. The psychic was in a passive state. She sat as one in a sleep. Her hands were folded in her lap. She sat bending forward slightly, utterly motionless. Her breathing was regular and deep, and her eyelids drooped. The peculiar whiteness and delicacy of skin common to nervous and psychical people made her cheeks and hands seem almost transparent.

The man standing by the chair handed her a pocket knife that his friend had always carried.

"Whose knife is this?" he asked.

"Your friend's," the psychic said.

"See him. Get a message from him," he directed.

The psychic leaned forward slightly and her lips parted. The color in her cheeks deepened and her breathing came faster. Her eyelids were raised until her eyes were wide open.

She sat silent several minutes, looking far ahead.

"I can see him," she said.

"Describe him," said the man.

She began in a very low, tense voice. Her words came slowly but were enunciated with sharpness. She described minutely what she saw out there beyond the room, and her description was exactly that of the dead friend. She told the color of his eyes, of his hair; described the type of his face, the fashion of his dress.

"He wants to speak to you," she said.

"Tell me what he says," the man by the chair exclaimed.

"He says, 'I am very glad of the opportunity to reach you, as I promised I would. It was quite a shock passing out of the body, but I am getting used to my new surroundings and am with friends. Since coming here I have met my son and grand-daughter, who preceded me.

"I wish you would go and see mother and tell her, for me, not to worry about the books and magazines, but if they are in her way to burn them.'"

By mother, he meant his wife. The living friend went to the home of the wife and found that she was much troubled

as to what disposition to make of a number of magazines and books on psychology that her husband had left.

A part of what happened might be explained by mind reading, Mr. Harrison points out, but only a part. The psychic had never seen the friend who had died, but she could easily have gained a description of him from the image in Mr. Harrison's mind. But Mr. Harrison did not know that his dead friend had a child and a grandchild who had died, and he did not know that the wife of his friend was worrying over the psychological magazines and books. He asks this question:

"If the psychic did not communicate with the dead, from whom did she learn that my friend had had a child and grandchild, and from whom did she learn that his wife was disturbed over the psychological books and magazines?"

LIFE IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

PREACHING upon the future life at the P. E. Church of the Ascension, Broad and South streets, Rev. Dr. H. Page Dyer contended that bodies in the heavenly realms must be real and must therefore possess all five senses. "If we live in bodily form in Paradise," he said, "those bodies must possess the same attributes as on earth. We will be able to see, feel, hear, touch, taste. We must be able to recognize also. The mother who has fondled us from infancy, and whom the inexorable laws of death have taken away from us, we shall surely recognize. Our intellects cannot be idle, or we would be idiots, a theory not at all compatible with our teachings of heavenly existence.

"We will be able to appreciate all that is beautiful. Art

will appeal to us. Music will still have its charms. A beautiful picture, fragrant flower, glorious landscape, will still appeal to the innermost depths of our natures. Love, perfect love, free from the dross, the imperfections and the sensuality of earthly affections, will thrill us, will fill our souls and give us our first and only perfect conception of human, though heavenly, happiness. The great distinction between the enjoyment of our senses there and here is that the sorrows and cares and pains which cloud our brightest skies here will have been entirely eliminated.

“Best of all, we will have the consciousness that this joy will be lasting. Wealth, affection, beauty, all these things which delight us here are at best but temporary. Riches are but a splurge in the great pool of oblivion; beauty a rose that lasts but for a day; affection may be dwarfed by a heedless word or an unfounded breath of scandal. But there we know that all of the joys will last forever, and no cares for the future will detract from the sweetness of a passing hour.

“When we again clasp the darling of our home, that little rosebud taken from our home circle at the time when it seemed so beautifully and trustfully dependent upon us, we will know then that no grave can win a victory, that no death can imprint its sting upon the fair forehead of that little one and make life seem so dark and dreary and lonesome for us. The father whose earthly career a thousand business cares hastened to a premature end—we shall again be with him and know him, and we shall know also that that smooth brow of his will never again be furrowed over with care.”

NOTES.



THE following is from a pious lady on the other side of the globe. We happen to know her intimately. She says :---

"The wonderful things that happen to my son and his wife would convince me if I needed proof. They are beginners, but if they continue their "sittings", I expect wonderful things to come through them. In the first place they are lovers, that makes the right kind of center to start with. My son used to speak lightly of my belief, but he cannot doubt *now*.

"She did very little with it when they were here, as my son is afraid for his wife's health. I will tell you exactly what did happen.

"One evening we sat under a strong electric light, four of us, myself, my husband, my son and his wife. She (my daughter-in-law) would hold a clean slate under an ordinary table—no pencil, no chalk or anything to write with—She would hear a scratching sound and then raps that meant as a warning for us to look. There would be writing—written backward—but they only got a few words, such as "love" or "good-night," but even thus it was convincing and they would answer, by rapping, our questions intelligently.

"One night we, the four of us, went to a materializing seance. We could not tell positively, but it seemed to be

what we call a 'fake'—*i. e.*, not honest. When we reached home, my husband hurried to bed and was soon asleep. Then my son said:—"Let us three make the room dark and see what we get with the trumpet, (they had brought with them the kind of trumpet used by mediums of this sort). Well, first we were sprinkled with salt—we turned up the light and over the table and over our hair and hands was salt, as if we had had a shower of salt, and on the table sat a salt-celler brought from the next room!

"Then I said, let us test their power to bring things from other rooms. We described a hat-pin in one of the bed rooms, probably thirty feet away, (and this could not have been in any of our minds previously, for we discussed the matter at length before we decided what articles to ask for). Soon we heard a rapping—the trumpet shook, making a rattling sound. We were told by raps to turn on the light, and there, inside the trumpet, was the hat-pin asked for, picked from six similar ones, but they brought exactly the one named. Then when the lights were turned off again the trumpet began walking all over us, for instance, it would begin at my left hand, walk up my arm over my head, down my right arm, maybe touch my cheek, and lay itself down across my arms, and do the same by the others.

"Next we would feel hands touching us. One was the hand of an American-Indian like—oh I don't know what—it was so big—which covered my head and touched my face all over. Of course there could be no possibility of fraud with us three uninspired children of earth, (then all of the hands of earth were small ones while this hand that touched us was a 'whale'.) Next they put a piece of cloth over

our faces, by turns, it seemed to be a piece of rather coarse cotton cloth, and had with it a perfume new to me. This cloth they would press down over each of our faces by turn.

"Well, you can see that if they, my son and his wife, choose they may get wonderful results. But I hope they will not follow it up. My son's wife is too mediumistic—it is not best for her—and my son asked me not to tell any of my friends about it even. He wants her to be just his wife—not a different personality as she is about half the time, for she goes out into a trance often and—and—ah well it's uncanny—and my son said that he had been so anxious to get home to me, for he felt that I could somehow control those who are trying to control her. In a measure I am able to do this. Only you can see,—can't you?—that I do not think best to repeat this that I have been telling you to any one else—and I should not want it published, but you in your bereavement may find some consolation in it."

Certainly we do not disclose anything about the parties we only publish facts.

It seems the spirits have to learn how to communicate with men below. They have to learn the art. Thus, when Dr. Phinuit was the control of Mrs. Piper, he was talking with a spirit who was standing near. Dr. Phinuit was thus talking to him: "I told you idiot that I would shew you the way how to communicate with your friends on earth. You did not believe me. Now you see how it is done." This talk between two spirits somehow or other was made known to the sitters. Our correspondent and the members of her family sat more from curiosity than anything else, but yet the response was

immediate. The spirits who opened the communication knew the art how to communicate, hence immediate success.

WE have received the following from Mr. Mehta Kishen Lall, B. A. District Magistrate, Sheo, Marwar :—

“Will you be so good as to explain what evolution means in religion? What is your view regarding re-generation? Do you believe in the doctrine that man will have a birth in the animal kingdom or vegetable kingdom, according to his Karma or actions in this life? The Latent Light Culture does not believe in the possibility of man degenerating into taking the birth among animals. If you hold the same view that man cannot go back to lower animals, how will you explain the two difficulties that arise there from?”

“(1) What would become eventually of man? If he would rise to higher life by his actions, his actions can similarly take him back to lower animals if they are bad.

“(2) In the long run when he rises to the Supreme Self, will the Supreme Self again commence to take birth in the lower animals, because otherwise the world would come to an end, all the souls ultimately reaching their goal?”

“I shall be much obliged if you will enlighten me on the subject. The theory of falling down from manhood to brute-hood has been at the root of all fears for the life after death.”

What does our correspondent mean by religion? By religion we mean the art by which a man can establish a tender relationship with God. Of course, every art has a science for its basis. So religion is both the science and art by which a man can establish &c. &c. If by religion is meant

researches about the destiny of the soul, its anatomy and physiology, its nature and capacity, then Vedantism and Buddhism will help an investigator. Opinions vary about what you call evolution. This evolution, which troubles man so, is of Buddhistic origin.

There is no re-birth. To adopt the theory of re-birth is to proclaim God, a monster of cruelty. Besides spiritualists know that there is no re-birth, that man grows for ever and ever, always approaching God, but never catching Him.

Some believe in the absorption of the soul in the deity. If this absorption means annihilation, then it is a terrible doctrine. Absorption in the deity and re-birth practically mean the same thing, for both mean annihilation.

Yes, a bad life will lead one to a lower life. He is no doubt eventually saved with the help of good spirits. If not, he is proved a failure, like the unformed child in the womb. But such cases, if they exist, must be exceedingly rare.



"THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW AND BEYOND" is a handsomely bound book of three hundred and fifty pages consisting of the communications of the high spirits, who have gone to the other world. These benevolent denizens of the higher spheres describe the joys of their world in beautiful language and they enchant the reader. What is more, their teachings draw men towards God. The book is however for believers. Those who do not believe in another life, will yet benefit by studying the philosophy which the spirits teach. The book is published and sold by the Psychic World Publishing Co., Kansas City, Mo. (U.S.A.)

THE following is from the *Progressive Thinker*, Chicago:—

AN APPEAL FOR GENUINE MEDIUMS COMES FROM INDIA.

To the Editor: We have occultists here, but those who are really good do not give messages for pay, and those who do are under the guidance of evil spirits. We need mediums as you have in your country.

The people here believe in the truth of Spiritualism, and if mediums come here, they will be, as a rule, treated with sympathy. Manifestations likely to convince and satisfy the people of this country are :

1. Materialization.
2. Spirit photography or pictures of dear ones.
3. Slate-writing, or direct writing.
4. Automatic writing may do if, by it, identification is established.
5. Direct voice.
6. Rapping or table-tilting when showing intelligence and proving identity.
7. Trance speaking will not be convincing unless, like Mrs. Piper, the medium can establish identity.

You will confer a vast obligation on this country of 280,000,000 if you can persuade a genuine medium to pay us a visit.

If any settlement is necessary, we are willing to pay passage expenses, coming and going, and board, and a sum if successful. If the medium is genuine, he will be the only medium in a country thickly peopled, and so will have a chance of making money.

Yours fraternally,
SHISHIR KUMAR GHOSH,
Editor Hindu Spiritual Magazine.

A medium from America has responded to the above enquiry. He has written to us as follows:—

“Dear Sir:—In reference to an item of news contained in this week's *Progressive Thinker* headed by “An Appeal for Genuine Mediums Comes from India,” I will say that I am a trance speaker and a first class message medium. I have been in the work for many years. I am a member of the State Board of

Spiritualists of Missouri. "I have been on the platform for the N.S.A. of America as message bearer. My work is of the highest order and will bear the strictest of investigation for honesty and truth. I would like very much to visit India and work among your people for a time, but what about your language? I am not acquainted with it, and as to expenses, you know the workers here are paid so much per lecture with expences. As to my success it would depend entirely on your language whether you would require me to use it or not, but I can say that if it be English I can assure that I will prove satisfactory to all concerned. I am Clairvoyant, Clairaudient, and have the gift of Prophecy and I am an all-round worker and a mental medium which I consider far beyond table-tipping or any Physical Manifestation. As to my qualifications as a worker, I enclose under separate cover the official programme of one of our camps, and also refer you to the President of the National Spiritual Association of America, Dr. Geo. B. Warne, or Thomas Gumshaw, President of the Missouri State Board, St. Louis, Mo. Hoping to be favoured with an early outline of what you would expect of one who would go to your country to work in the name of truth for the uplifting of humanity by demonstrating the continuity of life."

"Yours fraternally, etc."

We suppress the name of the writer. We shall be glad to have her here and we are convinced her arrival here will create a sensation. There will be no difficulty about language, for all respectable people here know English. But what is needed is proof to establish the philosophy of spiritualism. Her trance speeches will be attributed to what

is called here, her "superior condition," her prophecy to be an art. If as a message medium she can prove the "identity" of spirits, she will do. All her gifts, clairvoyance, clair-audience, mind-reading, etc., may prove the immortality of the soul, but what is wanted is proof sufficient to establish that spirits do communicate with men below. If she is confident that she has gifts to be able to do that, we shall be very glad to make an engagement with her, so that she will not suffer any financial loss.

—◆—
A FRIEND who had gone, at our request to test the powers of the Bangs sisters, Chicago, writes to us as follows :—

"I had, as you suggested, written the note to your relation, and took it with me tightly sealed in an envelope. We, one of the sisters, and myself, sat at a table upon which was spread two thicknesses of thick felt cloth, in a light room. I placed between the two halves of the double clean slate the sealed letter, the medium not touching either. I kept my hands on the slates all of the time and my eyes too. She said : Do you think you have enough paper? and I said : Let's put in a piece of this (picking up an ordinary sheet that lay within reach). This I laid on top of the slates which I had closed with wide rubber bands. Then she, I still keeping my hands on the slates, put on top a shallow little dish and filled it with ordinary ink, put a piece of cardboard on it and we were ready. Soon we heard writing, and after, may be, ten minutes they indicated by raps that it was finished. I opened the package myself, the paper that I had put on top of the slate was gone. When I took off the bands there was the envelope, of a peculiar make as you notice, and

through the envelope we could see writing. The rest you will have to tell me, as I am sending directly to you. The other sister came in after we were done. She wanted to know if I was not curious to know what was written, and I said: No, I want him to have it without any of us touching it more than can be helped. Then she said it seems to me that the communication is to you and he calls you mother. Now notice if that extra piece of paper is inside the envelope. It is beyond my powers of analysis is all I can say."

As requested, this envelope was sent to us direct, this "envelope of a peculiar make" without being opened. It was tightly sealed. Evidently the envelope had not been tampered with. On opening it, we found that a piece of paper has been put, in a mysterious manner, inside this sealed envelope. As everything was done in full daylight, and only they two were present, any fraud was impossible. We found, writing on both sides of the enclosed paper. Everything was done in ten minutes. Our friend was convinced of the wonderful powers of the medium. As regards the writing, we may have to say something in our next. The writing cannot be said to be altogether successful, nor can it be called unsuccessful.

A 25-YEAR old son of the Editor of this Journal, was taken away to the other world, and Mr. Stead writes to him a letter of sympathy which shews the largeness of his heart and the profundity of his love for man. If there is any man fitted to open a communication between the two worlds, it is he. If he succeeds, he will be the greatest benefactor of mankind.

THE Bradford correspondent of "the Daily News," London, gives an account of ghostly doings in his town. "The Bradford Telegraph" has also an account of the pranks of the ghost. Loud thuds were heard and furnitures removed; an old lady was struck in the face and cooking utensils rattled. On Monday, the 7th June, a brush was thrown at Miss P., and a chair danced around Mrs. P. in the kitchen showing intelligence. Can telepathy, or hysteria account for these phenomena?

THE "New Dispensation" compares Booth with Buddha. No doubt the names of both begin with a B, but yet there is a difference, we believe. General Booth preached a religion founded by another, but Buddha found his religion himself. Booth flourished for a few years, and now he is being daily forgotten, but Buddha converted the world, and has yet a larger following than any other prophet. And besides, his religion was born three or four thousand years ago and it is not yet dead.

WRITING in *The Progressive Thinker*, Mr. Robert Sudall, travelling companion and secretary to our good friend, Dr. J. M. Peebles, records the departure to spirit-life of the Doctor's wife, which occurred, it appears, while Dr. Peebles was giving a course of lectures in San Jose, Cal., upon the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, when he received a telegram from Hammonton, N. J., of the sudden death of his wife. It was quite unexpected as she had written him only a week or two before that her health was unusually good, but having partaken of a hearty meal and looking after some household

matters, she said, "I feel faint," and, laying down on the couch to rest, she simply moaned and passed away. It being 4,000 miles across the continent, the doctor could not reach Hammonton in time for the funeral. He is now at his old home settling up all financial affairs. The Sunday after reaching Hammonton he lectured in Philadelphia in the Spiritual Temple, of which Rev. G. Tabor Thompson is the pastor. Last Sunday evening he lectured here in Hammonton, N. J., and has been called to lecture the two following Sundays to the New York Association of Spiritualists, of which Mrs. Hand is president and Mrs. Newton honorary president.

JACOLLIOT, in his "Occult Science in India," tells of a Hindu fakir on the former's own veranda who extended both hands "toward an immense bronze vase full of water. Within five minutes the vase commenced to rock to and fro on its base, and approach the fakir gently and with a regular motion. As the distance diminished, metallic sounds escaped from it, as if some one had struck it with a steel rod. At certain times the blows were so numerous and quick that they produced a sound similar to that made by a hailstorm upon a metal roof."

THE
Hindu Spiritual Magazine.

—:-(X):—

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WHY RELIGION IS NOT GROWING.

—:-(X):—

THE popular belief in the world is, that there is a separate Being, Who created men and the Universe. He has omnipotent powers and He is so perfect in wisdom that He cannot make a mistake, Who knows all that happened before and all that is to happen hereafter. Besides this, He is all good; He loves His creatures; He loves men more than the latter love their own dearest relations.

It is further popularly believed that men live after death, and that they are punished and rewarded according to their Karma. Those who have a good record of Karma, are rewarded, and those who are wicked are punished.

A

There are a good many religious faiths in the world, as for instance, there are the Hindus, Buddhists, Christians, Mussalmans and so forth. Yet they commonly believe almost all that have been enumerated above; they all believe in the existence of an all-powerful, all-wise and all-loving God; in a next world, and in punishment and reward in the life after death.

But though many hundreds of millions believe in the propositions noted above, and though they believe in them from time immemorial, yet nobody will be able to afford any conclusive reason why they do so. We all say that there is God, but there is no evidence to prove it except what is called hearsay or indirect evidence, which is no evidence at all; there is no evidence that He is all-good or all-wise. Of course, we establish the existence of a God by the exercise of our reasoning faculties, as for instance, we say that since there is a creation, there must be a Creator. This is no doubt a good argument, but yet it is not conclusive.

There is no proof whatever that He is all-wise or all-good or all-love. Of course, if He exists, He must be very wise, wiser than men no doubt whom He created, but we also fancy that we see defects in His creation. As for instance, we see in some countries more women than men and *vice versa*. This suggests some defect in His arrangement.

It is said that He is all-good, but if so, why there is misery in the world? If He is all-love why has He created tigers, and men with tiger qualities? If it is a fact that there is a God, Who created the Universe, that fact would mean very little to us, puny men, if it is also a fact that He feels no concern for His creatures as to how

they fare. Does He hear what we say, if so, why does He not listen to our most sincere prayers since He is alleged to be good? If He is good, if He is all-loving, He ought to listen to our prayers, since He has made us utterly helpless.

The result is religion is not a "durable quantity" nor is it "progressive." On the other hand, we see that men are, day by day, getting irreligious. Christianity is the religion of those who rule the world. But though Christ is likened to a lamb, his followers have fierce tiger qualities which lead them to lord it over their brethren, only because they are weak. The Lord God Sree Krishna declares, in the Geeta, that He has to send messias when it becomes necessary to prolong the lease of life of religion. Indeed, if these messias had not come, religion would have altogether ceased to exist by this time.

What happens is this. Messias come and give an impetus to the religious feelings of men, and draw their minds toward God. This impulse, imparted by them to human minds, has the effect of making religion a living thing for a time and creating a large number of holy men, who, in their turn, induce many of their fellows to follow in their wake. Still, the religious feeling gets weakened day by day, and, at last, it almost ceases to exert any influence upon the human mind. Just see the present position of the Christians. Their Master taught them to love their enemies and return a kiss for a blow, but they care so little for the teachings of Jesus Christ, that they lead hundreds of thousands of men with maxim guns, each of which discharges one thousand shots in a minute, and mow down their fellow-men with these missiles. And why? It is to enslave them and rob them of their possessions!

And the result is, it has become difficult to find one true Christian in a populous Christian country.

Still there is the hankering after God ! Men have not been able to eradicate this feeling. Sings the pious Hindu, the great songster Tansen : "How Thou art related to me I know not. Thou art not father, nor mother, nor son, nor wife, but my soul yet weeps for Thee." You may try to prove that Jesus Christ is a creation of the imagination, or that the God Himself is no better, but still you cannot obliterate the attraction for God from the human heart. Sings Narattom, the Vaishnava devotee :—

"What shall I give to Thee ? For I have nothing mine to give to Thee. The only real possession that I have is Thyself. Besides, if I have seemingly some possessions, they are all Thy gifts. That being so take of these whatever Thou choolest, for by right, they belong to Thee, And again, I am Thine, and if I have any one whom I can call mine, it is Thyself. So I lose nothing if thou takest from me all that I possess. Thou hast many like me but poor Narattom has only Thyself."

It is this feeling, implanted in the human heart, which remained in spite of the prevalence of the grossest infidelity, that has overtaken the world at the present moment. This hankering after God is not a feeling artificially created. Read the sayings and doings of the Christian saint, St. Theresa, and you will find that her sentiments agree in every way with those of the Vaishnava *bhaktas*, the devotees of Lord Gauranga, the last and most perfect Messia that came into the world. How was it, unless the feeling was natural, that St. Theresa, a Christian and one who was kept under the thumb by Catholic priests, should feel in the same way as Vaishnavas do ?

There are also other reasons for believing that this hankering is not an artificial one. A man, who is a sincere devotee, be he a Christian or a Mussalman, a Hindu or a Buddhist, is distinguished from his fellows by the beauty of his person, by the grace of his movements, by the sweetness of his voice and by the grandeur of his soul. His very sight is attractive, his very presence is soothing and ennobling.

Experts say, that this hankering after God is a feeling which comes to every one at one time of his life. Some crush it, some cherish it. Some cherish it for a time, and make progress, but ultimately yield to temptation. A few cultivate the feeling and become saints or very much like them. If this attraction and reverence for God were artificial, people would have never left home, and everything they hold dear, to become hermits. In India, only 400 years ago, men were divided into two classes, viz., house-holders and hermits, so great was the number of the latter. If this *bhakti* (reverence) for God was an artificial feeling, how was it that it had such irresistible power upon those minds affected by it?

There is another reason, why religion does not shew such progress as science does. People know not what would be their fate after death. Some declare that John, after death, would be born on earth again as James; some say, that if John dies, he would die for good. Indeed, no one knows, for certain, what is to be the fate of a man after his death. If men, on death, are annihilated, there is no motive for the worship of God. Even if there is re-birth or re-incarnation, still there would remain no motive for a man to lead a religious life. For, if John, after death, is to be born as James, the effects

of his Karma would be enjoyed by, not himself, but another being, namely, James. Why should then John cultivate his religion for the benefit of James?

Thus, this uncertainty, about the destiny of man, had a very bad effect upon the religious feeling of men. Men, naturally pious or having a natural attraction for God, would find no motive to commune with Him or worship Him. Why would men bow down before God if ultimate annihilation were his destiny? *

Thus religion did not progress as science did. Religion was based upon faith and science on fact, naturally therefore, science flourished and religion declined. Religion was thus kept alive by spasmodic efforts, sometimes it would be kept alive by saints, sometimes by avatars or messias.

So the great object was to remove every uncertainty about the existence of a spiritual world, about the immortality of the soul, about the re-union of loving hearts and eternal progress of man. What men now see is that their fellows, and those whom they love, die and disappear for ever from the face of the earth, so what they naturally feel is that they are dead, dead for ever.

If there is a spirit-world, let us see how men would feel after death. Take the example of one who is an atheist and dies without hope. He is naturally not a bad man, but he had found no motive to be good, for he could neither believe in a God nor in an after existence. It was the fear of prison which kept him honest, as also his pride and perhaps his natural inclinations. He was too proud to commit a mean or dishonorable act. He had suffered much on earth. He loved a woman, his wife, and this woman was snatched

away from him. He had children whom he loved and some of them were, in the same manner, carried off by death. When thus afflicted, he cursed the destiny of man. He would, when thus afflicted, conceive a Creator and abuse Him. Is there a Creator? he would say. If there is One, how cruel He must be! We dread death, yet we must die, that is His unalterable law. We have to love wives and children, yet we must part with them. Why was man created to be thus tormented? If there is a Creator, He must naturally be a cruel Being.

Well, this man dies, as we said, without hope. But he opens his eyes after death. He finds himself surrounded by the beloved ones whom he thought he had lost for ever. He breathes an air which is pure, he experiences a freedom which he never felt before, he sees around him a world which is too beautiful to be described. Naturally, he first fancies that he is dreaming.

But he is soon made to feel that he is not dreaming; that though dead he still lives. He comes to know that God created for him a beautiful home, so that he might come to live in it after he had learnt all that was necessary on earth. He realizes that death is only a journey to a better world. He sees that his dear ones are around him, some hugging him, some kissing him and some speaking to him words of love.

The Christian Bible makes the Lord say "Revenge is mine."* Surely when the atheist, the agnostic, or the sceptic

* "Vengeance is mine thus saith the Lord,"
 Are words befit an angry God,
 But can it be they e'er were given,
 By "Father God" which art in Heaven.

finds himself overpowered by the innumerable instances of the goodness of the Creator in the spirit-world, does he not feel that the revenge is actually His! The beautiful spirit world and the loving arrangements made to make the puny creature happy is His revenge upon those critics who discussed about Him and His methods!

And the poor atheist, would he not feel utterly non-plussed in the spirit-world? He would find that his position as an atheist was utterly ridiculous. He would kneel and utter a prayer to God to this effect: "So Thou dost exist! And Thou so good yet I could never know it! Had I known this before, I would have never spent a minute of my life forgetting Thee, my Beloved, my more than Beloved, my Soul of soul, my everything. How am I to repay my debt to Thee?" And while he would utter this prayer would not tears of joy trickle down his cheeks?

So the great thing is to prove the immortality of the soul and the re-union of loving hearts. Now, men die and those who die at once see that they are destined for eternal progress, but those who live here are kept in ignorance of this fact. Let the gates be thrown open at last, declared God, and let all men see that they live after death in a beautiful world. And thus spiritualism came into this world.

It may be asked, why should it come so late and not before? Why did it not come, you may ask, thousands of years before? The reason is simple. Spiritualism is as old as men on earth, but there was before no way of proclaiming, preaching and spreading its doctrines. Thus, in India, when the Lord Gauranga appeared, some accepted Him as the Incarnation of the Lord God Sree Krishna, some could not go

so far, they said that He was only a saint. This latter party was headed by the Raja of Krishnagore, who was the head of educated Bengal. But the devotees of the Lord were too many and powerful to be treated with contempt; so he could not silence them by mere exercise of authority.

Thus the question was sought to be solved with the help of spiritualism. A writing medium was brought and he sat with a pen in hand for inspiration. He was entranced and then the spirit who influenced him, was asked to decide the point whether the Lord was a mere saint or the Incarnation of God. The message came. It is well-known that Raja Protapaditya, the King of Bengal, had his writing mediums to consult when he found himself in difficulties. So, you see, spiritualism was not discovered by the Fox Girls in 1848, it has existed from time immemorial. It was, in this manner, that the services of mediums were utilized for the purposes of settling knotty points, finding stolen or lost articles, and the authors of great crimes, such as murders.

As for physical manifestations in India, seances in the dark are not, as a rule, respected. The physical mediums had to perform their "miracles" in daylight and open field. Of course, they needed a cabinet as the physical mediums of the West do now. But the Indian public did not allow a cabinet to the higher necromancers. So no one appeared in public as a great wonder-worker, who could not do everything in daylight and open fields. Yet they shewed wonders which seem incredible even to those who have seen the great physical manifestations of Europe and America. How they performed greater miracles than Homes and Baileys, will appear from what Emperor Jehangire saw the Bengali necro-

mancers doing, described in his auto-biography. These wonderful performances, minutely described by the Emperor himself, were reproduced in a previous issue of the Magazine. What Hossein Khan did in Calcutta, which thousands witnessed only forty years ago, were more wonderful by far than those performed by the most celebrated mediums in the West.

So spiritualism did exist, but then the world had not been brought closer together. Now steam, electricity, trade and conquests have done it. What is now done in one part of the world can be at once made known at the antipodes, if it is important. That being the case, the angels at last came to the conclusion that the time had at last arrived when the doubts of men, as regards their future, must be removed once for all. Men had been so long obliged to rely entirely upon the teachings of Prophets for a knowledge of their future destiny. The angels thought that the time had at last arrived when the wonders of the spiritual should be demonstrated under the strict requirements of science.

Thus in 1848 flourished the Fox Girls in America, and the scientist Alphonse Cahagnet in France, the two most advanced countries in the world. America deserved the honor, because it was the freest and least priest-ridden country in the Christian world, and France, because it was the birth-place of Joan, the peasant girl, who freed the country from a foreign invasion, and because it was the birth-place of Mesmer.

Other enlightened countries, too, prepared the way for the reception of the great truth, as for instance, Sweden developed the Swedish savant, Swedenborg, and Germany, the seeress of Provost, made famous by the writings of the celebrated

philosopher Kant. England contributed some excellent mediums and investigators, as for instance, Home and Stainton Moses as mediums, and Professor Crookes, the scientist, as investigator.

While in 1848, the Fox girls were holding conversation with the denizens of the spirit-world by "raps," Cahagnet, at the same time, was doing the same thing in France, with the help of a medium, called Adele. Thousands flocked to examine the "pretensions" of the Fox Girls, but the researches of Cahagnet were made known only to few scientists, for reasons which will be explained presently. The significant thing is that, what the Fox Girls were proclaiming in America, Adele was doing in France unknown to each other.

It was the trance of Mrs. Piper that forced a great many honest sceptics to accept spiritualism. But what was Richard Hodgson doing with Mrs. Piper, Cahagnet was doing with his medium Adele, thirty years before. Adele was developed into a clairvoyant by hypnotic passes. Cahagnet had no idea of invading the spiritual world through his subject, but the spirits came and forced themselves into his attention. He began to gather facts and witnesses to them, as Richard Hodgson did in America latterly. We take the following case from Alphonse Cahagnet's book, published in 1848, the same year that spirits began to rap through the Fox girls:—

"M. Petiet asks (of the medium) for M. Jerome Petiet. Adele sees a young man, about twenty-four or twenty-six years of age (he was thirty), not so tall as his brother now present; auburn hair, rather long; open forehead, arched and very pronounced eye-brows; brown

and rather sunken eyes ; nose rather long, pretty well formed ; complexion fresh, skin very white and delicate ; medium-sized mouth, round dimpled chin. 'He was weak in the chest ; he would have been very strong had it not been for this. He wears a rough grey vest, buttons with a shank and eye, such as are no longer worn. I do not think they are brass ones, nor of the same stuff as the vest. They don't look to me very bright. His pantaloons are of a dark colour and he wears low quartered shoes without any instep.

"This man was of a stubborn disposition, selfish, without any fine feelings, had a sinister look, was not very communicative, devoid of candour, and had but little affection for any one. He had suffered with his heart. His death was natural, but sudden. He died of suffocation' Adele chokes as this man choked, and coughed as he did. She says that 'he must have had moxas or a plaster applied to his back,' and this accounts for the sore I see there. He had no disease, however, in that part. The spine was sound. Those who applied this remedy did not know the seat of the disease. He holds himself badly. His back is round without being humped.'

"M. Petiet finds nothing to alter in these details, which are very exact, and confirm him in his belief that the application of this plaster, advised by a 'man who was not a doctor, brought on his brother's death, which was almost sudden."

The above was signed by Petiet as "very exact." Thus, as Mrs. Piper, when in trance, described the spirits summoned by their 'friends and unknown to her, so 'did this Adele

Maginot, the subject of Alphonse Cahagnet, and the descriptions of the sensitive were certified to be correct by the interested parties. Again we find :—

“M. du Potet [a well-known writer on Animal Magnetism] wishes to call up M. Dubois, a doctor, a friend of his who had been dead about fifteen months.

“Adele said : ‘I see a grey-headed man, he has very little hair on the front of his head ; his forehead is bare and prominent at the temples, making his head appear square. He may be about sixty years of age. He has two wrinkles on either side of his cheeks, a crease under his chin, making it look double ; he is short-necked and stumpy ; has small eyes, a thick nose, a rather large mouth, a flat chin, and small thin hands. He does not look to me quite so tall as M. du Potet ; if he is not stouter, he is more broad-shouldered. He wears a brown frock-coat with side pockets. I see him draw a snuff-box out of one of them and take a pinch. He has a very funny walk, he does not carry himself well, and has weak legs ; he must have suffered from them. He has rather short trousers. Ah ! he does not clean his shoes every day, for they are covered with mud. Taking it altogether, he is not well dressed. He has asthma, for he breathes with difficulty. I see, too, that he has a swelling in the abdomen, he has something to support it. I have told him that it is M. du Potet who asked for him. He talks to me of magnetism with incredible volubility ; he talks of everything at once ; he mixes everything up ; I cannot understand any of it ; it makes him sputter saliva.’

“M. du Potet asks that the apparition may be asked why he has not appeared to him before as he had promised ? He

answers: 'Wait till I find out my whereabouts; I have only just arrived, I am studying everything I see. I want to tell you all about it when I appear, and I shall have many things to tell you.'

"Which day did you promise me you would do so?" 'On a Wednesday.' Adele adds: "This man must be forgetful; I am sure that he was very absent-minded." M. du Potet asks farther: 'When will you appear to me?' 'I cannot fix the time; I shall try to do so in six weeks.' 'Ask him if he was fond of the Jesuits.' At this name he gives such a leap in the air, stretching out his arms, and crying 'The Jesuits,' that Adele draws back quickly, and is so startled that she does not venture to speak to him again.

"M. du Potet declares that all these details are very accurate, that he cannot alter a syllable."

The above two cases will shew that the French investigator was doing exactly what Richard Hodgson did subsequently. The latter experimented with Mrs. Piper, while in a state of trance. Mrs. Piper, while in that state, was asked questions and she replied, and the record of these proceedings were prepared with the greatest possible care. It was Prof. William James who first brought Mrs. Piper to the notice of the higher class of investigators. It happened in this wise. His mother-in-law, that is, wife's mother, had been told of Mrs. Piper and she paid her a visit out of curiosity. And the result was, she came back filled with wonder. One of her daughters followed her and tested Mrs. Piper with the same result. And, at last, Professor James was induced to see things for himself which he did with his wife. Of course, Mrs. Piper was never allowed to know who her

visitors were, yet she was influenced by the dead relatives of the latter who succeeded in establishing their identity to the satisfaction of those present. The result was that Professor William James had to admit that Mrs. Piper possessed powers which could not be explained by any ordinary method.

This was in 1885. But Alphonse Cahagnet had precisely the same result in 1848, the year, the spirits rapped their existence to men below. He had his Mrs. Piper, as said above, in an Adele Maginot, whom he magnetized and whose mediumship was developed in that way. Adele would be asked questions while in a state of trance, as Mrs. Piper was, and she proved her supernormal powers by the answers she gave. Do not these two experiments, carried on on strict scientific principles, in two different continents, with the same result, prove the truth of spiritualism?

It was in 1863 that the book, containing the incidents of D. D. Home's life, was published. He succeeded in convincing a large number of men, including many sovereign Princes of the genuineness of the manifestations, that appeared through him. The physical manifestations, that were witnessed through his mediumship, would have never been believed had they not been witnessed by a large number of highly respectable people. It was he who floated in the air; it was with the help of his organism that the great Napoleon succeeded in shewing his hand enveloped in light, holding a pencil and writing his name. This name he permitted the Emperor and the Empress, and subsequently Mr. Home to kiss.*

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* The famous case of Home, floating out at one window and in at another, related by Lords Lindsay and Adare, as witnessed by them, was

It was not only as a physical medium that Home was celebrated, but he also proved the identity of some of the spirits who influenced him which thoroughly satisfied their friends on earth. Thus :—

Mr. S. B. Brittan's testimony.—“Home suddenly becomes entranced ; says “Hannah Brittan is here,”—a relative long since dead, and whose existence, as Mr. Brittan believes, was not known to any one ‘in all that region.’ Home, entranced, acts as though a melancholic in terror of hell ; Hannah Brittan ‘became insane from believing in the doctrine of endless punishment.’”

Mrs. Senior's evidence.—“At their first meeting Mr. Home describes Mr. Senior and adds, ‘You forgot to wind his watch, and how miserable it made you.’ ‘Now this was a fact known to no living being but myself. I had wound the watch the night I lost my husband and resolved never to let it go down again. I forgot to wind it one night, and my agony was great when I discovered it in the morning, but I never mentioned it even to my husband's sister, who was in the house with me.’ Home also mentions ‘Mary,’ Mr. Senior's mother.”

Mr. B. Coleman's evidence.—“At his first seance messages are given by raps as from his aunts Elizabeth and Hannah. ‘I did not recognise the names. I had never known of any

sought to be thus discredited by Dr. Carpenter. He said that “a single honest sceptic declares that he did not see Mr. Home move from the chair, but was sitting there.” Now this single honest critic was Captain Wynne, and he wrote a letter supporting the statement of Lords Lindsay and Adare. It is, in this manner, some scientists are prepared to descend to any misrepresentation to discredit facts which they cannot explain by their science.

aunts of those names,' but he learns that sisters of his father, thus named, died before he was born."

Mrs. S.C. Hall's testimony.—"Raps from deceased Madame Home to Mr. Durham, sculptor, saying, 'Thanks for your early morning labour; I have often been near you.' Mr. Durham had been rising early to work at a bust of Madame Home intended as a present to Mr. Home; 'this fact was not even known in his own household.'"

Mrs. Hennings' testimony.—"Home says, 'George is here'—nephew of Mrs. Hennings, recently deceased; mentions accident from bite of dog when a boy at Dulwich—correct. One of us has seen Mrs. Hennings, who, although very old, retains a singularly bright intelligence. She confirmed this statement, and added several details.

"Mrs. Hennings' testimony. Home speaks in trance as from her father. 'The night before her father passed away you played whist with him,' some details, and explanations to provisions of will. 'Mr. Home had never seen my father, nor heard anything about him; and most wonderful to me was this detail of such long-past events, known only to myself.'"

Lord Lindsay's testimony.—"Lord Lindsay misses train at Norwood, sleeps on sofa in Home's room; sees female figure standing near Home's bed, which fades away; recognises face among other photographs next morning, it was Home's deceased wife. Lord Adare and two others, in Lord Adare's rooms, see (February 1869) a shadowy figure resembling this form, but cannot distinguish features."

Mrs. Peck's testimony.—"By permission I put several *mental* questions, each of which was promptly and correctly

answered, with the full names of friends and relatives deceased, and circumstances which could not have been known to any of those present; all, as I have stated, having been previous to the past twenty-four hours strangers to me." (Mrs Peck was an American, staying at a hotel in Geneva.)

Mrs Peck's testimony.—"Home, entranced, says: 'There is a portrait of *his* mother.' 'I made no reply; but my thought was, "There is *no* portrait of her.'" Home insists that there is, 'with an open Bible upon her knee.' There was, in fact, a daguerreotype thirty years old, which Mrs. Peck had forgotten, in attitude described—with indistinct book on knee, which was, in fact, a Bible."

We now come to William Stainton Moses whose varied and marvellous gifts, as a medium, entitle him to the gratitude of mankind. As a physical medium, he had scarcely a superior; as a trance medium ditto, and add to this that he was an M. A. of Oxford. He was an orthodox Christian, but his experience led him to give up orthodoxy and to treat other faiths with greater liberality than before, which proves his sincerity.* He was not a professional medium, he had ardent faith in spiritualism and believed that the spread of spiritualism was the most important work of men, and he was destined to prove one of the chief instruments for the purpose of spreading this ennobling and comforting philosophy. We said that his gifts were varied but what made his mediumship more significant and useful is the way spirits identified themselves through his mediumship. His book "Spirit Identity" is a most valuable contribution to spiritualism.

* How can one support orthodox Christianity, who finds, in holding converse with spirits, that good men, though "heathens," were treated with more consideration in the spirit world, than bad men who professed Christianity?

MODERN HISTORY OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM AND HYPNOTISM.

III



HOW TO HYPNOTISE.

Let us begin with a glossary of terms used or likely to be used in connection with this subject.

Hypnosis—is the state into which the subjects are thrown during the experiment.

Hypnotism—is not the name of the state itself but of the whole science which deals with the phenomena of this state.

Hypnotic—is the person or subject in the hypnotic state.

A Hypnotist—is a man who hypnotises for scientific purposes.

A Hypnotiser—is a man who makes hypnotism a profession.

Suggestion—means the prompting or persuasion—the different commands which are given to the subjects during the experiments.

To Suggest—means the giving of these hints or promptings.

Methods of inducing Hypnotism—There are several methods of inducing Hypnosis. »

All admit of (1) a mental method and (2) a physical method.

The Mental Methods induce hypnosis by giving a particular direction to the subject's imagination either by concentrating the attention upon an arbitrary point, or by raising an image of the hypnotic state in the subject's mind. The latter is most easily done by speech. The hypnotic state is occasionally induced by the mere sight of others in that condition (here by imitation) as well as by speech.

The recollection of earlier hypnoses has the same effect. Upon this fact depends the induction of hypnosis by means of letters, or the telephone.

Besides the two methods mentioned above there is a third one which we might call the combined method.

Auto-hypnosis or self-hypnosis is possible when the idea of the hypnosis is not aroused by another person but the subject generates the image himself. This can only happen by an act of will.

Induction of Hypnosis by Physical Methods. The physical methods of hypnosis consist of certain stimuli of sight, hearing and touch. Taste and smell have been rarely tried and have generally given negative results.

The best method is called the method of Braid. By this method the hypnosis is caused by a fixed gaze at some object or other.

The Mesmeric or Hypnotic state is usually induced, according to Braid, by causing the person operated on to stare fixedly at a faceted or glittering piece of glass held at a distance from the eyes above the forehead in such a position as will strain the eyes and the eyelids. The operator may take his stand behind the *patient* and it will be for him to observe that the pupils are contracted from the effort of

accommodation of each eye for near vision on the object. The result will be, the pupils will begin to relax and then the operator will have to make a few "passes" over the face of the subject without touching it. The eyelids will then close of themselves or the operator may gently close them with the tips of his fingers, very gently stroking the cheeks; often there will be observed a vibratory motion of the eyelids when they are closed or a slight spasm of the eyelids. The eyes may become afterwards widely open. The patient will be now in a sleep-like-condition and the limbs often remain in almost any position in which the operator may place them. The patient may now be caused to make movements in obedience to the commands of the operator and to act according to ideas suggested to him. He may eat a potato apparently under the impression that it is an apple; a glass of water may be presented to him as castor-oil and he will make wry faces; he may ride on a chair or a stool as in a horse-race; he will fight with imaginary enemies or manifest tokens of affection to imaginary friends; all kinds of actions, even of a ridiculous nature, may be done by the patient at the command of the operator. Stiffness or rigidity of certain muscles or groups of muscles or even of the whole body may be produced on suggestion. Either in the prone or supine condition, the forearm may become rigid on stroking; the knee may be strongly bent with the muscles in a state of spasm; the muscles of the trunk may become so rigid as to allow the body to rest like a log and when placed with head and heels on two chairs, indeed the subject may be so stiff and rigid as to bear the weight of the operator sitting upon it and by a few passes of the hands various cataleptic

conditions may be induced and as readily removed. Many disorders of sensations may be produced such as colour perception, the hearing of special sounds having no objective existence or deafness to certain tones or perverted sensations, such as tingling, pricking, rubbing etc. The patient may be kept in this condition for an hour or more and may then be roused by blowing gently into the eyes. The patient has usually a vague recollection like that of a disturbed dream but sometimes there is an acute remembrance of all that has happened and the patient may feel pain at having been compelled to do ridiculous actions.

Certain persons are more readily hypnotised than others and, once the conditions have been successfully induced, it can be more easily induced at the second time, a third time more easily than a second and so on until the patient may be so pliant to the will of the operator that a fixed look or a mere wave of the hand may throw him at once into that condition. These are the general facts in hypnotism artificially induced and belong to the same class as those referred to Animal Magnetism, Electro Biological effects, Odylic influences etc., according to the whim or the theory of the operator.

Where then is the wonder that such phenomena have been the cause of much speculation and basis of many superstitions; some have supposed that they were supernatural, others that they indicated the existence of a specific force exerted by the operator upon the passive subject. Many have no doubt believed that the force was inherent in them which have more likely made them successful. Most of these phenomena can be explained physiologically and those

which cannot be so accounted for will remain hidden until we get further light on the physiology of the nervous system.

Since mental processes directly correspond with certain processes of the nervous system and those more specially of brain, we pass on to the consideration of the sensorium or the organ which receives the impression made on the senses.

By the sensorium is meant that portion of the nervous system which receives impulses from the nerves coming from the organs of sense, such as those from the eye, ear, nose, tongue and skin. The central nervous system, being in intimate connection with the rest of the nervous system, receives the messages brought by each of these nerves. This message may possibly arouse nervous actions associated with consciousness or it may not, or the nervous actions of consciousness may be so transient as to leave a faint impression on the memory, so that a revival of the impressions may take place if no great interval has elapsed, since the impression was made on the sense organ. If the impression be vivid, then it may be revived long afterwards. This impression may be consciously perceived, and then any apparent effect may end; but it may set up a set of actions resulting in motion apparently of a reflex character. Let us fancy a person in the dark; light is suddenly brought before the eye affecting the retina and, through the changes in it, the optic nerve and central organ; there may be consciousness or there may not; if the person be wide awake he will see the light, if he be asleep he will not see it, at all events he will give no indication of seeing it; on awaking he may have a recollection of a dream in which light has a place or his memory may be a blank; but nevertheless the light

will cause the pupil of the eye to contract by reflex action without his being conscious of it; and perhaps, without consciousness, the sleeping person may make an effort to avoid the light, as has been noticed in the case of somnambulists.

Now, when a patient has been thrown into a weak hypnotic state, there may be a vivid recollection on awaking of all that happened during the apparent sleep. This implies that conscious sensory perceptions took place during the condition. Memory depends on the direction of the attention to sensations; if the effort of the attention be strong, the recollection will probably be vivid and the converse is true. Thus sensory perceptions may come and go without any attempts at fixing them; and consequently with no recollection following their occurrence; a sensory perception may have existed for so short a time as to leave no impression behind. This may explain how it is that in the deeper state of hypnosis there is either no recollection of what occurred or the recollection can only be aroused by hints and leading questions. Attention is necessary therefore to form a conscious idea arising out of a sensation.

Physiologists assert that the cerebral hemispheres are the seat of higher mental operation, such as attention etc, although the interdependence of these hemispheres with the lower sensory ganglia on the one hand and with motor ganglia on the other is not understood. The one portion of the nervous system may work without the other. A man in a reverie may have many impressions of sight or of sound of which he had been really unconscious, on the other hand, the cerebral apparatus may be so attuned with the recipient

portion that if the latter receives the message the former sympathetically responds. For instance, a mother, sound asleep, is disturbed by the slightest cry of her child, although loud sounds of other kinds may not awaken her.

It would thus appear that impressions on the senses and the consciousness of impressions are two separate states which may occur in a manner independently; that is to say, there may be purely sensory operations in which consciousness is not involved, or there may be the conscious repetition of old impressions, or what is called memory. Now it is a law of nervous action that processes which at first are always of a conscious kind may, by repetition, become so habitual as to be performed without consciousness. Thus we learn to perform a piece of music by conscious efforts often of a painful kind. By and by the music may be performed accurately even while the attention is directed to something else. In like manner, all movements which are the result of sensory impressions may become unconscious movements. A familiar illustration is that of a man in deep reverie walking along a street, immersed in thought; he pays little or no attention to passers-by; as his eyes are opened his visual apparatus is affected with their images or those of adjacent objects, but they arouse no conscious impression although those evanescent impressions are sufficient to excite the appropriate movements of locomotion.

These movements are in all respects like voluntary movements, but they are not really voluntary, showing that the nervous system may execute movements like voluntary movements without volition. It is to be observed however that these movements are the results of sensory impressions.

* A hypnotised person may be regarded as in a condition in which the part of the nervous apparatus associated with conscious perception is thrown out of gear, without preventing the kind of movements which would result were it really in action. Impressions are made on the sensory organs; the sensory nerves convey the impressions to a part of the brain; in the deepest condition of hypnotism these impressions may not arouse any consciousness, but the result may be the kind of movement which would naturally follow, as if the person had been conscious. The movements made by the hypnotics are chiefly those of an imitative kind. It has often been noticed that the mere suggestions of the movements may not be enough to excite them and the movements must be made before the eyes of the person. If the operator clinches his fist the patient at once clinches his; if the operator blows his nose the patient does likewise.

The condition seems to be one in which the sensory impression leads to no conscious perception and to no voluntary movement, but is quite sufficient to arouse the nervous and muscular mechanism which lead to unconscious imitation. The patient is, in a sense, an automaton played upon by the operator through the medium of the patient's sensory organs. It is important to observe that in deep hypnotism the patient has no idea corresponding to the movements he make in obedience to the operator. For example, the patient is made to swallow a glass of water and the operator tells him, it is castor-oil at the same time making the requisite grimaces, the patient will imitate these grimaces without having any idea either of water or of castor-oil. The grimaces are purely imitative without any connection with

the idea which would naturally excite them. This is the case only with those deeply hypnotised. In some cases however, the hypnotism is so deep as to resemble coma, and in these there is no trace of any sensory impressions or of movements. In cases where the hypnotism is slight there may be a curious mixture of effects. Here the patient may be partially conscious of the requests made to him and of the imitative movements executed before his eyes; to some extent he may resist the commands of the operator, he may feel he is being fooled, and yet he may perform many ridiculous actions; and when he awakes he may have a vivid recollection of the events in which he participated. A hypnotised person in fact is in a state similar to that of the somnambulists who act the movements of a disturbed dream. There are many degrees of the sleeping state, from the profound condition resembling coma to that of the light sleeper who starts with every sound. In some sleeps there are dreams in which the sleeper is so occupied with the phantoms of thought as to pay no attention to external impressions, unless these be sufficiently powerful to awake him, whilst there are other sleeps in which the boundary between the conscious reception of new impressions and reproduction of old ones is so thin as to permit of a blending of the two. In this kind of sleep a word, a touch, a suggestion are sufficient to change the current of the dream and even to excite movements. When the ideas of a dreamer caused movements corresponding to these ideas, then the dreamer becomes a somnambulist. He acts the dream. Some somnambulists respond to external suggestions readily, others do not; and in all there is almost invariably no recollection of the state. Artificial hypnotism is a condition of the same kind, though usually not so profound.

SATISH CHUNDER SANJAL.

(To be continued.)

OBSERVATIONS ON THE RE-BIRTH THEORY

— :-(X): —

If the Theosophists have not done anything, they have, at least, made some of the theories obtained from the vast lore of India, known throughout the civilized world. It was in this way, that the re-birth theory of Buddhism, which was afterwards incorporated with Hinduism, came to obtain a firm hold upon the minds of the educated community in India. "You have to undergo thousands of births before you become a more perfect man," they say. You think, therefore, there is no need to make any gigantic effort to improve your soul when you are assured that so many chances are given to you in the shape of different lives. You also think, that there is no good in loving anybody too dearly, for when you are sure, your wife is to be born as a different person within a few years after her death and is lost to you for ever, you only increase your misery by loving her too tenderly. But suppose, somehow or other, a great attachment has been formed between yourself and your wife without your knowledge, and she subsequently dies. Can you for a moment console yourself with the thought, that she is lost to you for ever and there is no good in lamenting over her loss? On the other hand, your nature within will tell you that, if she could not stay in this world any longer, on account of her

body being unfit for use, she will wait for you in the world of spirit, till your time will also come for shuffling off of the mortal coil.

We have shown it, several times, in this Magazine, that the re-birth theory is not a purely Hindu theory at all, it was afterwards incorporated with it from Buddhism. It is incumbent on every Hindu to perform *sradh* ceremonies. We find that, though nowadays several ceremonies observed in olden days have been discontinued by the more reformed and enlightened section of Hindu society, the *sradh* ceremonies are observed with the same zeal as before. But what is a *sradh* ceremony? It is to perform certain rites for the purpose of recalling to mind our fore-fathers of old who were dead and gone several hundred years ago and to give them food and drink and *pinda* in the shape of oblations to their manes. It is enjoined on every Hindu to perform this *sradh* ceremony every year. If the Hindus had firm faith in the re-birth theory, they would not have invented this excellent process by which our love for those who were related with us by family ties is nourished. One of the *mantrams* used during a *sradh* runs thus, "Oh, my forefathers, who have now assumed a shining form, (here some names are mentioned taken from the geneological tree of the family), but who are still connected by ties of love, do kindly condescend to accept these humble offerings from this humble member of your family. May your soul rest in peace in Heaven." What is therefore the necessity of recalling to mind those people, once a year, whom we never saw, if we are certain that they had again been born in this earth where we know not? On the other hand, it shows that our forefathers, according to Hindu Shastras

do exist after their death and accept us as family members, as soon as we die. It is said in the Shastras, that our forefathers are mightily pleased if we perform the *sradh* rites and do really accept our offerings with gladdened hearts.

Then the practice of *Suttee* that prevailed among the higher strata of the Hindu community went to show that the Hindus had no belief in the theory of re-incarnation. On the other hand, they firmly believed in the perpetuity of life that had to be spent in the other world and the re-union of loving hearts. The practice probably originated in this way. The Hindu seers and sages of old declared that life in this world is as transitory as a drop of water on a lotus leaf, but our true life begins when we cast off our material cover—a life which has no end and which is not darkened any more by separation. They also enjoined that the greatest good that a woman could do to her soul was by cultivating whole souled love for her husband and if need were by giving her life's blood at his service. Hindu women, therefore, thought that the only purpose for which they were created was to serve their husband and moulded their minds accordingly. So when the husband died, the wife felt that there was now no need to continue her career in this world. Indeed, some wives became so much disconsolate, on account of the absence of their husbands, that they thought of joining them at the earliest opportunity by any means. It was in this way, that Sutteism came into vogue in this country. It is, by the way, not correct to say that women were forcibly burnt after the death of their husbands. On the other hand, so firm was their conviction of the continuance of the soul after death and of obtaining the company of their dear

ones which could never be severed that they courted the horrible death of being burnt alive with evident unconcern. Here we cannot resist the temptation of quoting an account of a *Suttee* which was witnessed by Sir F. Halliday, when acting as Magistrate of Hooghly and afterwards narrated by him. He says :—

“*Suttee* was prohibited by law in 1829. At and before that time I was acting as Magistrate of the district of Hooghly. Before the new law came into operation notice was one day brought to me that a *Suttee* was about to occur a few miles from my residence. Such things were frequent in Hooghly as the banks of that side of the river were considered particularly propitious for such sacrifices. When the message reached me, Dr. Wise of the Medical Service and a clergyman (whose name I forget), who was Chaplain to the Governor-General, were visiting me and expressed a wish to witness the ceremony. Accordingly we drove to the appointed place where a large crowd of natives was assembled on the river bank and the funeral pile already prepared, the intended victim seated on the ground in front of it. Chairs were brought for us and we sat down near the woman. My two companions, who did not speak the language, then began to press the widow with all the reasons they could urge to dissuade her from her purpose, all of which at their request I made the woman understand in her own language. To this she listened with grave and respectful attention but without being at all moved by it ; the priests and many of the spectators also listening to what was said.

“At length she showed some impatience, and asked to be allowed to proceed to the pile. Seeing that nothing

further could be done, I gave her the permission, but, before she had moved, the clergyman begged me to put to her one more question,—‘Did she know what pain she was about to suffer?’ She, seated on the ground close to my feet, looked up at me with a scornful expression in her intelligent face and said for answer, ‘Bring a lamp:’ the lamp was brought, of the small sauce-boat fashion used by peasants, and also some ‘ghee’ or melted butter and a large cotton wick. These she herself arranged in the most effective form and then said, ‘Light it;’ which was done and the lamp placed on the ground before her. Then steadfastly looking at me with an air of grave defiance she rested her right elbow on the ground and put her finger into the flame of the lamp. The finger scorched, blistered and blackened and finally twisted up in a way which I can only compare to what I have seen happen to a quill pen in the flame of a candle. This lasted for sometime, during which she never moved her hand, uttered a sound or altered the expression of her countenance. She then said: ‘Are you satisfied?’ to which I answered hastily ‘quite satisfied’, upon which with great deliberation she moved her finger from the flame, saying: ‘Now may I go?’ To this I assented and she moved down the slope to the pile. This was placed on the edge of the stream. It was about $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, about the same length, and perhaps 3 feet broad, composed of alternate layers of small billets of wood and light dry brushwood between 4 upright stakes. Round this she was marched in a noisy procession 2 or 3 times and then ascended it, laying herself down on her side with her face in her hands like one composing herself to sleep, after which she was covered

up with light brushwood for several inches, but not so as to prevent her rising had she been so minded. The attendants then began to fasten her down with long bamboos. This I immediately prohibited and they desisted unwillingly but without any show of anger. Her son, a man of about 30, was now called upon to light the pile.

"It was one of those frequent cases in which the husband's death had occurred too far off for the body to be brought to the pile, and instead of it a part of his clothing had been laid thereon by the widow's side. A great deal of powdered resin and, I think, some 'ghee' had been thrown upon the wood which first gave a dense smoke and then burst into a flame. Until the flames drove me back I stood near enough to touch the pile, but I heard no sound and saw no motion, except one gentle upheaving of the brushwood over the body, after which all was still. The son who had lighted the pile remained near it until it was full combustion, and then, rushing up the bank, threw himself on the ground in a paroxysm of grief. So ended the last *Suttee* that was lawfully celebrated in the district of Hooghly and perhaps in Bengal"

It may be noted here, *en passant*, that the burning on a funeral pile was selected as the means of death of a *Suttee*, when the dead body of her husband was not near, because the Hindus believed that, by burning, the material body was reduced to smoke and no traces of it remained on earth, so the soul was completely freed from matter. When the dead body of her husband was near, the *Suttee*, of course, burnt herself on the funeral pile of the former. Indeed, so great was the apprehension of a Hindu to avoid being an

earth-bound,—and surely not to avoid a re-birth,—that he always considered it a misfortune to harp on any worldly idea or object at the time of death.

Not unoften, however, some of the Theosophists, like the village pedagogue of Goldsmith, are found to argue ever if they are vanquished. It is they who assert that it is not necessary that a man would, just after his death, be re-born on this earth. This re-birth, they say, may take place hundreds of years after. To answer this, we have to make some preliminary observations. It is certain, that the world we go to, after death, is much finer than this world of gross matter. It is now admitted on all hands that, we do not lose our identity on our death, but are born in the land of the spirit as the same man with only a finer body. After death we come across those of our relations who have gone before and who greet us with the same ardent love as they used to do while on this earth. When we begin to associate with them in the new world, our old love for them, now completely freed from our worldly interests and selfish considerations, no doubt overflows our heart and grows in intensity as time rolls on. And, as man is progressive, we, no doubt, go on making spiritual progress, by vast strides, we having no more connections with matter, while we remain in the spirit world.

Now suppose, after our experiences, as stated above, and attempts to better our condition by spiritual progress, we are once more thrust into this old world of ours, say, after

* It is however not true in all cases, specially in the case of earth-bound, who often take hundreds of years to make the slightest progress.

five hundred years. What would happen then? Surely, all our progress made in the spiritual world will go for nothing, if we have once more to mix ourselves with gross matter. If we had got back our dear ones, after death, whom we had given up for lost for ever and were overjoyed with having the opportunity of loving them, and mixing with them freely for a space of five hundred years, we would not have anything to do with them any more. All our connections with them will now be ruthlessly cut off for ever, we being transformed into different persons, having lost all remembrances of our previous lives, connections and the heap of accumulated knowledge. Does it not appear rather silly and the ways of God frivolous and capricious?

We know from our common experiences and actual experiments, that earth-bounds, after they have been able to make some spiritual progress, are permitted not to have any more connections with this world but to attain a higher life. We have seen how Katie King, a beautiful girl of a very remote period, materialized herself and, at the request of Professor Crookes, lived with him for three years almost as a family member. She said, at the time of bidding farewell to the well-known professor, that her time was up, she had already had enough of this world and that she should not have any more connections with it. The professor and his family members were utterly disconsolate at this, though the former was convinced that this separation was only of a temporary character and though Katie King repeatedly assured him that she would positively meet him again as soon as he died. We have also seen, in this Magazine, how a Hindu girl materialized herself and tended her younger brother, during

his illness, for more than a month and she only disappeared when she found that her parents had objected to her frequent visits and she herself had made some spiritual progress. When we find that earth-bounds, by slow degrees, begin to lose all connections with this world, how can we conceive that spirits, with their five hundred years' accumulated spiritual progress, may be thrust back to this world of gross matter?

So it is quite evident that Theosophists are wrong in supposing that there is such a thing as re-birth to this world, in a form mentioned above,* but that it is found, after actual investigation, that man, after death, remains the same individual with all his ideas and impressions accumulated in his mind and acquired after considerable toil, and that he leads an eternal life of spiritual progress in the spirit world. If any body would now say, "No, the re-birth theory is true, and men, after death, do not take their birth in this world but in a world which is still higher and finer than the spirit world," we will have no more objection. For, if such a thing really happens, we will probably not lose our identity by going there, as we do it not when we go to the spirit world. Secondly, we will not lose all the acquired ideas and experiences, and thirdly, we will not lose those with whom we have formed connections and whom we love for they too would be carried to our place, that is, the third or the fourth world, in their own time. We may, however, say, that it is evidently premature to calculate what would happen thousands of years hence.

* Re-birth may be possible in the case of still-born children or children who have none to take care of in the spirit-world.

SPIRIT SOLVES HIS MYSTERIOUS DEATH.

—:-(X):—

I SEND, for the readers of the *Hindu Spiritual Magazine*, a case of spiritual manifestation that occurred in my family about 80 years ago. The witnesses, who could have sworn to the truth of the manifestation, are all dead now. The party concerned were my relatives, as well as those of Babu Ananda Chandra Roy, the well-known pleader of Dacca. The occurrence took place 15 years or so before my birth. I am now in my 65th year.

Kristo Kumar Roy was a Dewan of an Indigo Factory of the Megna Concern of J. P. Wise, Indigo planter of Dacca. His son, Radha Nath and his cousin, Kali Kant Roy, were sent home to Kunorgao (near Japsa) in a boat belonging to one Bissa Manji, a great favorite of the said Kristo Kumar Roy. Kali Kant Roy was also an assistant Dewan in one of the small factories of the Megna Concern. He had amassed about Rs. 500, in those days considered to be a very large sum, and was taking it home within a pillow, without the knowledge of his cousin, who was then at the head of the joint family. Bissa Manji who had carried the pillow felt it heavy and made out its contents to be money, though, in Bissa's presence, Kali Kant denied all knowledge of there being any money with him.

Kristo Kumar Roy had then two sons, viz., Radha Nath and Hurkissore and a daughter, Anna-Purna. Hurkissore was then only about a year old and Radha Nath, the other son, about 12 years of age. When Radha Nath came to know that his uncle, Kali Kant, was going home, he expressed his desire to his father Kristo Kumar Roy, of accompanying Kali Kant home. The father complied with his request and the uncle and nephew started for home in Bissa's boat with a *Nafar* (servant). The boat was manned by a Mussalman oarsman.

After the boat had left the Indigo Factory Ghat, it was brought up and moored on a sandy plot, on the Megna, in the evening. There was no habitation there and Kali Kant took objection to the boat being moored there. But the objection was refuted by Bissa on the ground of the place being the property of the Indigo Factory. When the inmates of the boat were fast asleep, Bissa tied the large toes of their feet and the thumbs of their hands together and then cut off, with one stroke of the *dao*, first the Mussalman oarsman, whose head, in falling into water, uttered the name of Alla and he found salvation or beatitude. Then the *Nafar* (servant), who was a very powerful man, was attacked and it was after several attempts that he was overpowered and killed. Kali Kant Roy and his nephew Radha Nath were then killed by Bissa without much resistance. The boat with the dead bodies was then sunk in the Megna and Bissa escaped with the money no body knew where.

For one whole year the matter remained a mystery. It was after a year, when no clue to where the victims of Bissa's treachery had gone could not be ascertained, that Kristo

Kumar Roy started for home and, on his way, he passed by the *chur* where his son and cousin with the servant were done to death.

The next day of his arrival at home, Kristo Kumar Roy's end wife had gone to pay her respects to the family God, when she was suddenly seized with a fit and people all gathered round her. It was soon discovered that she was possessed by a spirit. On being questioned who it was, the spirit replied and said that he was Kali Kant Roy's spirit. He then narrated how he, his nephew, his servant and the Mulla (the oarsman) were killed by Bissa and where and for what purpose. The whole account was related in a manner and with such perfect details as to leave no doubt as to the statements being made actually by the spirit of Kali Kant Roy. The members of the house were naturally very much sorry to learn off the sad end of two of their family men, whose whereabouts they had no knowledge of for a full year. They now wanted to know where Bissa could be found in order to bring him to justice. But the spirit, on no account, would mention where he had concealed himself. He simply said that Bissa would not be found and would not be brought to justice. He further said that with the exception of the Mussalman Mulla who took the name of Alla (God) at the time of death, they had all become earth-bounds and that unless *Pindu* were given at Gya, there would be no redemption of their souls. Kristo Kumar Roy, thereupon, sent his eldest brother, Nundo Kumar Roy, and his sister-in-law to Gya, to perform the necessary rites which being observed under prescribed rules, nothing further was heard of them.

But the matter did not end there. The spirit of the servant now appeared on the scene. He also wanted that *Pinda* should be offered in Gya on his behalf too. But the parents of the servant having declined to undergo the expenses of a journey to Gya, the matter was ultimately given up. The spirit, however, would not hear this. He was considerably irritated and said that he had met with his death while working for his masters; it was therefore just and proper that the expenses of the *Pinda* should be borne by the latter's family. Besides his parents were very poor and had not the means to meet so heavy expenses. The spirit latterly became furious and gave considerable trouble to the medium. He also threatened to kill Hurkissore if Nundo Kumar Roy would not go to Gya a second time and offer the necessary *Pinda*. There was thus no help but to act up according to his wishes, which being done, the servant's spirit was propitiated.

Nothing has been heard of them since. I have heard the story from the mouth of the mother of Radha Kant Roy and my own grand mother, the sister of Kristo Kumar Roy, who saw everything with their own eyes. Both of them would shed tears in the recital of the story. It draws tears from my eyes every time I mention it to my friends. The case is an authentic one. You can refer it to Babu Ananda Chandra Roy if you doubt its truth.

HARIS CHANDRA BAGCHI,

Vakil, Debrugarh, (Assam).

SOME REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES.



[MR. JOSEPH F. SNIPES, 241 West 103d Street, New York City, had had some remarkable psychical experiences. Mr. Snipes is the President of the New York Psychical Society, a merchant on Broadway, a level-headed man and anything but credulous. Some of his experiences were published in a lengthy and illustrated article in the "New York World." We give below a summary of the same.]

It was during the war of the rebellion that the first spiritual demonstration was made to Mr. Snipes. He was then private secretary to the surgeon-general of the Confederacy, Dr. Samuel Preston Moore, at Richmond. In the same office he had a dear friend named Fox.

In the church choir of which Mr. Snipes was leader, was a singer known to her Methodist family as a writing medium. Mr. Snipes, all doubting, tested her power. He wrote the name of his friend on paper, which he folded so that it was utterly impossible for any one to see within it. The lady waited a moment and then wrote the full name, Thomas J. E. Fox. Of such a man she had no knowledge whatever. Surprised, but still doubting, he wrote: "Can you tell me anything of my future?" This question also was concealed, and the reply was: "You are going North to live." "When?" "On Thursday,——," naming a date months ahead.

‘Having forgotten the improbable prophecy, he was later on invited to travel through the country in the interests of Hamilton G. Fant, president of the First National Bank of Richmond, and General Thomas Ewing, of Washington. He first visited Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. After his arrival here he suddenly remembered the message, and found he had indeed left home on the very day, week and month as previously predicted !

In New York he met a lady from Richmond, named Julia S——. She fell seriously ill. He made her promise, half jokingly, that if she died she would try and return. Her illness was mortal. After her death Mr. Snipes visited an aged and highly respected lady in Brooklyn, a Mary Jennings, of Bridgeport, Conn., who was entranced by the said Julia and made to speak in identifying terms in German, a language wholly unknown to the psychic.

Mr. Snipes has also had some extraordinary experiences with Dr. Henry Slade, the celebrated medium, now deceased. One day he sat with Slade in a large parlor, well lighted by the afternoon sun. There were rappings and other noises on the table, and Mr. Snipes was dragged about the room in his chair by some invisible power. “Who is doing this?” he asked. Instantly there was scratching of writing on a slate, reading as follows: “Dear friend: Do not mind what others may say. Be true to yourself. I am yours, Alice Cary.”

At the same sitting, while Slade’s hands lay folded on the table, in the bright sunlight, a large flesh-like hand appeared in front of Mr. Snipes’ vest, nervously sustaining itself, and

terminating at the wrist in air. Three times it so appeared and then vanished.

Then, by request, the large table slowly arose from the floor, ascended to the ceiling, turned over, and descended gently upon Mr. Snipes' head. In a moment it arose again, reversed itself, and settled on the floor. At the same time the centre-table, ten feet away, began to spin, first slowly, then very rapidly, throwing off everything on it.

Later Mr. Snipes asked for some evidence of so-called etherealization. "We'll try," said Dr. Slade, and he placed a third chair by the table. They waited. A small, snow-white, soft cloud soon appeared upon the carpet beside the chair. It gradually grew upward and evolved silently and gracefully, until the skirt, waist, bust and features of a woman were fully developed, a perfect counterpart of a life-size picture of the doctor's spirit wife on the wall, only it was radiant and transparent. "Can you speak?" inquired Mr. Snipes. The lips and neck made an unsuccessful effort to address him. Then it melted away, reappeared and was gone with a smile.

In relating what happened through another writing medium, Dr. Watkins, of Boston, to whom he was an entire stranger, Mr. Snipes said: "I bought two new slates and visited Watkins. Scarcely had I entered when he said: 'Your father came in with you.' 'Can you give his initials?' Watkins perched his head one side, as if listening, and gave them correctly. 'Give me his name in full.' 'William P. Snipes.' 'What is his middle name?' 'Parish,' he replied, correctly." He also reported the names of others, including that of an Indian guide whom Mr. Snipes was accustomed

to send off for distant information, afterward confirmed by letters.

Mr. Snipes intended taking a friend with him on this occasion, one well-known to the aforesaid Julia. Standing alone in a corner of the room, holding his own clean double-slates, the noise of writing was heard within them, and both sides were covered with a personal communication, in feminine writing, extremely appropriate and commencing: "I am Julia. I am so sorry our friend could not come with you."

In unemotional matter-of-fact words Mr. Snipes declared he first learned his father was dangerously ill, from a voice that advised him the atmosphere around him was very dark and he had better go at once. Relying upon the warning, as on previous occasions, he got to Washington that night, had to stand up on a freight train, and reached his father only three hours before he died! The sick one recognized him but could not speak. "Father," said Mr. Snipes, "if your illness should be final, and you are permitted, will you come to me in New York, and say, "It is true, it is true!" The father understood and made affirmative reply by a motion of the head, and was gone.

Mr. Snipes returned to New York and met Prof. George Morris Nicol, of Philadelphia, a chance acquaintance who knew nothing of the family in Virginia. Mr. Nicol told him of his strange experiences in his college. Mr. Snipes, without stating his object, invited him to his home, where Mr. Nicol was thrown into a trance, and his first words, most earnestly spoken, and in the very voice of Mr. Snipes' father, were: "My son, it is true, it is true!"

Afterward visiting the Bridgeport psychic in Brooklyn, she said to Mr. Snipes : "I see your mother on the cars. She is crying. There is a great commotion in your home." Mr. Snipes wrote to his mother, who had been in Richmond, simply asking if all was well. Her reply was, his sister, Mrs. Pritchard, of Staunton, was very ill, and she had taken the cars to return on the very day of the sitting in Brooklyn. Mr. Snipes then called on a Mrs. Dr. Brithingham, another private psychic, who reported that his father was present and wanted to say his sister was dying of cancer of the stomach, and that he would get a summons within a few hours. The next morning Mr. Snipes received a télégram to come at once, and on arrival he found her in agony from cancer of the stomach !

Mrs. Pritchard was a good Methodist, without any experience in Spiritualism. As she lay intensely suffering, Mr. Snipes earnestly prayed that their spirit father might return and give her a fore-glimpse of her future. The next day, as her husband and he were watching her, Mrs. Pritchard suddenly ceased to moan, her eyes were fixed as in death, and every motion was stopped. "My God," cried her husband "she is dead!" "No," said Mr. Snipes, "she is in a trance and will come back and tell us something. Wait!" After awhile her eyelids quivered, and with tears of joy she exclaimed : "Oh, I have been a long way off. And I heard some one say, "Poor child, you will have to cross the river but do not be afraid ! Pa was here, and I saw my two children and so many I knew were dead." (And much more of family pertinence* was spoken with pathetic but happy expression; and repeated at length the next day.) In a day or two she was translated.

Mr. Snipes, in going to corroborate what has appeared above, says in the *Progressive Thinker* :—

“In addition to the above account, I have had continued and varied experiences, sought and unsought, of a psychical character, and have kept a faithful record of all the evidences, especially those from non-professional seers of high esteem in private life, through whom, in this and other cities, at home and abroad, numerous relatives, friends and strangers have identified themselves by their full names, relationship, wishes, and minute reminders known only to me and them. I have also had satisfactory experience in the careful investigation of spirit photography, obtaining, after doubts and failures, several recognized forms projected between myself and the camera, the entire process conducted by myself, with my own apparatus.

“As an instance of the suspension of the law of gravitation, on one occasion at the home of Dr. J. B. Newbrough, 134 West Thirty-fourth street, New York City, with a psychic from Washington, a Mrs. Youngs, who had also demonstrated before Mr. Linclon and his family, and in the company of invited guests, Dr. Newbrough, Henry J. Newton, Charles E. Loomis, Edward Edgerton and I, in a well-lighted parlor, sat on a piano, when it arose at full length from the floor, by request, and undulated in time to accompanying music, our combined weight, with that of the piano, being just 881 pounds. Soon after, in my own home, with the same psychic, my parlor organ was levitated and played upon without any human contact, in the sight of a score of friends.

“After a long investigation of such matters, in spite of my former prejudice and ignorance, in my old age and retire-

ment from business, I feel obliged to confess, with undying gratitude for these and many practical helps, that I have sufficient justification for profound conviction that the life begun on earth is "continued in our next," under natural, progressive and hopeful conditions; and all my personal facts to date, as stenographized for the last forty years, enough for many printed volumes, with many independent writings and publications, I freely offer to others for inspection and explanation."

EXTRAORDINARY MESSAGES THROUGH A MEDIUM.



SPRINGFIELD, the home of the "Spirit Book," is promised yet another volume to add to its collection from the "spirit world." Spiritualists, the country over, are joyously discussing the alleged receipt by Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, a celebrated medium living in Westfield, N. Y., of a "message from the spirit world," in which the late Samuel Bowles, the famous editor of the Springfield Republican, announced his desire to "write" another book of observations on the spirit life "through the hand of Mrs. Twing." Five books had previously been issued from the press, purporting to have been "written" by the late Samuel Bowles through the mediumship of Mrs. Twing. In his latest messages, the spirit author describes the processes of death, the wonders of the spirit life, the homes of the spirits in the several spheres, their power to aid or injure mortals, his visits in the spirit to Springfield where he roamed unobserved through the editorial rooms of the newspaper which he once controlled, his meetings with Springfield people who had "passed over," his interviews with the spirits of world-famous mortals, and so on.

INTRODUCTION.

Samuel Bowles, the second, for ten years before his death, was a student of Spiritualism, and is alleged to have ex-

pressed his belief in the communion of spirits. He was not, however, at any time a member of any Spiritualist circle, so far as can be ascertained. No doubt he came under the influence of the great Spiritualist propaganda, which reached its height in his city in 1850. In that year there were several thousand Spiritualists in Springfield, and meetings were held nightly in Beacon Hall on Armory Hill.

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, the medium who alleges that she has been in communication with the spirit of Mr. Bowles, is a native of Shermon, N. Y. When a very small child, she could see spirits and has always been conscious of their presence from her earliest recollections. She was "controlled by them to write" before she had learned to write herself. She was married to Herbert S. Twing of Westfield, N. Y., where she now resides. In the autumn of 1878, while at her home in Westfield, she alleged that she was compelled one day to write the following message, an unseen power, which she could not resist, controlled the movements of her arm and fingers.

THE FIRST MESSAGE:

"Madam, excuse my coming. I feel a great pleasure upon me as though I must. Yes, I am far from my home, yet thought takes me there in a moment. 'Who was I?' rather say, 'who am I?' Samuel Bowles of Springfield, Mass.. Yes, that is my name, but I am puzzled. They told me to come here and perhaps I might get a word home. Strange, strange. I can go there, I can see my wife, my boys. I can hear them, but they are blind to me, perfectly blind. They see me not; they have no smile for me. They will yet learn to wait my coming, and to hope for it as they did

when I was away to the Westward. You have been kind lady, to let me try. If I only could get hold of this or any other hand, I would so rejoice. I would live over the past—live it to a purpose; make them know I live. My father is Samuel Bowles. We have a long line. Yes, my son, too; but what does it all amount to; the name, the glitter the sounding words, beside one woman's tears? And Henry poor Henry (Henry Alexander of Springfield, Mass.). There's room for his body in the dear old lot, until of late so empty it seems.

"Strange do my thoughts go off your fingers. I have been looking, trying to catch the subtle something that makes it possible. I shall work. Madam, allow me to do my work through you. Yes, I have been to the "Banner" office ("Banner of Light," Boston, Mass.). I couldn't make myself plain, though you will not be sorry. They say I have done well for the first time.

"Samuel Bowles."

Mrs. Twing placed this message among her home papers and gave it no further thought. At that time she had never visited Springfield, and knew nothing of Samuel Bowles. She had no thought of being used to write a book, and was proceeding with her usual work, when, on the 24th of September, while engaged, as she supposed, in writing a message for one of the members of the Star Publishing Company, she discovered she was writing another message "from Samuel Bowles," urging that she take up the work. "The suggestion was made," says Mrs. Twing, "that perhaps Mr. Bowles might be willing to write the proposed book during my stay in Springfield." Mr. Bowles replied in the following message

THE SECOND MESSAGE.

"Yes, most certainly, I would like to write a clear, concise, and decided statement of what has been my experience here. I can well understand the discussion and ridicule this would stir up, but there I seldom faltered in any act I thought was right, and with the perfect knowledge that earth life is not a farce, beginning and ending there, I feel like saying to the whole world that which, even if they did not believe, would leave its impress and help them a little to cast off the fetters of creeds, and show them that the Eternal Principle of life is really existent over here. I would also like to show the workers in the political field that change of body cannot take away the deep interest in the old republic. I should like to demonstrate the fact, as far as I can, that the force of habit and education over there, clings to us. Imagine senators and congressmen, dropping out of that field suddenly, and turning on the instant to psalm singing and hosannas! They would make the poorest kind of work at it, and not one of them taken over during this campaign but what would have the same interest in the November results, as though he had stood on the shores of time. While it Moody should come, he might enter right into the singing. Why cannot people see that it is not the flesh that thinks, and that the thought principle has only changed bodies, and is the same? What would be heaven for one, is the poorest kind of heaven for another. Therefore, those who praise should feel more thankful to know that Eternal Wisdom has in spirit, as in earth life, made all things with thoughtfulness of the variety that different souls would require to help fill the measure of their happiness."

“On Oct. 15, 1880,” continued Mrs. Twing, “Mr. Bowles used my hand to write the first paper of the wonderful little book now known all over the union as the Experiences of Samuel Bowles in Spirit Life. The announcement of the work from Samuel Bowles, the great editor, from spirit life, was received with joy by thousands throughout the country. The first paper, as drawn up by Samuel Bowles, runs as follows :—

THE PROCESS OF DEATH.

“As life faded out and I was gradually losing hold of the old body, what had before been an intense pain in my chest, slowly changed to a sensation of heaviness. There was no inclination to throw off the incubus that weighed me down. The sobs in the room and the low tones were like far away murmurs.

“My busy brain, in a few moments, brought up the vivid scenes of my life—its early struggles, its later successes, and were like a panorama spread out before me. I knew that what had been called the ‘King of Terrors,’ was with me, but I felt no fear. Gradually the scenes in the room receded far away. The efforts of the old form for breath seemed like some other person beside myself. And then the loved ones of my childhood days were around me, with beckoning faces, holding out their arms and beckoning me over. A sensation then came to me that I was rising up out of myself, and from right over the old head there was another head that thought and saw!

“As my spirit was withdrawn from the body, I could look down on the agonized face and see the last efforts of the life-principle in leaving it. There was no feeling of fear,

no pain. Death is not painful. I can recollect now and know there was not even surprise. It was like some half-forgotten lesson that had come back to me with force ; but there was no feeling of awe, such as I had often thought must come to the person facing the mystery of death.

“I looked for a river—I saw none, I looked for the boatman, but I beheld only multitudes of glad faces as far as I could see. I had long before given up the thought that there were golden streets and gates of pearl, for I felt if there was an after life, it must be in accordance with nature. I tried to think, I tried to remember the many who were around me : yet they would say : ‘Not yet ; rest, brother, rest.’

“And I did rest—such rest as only tired souls have who have just come out of the turmoil of the earth life. I did not realize I was rising, and still I had risen to quite a height, for I remember looking back at the old home and the old body, peaceful now, with hands resting—hands that would nevermore grasp the pen and wield it for my fellow-men. I think even then a feeling of regret rose in my heart as the ambitions of my life appeared to have been cut off in their very prime : I sighed and said : ‘Dear old hands, you have served me well, but your work is over.’

“‘Yes, their work is over,’ said a voice beside me ; ‘you have changed garments. Out of the old there has indeed been resurrected a new body that will take up the tangled thread of life where you laid it down, and wield again a power over the children of the earth that will be felt, and finish a work so nobly begun. Your work is not done ; your active brain has worn out one body, therefore death is

kinder than life, for every thought of beauty or power shall find its way back as though written in letters of fire. Therefore, brother, rest ; but only to begin again with redoubled power.'

"Almost unconsciously during this conversation had I been guided and helped into a room which had all the luxury, all the beauty, of our rooms in earth life ; and each article was just as tangible to me as the articles in the old life. I looked at my hands and saw hands like the old ones, only every trace of age had passed away. I felt of my body and found I was the same man, clothed as a man, with no difference, only the look of youth. Then again I thought of the old body, and as by magic I could see down an inclined plane in the room where I lay, and I saw those who were performing the last sad offices.

"I was content then, though I knew my loved ones wept I could see an end to their weeping. I felt a pity for them, yet joy mingled in the cup, for with the clogs of earth life out of my way, with the strife all passed, a new ambition came to me, to be known yet in the old life ; to do a work that should find its way if possible, even to the heart of a nation begun in purity, but made corrupt through greed of men ; and I gloried that death was life, and a life that no circumstance or change could blot out.

"I think I rested then ; for a while all was a blank . but when I came back to myself, such a glorious view presented itself to me. I was not, expecting to see the throne of God, but I saw Nature as never before ; lofty mountains, winding rivers, lovely valleys where the green foliage made an arch overhead and left shaded walks ; lakes, with many

a little boat, filled with pleasure parties; cottages, nestled down among green trees; mansions, that contained souls who had come up through great tribulation; pavilions, beautifully decorated, made with open sides, where there is often a multitude of eager spirits, listening to words that come from the hearts of men and women who have learned their lessons in earth life and have risen through sorrow, but here have their place as teachers. All was peaceful: brotherly love was one of the conditions prevailing everywhere, as I saw it. I feel even now lost in wonder, when I realize that spirit life is so closely allied to earth life; that the heaven I had dreamed of is only your natural world intensified; that Nature without blemish exists for every soul; that personal life is so important that infinite wisdom has provided for it eternally; that once a man or woman realizes an existence, they go on forever.

"In my future papers I shall try to show the relations of the two worlds, the advantage gained from entering here ripe, instead of in childhood; the effect of war and bloodshed; the efforts of the spirit world to prevent great accidents, and its efficient work when they do occur; our manner of living; the food needed; what our sleep is like, etc., and most of all, the efforts of the spiritual congress to overcome the effect of the blunders made in the earthly one.

"Samuel Bowles."

"MR. BOWLES FINDS HE HAD A WRONG IDEA OF HEAVEN."

The third paper gives an alleged description of heaven, tells how spirits rest, and how household duties are performed without manual labor. We quote :

“My ideal heaven, the one I thought of in the long hours when death and life were fighting for victory, was one which changed the man—one which made the avaricious man less avaricious; the liar one who would immediately seek for truth; the drunkard one who would wish to drink from pure fountains. But a surprise awaited me. In interviewing myself I found the same ambitions existing, only much stronger. I found that to be, was to retain the properties of self. Therefore, when I first found the work that spirit-life demanded, I thought what a worse than myth was the old ideal song, ‘There is rest for the weary.’ I turned aside from the contemplation of the past to see what new resolves the future had in store for me. There are times when the soul would soar upward; but to complete the most perfect work, it must still review the past. Advanced spirits tell me, when at times they would fain look into the mystery of higher spheres, they are called upon by a voice, not to be disregarded, to visit earth-life, and help free some suffering one from the old body. So when we would feel wise and begin to know spirit-life, we are called again to look into the old lessons of earth-life. Thus, whatever comes to us we are not allowed to rise to that height that the grievous suffering of one of earth-life’s humblest children would not awaken our sympathy. The world is full of suffering, and of course, a spirit to be cognizant of it all, must be omnipotent. But, with people of similar temperaments there is a sympathy that, like a magnetic cord, draws the spirit to the sufferer. Our chief growth depends on how we receive the lessons that are taught us through our own suffering, or our sympathy with the sufferings of others.

HEAVEN HAS NO SEASONS, NO NIGHTS.

"The days here are like unto your days there; but no night follows. Still, to every soul there comes at times something like a silvery mist that is soothing and means rest. It comes when the spirit-brain is tired and life begins to assume the weary feeling of the old life. Yet how great is the wisdom that causes these periods of rest as they are needed; for with the precision of the most perfect military encampment each takes his stand guarding those in earth-life. This perfect order does not distress, and those who have been disciplined to it never rebel. We do not count time here. Heaven has no spring or gloomy November. Gradually, as is needed, our foliage drops, but in the old going down there is always the bud left for the new. Flowers that grow spontaneously, let the old stalks wither, and out from the roots come the new.

SPIRITS GET THE BENEFIT OF OUR FOOD.

"The duties of the household, that in earth-life cause such hard work and aching feet, are performed without much manual labor in a way to satisfy every want. Everything moves with regularity. There is no clashing in a well-developed household here. The sympathy between the two worlds is so great that when you are supplying your bodily wants by cooking, we get the spirit of the food which rises, and it is utilized by us and as our appetites are, such food do we attract to us. I hope I may be understood in this, for I have seen gluttons in earth-life who shrank from death because they feared they would have nothing to eat.

• HOW SPIRITS ARE CLOTHED.

"I have told you heaven is work, but still no busy hands

are making our wardrobe ; no-tired ones cleanse them. 'Do we always wear the same clothing?' is often asked. I will answer, no ; for, as the soul grows, as its capacities for good enlarge, our raiment grows brighter. It changes in texture, and assumes beauties before unknown. Dress in your life depends on the state of the pocket ; here, on the state of the soul. Therefore it is not strange to us to see a spirit clothed in the plainest garb, while even then the old body is being arrayed in the finest of satin. On the other hand, I have seen spirits here so gorgeously clothed that they looked like white glittering forms. I have no words to describe the texture or its manufacture, for it comes just as naturally as the spirit body, and as I said, the increase in beauty of body is in proportion to the increase of soul-worth. The manner and fashion of dressing, as in earth-life, we leave entirely behind, save when we wish to appear to our friends in a natural way ; then, from the elements we can extract from the clothing of those around, we are taught to clothe ourselves for the time being. Also, in appearing to the clairvoyant's vision we are instructed to appear, if possible, in garbs that have a resemblance to what we wore there, the more readily to be recognized by our friends."

THE MEDIUM ASKS QUESTIONS.

Ques.—What is your house made of, and who made it ?

Ans.—You ask what is my house made of ? To a mind surrounded by the material, this is very hard to make plain. For ages on the earth plane there have been mansions built and houses of less pretentious appearance, but after doing good service there, they rot and crumble away. The cause of this decay is "because the subtle essence which held the

material together has departed, and, as matter is ever existent, the finest part, instead of settling into the earth, must rise. Therefore, that essence, as well as that which comes from buildings destroyed by fire, is fashioned, not by hands, but by the All-Creative Power, into our homes. And thus are homes made which cannot fail in their infinite variety to please the most critical taste. No spirit, in a material sense, builds his home; still, as the spirit expands, and his love for the beautiful is increased, the home he lives in will assume more beauty and be capable of changes, until the spirit passes to a higher sphere.

SPIRIT GRASS AND SPIRIT FLOWERS.

Ques.—You spoke of green grass. What is it made of, and does it go to seed?

Ans.—Yes, I spoke of green grass; but when you wish me to tell of what it is made, as with every other spiritual element, you give me a question I cannot answer. If I asked you what your grass is made of, you would name the different properties existing while I should have to say that our grass consists of the spirit of the properties of earthly grass. Our grass is subject to changes. In some instances I have seen it present the appearance of going to seed. But that was not in contact with our homes, as it is the will of the owner that all should be most beautiful here. Our tastes are much the same as in earth-life, but we work more with our will power than with our hands.

Ques.—You spoke of cool shade trees. Do you have hot and cold weather there?

Ans.—I spoke of the cool shade, not so much because there is exceeding heat to flee from, as that the green shade is

pleasant after the glare of light that exists; and, though we have neither very hot nor very cold weather, still, there is a variety that makes it pleasant for all. What would be agreeable for one might not be for another, and therefore these things are so well-chosen and arranged that all may be satisfied.

Ques.—If you have a variety of temperature, how can flowers of different seasons, in earth-life, bloom together in spirit-life?

Ans.—As to the flowers all blooming together, your earth-world, with its variations of climate, warm in some places, cold in others, is all the time producing for us the very essence or spirit of the finest and most hardy flowers to go on with their eternal growth. Thus, you see, when flowers once exist here, they always will exist, only subject to changes somewhat like the changes you have there. I know this will be enigmatical to you, but see the wisdom of it. If one particular flower always, and without changing, kept the same appearance, it would become monotonous, like those manufactured by hand in earth-life. But it is not so. New buds and blossoms greet our sight—the old ones with their drooping heads, sending out their spirits to the new.

WHAT SPIRIT CARPETS LOOK LIKE.

Ques.—What are your carpets made of?

Ans.—You ask of what our carpets are made, and I must again tell you they are a spiritual reproduction of our most beautiful idea of a carpet.

Ques.—How far is your home from earth, and in what sphere is it?

Ans.—Counting by miles, I must be very many of them from the earth, but by magnetic attraction and our powers

of locomotion, I am but little ways from the earth, for in an instant I am able to reach down when love calls me.

The spheres, as I have studied them, I wish to make the subject of a work to come hereafter, as I know, with what little I have experienced, I shall give a somewhat different idea of them from what I perceive is in many minds in earth-life. But in these papers, writing, as I do, with only a short experience, I wish to describe scenes from the plane on which I am now existing, and from that which I have passed through. I must, step by step, learn the glories that will open to me, and then tell you. In this effort I trust I have only begun a series of efforts which may grow clearer as I advance.

May all things be made plain to me, because I still would labor for my fellow-men—those who soon, at the longest, are to come over themselves, and see whether my pen pictures have led them into wrong ideas of spirit-life.

HOW SPIRITS SLEEP.

Ques.—You say in one place you have no night, yet you speak in this paper of the “glare of light.” Do you have a glare all of the time? If not, what succeeds it?

Ans.—I have previously stated that there was no night here, or no night like your night, but that each soul had its time for rest, and in order to rest, the conditions necessary must exist. As to the glare of light, I would state that different degrees of light and heat are necessary to the spiritual vegetation ever existent, and that, as in earth-life, we, when the light is most intense, seek for shade. As Nature is ever repeating itself, we find the most exquisite bowers, with green foliage all around, where we can enjoy as much

of the cooling breeze as though in earth-life we had come heated and weary to one of Nature's green recesses.

VISITS THE REPUBLICAN OFFICE.

In one of the papers reference is made to visits to earth and ghostly jaunts through the Springfield Republican office :

"Though I go with silent footsteps to my old earthly home, no door swings upon its hinges. Though I gaze in loved faces, bathed in tears, no answering tear-drop tells them of my presence. Though I gently touch mementoes of my past, the dull inanimate objects know not their owner is there. Though I go into the old office and walk through the different rooms, and see the well-remembered faces, yet they are bent just as busily over their work as though the one who expressed thought there once, and devised ways for their publication to the world, was not waiting for recognition. Oh ! if what there was of life—its works, its recompenses—is all, how worse than a beggar would a spirit feel among his own human friends ; how he would laugh at a farce of life which left all behind."

GARFIELD AND GUTEAU MET AS SPIRITS.

The spirit of Samuel Bowles is supposed to have been present on earth at the death of Garfield, at the hanging of Guiteau, and at the meeting in the spirit world of the two, which is described as follows :

"The murdered man and his murderer met here. Would that I had language to fitly portray the meeting. The two murdered men stood face to face. Garfield, with a beautiful love filling his heart, realizing that he should not condemn, said : 'It is well ; stand for the truth. The past like a vivid dream has still its place in my memory. The present is

full of work ; I must help my loved ones left behind, and through the present and the unending future I have no time to hate.'

"Guiteau stood, wondering how he remembered the kind words spoken in his childhood's home. He remembered his past hopes and ambitions, and now he wondered all the more what impulse prompted him to murder. As in a dream he recalled his midnight meeting with his supposed God, who he falsely imagined encouraged him to 'remove the President.' He remembered the feeling of being pushed forward, and then a thought came to him that he deliberately planned a murder. He remembered that in prison he was sorry he had not done the work more perfectly and caused less suffering. But after his own life had been sacrificed all came back to him. He is now willing to stand before a condemning world and say, 'There is obsession in homes, in churches and politics. I have been an instrument in a false cause.' Oh, Guiteau! brought down to ignominious death, made more wretched in spirit-life because of the falseness and cruelty of those base spirits who urged him on, but left him at the hour of his extremity."

EXPERIENCES WITH THE BANGS SISTERS.

—:-(X):—

HAVING read with much interest the descriptions given in *Light* of seances with the Bangs Sisters held by Admiral Moore and by Mr. Subha Rao, I may say that they confirm my own experiences with the same mediums, an account of which appeared in *Light* of July 11th, 1908. The phenomena which I witnessed were so remarkable that for a time I had some hesitation in making the facts public. I am glad to see that my own experience has been confirmed to the smallest detail by such well-known and unimpeachable witnesses.

My wife has had even more remarkable experiences than mine with the same mediums. On one occasion she arranged for a seance under test conditions. She wrote a note and enclosed it with a number of blank sheets in an envelope, fastening under the flap of the envelope one end of a linen thread, the other end of which was tied to her finger. She had described other seances to sceptical friends, who suggested that the letter had been abstracted from between the slates and the flap steamed until the envelope could be opened, that a reply had been written on the blank sheets, which were then restored to the envelope and replaced between the slates. She was asked to believe that all this had occurred right under her eyes without detection. A more improbable

theory could hardly be advanced, but she was determined to test the possibility of deception in the manner mentioned. Under the test conditions for which she had arranged, it was obvious that even if the slates could be tampered with while she was sitting watching them, and the sealed letter abstracted without her knowledge, the envelope could not be removed from between the slates without drawing the thread from under the flap.

When she entered the seance-room she stipulated that the medium should stand back and refrain from touching the slates or approaching the table until the conclusion of the test, to which condition the medium readily assented. Mrs. Holland then placed the envelope between the slates, tied them together with a string, and sat with the slates before her on the table, all the time having one end of the linen thread tied to her finger, while the other end was fastened under the flap of the envelope between the slates. When the usual three raps announced that the writing was finished, she unfastened the cords which bound the slates, removed the envelope, and did not even venture to untie the thread on her finger or open the letter on the premises, but took it at once to the auditorium. There, in the presence of over one hundred people, she had the envelope carefully inspected, all agreeing that there were no indications that it had been tampered with. Then she opened it and found that the blank sheets which she had enclosed in the envelope with her letter were covered with writing purporting to be a reply from her spirit son to whom her letter had been addressed. Will any sceptical reader suggest how fraud could have entered into this test? It must be borne in mind that the seance was

held on a bright sun-shiny day, in a room flooded with light, that the table on which the slates were placed was a plain pinewood table without cover or drawer, that the envelope was placed between the slates by Mrs. Holland, the medium sitting throughout the seance at some distance from the table in accordance with her agreement, that one end of the linen thread was fastened under the flap of the envelope while the other end was never for an instant out of the hands of Mrs. Holland, and that, as soon as the seance ended, she took the letter away from the place to open it in the presence of witnesses. Anyone who is disposed to suggest a theory of fraud or deception to account for such a phenomenon should be ready to show how it could be done by trickery.

Another test was the production of a portrait in the manner described by Admiral Moore. We had no photograph of our son who was drowned at the age of twenty-two, and very much wanted to procure a picture of him. Mrs. Holland applied to the Bangs Sisters, and arranged for a sitting in their house at Lily Dale. They had just arrived at the camp and were not quite settled in their summer quarters, and Mrs. Holland assisted them in preparing the room for the seance. She was thus enabled to examine very carefully the window and the vicinity of the window where the portrait was to be produced. The window forms the upper part of a door leading out to a small balcony overlooking the street. There was no place on the balcony where anybody could be concealed, even though it were not overlooking a much frequented street, where it would be manifestly unsafe to attempt anything like trickery. There was no space under the door, and no opening through which anything could be passed.

The loft above the seance room was vacant, and had never been used. Moreover, when one of the sisters tried to climb up to the loft, she found that a nest of hornets had taken possession and was glad to leave them undisturbed. The seance was held shortly before noon on a bright sunny day. Mrs. Holland assisted in putting the curtains on the window, and was present from first to last, with her daughter and another witness. She selected two framed canvases from a pile on the floor, handed them to one of the mediums, who placed them face to face, and the two sisters, sitting one on each side of the table, held them up against the window, where they were in plain view. Any suspicious movement on the part of either of the mediums would have been observed at once. Nothing occurred, however, to arouse suspicion, and the portrait appeared on the canvases in the manner described by Admiral Moore and others, including myself. The mediums explained that they held the canvases up to the window in order that the growth of the picture might be watched, and a wonderful sight it was. First a cloud seemed to roll over the face of the canvas and disappear. It was followed rapidly by other clouds, each time some of the colour remaining on the canvas until a background was formed. Then appeared a faint outline of a human head, which disappeared, and reappeared several times before remaining on the canvas. Rapidly the features seemed to grow, and finally the eyes, which for a time were indistinct and apparently closed, opened, and remained open on the canvas. In about twenty minutes the picture was completed, the canvases were taken down and separated, and a young man's face appeared. In a general way it resembled our son, but it was not even a fairly good portrait.

Two efforts we have since made to get a good portrait in the same way have proved equally unsatisfactory, but in every instance the production of the picture has been of the same marvellous character. I have thought over these incidents frequently, trying to find some loophole by means of which fraud could have been practised, but have never discovered any. In the first place, the pictures are produced in broad daylight, at a window overlooking a public street. Everything was conducted in the presence of people who were investigating and on the watch for fraud. The canvases were not selected by the mediums, but by the investigators, who were not content to take the first that came to their hands, but picked a couple out of a pile. Moreover, no intimation had been given of what sort of picture was desired, but even if that information had been possessed by the mediums, how could they have prepared canvases which the investigators would be sure to select?

It has been suggested to me that the canvases might have been prepared for the occasion, and that the sun's rays had some chemical effect, bringing out whatever picture the mediums had prepared. I have already shown that any such prepared canvas was as likely to be missed as selected, but in any event the theory does not fit the facts. By such a process the picture would gradually but steadily grow on the canvas, but in the production of the pictures that we have seen, the background and the figures appeared and disappeared several times during the twenty or twenty-five minutes occupied in producing them.

The co-operation of a confederate was impossible. There was no place where one could be concealed, and, even

if there had been, he could not by any conceivable means have worked between the canvases while they were held face to face so closely that a sheet of paper could not have been inserted between them. The one unsatisfactory feature of these tests has been the failure to produce a good likeness of our deceased son. The mediums professed to be unable to account for it, claiming that such a disappointment very rarely occurs. I intend to make one more effort to procure a satisfactory portrait through the medjum of the Bangs Sisters, and should the attempt prove successful, I shall be glad to give the result to your readers, with a careful account of the sitting.

GEO. C. HOLLAND.

Ottawa, Canada, May 15th, 1909.

MR. STEAD AND JULIA'S BUREAU.



SINCE the publication of that remarkable article by Mr. W. T. Stead concerning Julia's Bureau, enquiries have reached us calling for more details regarding the matter. We are glad to say that Mr. Stead very kindly supplied us with some bundle of papers and a pamphlet containing a deal of information regarding the spirit world, and the proposed Bureau. They, however, reached us very late for insertion in our last issue. In the present number we would only publish some facts relating to the uses of the Bureau and the possible dangers that are likely to attend it. In our next, we hope to publish a few more of Julia's letters, obtained through the hand of Mr. Stead, giving beautiful descriptions of the other world and speaking about the Bureau.

It is needless to say that the undertaking of Mr. Stead is one which was possibly never conceived by man, and for that he is deserving of the greatest credit and the gratitude of the whole human race. If the project proves successful there will certainly be no more misery in the world. "The wolf and the sheep," as the Hindu saying goes, "will then drink at the same fount." Mr. Stead's son, who entered into the higher life about a year and a half ago, has promised to help Julia, in conjunction with F. W. H. Myers, to the

best of his power in the management of the Bureau. What a misfortune for Mr. Stead to lose a son, though temporarily, aged 30 at his age of 60! But, by the mysterious providence of the All-good, this misfortune is now going to be turned into the greatest blessing to the whole human race. How manfully, however, the old man has borne up with the irreparable loss will be seen from the following quotation appearing at the end of his article entitled "My Son":—

". . . . I heard a voice :
My father, here am I!

Close by thy side—closer because I died,
As men do call the passage into life ;
And henceforth I am ever by thy side,
And death, instead of parting, doth unite."

How beautiful! A spiritualist only can write in the above strain after the death of a worthy son, on whom a father's whole life-long hopes were centred.

Our readers are aware that it was not until fifteen years had passed that an attempt was made to establish the Bureau for which Julia had pleaded so earnestly. It is obvious that such an attempt must be made very cautiously and with all possible precautions against abuse.

1. The use of the Bureau will therefore be confined to those who either by subscribing to the Borderland Library or in some other way have shown that they are sincerely anxious to learn the truth about the state after Death.

2. Julia's Bureau is not intended to be used by those who are merely curious, nor by those who are merely on the quest of scientific truth. It is an institution founded for one purpose, and one purpose only, namely, that of enabling those who have lost their dead, who are sorrowing over friends

and relatives, to get into touch with them again, and the more strictly the operations of the Bureau are limited to this primary object, the more successful it is likely to be. It is to minister to the aching heart, not to satisfy the inquisitive brain.

No one therefore should apply to the Bureau unless he or she is prompted by sincere yearning affection to communicate with those whom they have loved and lost.

THE DANGERS OF THE BUREAU.

It is necessary to point out clearly the possibility of abuses and the risks which attach to the working of such an institution as the Bureau. Upon these Julia herself has insisted very strongly in the following passage—quoted from her letters :—

“I am now going to give you what we think on this side is a word of advice which is much needed. You are very eager to make a Bridge, you say, between the two Worlds. And we are more so. But when you say this, do you realize what it implies? What the realization would effect? I am more and more convinced that the establishment of the fact, and the certainty of communication between this world and yours, may be described without exaggeration as the most important thing in the whole range of the possible achievements of mortal man. There is nothing like it for the far-reaching influence which it will exercise over all things. For it will modify thought, and thought makes the world in which you live. No one can understand how true that is when he is still immersed in matter.

“My dearest friend, when you get the Bureau of Communication established you will be overwhelmed with applications from both sides.

“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 will 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.”

Mr. Stead.—“Then had we better not let it alone?”

Julia.—“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.

“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 despotic. 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. The benefit of what you call death is that it leaves room for the remaining ones to develop. What you have to do

is to grow strong and independent. What you have to avoid is being 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 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.

“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 to 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.

“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 on this side

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.

"A 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, will come to ask from no deep longing for knowledge of the other side, from no real desire to communicate with the departed. They 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.

"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 forever 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 unmix'd good! Much as I desire its establishment, I see that for many it will work almost unmix'd evil.

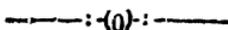
"Men will find what they bring. And the majority of men will seek not good, but what they desire. Now, the desire of men is by no means always for that which is highest and best."

Mr. Stead.—"Then, do you think we had better drop the idea?"

Julia.—"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 recognize that the Borderland is (at least) as important 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.

"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.

NOTES.



How Mr. Subba Rao got his wife's picture was described in these columns by the interested party himself. Mr. and Mrs. Holland had more wonderful experiences which they describe in the columns of *Light*, and this account is published elsewhere. We too sent a sealed envelope to the sisters which was carried by a trusted representative of ours, and she had exactly the same experiences that Mr. and Mrs. Holland had. Indeed, the experiences of our representative and those of Mr. and Mrs. Holland were identical. They talk of taking a picture of their son. Our representative also had to take a picture of some body's son here, and she was quite satisfied with what she got. Her description of the way the picture was taken tallies exactly with that of the correspondent of *Light*. The picture in which we were interested was also taken in 20 minutes. Fancy, a finished picture displaying high art, all done in 20 minutes, in broad daylight before your eyes, by invisible hands!

Bangs sisters to be successful, generally, need the help of a photograph, which however need not be shown to them or a mental picture of the subject by the sitter. This raises the supposition that the subject of the picture is not present or is not always present. This objection has been

sought to be answered by the Bangs Sisters in their booklet on page 19. They say:—

“The question is often asked whether it is necessary for us to have a likeness of the person whose picture in spirit life is desired. In some cases it is, especially when the spirit artist is expected to carry out the lines of age. •

“It must be apparent to everyone that it is only the physical body that bears the seams and furrows of age and that those who have discarded the earthly body must be somewhat changed in appearance, many looking much younger, while children would continue to develop. It follows, therefore, that satisfactory results can only be obtained through a mental picture or a photograph of the person whose picture is desired.

“Those who have reached maturity before passing into the invisible world usually appear as they were at their very best in this life, or when about 20 to 21 years old. Those who have passed their prime before entering the spirit-world would appear younger than their earthly years, having the freshness of spiritual youth. The age of the spirit portrayed depends, in a measure, on the desire and physical power of the applicant.

“Those who have the spiritual ability to outline a likeness of one whose portrait is desired, and to convey to the spirit artist a perfect mental picture of the same, can procure a spirit portrait of any age without a photograph. This has been done in several instances.”

CERTAINLY America has her peculiarities which are not in evidence in other parts of the world. A certain man holding

a creed is not unoften found to form a society or an Institute and to start a Magazine as the exponent of the creed and soon a following is created. As an illustration, we may mention the *New Life Magazine*, edited by Mr. John Fair, of Boston, Mass.. The New Life appears to be a theology, a religion, a "reality," a healing movement, a philanthropy, a school of occultism, etc., etc., and has a Bible Society, a press, a sanitarium, an institute, and a magazine. One of the leading creeds of the movement is that there is no reason why a man should not live to be a thousand years old or even why he should die at all. The editor describes himself as "seventy-six years young." We heard a similar expression from Dr. Peebles who, with a smile, always objected to his being called an old man though he had then passed his eightieth year. It is only the cares and anxieties that make a man old. We know that, by practising the *yoga*, a man could live hundreds of years and the *yoga* means, in short, to make the mind calm. It is, however, certain that a man having a firm conviction in spiritualism or a true man of religion lives in this world for a much longer period than the average man.

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Do animals survive their bodily death? In connection with this the following from the Reverend George Tenney, of Sterling, Kansas, U.S., will be found interesting:—"In 1869, I left my home in Ohio to pursue my studies in the Biblical School of Eddytown, New York. In my father's farm I left a faithful dog, who used to follow me everywhere. Shortly afterwards he died. . . . Many years later, at a spiritual seance, my friend, George Bailly, said 'Mr. Tenney I

see a dog beside you.' I asked for a full description of him, and I recognised in it the loyal friend of my childhood, who, although he died so many years ago, had still preserved his old affection for me." The writer adds that no doubt whatever exists in his own mind of the survival of animals, as the spiritual form of other dogs have appeared at various circles. I may add what may be regarded as a test case within my own experience. A few years ago, a trusty clairvoyant said that she saw a small white dog laying its fore paw on my knee and looking affectionately up into my face: but what struck her most was that the animal had only three legs. This enabled me to identify it at once. It was a little Italian greyhound, named Fido, which I had owned upwards of sixty years ago in England. It had broken one of its fore legs in a trap. I could not bear to allow it to be killed, and had the limb amputated at the knee joint and it continued to be my loving companion until its death. Of this circumstance the clairvoyant knew nothing. Again, in one of eleven conversations which I have been privileged to hold with Walter Scott (it was on the 21st of August, 1903) he leaned forward and pointing to a spot upon the floor said, "You don't see this dear hound, do you? He is lying here at my feet just as he used to lie upon the hearth rug while I was writing." ("Which dog is it?" I asked). "Maida. He was more than human to me. He shared my every joy and sorrow. I knew this without speech on his part, and that he understood my troubles. It was a relief to pour out to my dog what I could not confide to others. There are things which a man cannot communicate to another man whereas he can entrust everything to his dog."