

# Light:

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

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

No. 1,129.—VOL. XXII. [Registered as] SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1902. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

## CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way .....	409	Herbert Spencer's Sigh .....	414
Psychometry and Magic .....	410	Gospel of Spiritualism. By Dr. J.	
German Psychical Journals .....	411	M. Peebles .....	415
'Dr. S.' and 'An Old Correspondent' .....	412	Mr. W. J. Colville .....	416
To Madame Montague .....	412	Experiences of an Austrian Professor .....	417
The Double .....	412	Spirit Identity .....	417
Matter, Force, and Consciousness. By John B. Shipley .....	413	Decease of David Anderson .....	418
		The Slum Child .....	419

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

An old friend sends us the following extract from the late Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. Of course these sermons belong to 'a day that is dead,' but that is why the extract is sent to us and why we print it. Mr. Spurgeon was, in his day, and not so very long ago, the best followed and the widest read preacher in England: but who could rant and blaspheme like this now?—

Consider, lastly, *where the soul must go to that is lost*. There is a place, as much beneath imagination as heaven is above it; a place of murky darkness, where only lurid flames make darkness visible; a place where beds of flame are the fearful couches upon which spirits groan; a place where God Almighty from His mouth pours a stream of brimstone, kindling that 'pile of fire and of much wood' which God has prepared of old as a Tophet for the lost and ruined. There is a spot whose only sights are scenes of fearful woe. . . . Somewhere, in a far-off world, there is a place where the only music is the mournful symphony of damned spirits: where howling, groaning, moaning, wailing and gnashing of teeth make up the horrid concert. There is a place where demons fly, swift as air, with whips of knotted burning wire, torturing poor souls; where tongues, on fire with agony, burn the roofs of mouths that shriek for drops of water—that water all denied. There is a place where soul and body endure as much of infinite wrath as the finite can bear; where the inflictions of justice crush the soul, where the continual flagellations of vengeance beat the flesh; where the perpetual pourings out of the vials of eternal wrath scald the spirit; and where the cuttings of the sword strike deep into the inner man. Ah! sirs, I cannot picture this; within an hour some of you may know it. . . . Vain are these words: light are the things I utter. *They are but the daubings of a painter who cannot portray a scene so dreadful, for earth hath not colours black enough or fiery enough to depict it.*

The last sentence atones for much. Mr. Spurgeon, at all events, knew the quality and value of his work, and the quality and value of the scenery of his private blue-fire and phosphorus theatre.

A poor benighted little tract, by H. D. Brown, has been sent us, entitled 'The real nature of "Spiritualism" as spoken of in Scripture.' Here is the first sentence:—

In all its modern phases, it is no new thing. It is only a development in the present day of the very essence of idolatry, namely, the worship of Satan, which doubtless had its beginning in the earliest days of the history of our race.

But Spiritualism is not only as ancient as 'the earliest days of the history of our race': we are told it is also strongly entrenched now, with advancing lines:—

The fact of its rapid growth in the present day of boasted enlightenment and in the foremost countries of the world's progress, the fact that thousands of highly intellectual men and women are willing to stake their reputation upon its being a reality, while many devote their lives to its investi-

gation and propagation, are abundant evidence that behind all its falsehood and its strange use of hidden natural forces, there is a deep mysterious power full of evil and in direct antagonism to God and His Christ.

This is a useful specimen of the limping logic and the grotesque inference so noticeable in these melodramatic publications. What the writer says is that the rapid growth of Spiritualism, and the fact that thousands of highly intellectual men and women are willing to stake their reputation upon its being a reality, while many others devote their lives to its investigation, *prove* that there is behind it a power in antagonism to God and His Christ. The writer does not mean that, but this is what he says, and we cite it only as an instance of the usually muddled thinking and writing of these curious people.

Mr. Brown refers us to the Bible as an authority on the subject, and is terribly anxious to tie us down to Bible commands. In doing this he cites the following passages, as containing 'commandments and warnings':—

Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live. Ex. xxii. 18.

A man also or woman that hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death; they shall stone them with stones; their blood shall be upon them. Lev. xx. 27.

Citing these texts, he identifies our modern mediums with these ancient witches, &c., and applies the command to us. What then? Does he propose to obey the 'command'? If not, why not? If the command is good as against going to mediums, why is it not good for the stoning of them to death?

Mrs. Merriman, in 'The New York Magazine of Mysteries,' is giving a series of Studies on 'Psychology for mothers,' a great and, in some respects, fresh subject. In her 'Introductory Thoughts' she has much to say concerning the influence of maternal thoughts upon the child before birth, and counsels the mother to cherish the thought that the child is sure to be bright and wise and good:—

From the time when she becomes conscious that she is to be a mother, she must think of her little one as a mortal whose mission it is to make the world better and happier. Not for one moment must she picture him as unsuccessful or feeble-minded, or sickly, or one too many, or in any light that is contrary to her ideal, for by so doing she robs him of a portion of his birthright.

The mother who thinks slightly of her child before his birth, has no right to condemn the world, in after years, for accepting the estimate with which she branded him during this formative period.

By 'slightly,' Mrs. Merriman appears to mean *with fear*. On this subject she says, of some mothers:—

To them the responsibilities of motherhood are truly awful. From the hour when the first baby is laid in their arms until the last child in the home is either married or dead, they live under a cloud of fear and anxiety. They go through life so very sure that something dreadful will happen that they lose the greater part of the joy of motherhood.

Fussiness and fear are often mistaken for care and tenderness. The mother who really believes in the omnipotence and omnipresence of God does not spend the greater part of her life fearing that something dreadful is

going to happen, either to herself, her family, or the world at large. She knows better.

When children go wrong, it is, in nine cases out of ten, because they were nurtured in an atmosphere where faith in God's love is a dead letter, and this atmosphere may be found even in the homes where the most solemn protestations of Christian beliefs are to be heard.

But we do not see what 'Christian' has to do with it, except as one phase or manifestation of devout common-sense.

Writing of Heroism in daily life, the late G. H. Hepworth penetrated very deeply to its source when he said:—

The root and foundation of this heroism is religion. There must be faith that above us and around us are helpful and cheering influences, that earth and heaven are within telepathic distance of each other, and that what strength we need will be given us for the asking if we are to meet sorrow and misfortune with quiet fortitude. And the more we realise the presence of God the easier it is to bear burdens. If we could once catch a glimpse of an angel's face—and some tell me they have done this—we should be light-hearted even in the dark. At any rate, we can have faith that loved ones are near though invisible, and it helps us as nothing else can.

The expression of this thought would perhaps be perfect if it were added that this effective faith may be not entirely conscious but only latent, as an uncovered rock beneath a home.

'M. A. P.' compresses into a short paragraph one of the odd provisions of the will of the Scotch banker, the late John Stuart McCaig:—

His will, which has lately become known, provides that the revenue from his estates, amounting to about £2,500 a year, is to be used for the purpose of erecting monuments of himself and his brothers and sisters on the Stuart McCaig Tower, Oban. He particularly stipulates that his trustees are to erect on the summit of the wall of this Tower statues in large figures of his five brothers and of himself, viz.: Duncan, John, Dugald, Donald and Peter. Also of his father Malcolm, his mother, Margaret, and his sisters Jean, Catherine, Margaret, and Anne, modelled after photographs.

Where photographs are not available, the artists are instructed to give the statues 'a family likeness' borrowed from his own photograph, and each statue is to cost about £1,000. This is a pretty blend of personal vanity and family pride: but what follows is hardly as pretty. Mr. McCaig, at the time of his death, had a lawsuit on, about a right of way; and he instructed his trustees to fight it out to the end after his own end. And yet, after all, if the right of way case was a protest of his against enclosure, we may approve the sturdy Scotchman's vigour and pluck. Let us hope it was that.

The following, by Mr. T. Hollis, for tenderness of feeling, depth of thought and beauty of expression, is very noticeable. It may be happily taken with our remarks elsewhere:—

*The volume herewith issued I can say with certainty will be my last.* —MR. HERBERT SPENCER.

Bold wrestler with great mysteries, at last  
With shrunken thigh thou liest down to sleep.  
For thee no vision of the ladder steep,  
On which the streams of angel glory passed.  
Thou, in thy dream, in a frail ship art cast  
Where mighty winds a shoreless ocean sweep,  
Beyond thy soundings countless fathoms deep,  
A dome above thee infinite and vast.

God rest thee, weary one of heart and limb,  
Who bravely traced by crag and gorge and snow  
The painful upward path our race has trod.  
God rest thee now thine eagle eye grows dim  
In search for hidden truths that none may know.  
Thou hast not found, but shalt be found of, God.

## PSYCHOMETRY AND MAGIC.

Having read with interest Mr. F. P. Sturm's article on the 'Black Art in Scotland,' I offer him, and anyone equally interested in these matters, the following psychometric experiences, which, if relatively unimportant, may, perhaps, contain points worth noticing regarding subjective impressions through objects which have been handled by, or in the possession of, practitioners in magic work. These experiences revealed to me somewhat forcibly the differences which exist, in their effects, between what is known as black and white magic on the sensitive nervous system.

I had been asked a short time ago to meet a young occultist, in Paris, of high spiritual attainments and a poet. As he desired greatly to see something of normal psychometry as practised in England (it is practically unknown in France), I offered to demonstrate this to the best of my powers if he would give me something which belonged to him. Having come unprepared for this experiment, he seemed to reflect a little as to whether he should hand me his watch or some small object which he fingered in his waistcoat pocket. His hesitation ended in his giving me a small, tightly-rolled piece of paper which he drew from out the hollow of a quill, and about an inch long. This little scrap of paper he was on the point of unscrewing when I hastily begged him to leave it alone till I had 'sensed' the conditions. On putting the tiny roll to my forehead I closed the eyes, and almost immediately the psychometric intuitions and visions became active. This does not always happen. In this case the forces were strangely powerful, and I realised at once that I had to do with a geometrical figure or design of a symbolic character. A maze of transitory pictures appeared, in which the points of the compass, the signs of the Zodiac, circles and triangles, passed in somewhat confusing fashion. These visions having vanished, a few numerals came to the mind, and then visual blankness, followed by another phase in psychometry, that of *sensations* or *feelings*, and from which the impressions are often evolved. I began to notice a feeling of exhilaration and joy, and the impressions of strength and courage, and a sense of great protection and confidence. I seemed surrounded by an atmosphere of health and spiritual satisfaction. As the pictures had ceased I concentrated the desire to evolve meaning out of all this, but obtained only continued sensations of a more or less physical order to guide my ideas. This phase was rather more marked than any I can remember experiencing before. The very clear impression which rose was that the forces concentrated round the bit of paper apparently possessed specific properties for the one who owned it, and that something had been done with or to the paper giving it certain attributes.

Instinctively the word *talisman* rose to my lips, which I uttered; and this conclusion, a correct one, was arrived at, as is seen, more particularly through sensations in feeling than by visions of people or objects, or even clairaudience. While absorbed in the desire to centralise myself in the influences of these forces and impressions in order to obtain, if possible, a correct mental picture of the diagram, my sense of spirituality was so agreeable that I involuntarily exclaimed how much I wished I could possess a similar desirable object. This exclamation was the means of procuring me another kind of experience, whereby I became possessor also of a magical 'talisman,' for our friend, who felt greatly satisfied to find that my subjective impressions had registered so accurately the occult meaning of the little symbol, offered to procure me one if I desired. He then unrolled the scrap of paper, which was circular in form, and showed us a beautifully executed occult design, Kabbalistic, I believe, forming a special pentacle, worked out with the idea of being talismanic in nature. It had been partly thought out from a work of Eliphas Lévi and reproduced with every conceivable care, and with that attention to minutest detail which only sincere magical students know how to bestow. Drawing instruments, paper, chemical substance instead of ink—in fact, everything related to the carrying out of this symbol—had been carefully selected and consecrated before use, the pentacle, when complete, being then subjected in its turn to the consecration service usual in ceremonial magic for purposes of a similar nature. As



I was allowed to assist at the service when my own symbol was consecrated, I am able to explain the fact that the Zodiac and four points of the compass, &c., had entered into the psychometric reading, for in the ceremony due considerations are paid to the four quarters of the globe, while the consecrations of earth, air, fire and water generally precede the invocations and prayers for the specific object desired. The whole tone of the service was of a high religious order, the prayers breathing a spirit of brotherly love and appeals for higher guidance and spiritual strength. This ceremony, which was certainly impressive in character, had been collected and arranged from various ancient and modern authors on religious ceremonial magic, and the earnest manner in which the services were conducted and carried out cannot, I think, fail to attract forces of a superior order.

I might mention that before I psychometrised anything for this gentleman (for I also delineated the conditions of his watch, which took me on to quite another plane of ideation altogether) I was aware that he was a thoughtful Spiritualist and medium, but I was not aware that he attempted any magical studies at all. Again, most psychometrists find that, the stronger and more intellectually capable the individual, the clearer and more accurate generally are the pictures and impressions presented through the aura. In this case it seems to me that the chief deductions to be drawn from what has been described are those which concern the nature of forces as registered through the feelings. My experiences lead me to believe that these sensations of so subtle an order are registered by the nervous system in some inscrutable way, and in proportion to the degree of force exercised in their propulsion by the original operator. These can be registered quite apart from the psychological theories of 'imagination' and 'association of ideas.'

Twice it has been my lot to come in contact most unexpectedly with the opposing effects resulting from black magic, and this through handling rings which were given me to experiment with. The secrets were revealed through the stones, for they had been reset since the days of their original owners, and it was only through persisting in my opinions and describing what I saw, and above all felt, that reluctant acknowledgment of the truth was made. I do not believe the present owners had any idea that I could see anything beyond the present conditions, and certainly I had no reason whatever to suppose that anything exceptional would spring up; but the stones were evidently thoroughly impregnated by forces of a special order and inevitably recorded the strongest influences to which they had been subjected first. One ring, composed of a particularly large square sapphire, was extraordinarily powerful and clearly communicated mysterious influences and impressions of a disagreeable kind. I do not propose to analyse these sensations now; to put it briefly, they were of an exactly opposite nature to those obtained through the white magic, as already described; a sense of darkness, extreme irritability, and depression being the most notable features as regards the feelings. This very fine stone had been originally owned by a nobleman of France living nearly two hundred years ago, a man, I was told, of terrible character and a pronounced black magician.

I have found that the degrees of light and shade in the pictures, and degrees of intensity or density of forces in psychical sensations, are very important matters to notice, as they indicate unerringly the nature of the conditions you are in contact with when concentrating.

It would be interesting and valuable to obtain an up-to-date series of experiments in psychometry, one which could be subjected to scientific analysis and direction. The possibilities of this most fascinating study are infinite in their variety, but it requires much patient attention covering some little time, if one is to establish anything more than a generalisation in the laws of cause and effect underlying the phenomena.

J. STANNARD.

## THE GERMAN PSYCHICAL JOURNALS.

Several of the papers in the 'Uebersinnliche Welt' of this month are records of supernormal occurrences by different contributors. Among these is a continuation of Dr. Walter Bormann's paper, entitled 'Narrations given in answer to my request for any relating to prevision'; this is, for the most part, a collection of letters from different persons describing cases, in their own experience, of foresight and clairvoyance, with remarks upon them by Dr. Bormann.

Some instances of clairvoyance are contributed by Dr. G. A. Lange; while the Baroness Isabella von Ungern-Sternberg—whose paper on the 'Double' I recently noticed—has an article headed 'Mysterious Occurrences,' in which she reproduces an account of some supernormal events told her by the person who witnessed them, a Herr von Kennler, in September of last year, of whose veracity she had not the slightest doubt.

Luise Hitze commences an article on 'The battle about occultism in the Italian daily papers,' some mention of which was made last month in connection with Signor Vasallo's account, translated by her into German. This 'battle'—according to the writer—is still proceeding with great vigour, and she gives the names of the leading combatants on both sides. Those in favour of occultism, especially of the genuineness of Eusapia Paladino's mediumship, are very numerous, and include many well-known names, notably those of scientific men, who have recently experimented with this medium. The attacking party is greatly in the minority, that is, up to the present time; the most important personage among them, according to Luise Hitze, is the aged Senator Pietro Blaserna, who is likewise director of a physical institute in Rome; he is followed by two editors of daily papers, and by De Paoli, director of the lunatic asylum at Genoa. The writer says that though few in number, it may be that their grounds of proof are all the stronger! These 'grounds' she then proceeds to examine. Blaserna, in an open letter to the editor of the 'Capitale d' Italia' of April 14th last, speaks in the most contemptuous way of Spiritism, of which he says he has made a study ever since 1855, and he contends that there is nothing in it which could be taken seriously. Everything he holds to be due to fraud and to skilful trickery. He does not appear to have had any personal experience of mediums, but bases his opinions—at least as regards Eusapia—on the account of an exposure of this medium at Milan by a journalist named Torelli-Viollier, some fifteen years ago, and expresses his surprise at finding her brought forward again into public notice, after an interval of so many years. In an article in another paper Blaserna says he does not form his opinion of Eusapia solely on this exposure, but likewise on what was told him by an acquaintance, Dr. Uberto Datto, who professes to have detected Paladino in tricking. In this article he says that all mediums, including Home, whom he expressly mentions, are imposters, and that he looks upon such men as Crookes and Zollner as pitiable dupes! In another place Blaserna says that occultists ought to make *tabula rasa* of such impostures before they attempt serious inquiry; but, as Luise Hitze pertinently remarks, 'If all mediums without exception are imposters, whom are they to experiment with?' It seems that the aged senator has received offers from Vasallo and Cesana to assist at séances with Paladino, so as to have personal evidence of her medial powers, but these he rejects, not thinking the subject worthy of serious inquiry. This reads like ancient history, for we most of us remember similar sayings, attributed to some of our own men of science, on the subject.

With regard to the newspaper editors, Pavani and Guastavino, the former was present at a short séance with Eusapia, at which he says he is convinced that she herself produced the manifestations, especially the levitation of a small table, with her feet; he speaks of an interview he had with her, and is honest enough to say that at her house in Naples she is industriously occupied with her work and business, and therefore is not dependent on swindling for a living.

Guastavino's attack has been reproduced in some German

EXTENSION OF PREMISES FUND.—The Treasurer of the London Spiritualist Alliance gratefully acknowledges the receipt of one guinea from Mrs. Lydia H. Manks as a contribution to this fund.

papers, and the gist of it is that at a séance with Paladino a materialised form, purporting to be that of the wife of one of the sitters, smelt of Marsala. Eusapia had asked for and drunk a glass of that wine before the séance, therefore the form must have been the medium herself! Luise Hitze writes: 'How little such a fact can be regarded as proof of imposture, those who are familiar with these phenomena well know. The appearances obtain their materiality only by drawing something from the life aura of the medium, and therefore, as Du Prel has pointed out, such emanations may well be present in genuine phenomena.' This editor also recounts an interview he had with the mad doctor, De Paoli, at Genoa, in which, in answer to his questions, the latter told him of three instances (only!) of mental derangement due to Spiritism in his experience, but added that although these might seem but a small number in his large practice, everyone knew that a very large number of mentally deranged persons were going about at large, and he characterised all Spiritists as harmless lunatics. In concluding his discourse—quoted by Guastavino—he said that it was not possible to contravene physical law, and that tables could not be moved save by mechanical power. All else was due to suggestion, which might likewise be collective, &c. If the anti-Spiritists have no better weapons to fight with than such antiquated firearms, Spiritists need not, I think, tremble for the result. The writer of the article intends in the next number to give some of the answers on the part of the party attacked.

M. T.

#### 'DR. S.' AND 'AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.'

In 'LIGHT' of July 19th (page 341), 'An Old Correspondent' mentioned a prescription given to him by a spirit friend, 'Dr. S.,' with the names of drugs of which a homoeopathic chemist and a medical gentleman in long practice had no knowledge. By the kindness of the Editor of 'LIGHT' I have learned that in the prescription occur the words 'Arn. ham.,' or 'Arn. Ham.,' and 'Rhus,' and as I have been much occupied with *Materia Medica*, I was able to see without difficulty what was really meant. In the homoeopathic school the following forms of Rhus are employed: Rhus aromatica, Rhus glabra, Rhus radicans, Rhus toxicodendron, and Rhus venenata. Of these the principal remedy used is Rhus toxicodendron—the others being used but seldom. In the Eclectic school, Rhus toxicodendron is also used, and Rhus glabra and Rhus aromatica as well. In the prescription given by 'Dr. S.' to 'An Old Correspondent,' by Arn. ham., or Arn. Ham., and Rhus, is not meant a species of Rhus, but a compound of Arn. (an abbreviation of Arnica, or Arnica montana), Ham. (an abbreviation of Hamamelis, or Hamamelis virginica), and Rhus (an abbreviation of Rhus toxicodendron). All the three remedies are good for pains in the back, and are often prescribed in spinal diseases. If these remarks are of service I shall be glad, for the suffering patient's sake, especially if their correctness is corroborated by 'Dr. S.' through the medium, at the request of 'An Old Correspondent.'

OSCAR HANSEN, M.D.

Copenhagen.

#### TO MADAME MONTAGUE.

God speed you on your journey o'er the broad Atlantic waves; and may you carry your message of love and sympathy to which you go, the same sweet message of love and sympathy you have in many hearts implanted in our little sea-girt isle.

Many left behind will wish you joy and great success in your new efforts for others' good; and loving thoughts will follow you in your work across the sea.

We, in God's good time, look to welcome you again on England's shores. Till then our prayers go out for you to the All-loving Father, that He will guide and protect you where'er you may be led: granting you here on earth fulness of joy, and in the Great Beyond everlasting happiness.

S. S.

#### THE DOUBLE.

The 'Bulletin of the Psychological Institute' contains an article on the subject commonly denoted as 'the double,' called in this journal, more scientifically, 'Autoscopic Hallucination.' The writer, Dr. Sollier, states that the London Society for Psychical Research had only been able to instance seven cases of this phenomenon, and that he (Dr. Sollier) was able to report upon twelve additional cases. Some of these are hysterical subjects. One, a woman, aged twenty-six, describes her sensations as follows:—

'I see myself sometimes—in moments of emotion only—but more particularly I *feel* myself. I feel that someone is being drawn from me, as if my members were being elongated to form others. The last time this happened, when my father arrived from Paris, the sensation was so strong that I laughed over it, saying: "I am like father Adam, when his wife issued from his side." The person is absolutely like me, and it is I who do not recognise myself, in a mirror. She speaks like me, but always takes the opposite opinion, and I hear her in my head. She is always warm, and I feel at night as if she uncovered me to cover herself. It is in bed, as I awake, that this has happened latterly. I do not see this second person for long together, but I feel her, chiefly in my head, preventing me speaking that she may say the opposite to what I think. This persists for whole days, and exasperates me when I am obliged to talk to anyone. It leaves me as if my head were encased in wood.'

We have cited this case in full; the symptoms of other cases are somewhat similar. But all are not hysterical subjects. Guy de Maupassant, for instance, related that on one occasion whilst he was writing, he thought he heard the door open, and looking round he saw himself enter and take a seat opposite, his head in his hands, and that he (the other he) dictated to him that which he was writing. When he had finished, the hallucination disappeared.

Another case is peculiar in this respect, that the subject saw herself internally. She saw her bones, muscles, and veins, as if surrounding her, her head like a mass of vibrations. She was dreadfully alarmed by this sensation.

'As it is possible,' says Dr. Sollier, 'to have a positive hallucination and to see oneself as in a mirror, so it is also possible, looking into a mirror, *not* to see oneself.' Guy de Maupassant had this curious experience also, and Dr. Sollier narrates another instance of this known to him. The subject was an hysterical case, a boy, fourteen years of age. He was dressing himself and suddenly felt what seemed like two blows with a hammer on his temples, and ceased to see anything in the mirror, which looked to him like plate glass. He saw objects round him, but as if in a smoky atmosphere. At the end of about half an hour he again felt two blows as of a hammer on his temples, and his sight became clear.

'The result of the examination of these cases (says Dr. Sollier) shows that this phenomenon manifests more often with hysterics. It is, however, to be met with in other cases, such as general paralysis and in cases of simple emotion and reverie. A dim light seems to be a favourable condition for the occurrence of this phenomenon. It seems essential to its production that consciousness and general sensibility should be diminished. The study of these facts suggests many considerations which I intend to offer soon in a report on autoscopic phenomena.'

Interest in these cases may, for some, be diminished by the fact that the subjects were so often in an unhealthy state, but this consideration should not be allowed unduly to detract from their significance. The Sceress of Prevorst was in a chronic condition of disease. A clearer dislocation of the physical condition seems to offer facilities for the manifestation of these psychic states. Is it that the relation between the Ego and the organism, which even in healthy persons is not always quite stable, is under these conditions so very unstable that a slight circumstance is sufficient to produce a splitting of consciousness such as these experiences seem to indicate?

Dr. Milne Bramwell said in an article on 'What is Hypnotism?'—'Mr. Myers' theory that hysteria is a disease of the hypnotic substratum is an extremely ingenious one, and is the only reasonable explanation of the resemblance between certain hypnotic and hysterical phenomena with which I am acquainted.' It seems that it is upon this sub-



stratum (called hypnotic) of the personality that these phenomena of the double are produced, and they are apparently more easily produced when the consciousness has not full and healthy possession of the organism.

H. A. D.

## MATTER, FORCE, AND CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY JOHN B. SHIPLEY.

(Continued from page 388.)

### V.

#### PONDERABLES AND IMPONDERABLES.

##### PART II.

Now let us approach the question of the ether from another standpoint. Spiritualists tell us, on the true faith of spirits who would scorn to lie, and whose word is at least as reliable as that of any living investigator, that there is a spirit-matter, or presumably a series of forms of spirit-matter. We learn that the 'disembodied' spirits have bodies which are not made of the coarse substances which we call matter, but which are none the less as real to their senses as flesh and blood are to ours; moreover, this matter is more real to them than our matter now appears to them, so that they describe themselves as appearing more 'real' than we do. In fact, to inhabitants of the other world, it is we who are the semi-realities; I use this word because I am informed that they can see us, but that we appear so much less real to them than they do to themselves and each other. Perhaps we look to them like a Röntgen photograph! Presumably they have a spirit-atmosphere, or spirit-ether, or both, by means of which the analogue of light, or thought or knowledge in every form, is transmitted to and among them. I need not enlarge on this, merely stating the facts as asserted by those who claim to know.

Now, the practical question which opens up before us is this: Is there in these researches into the nature of ether or of imponderable matter any possibility of arriving at a practical conception which shall bring the material universe as known to our senses and to our scientific instruments into harmony or relation with that other universe which is equally a portion of the ordinary experience of those beyond the grave? It seems to me it must be so, for reasons I will proceed to state.

The great scientific argument against the possibility of the existence of a spirit-matter has always been the contention that any such notion would involve two properties incompatible with matter as we recognise it, because incompatible with the laws hitherto formulated as to its properties. Any such spirit-matter would have to be imponderable, that is, not subject to terrestrial gravitation, and all-pervading, probably also involving the power of passage through other matter. We have shown that the latest researches of scientists themselves involve the existence of matter which is not only imponderable, but all-pervading, the precise qualities demanded by the conception of spirit-matter, and given which we can deduce or infer the other conditions that may be required.

It is not as though the two universes, the material and the spiritual, were absolutely distinct, and without points of contact. Thus, if spirits were proved to be nothing but products of a diseased imagination, as indeed is the vulgar materialist opinion, it might seem to be unnecessary and useless to try to find a point of contact between their world and ours, seeing that even if they did exist they would be utterly unable to make their presence felt, and therefore we should have no evidence that any such point of contact does really exist. But, as we shall show, this would be to deny the plainest teachings of experience common to us all; and when, moreover, we find that the gulf that separates the seen from the Unseen, the visible from the Invisible, can be leapt by spirit potencies just as the space between the two poles of an arc lamp is bridged by the electric current, we may be sure that, as in the latter case, there is a connecting medium between them, be it never so impalpable.

All the phenomena by which spirit agency can be revealed to the senses, such as raps, levitation, spirit writing,

whether with or without the agency of the human hand, and above all, materialisation in its various forms, are proofs that the 'impassable' gulf is really only a narrow cleft which the daring and adventurous can leap almost at will, but which we are hypnotised by the 'illusion' of the sole and exclusive reality of matter into believing to be impassable, at least from our side. But the scientist perhaps denies the reality of these phenomena, including those still more wonderful manifestations recorded in the Bible. Let him do so.

But—let him explain how it is that Intellect and Will, as forms of the force we have called Thought, can be perceived in our bodily frames, in our material brain, and how that state of mutual action and reaction of thought and matter which we call Consciousness can be explained. Of a truth the Unseen is felt and evidenced in every action of our daily life, and Consciousness itself is the daily and hourly proof of the point of contact for which we have been contending.

If the scientist who is sceptical as to spirit return can admit (as many do) the possibility of telepathy, or of a sub-consciousness having more extended powers than the normal state of the brain, these being the last entrenchments of the doubter, let him explain what is the medium for the transmission of thought from brain to brain, what is the material in which the sub-memory stores its indelible archives. And is it easier that two brains encased in our dense earthly matter should communicate in this way, than that this should take place when one of them is in a state of keener consciousness and receptivity?

All Spiritualists, in fact all who believe that our senses or our consciousness can in any way whatever be impressed by those who have 'passed over,' or by angel or spirit in any form and under any name, must believe that there is some medium common to the two worlds. If there were absolutely nothing between us and the sun, we could receive from that luminary neither light, nor heat, nor gravitational impulse, nor actinic force by which to take our photographs, nor any of the other energies by which our life is governed and maintained, including many, probably, of which we are as yet unconscious, and therefore ignorant. In the same way, if there were no medium common to our life here and to that beyond, we could receive no message from the Unseen, and the bases of religion must fall, because the Divinity, if we admit His existence at all, would have left His creation without the means of receiving such revelations as are recorded in the Bible, and are postulated by every form of faith. And yet the belief in universal diffusion of consciousness as an emanation from the Godhead is older and far more ingrained in man than the law of universal gravitation, which is a modern mathematical conception to explain physical phenomena, and its comprehension is of minor importance to us in the affairs of life.

I am not prepared to formulate any theory, beyond the general considerations here enunciated, but only to state my conviction that the day is not far distant when we shall find ourselves within sight of at least a hypothesis on this subject. Our study of media for the transmission of what we know as force is advancing by leaps and bounds as compared with our previous dense ignorance; whether there are among the departed any scientists who are working at the problem from their side, we cannot say; when this is the case, we may be sure that, like engineers piercing a mountain tunnel, the day will come when the workers on both sides will join hands, as Switzerland and Italy will shortly do under the mass of the Simplon, and this not in presumption or irreverence, but to the greater glory of the Infinite Designer, who has set us these problems in order that in their depth and sublimity we may find a yet more overwhelming proof of His Inconceivable Wisdom.

(To be continued.)

MR. A. V. PETERS AND MR. J. J. VANGO. —Mr. Peters desires to inform his friends and clients that he will be out of town until September 8th, and Mr. Vango will also be out of town until September 6th.

HE only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.—JOHN RUSKIN.



OFFICE OF 'LIGHT,' 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,  
LONDON, W.C.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30th, 1902.

## Light,

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of 'LIGHT,' 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. E. W. Wallis, Office of 'LIGHT,' and not to the Editor. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to Mr. E. W. Wallis, and should invariably be crossed '— & Co.'

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—'LIGHT' may be had free by post on the following terms:—Twelve months, 10s. 10d.; six months, 5s. 5d. Payments to be made in advance. To United States, 2dol. 70c. To France, 13 francs 86 centimes.

'LIGHT' may also be obtained from E. W. ALLEN, 4, Ave Maria-lane, London, and through all Newsagents and Booksellers.

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

### HERBERT SPENCER'S SIGH.

Even those who see in Herbert Spencer's latest thoughts on Immortality nothing but dubious agnosticism, must admit that they reveal a touching feeling after faith,—faint, it may be, but, for him, very real: and, truly, a faint longing, in his case may mean more than the boisterous assurance of some others.

Herbert Spencer's studies have kept him closely confined to the region of facts, but of facts in what we may call their beginnings or causes. Even emotions and instincts have been contemplated as products of physical causes and unfoldings rather than as spiritual affections. He would even ask us what we meant by 'spiritual affections.' He would like to trace their genesis and exodus. In such a case one must not look for any strong indication of belief in the intangible and untraceable. And yet it is this man who, in his very last book—'with certainty' never another, he says,—takes us into his confidence, and whispers: 'It is commonly supposed that those who have relinquished the creed of Christendom occupy themselves exclusively with material interests and material activities—thinking nothing of the How and the Why, of the Whence and the Whither. It may be so with some of the uncultured, but it is certainly not so with many of the cultured. In the mind of those intimately known to me, the "riddle of existence" fills spaces far larger than the current conception fills in the minds of men in general.'

Then he tells us the old story of deriving the notion of Immortality from the suggestion of dreams, or of a wandering double, and says: 'After contemplating the inscrutable relation between brain and consciousness, and finding that we can get no evidence of the existence of the last without the activity of the first, we seem obliged to relinquish the thought that consciousness continues after physical organisation has become inactive.' But the relinquishing does not come willingly. On the contrary, 'It seems a strange and repugnant conclusion that, with the cessation of consciousness at death, there ceases to be any knowledge of having existed. With his last breath it becomes to each the same thing as though he had never lived.'

The grand old thinker does not like it. There is something in him that cries out against the insolent wastefulness. Why does he not pay greater heed to that deep something, and give it the benefit of the doubt? Even on his own ground, as a student of subtle beginnings, this ought to specially interest him. No one knows better than he that many a far-reaching and mighty process has begun

with far less than a conscious longing or a pathetic sigh. The tremendous evolutionary stages have all been started and moved on by minute differentiations, and not of structure only; or, at all events, we are not entitled to say of 'structure only.' What is consciousness itself? Mr. Spencer does not know. He does not profess to know; and, for all he knows, consciousness has more to do with determining structure than structure has to do with determining consciousness. All he can say of consciousness is: 'We can only infer that it is a specialised and individualised form of that Infinite and Eternal Energy which transcends both our knowledge and our imagination; and that at death its elements lapse into the Infinite and Eternal Energy whence they were derived.'

But there is not much meaning in the second half of that sentence. Is there, in fact, any meaning that could be thought right out, in the assertion, or the inference, that a specialised and individualised form of Energy lapses into that Energy from which it was derived? How can Energy that has been individualised lapse back again into non-individualised Energy? What becomes of the 'specialised' individual that was evolved? Mr. Spencer, it is true, says that the 'elements lapse,' but what are the elements of an individualisation? What becomes of the individualisation,—that precious product of the evolutionary forces? It certainly is as much a reality as the improved head of a man, contrasted with that of a baboon. We might indeed say, without fear of being severely contradicted, that human individualisation is the highest product of evolution known to us. What are its 'elements' that 'lapse'?

Mr. Spencer ought to be one of the first to find significance in the bare restlessness of which he himself is conscious. In all probability every departure towards a differentiation, however slight, was accompanied by an irritation of some kind, or by an appetite which meant enlargement of life: and we may be sure that this always had a meaning and a result—often a result equivalent to the development of an ear or an eye, or, deeper and finer still, of a brain, an artistic emotion, a moral sense. One of Mr. Spencer's American critics has put this point deftly, as an argument from analogy:—

If a man reason by analogy, it is admitted that there is at least as good reason for affirming as for denying immortality. And in support of the affirmative there is the feeling in man that existence does not cease for him at the grave. That feeling is not proven to be a cheat. It may or may not be 'the hum of earthly instincts'—and not even the wise Mr. Herbert Spencer can demonstrate that instincts are earthly. The aspiration for immortality may not imply immortality as existent, as some contend, but that aspiration is a sort of sentence of momentum in a given direction and the force must arrive somewhere, once started.

There is much truth in this, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Spencer has never seen his way to follow up suggestions which he has at least taught others to hopefully regard. Born, in the fulness of time, out of and away from the merely animal part of us, this glorious aspiration, consciousness, instinct,—call it what we will—has emerged. How to account for it: how to interpret it: what to expect from it:—these are surely problems worthy of the greatest minds: and we have the fullest faith in the advent of minds that will be able to win from Nature's greater mind their solution. Every day we seem to be adding to our knowledge of hidden or unsuspected things, and discovering 'the secrets of the Lord.' There are no limits, there can be no limits, to Nature's possibilities here; and one of these possibilities we think we find in the pathos of Herbert Spencer's sigh.

MRS. LYDIA H. MANKS.—We hear that our good friend, Mrs. Lydia H. Manks, has gone on the Continent for a few weeks' rest. Due notice will be given of her return.

## THE GOSPEL OF SPIRITUALISM.

ADDRESS BY DR. J. M. PEEBLES.

On Sunday evening, the 17th inst., Dr. Peebles, the veteran traveller, author, and lecturer, delivered an address on Spiritualism in Cavendish Rooms.

MR. THOMAS EVERITT, president of the Marylebone Association of Spiritualists, in the course of some preliminary remarks, referred to Dr. Peebles as a brother in the best of all good causes. The doctor had now travelled around the world four times, not for pleasure nor commercial ends, but in the interests of Spiritualism. He considered the world his parish. His name was known wherever Spiritualism was known, and it was deeply interesting to recall the fact that Dr. Peebles was the first speaker who ever occupied the rooms in which they were now assembled in the interests of Spiritualism. This was over thirty years ago. (Applause.) It was on June 20th, 1870, that the doctor spoke in these rooms from the text 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' Mr. Everitt added that as Dr. Peebles' stay in the country would be but a few weeks, it was desirable that it should be as widely known as possible, that his services might be disposed of to the best advantage, by those who would like to see him and again hear his voice.

DR. PEEBLES then addressed the meeting. He said: 'Just off from the "Runic" by way of Cape Town, South Africa, from Australia, I may say that travel, while fatiguing, is wonderfully educational. It lengthens the golden chains of friendship, enlarges human nature, and takes away from one all possible conceit. On this, my fourth journey around the world, I have probably seen the highest, and certainly the lowest, people of earth; and yet, low as are the Pacific Islanders, their children weep and smile as do yours, and they have ideas, though crude, of an overruling Power, and of a future existence. While there are tribes and races many, there is but one human species—all are brothers.'

'When the ancient Brahman spoke of Brahm, the Parsee of Ormuzd, the Egyptian of Osiris, the Pythagorean of the Universal Life-Essence, Proclus of Causation, Herbert Spencer of the Unknowable, and Emerson of the Oversoul, they all evidently meant about the same thing, that there was an underlying, infilling power which governed the universe, and which might be called Brahm, God, or Allah. And yet there are no words that seem to me so compact and clear as a definition as the words of Jesus: Πνεῦμα ὁ Θεός—"Spirit is God." Infinite Spirit, doubtless, interpermeates all things from the amœba up the scale of being to the angels and archangels in heaven. All things are afire with the divine Presence. The spiritual is the real. I know that the great mass of mankind walk in the objective. They consider the shell of things, which shell pertains to the illusive, the unreal shadow world.'

As an example of what was meant, Dr. Peebles instanced the table in front of him, which was regarded as a real object, yet was only a form to which the name 'table' had been given. A few well-aimed blows with a hatchet would transform it to rubbish; a brand of fire would transform the rubbish to a handful of ashes; the ashes, given to the chemist, might be transformed into invisible gases, and the table then would, to all appearance, have utterly vanished. And yet, there was no annihilation, only change of form. The real table existed in the conscious brain.

'There is no such thing in the universe as annihilation—that is, the transformation of something, substance, into nothing. God being Spirit, and men being made—or evolved, if that be a better word—in the image of God, are spiritual beings, and it is just as natural for spiritual beings, in all worlds visible and invisible, to converse through vibration and other methods, as it is for the magnetic needle to point towards the North Pole. Spiritualism is naturalism on a spiritual plane of existence. When Socrates had drained the hemlock draught, Crito approached him and said, "Where shall we bury you?" The dying philosopher said in surprise, "Bury me, bury me! Bury me just where you please, if you can only catch

me. Have I not often told you and the wise men that the body is not Socrates?"

'Spirit is unseen. All power is invisible. Whoever saw a thought, a principle, a law?—and here,' exclaimed Dr. Peebles, 'I must say that I greatly dislike the phrase so often used by our New Thought friends, that "Thoughts are things." This is too coarse a phrase. Things are cognised by the sense-perceptions. They may be measured and weighed in scales. No, thoughts are not things; but they are refined, etherialised spirit-substances—polarised points of force. It is noble to contemplate force, thought, mind—this mind which can soar high as the heavens, dive deep, and count the millions of stars. And man should realise this pre-eminence—this moral grandeur of his nature. Emerson said, "He who gathers too much of the earthly, in the very act of the gathering loses an equal amount of the spiritual, so that all, in a sense, are born and die equally rich."

'Change, decay, and death are around us. They environ us on every side; and where are the proofs of a future conscious existence? Sun, moon, and stars are silent. Physical nature gives few, if any, hints as to a life immortal. But I turn my thoughts heavenward, and say, "O mother, dost thou live?" and sweet as an angel's whisper comes the voice through my clairaudient ear, "O my son, what you in mortal blindness call death, we call birth; I live, I think, I remember; I love you still, for pure love is immortal, and unselfish friendships never die." These voices, signals from the unseen, are beyond all price. They cable life's rough ocean, they bridge the dark valley, and give us positive proof of a future reunion.

'There have always been rifts in the clouds of materialism. There have always been visions, apparitions, trances, to some extent, in all past ages. On the auspicious night of the Nazarene's birth, shepherds were watching their flocks, when an angel, robed in white, appeared in the bending heavens with the message of "Peace on earth and good will towards men." Had this song of peace been practically lived by all nations, long ere this would the cannon's fiery mouth have been wreathed in white roses, and the white flag of peace and arbitration have floated the wide world over. I congratulate Britain that her war with the Boers is over, and heartily wish that our Philippine war may soon be brought to a close, for war is murder on a very extensive scale.'

By way of a moment's digression, the Doctor said: 'The older I grow in years, the more precious to me are the truths of Spiritualism. Growing old is an unwise habit.' He felt younger, was healthier, and could do more literary work now than he could fifty years ago, and the prime reason was that he struggled to strictly obey nature's laws—God's laws.

Dealing with the essential significance of the term Spiritualism, Dr. Peebles said: 'Never confuse this word with spiritism. Never confound office and official, idea and ideal. These are not the same. Suffixes are modifiers. Spirit and spiritual are very unlike. You are spirits now, vested in mortality, but to what degree you are spiritual, or angelic, I cannot say. Spirit, spiritual, Spiritualism, the angelic world, the super-angelic world, the seraphic world or sphere of existence, are in line with the great law of evolution. Spirits occupying these higher planes of intelligence, traverse the spaces, and delight in continuing their great altruistic work in uplifting those on the lower planes of conscious life. I am often asked,' said the Doctor, "What have you seen during the last fifty and more years to convince you of the reality of these transcendental truths?" Better ask what have I not seen? What have I not heard? This very evening, through the mediumship of Mrs. Everitt, in the hospitable residence of Mr. George Spriggs, I talked with Judge Edmonds, James Burns, and others, through those vibratory concussions that have startled so many atheists, and convinced so many materialists that death does not end all. In Australia there is a most marvellous medium occupying in the trance condition three planes of psychic activity—the physical, the intermediary, and the higher spiritual. The influencing intelligence, Dr. Robinson, author of several books, when influencing this medium, reveals a scholarship and a wisdom as far beyond the medium as the heavens are higher than the earth. On the plane of



the physical there occurred the most wonderful manifestations. In broad daylight, while holding this medium's hands in my own, there fell before me very ancient coins and old parchments—two and three thousand years old. The transference of matter through matter is no longer a question with adepts in psychic science. Give spirits the conditions, and it is impossible to say what they may not do. This medium and other mediums have been told by certain Australian Theosophists that they were dealing with "spooks," "ghosts," "elementals," and "disintegrating astral shells." This was mere theory, and as absurd as false. I say it as a Theosophist with my dues promptly paid. I will not tolerate the mere speculative or the false in Theosophy or Spiritism. There are no "disintegrating, ill-odoured spooks," but there are low, undeveloped spirits. These were our brothers, and so were the angels our brothers. Our Theosophists in many localities are among the best patrons of mediums, especially clairvoyant mediums. They may be pardoned if they, Nicodemus-like, prefer visiting them by night. Of course mediumship may be abused, and so the atmosphere may be polluted with tobacco smoke; but none can very well dispense with air for breathing purposes.

'Spiritualists have been told that it was unreasonable to suppose that higher spirits came again to earth to influence or entrance psychic subjects. But why should they come, when they can project their thoughts, impress or inspire subjects, from the vast distance? It must be remembered that spirits—the higher intelligences—know little of space. Often the university professor may be seen on the "campus," playing football with the pupils, and while thus playing may teach them useful, uplifting truths. Jesus preached to the spirits in Hades, and this condescension has brightened his crown through all the ages.

'Spiritualism gives knowledge for faith, and fruition for hope deferred. The angels' message to earth is that of good news and great joy. It is the gospel of demonstration. It is the gospel of knowledge, the gospel of the Divine Fatherhood, the gospel of the universal brotherhood, the gospel of involution and evolution, the gospel of good health, the gospel of sunshine in the home, and the gospel of long life on earth.

'Spiritualism, while invaluable as a fact, and while uplifting as a religion, is in its philosophy all-embracing, all-inclusive. Is there a truth in phenomenal spiritism, Spiritualism includes it. Is there a truth in Christian Science, Spiritualism includes it. Is there a truth in metaphysical science, Spiritualism includes it. Is there a truth in mental healing, divine healing, and divine science, Spiritualism includes it. Is there a truth in Theosophy, every demonstrated fact in Theosophy and theosophical writings is included in the all-embracing realm of Spiritualism, which is the vine; the others are the branches; and some of them not abiding on the vine are already withering. There are those who are sufficiently wary, and, I fear, unprincipled enough, to talk and write grandiloquently about the "New Thought," and speak of these mental sciences, yet never mention the word Spiritualism—the mighty rock from which they were hewn. What should we think of a great naturalist like Alfred R. Wallace, who should write about acorns, acorn shells, acorn cups, acorn meats and their very nourishing properties, but never mention the word "oak" the tall, stalwart, towering oak that bore them? Down on this childish policy! It is pitiable enough in party politics, but when revealing its serpentine fangs in matters spiritual, it is almost beneath contempt. My soul honours honesty, independence, and moral bravery—such bravery as characterised the martyrs of old, and dignifies the royal souls of to-day.

Dr. Peebles here related the following incident occurring nearly sixty years ago, while he was standing in the pulpit and preaching faith in the place of knowledge. It was at the funeral of a little boy of four years, the only son of very wealthy parents. His text was, 'Have faith in God.' When his discourse was finished, and the casket lid lifted, the parents stepped forward, and the father burst into tears, weeping, seemingly, as no man ever wept before. But the mother stood like a statue—calm, motionless. Not a tear fell. There is a sorrow too deep for tears. She then turned to the doctor and said: 'Oh, my pastor, you preached to

us beautifully about the beauty of faith, but my aching, bleeding mother's heart demands something more now than faith. Tell me what you know—*know* about any future world. Shall I meet and know my child beyond the grave?' And he stood there as dumb as a marble statue. 'I had no knowledge, not a scintilla of positive proof of a conscious hereafter life. I walked by faith and stumbled while I walked. I could now say, "Mother, soon *will* you meet your dear child again. You may see, perhaps to-morrow, his glorified form clairvoyantly, or you may hear his tender, loving words clairaudiently; if not here, sweet will be the meeting over there." I pronounce this gospel absolutely priceless. Take from me, if you will, my good name, load me with chains, clothe me in rags, thrust me into some dark dungeon cell where God's sunshine can never again kiss my forehead; but tear not from my soul the grand and glorious truth of the present ministry of spirits and the blessed knowledge of meeting and knowing the loved of earth beyond the tomb.'

In conclusion, Dr. Peebles said, with uplifted gaze: 'I thank you, O blessed immortals, from my very heart that you sometimes in thought, or in very deed, leave your summerland homes and wend your way earthward where you once dwelt vested in mortality. I thank you in behalf of our common humanity—thank you that you come to heal the broken-hearted, to impart the vigour of health, and to brush away the mourner's tears. O blessed ones, leave us not, and may we not turn coldly away and leave *you*. And may we so live day by day honest, pure-minded, conscientious and spiritual lives, that you may say to us when our earthly eyes are closing, "Well done, good and faithful ones. Enter into our higher life where physical death is unknown, and where evolution is law, friendship is abiding, and love is immortal." Amen.'

After some commendatory words by the chairman, Dr. Peebles offered some further observations of a general character, in which he referred to the high state of religious liberality and social development which obtained in New Zealand. There were no snakes there, and no compulsory vaccination law. (Laughter.) The Government owned the railways, telegraphs, and telephones, and there was a land limit. With an anecdote of the power of love and sympathy in reclaiming the depraved of earth, he concluded his remarks amid great applause. The meeting terminated with the benediction.

MR. W. J. COLVILLE.

Through your ever hospitable columns I trust I may be permitted to inform my numerous friends not only that my ten days on the Atlantic were most pleasantly spent among delightful fellow-passengers on the excellent Leyland steamer, 'Bohemian,' but that since my return to America I have addressed some splendid audiences at Onset and other great summer resorts, and wherever I have been I have received the warmest of welcomes alike from old friends and new. The directors of Onset Bay Camp Meeting were highly delighted with copies of 'Light' which I distributed among them; and your fellow-journalists in Boston, who are now making the old 'Banner of Light' a great credit to progressive journalism, desire to convey through me their most fraternal greetings to their esteemed English contemporary. Mr. Harrison D. Barrett, Editor-in-chief, is now presiding at Etna, Maine, where I am filling an engagement. Lily Dale, in New York State, is very beautiful this season, and has a singularly fine array of talent on its celebrated platform. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and several other illustrious women have made a great impression there and at Onset, this summer. It is indeed pleasant to record that wherever I go I am most generously treated, and I find an ever increasing interest manifested by the public at large in all aspects of spiritual science and philosophy. I am now very busily engaged in and near Boston, where my address is 201, Dartmouth-street. I have secured a fine lecture-room in the 'Banner of Light' building, and am actively co-operating with that excellent and time-honoured institution. With best regards to all English friends, whom I hope to meet again at no distant date, I subscribe myself, your sincere co-worker,

W. J. COLVILLE.



## EXPERIENCES OF AN AUSTRIAN PROFESSOR.

BY PROFESSOR KARL VON THALER IN 'THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.'

VIENNA, JUNE 12TH.

Don't ridicule the man or woman who claims to have seen ghosts, for, while there may be no ghosts, one may see ghosts. I have seen them myself.

Ten years ago my mother died. We had loved each other dearly—friends called us 'the inseparables.' So fond of me was she that, when I went to college, she broke up her home to follow me to the big city, keep house for me, care for me and assist me in my studies.

Of course, when I grew to man's estate my professional duties caused our separation, but when my mother was dead all came back to me—her kindly attentions, her acts of self-sacrifice, her enduring love. Her funeral put me to a heavy mental and physical strain, and when, late in the night, I went to bed I was thoroughly exhausted with grief and nervousness.

I dreamed that once more I was a student at that big, strange, university town, and that my mother was walking with me in the near-by forest, of which we knew every nook and corner. The mother of those bygone days was young, and pretty, and healthy, and so was the mother of my dream. She talked as usual and gave me much good advice.

But suddenly I was overcome by the recollection that my mother was dead. I looked up to her, and before I knew what I was doing I said: 'I thought I buried you this afternoon; was that a dream or is this?'

As I pronounced the words her face fell, the smile playing around her lips vanished, her whole aspect changed. She looked twenty years older and her face was now deadly pale.

Seeing this, I awoke with a start. If my body had been plunged into ice-cold water I couldn't have been more awake than I was, and there before me, in the mild light of the waxen taper, sat my mother at the foot of the bed, as she was wont to do in days gone by. There was no delusion, I am positive of that. I was as completely awake as one can be. Yet the spectre did not frighten me in the least. On the contrary, I was grateful for its presence and responded to its tender gaze with eyes full of tears.

'The dead,' argued my mind, trained in science, 'the dead do not rise, but loving remembrance often recalls them to their former sphere.'

My mother's ghost, still clothed in the garb she wore in life, appeared to me twelve times, all told.

After her first visit I waited several months in vain, awakening at certain hours in the night to look for her. At the end of the third month she came again, repeating her visits thereafter at longer or shorter intervals.

Some little time ago there died in Vienna an old friend of mine, Mme. von Maytner, better known under her *nom-de-plume*, Marguerite Halm. She was an eccentric woman, with a brilliant but erratic mind.

One day in the summer of 1900, I happened to pass through Graz, where she was then living, and not having seen her for some time, made an unceremonious call. I found her in a state bordering on collapse. She had aged ten years since our last meeting. Her youngest son, her favourite, was dead—that explained everything.

When I said good-bye she begged me to come again before leaving Graz; 'but not between five and six,' she added quickly, 'that's my son's visiting hour.'

'Which of the boys is living in Graz?'

'None living here; it's my favourite whom I expect; my youngest.'

I looked up in astonishment. A ghost in broad daylight!

'Don't think that I am mad,' pleaded Mme. von Maytner. 'I know that there is no such thing as rising from the dead; but, nevertheless, I see my son daily. I must see him—I do see him and talk with him—it's such a consolation to me.'

Well I understood my poor friend, but her neighbours

did not. Her physician had her committed to an insane asylum, from which her eldest son rescued her with difficulty after a prolonged struggle.

Here is another experience of my own: Michael Etienne, the great editor of the 'Neue Freie Presse,' was dead. As one of his nearest friends I sat up with the body the night before the funeral until one o'clock, when members of the editorial staff relieved me.

The body was lying in state in a large hall appropriately draped and lighted. I sat at the foot gazing upon my dead friend's characteristic face, which bore the usual aspect of jovial satisfaction. Indeed, it looked as if Etienne had lain down to sleep after a day's hard work, and as if this sleep gave him no end of pleasure.

After being relieved I went to the 'Presse' office to fetch away a roll of manuscript from Etienne's desk—his wife had asked me to do that service for her. It was 1.45 a.m. when I entered the late editor's room, holding a lighted candle in my hand, which, of course, lit up only certain portions of the vast apartment. As I walked in with care, to avoid coming in contact with the furniture, I saw my friend sitting in the great fauteuil behind his writing desk that stood between two windows.

I stopped in my tracks—the surprise was too much, but after a moment or two I approached fearlessly—had had some experience, you know.

Michael continued to regard me smilingly, complacently—if this was a ghost he was of a most pleasant sort. Another step and yet another. When I was near enough to touch the figure it vanished.

## SPIRIT IDENTITY.

By 'AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.'

On July 6th and 10th, along with three members of my family, including the clairvoyante, I had two sittings at my house with Mrs. Treadwell. It is unnecessary to advert to what occurred at these séances beyond saying that all the persons who have recently come to me at my sittings with this medium again communicated and gave me further evidence (if it were necessary) as to their identity and personality. In addition to these I had a protracted conversation with George Thomson, better known as 'Geordie,' Mrs. Mellon's control, and also with 'Dr. Epps,' the medical guide who occasionally comes to sitters with Mrs. Treadwell, and who kindly gave one of the circle a little advice regarding her health, she being out of sorts to a slight extent at the time of the sitting. At the first sitting, and before going into trance, Mrs. Treadwell said to me: 'I see near you a gentleman of the name of G., who appears to belong to'—(here she named a certain profession). 'I judge this by what he has in his hands.' This statement, coupled with the description of the person given by the medium, convinced me that she was now speaking of the Mr. G. mentioned in preceding articles, whose bright and promising professional career was cut short by an attack of angina pectoris about two years ago. After the medium had gone under control, Mr. G. addressed me at some length, and I had no doubt it was he; but to make assurance more perfect I asked the clairvoyante, who was present, and who (though she had never known Mr. G. in earth life) had seen him once before at my séances with Mrs. Treadwell, and was then informed by me of his name and profession: 'What is the name of the gentleman now controlling?' and the reply was: 'This is Mr. G.'

At the second sitting on July 10th, Mrs. Treadwell was controlled, near the close of the séance, by what our clairvoyante described as a very distinguished looking lady, and rising from her seat, the medium delivered a lofty discourse as to the glories of the other world. When she had ended, I said, 'Who is this?' The medium, still in trance, took my hand in token of farewell and gave me the name of a very distinguished and noble lady, who passed on in Paris some time since, and whose mortal remains, as I understand, were interred within the precincts of Holyrood Abbey, Edinburgh.

On her two visits to my house, Mrs. Treadwell was

accompanied by a young lady friend, who was not present at the séances, but came into the room at the close, and on my mentioning to her the name of the distinguished lady who had last controlled the medium, and saying how sorry I was not to be possessed of a portrait of her, to enable the clairvoyante to identify her if possible, the lady said: 'I can help you to get that, as my grandfather has, I think, a portrait of this lady pasted on the fly-leaf of a book connected with Spiritualism.' The book she promised to procure and send me. It was one I had never heard of before, but when it came by post next day, with the portrait in front, I showed it without remark to the clairvoyante with the name covered up, and she at once said: 'That is —' (giving correctly the name and title of the personage who controlled the medium on July 10th). The identification was therefore complete.

As regards Mr. G., whom I have so often before referred to, whom Mrs. Treadwell had seen and described on July 6th last, in her normal condition, and who had thus twice appeared and been seen by the clairvoyante at this and a previous sitting with the same medium, I was very anxious, in his case also, to prove identity, and it suddenly occurred to me that as he had been appointed some years ago to a lectureship in his profession, his portrait might have been reproduced in a professional magazine, published weekly, having portraits of distinguished members of the profession to which Mr. G. belonged. I occasionally see this publication in the shop windows of the publishers, but no copies of it have ever been in my house. I therefore called on the publishers and asked if they had a copy of the magazine containing a portrait of Mr. G. The manager was not sure, but asked me to call back in an hour, and on my return he handed me a copy of the magazine bearing date December 2nd, 1899. This I showed to the clairvoyante under strict test conditions, and she at once said: 'That is Mr. G.; but he has not got his *pince-nez* on.' Now this was, to my mind, a remarkably good test, as Mr. G. always wore a *pince-nez*, even in the street, and the portrait was taken without that appendage being on his nose.

As Mrs. Treadwell was during that week paying a visit to an old friend who lives some distance from us, I next forwarded the magazine to him, with instructions to lay it before her under the same test conditions, and a couple of days afterwards I had a letter from him in which he informed me that he had shown it to her, but at a rather inopportune time, viz., shortly after a séance; but notwithstanding this, on being shown the portrait and asked if she had ever seen any person like that at my house at her various séances with me, she after a little hesitation said, 'That is Mr. G., and he is a —' giving the name of his profession. In this case there was double identification, although in the case of Mrs. Treadwell the identity had to be brought to a point by a specific question, partly due, I was informed, to her having recently emerged from a trance when several persons had controlled her.

As regards both these sittings, I have only further to state that reference was made at them by three of our relatives to the photographs taken at Mr. Boursnell's as being quite genuine, though not distinctive, and to the causes of the comparative failure to get a good likeness of my son, which was said by them to be owing to his aunt, who was present at the sitting with him, having told him to stand back while he was at the side of his mother, as she intended him to stand at my side instead, as I was more powerful and a 'positive,' while he and his mother were both 'negative'; and that while he was in the act of stepping back the plate was exposed and an indistinct face appeared thereon.

Definite instructions as to our next sitting with Mr. Boursnell were then given us, and these we intend to try when it is convenient for us to have a sitting with that medium for psychic photography. One of my relatives also explained to me on this occasion that in psychic photography the greatest difficulty is in reproducing *quite* the 'earthly face,' as to a certain extent there is a change after the 'passing,' but which does not prevent recognition. In psychic photography faces do not always come out, they told us, as distinctively as those in our earthly photographs.

#### DECEASE OF DAVID ANDERSON.

This well-known medium, at the age of forty-eight years, entered upon the new duties of spirit life at Port Bannatyne, Island of Bute, on Saturday last, the 23rd inst. Mr. Anderson had been confined to his bed for several months, and the release from the body had been long waited for, and was at last gladly welcomed. It is no exaggeration to say that in my long experience of spiritual workers I have never met with a medium through whom the facts of spirit control and spirit identity were more clearly established. The vague and shadowy seemed to have little place in his mediumship, nearly all being direct, pointed, and clear. Hard-headed sceptics were at times convinced, for the man himself was felt to be the embodiment of honour and integrity. Had Mr. Anderson thrown himself into the work of mediumship in a professional capacity he would certainly have been of mighty assistance to the cause, but he was content to bless many in his limited circle, and rather liked to creep out of sight. Readers of 'LIGHT' may remember the series of articles which were printed in the early part of 1895, when your special representative dealt with Mr. Anderson's mediumship, having interviewed him when on a visit to London. At that visit, when sitting with Mr. W. T. Stead and Miss X., Mr. Anderson gave the latter some evidence of spirit companionship, which she set down to a bit of marvellous thought-reading, but which Mr. Anderson's spirit friends asserted was actual. Miss X. had written a story, never published, and Mr. Anderson, in trance, gave the name of her hero and some incidents in his life, which the spirits asserted had been impressed on the brain of Miss X. by certain personalities, and they stated that she had caught the name and the incidents from the spirit side and not from her own imaginative powers.

Mr. Anderson was born in Armagh (Ireland) in 1854, and after being reared in Methodism found a home for a time in North of Ireland Unitarianism, which differs largely from the spiritual theism of the modern school. When a young man of nineteen he went to America, having by this time thrown away all of his early beliefs. Here he heard of Swedenborg and read some of his works, being struck with the matter-of-fact way in which spirit life was described. On his coming to Glasgow in 1877, I was brought into touch with him, and soon he gave evidence of mediumship and helped much to strengthen my own position. It would take many pages to record the striking incidents that I met at times, and the marked power displayed in diagnosing disease. Over fourteen years since, in an article which I contributed to 'The Medium,' I said that the close fellowship I had had with him for ten years had not in any way weakened my reverence for his personal integrity which I had caught at our first meeting; and now, after twenty-five years' intimate relations, I can still say that no more reliable medium, no more noble man have I come into touch with in the Spiritualists' ranks. For the past twelve months he was moved about to see what change of air could do for him. In May last he went to the Island of Bute, where he was visited by many old friends. Mr. Macbeth Bain sought to help him with his magnetism, and Miss MacCreadie paid him a visit on Saturday, August 16th. Only two days before his departure he wrote feelingly, thanking me for all my sympathy and help, and said:—

'It is plain to me now that my time on this side is fast drawing to a close. For this I am now resigned. I await with hope and confidence the coming change, knowing that my present weakness will give place to strength, and once more I hope to begin an active, useful life, in which helping others and adding to their happiness will take no small place. I see now how much in my life that I might have done I neglected; but I am helped by the feeling that my life was not solely devoted to self. I am strengthened at this time by the faithful ones on the spirit side, who, by their presence, comfort and help. . . . We may never meet on this side physically again; but if conditions are favourable, I shall be no stranger in your family circle, and I shall wait patiently for a completing of the old circle of friends I shall leave behind.'

In accordance with the strong wish expressed by him while waiting for his release, it has been arranged that the body shall be cremated on Tuesday, 26th inst., at Glasgow.



A fine soul has marched into the spiritual kingdom without any fear; the light has streamed in upon him all the time; and surrounded and helped by those whose instrument he was, certainty and not doubt possessed him. A joyous welcome in the new realm of being will already have been accorded to the true-hearted and faithful servant of the spirit world, David Anderson. Our friend has left a widow and two children.

Glasgow.

August 23rd.

JAS. ROBERTSON.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

## A Request to 'An Old Correspondent.'

SIR,—On reading the number of 'LIGHT' of August 23rd, I see in the article 'Concerning Automatic Writing,' p. 401, mention of a young officer killed in the Afghan war, whose portrait was taken by Humpidge and Co., 5, Park-street, Calcutta. As this applies to my husband, Lieutenant William Charles Owen, of the 3rd Bombay Cavalry and 3rd Hussars, I should be grateful if your 'Old Correspondent' would let me know if *he was the officer referred to, what the message was*, and any further particulars. His portrait appears in Shadbolt's book on the Afghan war.

BEATRICE OWEN.

21, Rosendale-road, West Dulwich, S.E.

## 'Holy Gospel of the Twelve.'

SIR,—Will you allow me a few words to introduce the third edition of 'Gospel of the Twelve.' There is a much enlarged preface and appendix, containing ten pages of notes much needed; some corrections in the text overlooked in former editions, and some *new* matter. A certain writer in the 'Theosophical Review' (for August) has done her best to destroy it, but we hope she will live to see her error, as, only two or three weeks ago, the writer defended her lecture at Brighton against misunderstanding, a notable example of 'Universal Brotherhood.' The writer of the said review takes occasion to depreciate Spiritualism, 'like so many spirit teachings of *low level of mediocrity*;' (*sic*) and in her infallible authority she declares there is 'nothing to justify the claim of special inspiration.' She concludes: 'The main peculiarity is the term "Parent" and "Father-Mother." These terms do not suit the literary palate.' *Of course not*, of those whose writings are addressed to the public, abounding in the use of unintelligible *Sanskrit* words which the average public are not supposed to understand. We trust the public will receive the 'Gospel of the Twelve' with the greater favour because it is written in 'a language understood of the people' as our Authorised Version is, and accompanied by explanatory notes, and free on the whole from the jargon in which the 'Theosophical Review' somewhat delights to mystify its readers.

THE EDITOR OF THE 'GOSPEL OF THE TWELVE.'

## Light Sought.

SIR,—Some little time ago you kindly published a letter from me seeking information as an inquirer into Spiritualism, which led to light being thrown upon the subject by one or two of your correspondents. May I ask for a little further enlightenment in the same way? I have been much struck by a statement contained in the account of a séance which appeared in your columns, to the effect that the spirit of a departed child had shown itself as it was when it died, and also as it might have been when it grew up to man (or woman) hood. This seems to me to demonstrate that spectral appearances are not spirits at all, but merely something produced for a particular purpose by spiritual or other agency. Otherwise each person must possess a separate spirit at each period of existence (corporeal or otherwise). If I remember rightly, this took place at a non-materialising séance, and is not a very exceptional circumstance.

In trance addresses the person delivering them appears to me to speak at one time as a living person, and in the same discourse the control speaks as such. Was not this the case at Cavendish Rooms on the occasion of the farewell address of Mr. Morse, at which I was present?

I would like also to mention what appears to me to be a disadvantage for some persons at many séances, but I fear an unavoidable one. Those whose only object is to communicate with the departed are liable to have their own future to some extent unveiled, and anxiety often produced where comfort is sought.

Thanking you in advance for inserting these remarks, and hoping that some light may be thrown on the matters dealt with,—Yours, &c.,

R. F. W.

## Curative Magnetism.

SIR,—If any of your readers in the neighbourhood of Bournemouth happen to be in want of magnetic treatment, I can strongly recommend Mr. W. H. Edwards, of Sea Cliff View, Sea-road, Boscombe. I have had great benefit from a course of his treatment this summer.

J. W. SHARPE.

Woodroffe, Bournemouth.

## Mr. Peters in Calais.

SIR,—Having heard of Spiritualism from my brother-in-law, who is in England, and being desirous of witnessing some manifestations, I embraced the opportunity offered when Mr. Alfred V. Peters was in Calais (during the first week in August), to assist at two séances he very kindly gave us. We are a little company of truth-seekers, who are endeavouring to find our so-called dead, and I must say that what Mr. Peters told some of us was really remarkable. For example, there was a lady who has been ill for some considerable time, and the doctors have been unable to help her, or to trace the trouble to its source. Our friend was able not only to trace the disease but to suggest a remedy.

Some very remarkable and convincing tests of the return of the dead were given to several of us who were utter strangers to Mr. Peters; in fact, the evidence had to be translated into French. In several cases names were given (sometimes the medium not being able to quite pronounce them) which were fully recognised. We were all glad to have the visit of this well-known medium in our midst and hope for a further and longer visit from him in the not distant future.

A. SCOTT.

23, Rue Richelieu, Calais.

## The Slum Child.

SIR,—Will you permit me to say that I think a confusion of ideas exists in the minds of all respecting the meaning Mrs. Besant intended to convey when she spoke of 'one child being foredoomed to a life of crime, and another fore-ordained to a glorious career,' by virtue of the strata of society in which during its earlier years it was located; the atmosphere of which, it must be conceded, does either clog or fertilise the higher instincts of the Ego in its opening stages? The question at issue seems to be: Whether Mrs. Besant taught that this circumstantial placement foredooms the Ego, or whether Karma at the back of it is responsible for its destination, or whether the Supreme Deity appoints to each Ego its earthly nursery.

If the latter is the truth one would think that the All-Wise Supervisor would place the baby Egos in the most cultured, best circumstanced, and purest nurseries, for education and training, which would prevent the multiplication of error which every fresh Ego helps to generate or animate anew, when born into the lowest moral and intellectual strata. I think also a distinction should be made between the true slumming circles and those of the simple-minded, honest, toiling, peasantry and workers generally; and also between these two circles (these moral slums and cultured workers) which exist within the radius of the 'Upper-Ten.' Considering these necessary distinctions it is quite possible for a soul-Ego to be slum-born higher up. The late Dr. Nichols said that 'to be well born is to be purely born of chaste and loving parents.' There is no higher birth possible to the Ego, from the physical side, than this, at its first entrance into life. There are, however, three other influential planes to be considered, viz., the astrological, the psychological, and the highest spiritual, whose subtle energy and environment is a potent one, and largely determines the character and bias of every Ego. A slum child whose horoscope was exceptionally favourable, whose stars, with their different vibratory qualities, were harmoniously aspected, would be drawn away from the slums somehow, somewhen, somewhere, by reason of the wise and good intuitions which those stars were awakening and strengthening; while a high-born child, as the world reckons birth, whose horoscope was not so strong in dominating good qualities, might fall lower notwithstanding his superior material advantages. The influence of spirits, passed-on friends, whether good or bad, is a powerful influence to every Ego; especially when it is mediumistic or susceptible to impressions from this source. There is also the influence from the higher spirits, the angels of the Holy Spirit, the Christ-sphere, whose effluence is ever being carried earthward, directly and indirectly, through various channels—all of which counts, and contributes to the soul's impulsion upward or downward. And apart from this super, or higher, natural means to feed the soul is the education which it gains by its own arduous digging and experience, which are often as much a killing as a strengthening process. We are born in more ways than one, and all degrees and qualities of life act and react for a higher or lower effect as a wise or ignorant combination of parts is made.

'MERCURIAL.'



## Psychic Photography.

SIR,—What would be thought of a chemist who, after trying his first experiment in a new field of research, should presume to write to a scientific paper, and on the supposed result of that one experiment impugn the character and suggest deception on the part of an expert who had for nearly forty years been laboriously studying and working in the same direction? Yet that is practically what your correspondents writing over the signatures of 'C.' and 'Common Sense,' really do, while Mr. Fred Vaughan goes a step further and thinks he is quite competent to decide the matter without even seeing a single demonstration or apparently studying the subject.

Still, Mr. Boursnell is but enduring the fate of most pioneers; fortunately, however, he is continually being encouraged to go on with his mission by the numerous letters which he receives from grateful sitters who have gladly recognised the well-known features of dear ones 'not lost but gone before.' When he reaps his full reward, the spiritualistic world will wake up to the fact that it has greatly undervalued and treated with suspicion and neglect one of our most remarkable mediums, and the only exponent in this country of that rarest of psychic gifts, spirit photography.

Allow me here, sir, to thank you on his behalf for your kind and appreciative remarks published in a recent number.

It was in the year 1851 that he first began to be troubled by curious appearances on his negatives, which caused unpleasantness with his partner, who accused him of not properly cleaning the plates. Not knowing that he was being used by the unseen workers, and only comprehending the constant loss and irritation it entailed, it is not surprising that he relieved his feelings by some emphatic words. This apparently had the effect of driving away the venturesome operators, as for some years his business was carried on without complaint.

Then the mysterious markings again made their appearance, gradually developing into faces, and 'Philemon' announced himself as spirit helper and guide, but with a warning that the power would go if the medium allowed anyone else in the dark room. This reminds one of the solemn cautions sometimes given by the seers of old. All went well till one unfortunate day, when, being overpersuaded by some imperative sitter, he neglected the warning and suffered the penalty by the departure of 'Philemon.' But happily a sweet and lovely spirit, giving the name of 'Tulip,' kindly came to his aid, and ever since has been his guide, control and friend. Her advice is sought on all occasions: whether a sitting should be given, the proper focus, length of exposure, and sometimes as to the identity of the unseen sitter. Frequently, when the conditions were difficult, she has herself posed, so that the visitor should not be disappointed of a spirit picture.

Now our friend, Mr. Boursnell, being an old man, over threescore years and ten, with waning powers, and necessarily exceedingly sensitive, does not seek or even desire custom, as I understand that he refuses considerably more than half of his would-be sitters. It was only upon earnest solicitation that he was induced to reconsider his determination last year to retire. Is it surprising, then, that he declines to make every sitting a stringent test séance and be annoyed and psychically wounded by the emanations from suspicious strangers, filling up his wretchedly small dark room? Though clairvoyant and clairaudient, he cannot of course guarantee that any spirit visitors will appear, for frequently they are unable to manifest, not having learnt the way to do so; or it may be the sitter does not supply the necessary conditions. It would, no doubt, be better from a scientific point of view if several slides could be filled at first, but our friend has got used to one slide only and to have more (which he has tried) bothers and worries him, for it should be remembered that it is a séance and all the time he is more or less under spirit influence. Frequently during the forty sittings I have had, he has allowed me to fix the plate in the slide, and the result has been as satisfactory as usual, but once the sitter has taken his place before the camera, it is very desirable that the vibrations should be disturbed as little as possible, as anyone with a knowledge of materialisations will readily understand. A good test is to be accompanied by an independent clairvoyant, who can see those present, but the best evidence of all is to be able to recognise, as hundreds have done, the face of some loved one from the other shore. After Mr. J. Traill Taylor had conducted exhaustive experiments, both with stereoscopic and ordinary cameras, he came to the conclusion that the psychic figure was not formed by the lens at all, as he obtained some results without the plates being placed in a camera.

Now as to the fact that the same forms, sometimes identical in every detail, appear with different people, those who have studied the subject know that, while somewhat regrettable and annoying, it is of frequent occurrence and no evidence

whatever of fraud. Mr. Glendinning, in the course of his most valuable observations, was at one period almost haunted by Bishop William of Wykeham, who persistently appeared with different sitters, and always identically as before. The spirit friends can apparently make a kind of mould, and for them to resume it again is more easy than to crystallise their forms afresh; but on the other hand, one spirit, who must have possessed unusually magnetic powers, has been taken by Mr. Boursnell in four different positions during the same sitting.

Two years since my little niece, who has been frequently seen by clairvoyants, was taken with me, showing as at different ages, and the negatives were duly stored at home with my others.

Two or three weeks since my sister had a sitting, when, to her great delight, her daughter appeared twice, but exactly as when taken with me, showing that in some way, difficult for us to understand, she had preserved her form or psychic negative, for upwards of two years. At the same time a lady friend from Lancashire was pleased to receive a capital portrait of her grandfather, who subsequently stood by my side, showing both clearer and larger. This reminds me of an incident in 1900, when Mr. Boursnell said: 'There is an old gentleman here who says you have a painting of him at home in your dining-room, near a bookcase,' and this was followed by a capital likeness of my grandfather, wearing a white stock as in the portrait indicated.

Sometimes forms have been photographed under circumstances in which all of 'C.'s proposed precautions would have been useless, namely, without the intervention of a camera at all. Both Mr. Glendinning and Mr. Lacey have in their collections many examples of this curious phenomenon, the forms being apparently precipitated direct on to the plate, somewhat in the same way as oil paintings have been on to a canvas through the mediumship of Mrs. Best and others.

In reply to Mr. Vaughan, I have in my possession many pictures in which part of the spirit is darker than the background. No doubt the weird effect is somewhat added to by the form being generally, but not always, surrounded by an aura, which probably is necessary as a protection in the atmosphere of London, for not one of those taken in America shows it to the same degree: in fact, many are difficult to distinguish from ordinary photographs. Spirit pictures really cannot be judged by the rules applied to the ordinary art, for the spirit operators can and do produce effects which, from a photographer's point of view, would be impossible. I have had an engraved portrait reproduced exactly, except that the hat was quite altered. In another case I, as the sitter, do not appear at all, but an elderly lady, who seems to have stepped out of an oil painting, has taken my place. In others are veils of varying fineness, which give the negative the appearance of process work, like the one mentioned by Mr. Vaughan. Not long ago 'Tulip' said she would give me some flowers, and though the background was perfectly plain there came the representation of a flower garden. On careful comparison I found this to be in imitation, but infinitely finer and more beautiful, and with the addition of some birds, of a background which was rolled up and stored in the studio.

Dr. Theodore Hausmann, a well-known physician in Washington, who has been developing for many years, frequently sits alone in his room and photographs his spirit friends, and on one occasion his own double. His collection is naturally a wonderful one. With another gentleman have been taken the three Fox Sisters and their father.

Those interested in this fascinating subject are greatly indebted to those early experimentalists who, in the face of much cruel opposition, have boldly striven to give this evidence of the veil being lifted to a sneering and incredulous world.

The early history of spirit photography will always be associated with the names of Miss Houghton and Messrs. Burns, Boursnell, Duguid, Glendinning, Hudson, Mumler, Stainton Moses, and Traill Taylor. All honour to them.

H. BLACKWELL.

151, Queen's-road, N.

P.S. —Inquirers will find that 'The Chronicles of Spirit Photography,' 'The Veil Lifted,' and 'Unseen Faces Photographed,' which are all in the library of the Spiritualist Alliance, contain much valuable information on the subject.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'M. J. N.'—Your communication cannot be used as you do not give us your name and address.

'HENRY.'—Please send us your address, as we should like to write to you on the subject of your communication.

'Prof. J. SKOLA.'—We think the money would be ill-spent. You would learn nothing from the book of any practical value.