

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

An advertisement, in another column, announces the removal of Mr. J. Page Hopps to Kirby Fields, Leicester. Correspondents would do well to make a note of the address. We understand that Mr. Page Hopps is undertaking a great deal of work in the Midlands and the North of England, but hopes to be a good deal in London also, with a possibility of return there if urgent duties require.

Miss H. A. Dallas, through Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co., gives us a book full of light on 'Gospel Records interpreted by human experience,'—apparently a series of Discourses, on such subjects as 'The spiritual consciousness of Jesus,' 'Made like unto his brethren,' 'The temptation in the wilderness,' 'Christ's principle of education,' 'The choice of Judas,' 'The barren Fig Tree,' 'Demonic possession,' 'The resurrection of Jesus,' &c.

The writer, evidently, has a strong bias in favour of the Spiritualist's case and testimony, concerning which she says:—

There are thousands of brave true souls who are facing, with uncompromising and splendid sincerity, the tremendous issues of life and death. They are in deadly earnest; they want to be assured that this material universe is not the Alpha and Omega of existence; they want a faith that will bear the stress of the storm, when doubt and sorrow lower upon them; they want to find a scientific basis for the truths which their desires would fain embrace. The happier spirits who have already attained to certainty by spiritual communion ought to be the first to welcome any facts which can meet the needs of their brothers who are struggling out of darkness into light; they should take some trouble to acquaint themselves with these facts, carrying into their study of them the spiritual perception and aim which they themselves possess. Too often, however, they show lack of interest, and even contempt, for phenomena of this description, which seem to them astounding rather than significant. 'Cui bono?' is the question often asked. *Cui bono!* Who shall dare to say what may be the ultimate result in the eternal purpose which these perplexing and marvellous occurrences are intended to serve? If a human being had watched the process of development of the optic nerve, could he have guessed, when the differentiation of that nerve first began in some lowly creature in the dawn of the geological ages, that it was destined to evolve into an organ of such delicacy as the human eye, and to become the channel through which both the artistic faculty of a Raphael and the intellectual faculty of a Bacon should be nourished? We dare not guess at the answer to this question—*cui bono?*—which the future may bring. It suffices for the present to recognise that this psychic science is for many the destruction of the old

scientific materialism, and that the facts which are being discovered are a part of the Divinely created cosmos. If they are God's facts, they must have a meaning worth learning. God's servants should 'count it treason to let a truth slip.'

We are always indebted to exposers of actual frauds, but an 'exposure' wants defining. It is not sufficient to show how certain phenomena *might* be done, though that is useful enough in its way. There are doubtless many ways of doing most things, especially if one is not over scrupulous as to jugglery and untruth; but it is often forgotten that showing how a thing might be done is not equivalent to showing that a particular instance of it was so done. This is the Podmore fallacy. A given experiment may show that test conditions were unwittingly evaded by a dexterous operator; but that is not the same thing as showing that a desired result could be prevented if the test conditions were not evaded. We propose to stand by the fine old rule, as sensible as it is Scriptural: 'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.'

'The Occult Truth Seeker' again tries to convince us of the truth of reincarnation. Here is one of its muddles:—

This law of reincarnation proves the Infinite Wisdom, Infinite Purpose, Infinite Justice, Infinite Love and Infinite Mercy of that Supreme Being. If there were no reincarnation, God would be a cruel one, because of being not equitable in treating His creatures. For instance, if God should ordain that the souls of the insane, idiots, infants, children who died and did not reach maturity, should pass into eternity of reward, His action would be a gross injustice to the souls who were allowed to reach the point of maturity and remain long upon earth committing sins and iniquities. It would also be a gross injustice to the souls of the insane, idiots, and children, if God should commit them to punishment and doom. For His Infinite Justice, God laid the law of return, which necessitates the reincarnation of those souls, that they may live long enough upon earth either to accomplish the purpose of their coming here, or fail to do so. Then each soul would be treated according to its own actions.

But why assume the alternative, that God sends His insane, His idiots, and His little children to heaven or to hell? Why not assume that He sends them to the infirmary or to school? Why send them back here, to complete their education?

The writer's curious notion of 'equitable' is worth a passing thought. It treats God as a sort of paterfamilias who thinks it is his first duty to give every child the equal sixpence, and to leave each one the same amount in his will. But the all-diffused inner Life we call 'God' is not personal in His nature or in His dealings, as our earthly fathers are.

'The Theosophical Review' is a little satirical over Sir Oliver Lodge's scheme for endowing psychical research. It says:—

The Society for Psychical Research, under the presidency of

Sir Oliver Lodge, seems to be getting out of its 'vivisection' phase and recognising that the slaying of victims is not a scientific method of acquiring knowledge, but a reversion to the worship of the Moloch of ignorant prejudice. Having done its best in the past to discredit those who were the best scholars of things unseen, it is now endeavouring to establish a scholarship for the psychically endowed.

'The Theosophical Review' thinks that Sir Oliver Lodge's proposal 'should tend somewhat to soften the adamant wall of prejudice which still surrounds the so-called "leaders" of the medical faculty. In nervous and mental diseases almost everything can be done by means of curative mesmerism; and yet in this country the facts even of "hypnotism" have made almost as little impression on the "leaders" of the faculty as have the facts of the higher criticism on the bishops. We know of many instances where the orthodox specialists have come to the end of their resources, but, instead of calling in a more progressive colleague, those fogies of the old school have preferred to let their unfortunate patient pass from bad to worse, because, forsooth, their incompetency regarded the more hopeful method of their colleague as "quackery."'

Spiritualists and Theosophists indeed wonder at the slow advances of so-called scientific men in these matters: but this writer's suggestion concerning the Psychical Research Society is true of them also. Their motto seems to be:—

One step's enough for me.

'The Spiritual Quarterly,' for the second quarter of the year, is a serious number, suggesting the editor's confidence in the thoughtfulness of his readers. We specially welcome a brilliant little Paper by James Robertson on Andrew Jackson Davis. The other solid Papers are by Walter Howell and John Rutherford, on 'The relation of Mr. Herbert Spencer to Modern Thought,' and 'The Rational Idea of God: Spinoza's Conception,' both, of course, fragmentary, but acute and discriminating. Other contributions, on 'The first New England witch,' 'The Thought that leads,' the first part of a lecture by Mr. Leadbeater, on 'Telepathy and Mind-cure,' quoted from an American paper, and various notes, are all fresh and bright, on their varying planes.

Ursula N. Gestefeld, writing in 'The Exodus' of the three vital questions, 'What am I? Where am I? To what am I destined?' says:—

Those are the questions that are asked inevitably by everyone some day. The Bible answers them; yet they can be answered without reference to the Bible:—the logic of Cause and Effect answers every one of them. The Bible answers them by means of its allegory and its history.

What am I? The child of the Infinite God. I am the natural effect of a cause, by which what God is and what God does shall be made known.

Whence am I? I am from the Eternal. I look upon time, but I am in eternity.

To what am I destined? I am to know my own nature that images God. I am to know every one of its capabilities and powers. I am not only to know them, but I am to prove them. I am to fulfil the great destiny. I am to know God. More than that, I am to know that I know.

We do not work righteousness until we begin to answer these questions for ourselves, until we answer them according to the eternal principles that govern the answers. We may not be theologians. We may not be logicians. But everyone can see and feel 'God is my Father. God is love, not anger, nor hate. God loves His own. I have but to discover God. I have but to find the Love that is God. I have but to live according to it to bring God to manifestation in and through my life.'

The writer then proceeds to apply this to the healing of disease. It is goodness which gives power to do that, she suggests, because goodness brings into direct contact with the God-force which is at the instant command of righteousness. 'Every child of the Infinite Father is entitled to all that God has to give':—but there is only one way to the Fountain of Life.

A second and revised edition of 'The Gift of the Spirit' has been called for. Our readers will remember it, as a selection from the Essays of Prentice Mulford. It is published by Mr. Philip Wellby. The main thoughts in the book are not as novel as they were when it was first published, but they are still very instructive and fragrant, as expressions of Nature-worship and spiritual feeling.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

A meeting of Members and Associates of the Alliance will be held in the Regent Saloon, St. James's Hall (*entrance from Regent-street*), on the evening of

THURSDAY NEXT, APRIL 16th,

WHEN

MR. J. W. BOULDING

WILL GIVE AN ADDRESS ON

'WEIGHTS THAT HINDER US.'

The doors will be opened at 7 o'clock, and the Address will be commenced punctually at 7.30.

Admission by ticket only. Two tickets are sent to each Member, and one to each Associate, but both Members and Associates can have additional tickets for the use of friends on payment of 1s. each. Applications for extra tickets, accompanied by remittance, should be addressed to Mr. E. W. Wallis, Secretary to the London Spiritualist Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—Mr. Alfred Peters gives illustrations of clairvoyance at the rooms of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., every Tuesday, at 3 p.m. No one is admitted after three. Fee 1s. each to Members and Associates; to friends introduced by them 2s. each.

DIAGNOSIS OF DISEASES.—Mr. George Spriggs has kindly placed his valuable services in the diagnosis of diseases at the disposal of the Council, and for that purpose attends at the rooms of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, Charing Cross, W.C., every Thursday afternoon, between the hours of 1 and 4. Members and Associates who are out of health, and who desire to avail themselves of Mr. Spriggs's offer, should notify their wish in writing to the secretary of the Alliance, Mr. E. W. Wallis, stating the time when they propose to attend. No fee is charged, but Mr. Spriggs suggests that every consultant should make a contribution of at least 5s. to the funds of the Alliance.

MEETINGS FOR PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT.—Meetings are held once a fortnight in the rooms of the Alliance, at 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., for the encouragement, and direction, of the cultivation of private mediumship. The times appointed are from 4.30 to 5.30 p.m. on the same days as are announced for the Alliance addresses at St. James's Hall, as that arrangement, it is thought, will be the most likely to suit Members who live in the remoter suburbs. No person admitted after 4.30. The proceedings are under the direction of Mr. Frederic Thurstan, who has devoted much time to a special study of the subject. Any Member or Associate of the Alliance earnestly desirous of self-development is welcome to attend, and more especially any promising psychic. There is no fee or subscription.

TALKS WITH A SPIRIT CONTROL.—Arrangements have been made with Mrs. M. H. Wallis for a series of meetings at the rooms of the Alliance, at which pleasant and instructive talks may be had with one of her intelligent controls. These séances are held every Thursday, and commence at 3 p.m., prompt. The fee is one shilling each, and any Member or Associate may introduce a friend at the same rate of payment. Friends who desire to put questions would do well to bring them already written.

MADAME MONTAGUE'S RETURN.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA,

March 21st.

Hail! to all my friends, on this the first day of Spring—and may the young season of the year usher gladness and happiness into every heart and home!

My latest report is rather startling, and in order to make it comprehensive, I will preface it by that famous quotation from Bobbie Burns:—

'The best made plans of mice and men
Gang aft a-glee.'

This is so often true in our respective lives that the wise among us have concluded to work without settled designs—or decided expectations.

But to recapitulate. I left dear old England and my friends there in order to take a rest, and have a decided change. In the sense that repose is only found in new energies and activities, I have been successful in both directions, and have secured complete restoration. In fact it is now some time since I resumed work in the Dominion of Canada, and have introduced psychometry into Nova Scotia. I visited Quebec and Montreal last month, a distance of eight hundred miles from Halifax, making a host of friends, particularly in Montreal, where I had the privilege of meeting some advanced Spiritualists and Theosophists, among whom were two noted men, Colonel Ryan and Mr. J. Murphy. I returned saddened by the fact that so populous and active a centre as Montreal should have no organisation, and I hope that some of our enterprising mediums and speakers—particularly the latter—of the advanced schools may come over to establish a group and feed the hungry souls who are starving for spiritual food.

It is surprising how many people there are who only wait for an opportunity in order to show the keen interest they take in the psychic life and demonstrations. Mrs. Herbert Brookfield, of this city, a very charming English lady who was my fellow passenger a few years ago across the Atlantic, and who is one of the leaders in select social circles, opened the doors of her beautiful home, and, to enable me to meet the *élite* of the place, gave a delightful party, at which the chief feature was the introduction of psychometry. The family of the Governor, several members of the Nova Scotia Parliament, now in Session, the Consul of the United States, some of the superior officers of the regiments quartered in the place, and other distinguished guests, were present, and all manifested the liveliest interest in the proceedings. Seership was successfully demonstrated in several instances, and two cases of prevision were verified within a few days, which has so inspired the population that if I cared to stay I would have enough to do to keep my days active and useful.

The oldest and best families have welcomed me with great cordiality, nay generosity, and the two charming cousins, Mrs. Herbert and Mrs. S. Brookfield, who have exquisite homes, and are women of culture and great refinement, have made my stay pleasant in every way.

But I am homesick, dear friends! and I hope that you will not feel disgusted with my sudden resolution—which is that *I am coming home!* The ticket for California bought with your generous presentation I have in my possession, and will be made use of some time in the future.

But I am not looking westward just now, and my ambitions and aspirations are in an easterly direction. In haste I leave off, as the mail will not wait, and I follow very soon after.

FLORENCE MONTAGUE.

THOUGHTS ON INSPIRATION.

BY JOSEPH DE KRONHELM, PODOLIA, RUSSIA.

(TRANSLATED BY L. ROEMER.)

(Concluded from page 135.)

In the sixteenth century there lived in France, François Rabelais (1483-1553), surnamed the jolly curé of Mendon, because of his merry and most comical humour. He was a celebrated writer and the author of 'Gargantua and Pantagruel,' a satirical novel filled with hints of follies and extravagances. In this, which appeared in 1530, Rabelais spoke by Inspiration of rolling platforms which carry passengers to their destinations without effort. This recalls the rolling platform which was, as everyone knows, one of the attractions of the great Exhibition in Paris. Someone had, before Rabelais, named the rivers the walking ways, but the veritable invention of the rolling platform is in Rabelais' work, 'Gargantua and Pantagruel,' in the fifth volume. Rabelais, in speaking of the islands of the Odes, paints Pantagruel and his merry mariners in that pleasant country where the roads go by themselves. One does not ask his way, but simply inquires the destinations of the road, exactly as he who takes a passage at Lyons on the Rhone for Tarascon or Avignon.

Mark Twain, the celebrated humorist, had in an analogous fancy taken a cheap ticket for the descent of a glacier in Switzerland, but at the rate of speed attained since then one must have with it a certain amount of patience. In the meantime the rolling platform gains ground, as one sees Rabelais had by Inspiration predicted it in the sixteenth century.

I have already stated in my article 'Inspiration' ('LIGHT,' July 14th, 1900) that Roger Bacon, a man of science even before the scientific period, had by Inspiration predicted railways, steamboats, and automobiles, and I am bound to add, that by these predictions he caused himself to be looked upon as one who, by overwork, had lost his reason. But we see to-day that Roger Bacon, 'Doctor Admirabilis,' was not at all mad in speaking of these things but he was simply inspired, for all he predicted in the twelfth century has been accomplished to-day.

Francis Lord Bacon (1561-1626), the illustrious English philosopher, who is considered to be the father of experimental philosophy, was the author of several remarkable works, namely, 'Novum Organum,' 'Historia vite et mortis,' 'Atlantis nova,' &c. In his work 'Atlantis nova,' published in 1615, Lord Bacon predicted by Inspiration the submarine vessels which have quite lately been invented.

The Marquis of Worcester published in 1695 'The Century of Invention,' in which the calculating machine antedated the best invention of Babbage and he anticipated quick-firing guns, revolvers, armoured boats, torpedoes, and explosive shells.

Still earlier, the poet William Drummond, surnamed the 'Scotch Petrarch,' author of elegaic poetry, obtained patents with precise descriptions for a military and naval armament equal in perfection to the latest boats. This the poet William Drummond wrote doubtless under Inspiration. One can also cite here that Newton was outstripped by Shakespeare, who, a century before, spoke by Inspiration of universal gravitation in 'Troilus and Cressida,' which he published in 1602. The Dutchman Loewenhoeck discovered the extremely small organisms; his 'infusoria' were near relations to bacteria. Loewenhoeck predicted that the time would come when it would be recognised that a great many of the diseases had their origin in micro-organisms. Their connection with infectious illnesses has been only lately discovered by the French *savant*, Pasteur, and everybody quite legitimately gave him the glory, forgetting that Loewenhoeck had foreseen it by Inspiration.

For the present this is all that I have to say about Inspiration; but, as I have stated in the beginning, the goodness and mercy of God being infinite, the grounds are so vast that even a whole life would not be sufficient for their study. I should add, however, that Mr. T. Johnston has published an interesting article on anticipated inventions in 'Cassier's Magazine,' as has also Dr. Airelle in 'L'Indépendance Belge,' and it is from these that I have borrowed much in writing of new inventions that have been predicted by Inspiration.

ALWAYS SMILE.—Why do we not always smile when we meet the eyes of a fellow being? That is the true recognition which ought to pass from soul to soul constantly. Little children in simple communities do this involuntarily, unconsciously. The honest-hearted German peasant does it. It is like magical sunlight all through that simple land, the perpetual greeting on the right and on the left between strangers as they pass by each other, never without a smile. This, then, is the fine art of smiling, like all fine art, true art, perfection of art, the simplest following of Nature.—HELEN HUNT.

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MR. C. E. WILLIAMS.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY 'AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.'

I.

The account given recently in the columns of 'LIGHT' as to some experiences with this medium, and their suspicious and unsatisfactory nature, leads me to send you some notes of a series of séances at which I was present some twelve years ago, given by Messrs. Husk and Williams in the houses of some friends of mine, at four of which I was present. The arrangement made for the séances was that each of the circle should subscribe a certain sum and be present at six séances, which were to be held respectively in three private houses named. It was originally intended to hold them in four places, and my house was one of those selected, but circumstances connected with our family at that time prevented this original arrangement being carried out. At the date mentioned my experiences in Spiritualism had been confined entirely to sittings in the family circle with a medium selected for the purpose, and the phenomena associated with Messrs. Husk and Williams were entirely new to me. Prior, however, to beginning to investigate the science of psychology in a practical manner, in the winter of 1889, I had read a large amount of the best literature on the subject, and deemed myself to be conversant with some of the 'conditions' necessary to a successful materialisation séance, and also imagined that the gentleman who had arranged the series of séances would have brought together a harmonious and select company on each occasion. To all outward appearance we were select, and also harmonious enough in desiring to 'see something' and to hear the direct voice; but there were, in my judgment, far too many of us, and on being introduced to Mr. Williams I expressed to him the opinion that we could not expect much with such a crowd. So far as my recollection serves me there must have been from about twenty-five to thirty persons of both sexes closely packed round a table in the drawing-room of my friend's house where the first sitting was held. On the table were laid the fairy bells, some luminous cards reversed, and some pasteboard speaking tubes. The circle was formed by the members each placing the little finger of their hands in that of their next neighbour. There was no cabinet, and Mr. Husk sat at one end of the table and Mr. Williams at the other; their hands respectively held by well-known members of the circle, and communication of any kind between them being impossible, as the slightest movement would have been detected. The gas was then extinguished and we waited results, and they were certainly a long time in coming except that the circle was re-arranged by means of certain raps. After settling down finally and singing some hymns we waited a very long time without any result, until suddenly the piano at Mr. Husk's end of the room was played by an invisible operator. A friend of mine, who was sitting close to the piano, and near Mr. Husk—in fact I think he held one of his hands—informed me that no one broke the circle during the performance, and certainly Mr. Husk did not do so. Then the fairy bells, which had been rubbed with phosphorus, rose in the air and went floating round the room, playing some lively airs, going as high as the ceiling, and being visible to the circle. After a little while the pasteboard tubes were lifted off the table, at least they were heard rustling and disappeared so far as could be ascertained, and the deep hoarse voice of 'John King' was heard above the centre of the table. He addressed our host, whom he appeared to know very well, and said they would do what they could to demonstrate. Next followed the usual controls who appeared (I understand) at the circles held by the mediums in Lamb's Conduit-street at that time—'Ebenezer,' 'Uncle,' and 'Christopher.' Their voices were different in each case, and quite distinct, but the whole communications were of the most puerile description, worthy only of a penny gaff, and not of the nature of serious communications from the other world. 'Ebenezer' seemed to be the most gentle and intelligent of the communicators and made kind

inquiries of one or two of the sitters regarding the health of some of their friends who were not present and with whom Messrs. Williams and Husk had evidently sat before; but there was not the faintest shadow of 'illumination' to any of us—the whole communications, with the exception of 'John King's' 'God bless you,' frequently uttered, being 'clowning' and nothing more, and to me and the other member of the household who was present, the whole incidents of the séance was certainly not 'to edification,' and beyond the incident of the piano and the bells, the rustling and apparent disappearance for the time of the pasteboard tubes and then falling on the table when the voices ceased, the séance was pointless to a degree, while the voices might have been due to ventriloquism instead of spirit entities using the pasteboard tubes. Nothing else of a distinctive nature occurred, and after lasting over two hours the séance closed. So far as I could judge, the bulk of the sitters were not particularly delighted with the occurrences of the evening, and I know one of the circle who had had long experience of mediums, expressed her opinion to Mr. Williams that by this time he ought to have had better controls than a set of clowns, to which he replied with a shrug of his shoulders, 'Well, we have to take what comes, you know.'

I deal next with the second and third séances held during the same week.

(To be continued.)

'SEEKING THE TRUTH.'

Among those who are being daily attracted towards the consideration of the teachings of Spiritualism, it is interesting to note that there are many who are so drawn, not by idle and vulgar curiosity, or by the desire to see marvels performed in their presence, but by the fact of their having had some experience of their own which they can only explain by reference to some elevated or exceptional mental or spiritual state. Or it may be that their experience relates rather to the lack of real and abiding comfort to be derived from the older and more orthodox creeds, after they have outgrown their limitations, while on the other hand they are not prepared to deny the foundation of those creeds in some larger and more comprehensive truth, which at present they are not able to grasp. These two classes of inquirers appear to be well illustrated by the letters of 'Lucem Spero' and Kate Cording respectively, in 'LIGHT' for March 21st, pp. 137 and 143.

As Miss Cording desires a more practical and helpful reply than I, living at a considerable distance, can give, I will only say that I know that there are some, and believe that there are many, who, having left their former religious associations, and given up, as they thought, all connection with religion as marked out into confessions, creeds, sects, and folds, and having found themselves face to face with the question as to whether religion contained anything that was not the arbitrary product of man's imagination, have at length, after long 'wandering in the desert,' found themselves again nearing the religious idea, but this time on a higher plane, from which they look down upon the strife of creeds, and see far below them the little fences that man has raised to hedge off his personal view of Truth from that enjoyed by his neighbour. Such persons are now at the point reached by those who have conceived the always grand, but never original, idea of founding a universal religion, which shall sweep all creeds and churches into one Church Universal.

But a more penetrating view of mankind reveals the fact that, in a sense, each man needs a religion of his own, for there is one road by which he can approach the Centre, and only one; he must find it for himself, and not trust to his neighbour to find it for him; and all his struggles and doubts, even his despair, are but incentives to persevere in his quest. They are proofs that he has already set out on the search; and 'he that seeketh, findeth.'

These are high thoughts, and not every man can grasp their inward meaning. The answer to our other inquirer must be given at another time, and in a different key.

J. B. S.

AN EXPERIMENT IN PSYCHOMETRY.

My attention having recently been directed towards psychometrical readings, I venture to think the following narrative, having reference to mediæval times, may prove interesting to the readers of 'LIGHT.'

Last autumn I was presented with an old desk, the contents of which I had not time to investigate until Wednesday, March 11th, 1903. Among the miscellaneous collection of an old gentleman's store of relics, I found a few inches of time-worn linen. Something stayed my hand from condemning it to the flames with its close neighbours—broken wafers, and chips of sealing-wax—but it was not until a few hours after its discovery that the thought dawned upon me, 'Why not psychometrise this piece of old linen, and see if it cannot reveal something of its own history?'

And this was the story it told me :—

I had no sooner taken the linen in my hand than I seemed transported to Westminster Abbey. I was in some dark, stifling chamber, which I thought resembled a waxwork exhibition, for I beheld waxen figures, one of which I recognised as Queen Elizabeth, arrayed in velvet gown, ruff and jewels, and I appeared to be closely observing a lady's linen undergarment.

Next I looked upon a coffin, then upon an open hearse, then on crowds of people gazing upon a funeral procession which seemed to be slowly making its way from the direction of Whitehall. The men wore woollen hose and hats of the 'Tudor' period. The women had short skirts, with caps or coifs upon their heads.

I was again within the Abbey, in a small chapel, where I heard quaint music—instrumental music of a woodeny and reedy character—and my thoughts seemed to be centred upon the death of a youth.

Next I saw the Tower of London. I passed over Tower Green and entered that small State room of the Beauchamp Tower where so many names are cut into the walls. And I looked upon a man in a black gown and ruff. His face was thin and oval, his hair iron grey and short, his forehead high and narrow, his hands singularly long and white, with finely-shaped nails. He was reading a book. The writing, which was clear and black, was upon vellum, many of the capital letters being of rich and varied colours. He was a learned man, a scholar. He put his hand within his chest and withdrew a cross and beads, which I saw him kiss. He seemed grievously troubled about some death, for he breathed a prayer, his left hand outstretched as though directing his utterances towards the White Tower.

Another scene passed before me. It was a dark night. I saw the river and a small boat or barge, and a man with a flaring torch who slipped a rope from a ring or staple in the wall, and rowed towards London Bridge.

From thence I went to Cheapside, where the houses reminded me of scenes from old plays. I was in a shop—a mercer's—where two ladies were making a purchase. I distinctly heard the words 'Brittany' and 'Saxony,' and wondered vaguely if the linen they were examining came from either country. Both ladies appeared to be troubled, but not heart-broken.

I went again to the Tower and looked into that round chamber in the small tower where the Regalia and State jewels are now exhibited. Women in long and clinging woollen garments were sewing and talking amid a general atmosphere of gloom, indicative of a national sorrow rather than a personal one. Then I went into a cold, dark chamber, pungent with the odour of vinegar and strong smelling herbs, and I shuddered as if brought into sudden contact with a dead body.

The scene changed, and I looked again upon a waxen figure lying in state upon a car, with an assemblage of people looking on.

Next I seemed to be in a recess or vault in Westminster Abbey, where the organ's sonorous music reached me in muffled tones, and where women appeared to be arranging and shaking dusty garments, for I sneezed violently, choked with the dust of centuries, and my lips tasted of camphor, sandal wood, and ancient preservatives of whose names I was ignorant. And with the dust came pictures of historic scenes so fast upon me that I could only watch them flit before my eyes. I could not hold them long enough to describe them. These living pictures faded away, having left a most vivid impression upon my mind that this piece of old linen I held had once formed a tiny portion of the undergarment of a Royal personage, from whence it had been transferred to a waxen effigy.

A simple and pleasing lesson in English history having thus

been learned, I began questioning the validity of the scenes I had witnessed, for my knowledge of Westminster Abbey was (I regretfully acknowledge) confined solely to my brief *annual* visit to Charles Dickens' grave, on February 7th.

Upon making inquiries, however, I was informed that these waxen images were actually in existence at the Abbey though not generally exhibited, and also that it was once the fashion to have the waxen effigy of a deceased king or queen borne in state through the city.

Two points having been thus satisfactorily settled, I next wrote the old gentleman who had presented me with his desk :—

March 12th, 1903.

'DEAR MR. F.,—In looking through the desk you so kindly gave me, I came across a small piece of old linen. Could you tell me, please, if there be any historical interest attached to it, and from whence it originally came ?

Yours sincerely,

'EDITH HAWTHORN.'

To this I received the following reply :—

March 16th, 1903.

'DEAR EDITH,—You are quite correct in your guess ; there is some historical interest attached to the little bit of linen, but what it is I do not recollect. It belonged originally to my sister (deceased) by whom it was much prized, as she obtained it from someone connected with *Westminster Abbey* !

Yours sincerely,

'G. F.'

I shall be extremely grateful if any of your readers can help me by suggesting as to when this quaint ceremony of parading the waxen effigy of a deceased monarch was abolished, and by whom ?

EDITH HAWTHORN.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

I have read the letters of your numerous correspondents in reference to spirit photographs, but am compelled to confess that they have failed to remove the difficulties to which I drew attention in my communication to 'LIGHT' of January 10th last.

As there must be dozens, if not hundreds, of these photographs in the hands of readers of 'LIGHT,' I think that if a large number of them could be got together and placed on exhibition at 'LIGHT' Office, it might then be possible for those of your readers who are experts to examine and compare them. With your permission, Sir, I would, therefore, invite *all* those who possess spirit photographs—especially those which are *recognised*—to forward them to your care, accompanied whenever possible with a photograph taken in life of the recognised spirit, so that a large collection can be made and exhibited. I would suggest that each photograph should have written on the back (or should be accompanied by) the name and address of the owner to facilitate its return when done with, and also the name of the photographer, the date (as nearly as can be given) on which it was taken, and such other particulars regarding it as the owner may think fit to supply. It seems to me that our aim ought to be to ascertain the truth regarding these perplexing pictures, and if this suggestion is taken up heartily and acted upon by a large number of your readers, it will, I feel assured, assist in the elucidation of some at least of the problems which trouble so many truth-seekers, including

PERPLEXED.

[The suggestion of our correspondent appears to us to be a good one. We shall be pleased to take charge of any photographs that may be submitted to our care and promise that they shall be safely returned.—ED. 'LIGHT.']

MR. W. EMMETTE COLEMAN.—In a recent issue the 'San Francisco Chronicle,' California, U.S.A., stated that Mr. William Emmette Coleman last year gave 3,200 of his books to the Free Public Library of that city, and that he intends to give the remainder, some 20,000 volumes, to the reading public. Mr. Coleman is an advanced and earnest Spiritualist, and many of his books deal with that subject.

OFFICE OF 'LIGHT,' 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
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EARTH'S EASTER MORNS.

What is really the vital fact about Easter morning? The usual answer, of course, is,—The Resurrection of Christ. But what is the vital fact about *that*? Time out of mind the reply has been,—The vital fact about the Resurrection of Christ is the uprising of the crucified body from the sepulchre, and its appearance to the disciples. Is it? Thus stated, the imagined 'vital fact' at once arouses doubts, and marshals difficulties. For one thing, it has always suggested the doubt whether Jesus actually died. That is inevitable. It is infinitely easier to believe that Jesus survived his crucifixion than that a body actually dead should be restored to life and be re-tenanted by the spirit.

Besides, a bodily resurrection would defeat its own end, if the end aimed at were a demonstration of survival after death. A demonstration of survival after death would, above all things, require getting rid of the body. So long as the so-called resurrection were entangled with the body at all, just so long would it be ineffectual, or only problematical. The one thing that is *not* wanted is a bodily resurrection, for that only shuts us all out, as we know that *our* bodies do not rise again: and reason says they never will. Hence, the body of Christ is fatally in our way.

Besides, if we give Christ back his earthly body, it can only be to make it tremendously in his way as well as ours. It leaves him with it as his 'ascension body.' But what actually was the 'ascension'? It was surely not a dynamic or astronomical change of place; it could only have been a cessation of visibility, and retirement into the spirit-sphere. But how could that be if the physical body clothed him? Flesh and blood cannot pass beyond the veil, neither can corruption inherit incorruption. The physical body is cruelly in the way when we think of entrance into real spirit-life. It may indeed be said that the physical body of Christ was made to undergo the necessary change, but that practically dissipates it, and it certainly would have enormously simplified matters if the resurrection had been spiritual only, and if special pains had been taken to demonstrate that the body had *not* risen, and that the spirit was independent of it.

We conclude, then, that the vital fact of the Resurrection of Christ is precisely that which lies at the very heart of our testimony,—that the physical body is indeed only 'the muddy vesture of decay,' and that the liberated spirit, in entire independence of it, can, under conditions, appear on the plane of visibility, to demonstrate its separate life. It

is this, and this alone, that can make the Resurrection of the slightest value to us. What we want to have evidence of is spirit-life beyond physical death, and evidence of spirit life in connection with one of our kind. If Christ can give us this, he can or will be unspeakably precious to us; but the more effectually he gives us this, the more he brings others in. Then all his delightful sayings concerning the unseen, and all his loving promises, are transferred to our own dear ones; and what he said they may say, even as what he did they may do. 'I go to prepare a place for you,' he said, 'and I will come again to you and receive you unto myself.' That is all beautifully plain when we come into the sunshine of the true Easter morn, and see the radiant spirit-Christ, triumphant over his murderers, his cross, his sepulchre and his body. Then we can look beyond and around him, and see, with the eyes of faith, that mighty multitude which no man can number,—all preparing the way for the pilgrims of earth and time, all waiting for us, all ready to receive us when we go. This is the vital fact about the Resurrection, which makes it indeed 'Good News.'

A glorious symbol this of all Earth's Resurrection morns; for, in truth, Resurrection is the law of all life, of all evolution, even for seas and hills and cliffs and sands. Nothing is finally stagnant, nothing dies, nothing exists unchanged. All march on through countless transformations, and from life to life, not from life to death. The history of the earth's crust is a history of resurrection after resurrection, and to higher and more complex harmonies.

The history of Man is the history of a colossal education, with innumerable advances through rougher and fiercer forms of life. The history of all human Institutions is the history of human risings and fallings and resurrections in the struggle for freedom, for unity, for expression, for fuller life. The history of Religion itself is the history of the birth and death of innumerable hopes and fears, but with a 'sure and certain hope' of a resurrection to higher things; and that resurrection, towards a saner heaven and a kinder God, never fails for long.

So, then, our Easter morn is all aglow with hope, in spite of earth-born clouds and chills, in spite of our wrecks and ruins, and, worst of all, our cold and unbelieving hearts.

Day has awakened; from her bosom fair
She casts the robe of night, and proudly stands
In sunny radiance; her rosy hands
Fling showers of golden gladness through the air.
Hark! 'tis the morning song of Easter-tide!
The voices of the earth and air and sea
Join in a resurrection jubilee,
And stones cry out upon the mountain side.

Why are the elements with gladness rife?
Why swings the earth to greet the risen day?
The ever-moving, onward pulsing life
Springs up to meet the light, and will for aye;
For light makes life, and darkness brings decay.
Arise, thou Light of Light! thou Perfect Day!

ETHERIC VIBRATIONS.—In an article in a recent issue of the 'Daily News' the writer asked: 'Is it going too far to conjecture that a time may come when thought, diffusing itself through etheric vibrations, will be liable to interception and translation at many points? In this way, possibly, criminals plotting robberies may, all unconsciously, be revealing their designs to Scotland Yard; while Cabinet Ministers devising important State measures, and millionaires scheming to "corner" some necessary of life, may find it expedient to meet in specially constructed chambers, through whose walls no brain-waves can pass.'

SPIRITUALISM AND PUBLIC OPINION.

BY JOHN B. SHIPLEY—GENEVA.

The present moment seems a fitting time for (as it were) taking stock of the position of Spiritualism before public opinion, which has been roused to attention by several events within the present year, as yet but little more than three months old. Among these are the discussions on Mr. Podmore's book, and on the still more remarkable one which embodies the life-work of the late Mr. Myers; the latter more valuable than its rival because more constructive and affirmative.

And here I would remark that some caution is needed in appraising the value, or rather the tendency, of the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Myers. I have read various reviews of his book, although I must confess, to my sorrow, that I have not had the chance to peruse the work itself. These reviews range from the opinion that nothing is advanced beyond mere surmise, to the recognition of the virtually final demonstration of all that Spiritualists postulate as essential to their view of life and reality. The reviewers of the former category caught at every word that sounded like 'not proven,' and left the reader to infer that after all Mr. Myers goes little if any further than Mr. Podmore, the chief difference being that he does not contemptuously brush away, in the Podsnappian manner, everything that might 'bring a blush to the cheek of the young person' who could see nothing but evil in spirit-return.

The best exposition of Mr. Myers' position which I have seen, being in fact a summary, authorised by the publishers, of the main conclusions of the book, as far as possible in the very words of the author, is that contained in the 'Review of Reviews' for March, where it is spoken of as 'not merely the book of the month, or the book of the year,' but as deserving 'to be considered the book of our time.' The quotations given leave no room for doubt that the guarded utterances of a truly scientific man have a very different signification from that usually assigned to them by unscientific reviewers. The genuinely scientific mind is in fact absolutely candid with regard to the degree of proof of which a given hypothesis is susceptible. Outside of mathematics, science rarely admits proof as final. Nor does it demand that absolute proof of the validity of any hypothesis be furnished. All it asks is that a new theory, before being adopted as a 'working hypothesis,' shall fit the phenomena observed, and explain them more clearly and logically than any other. On such grounds science adopted, but only provisionally, the atomic theory, the undulatory theory of light, and that of universal gravitation. But science has now come to admit that the atomic theory is only true relatively to more complex forms, seeing that the atom is not the ultimately minute form of energised matter. The undulatory theory of light has never been absolutely proved, and has been thought to be called in question by recent discoveries in radiant forces. Universal gravitation is now known to be only valid as far as what Lord Kelvin calls 'gravitational matter' extends, with the consequent admission that there is something which must be considered as matter, yet is not acted on by gravity.

Well, since the three most fundamental laws of physical science are only provisional, only hypotheses of apparent relative validity, why should scientists consider that they have the right to insist that in spiritual science, where exact proof is even less capable of being given, a degree of proof should be afforded that is not expected or aimed at in material science, which has, moreover, the powerful aid of mathematical analysis as an engine of research? And why are we not allowed to claim 'spirit return' as a working hypothesis worthy of the same respect that is claimed for the undulatory theory of light, seeing that it explains in an intelligible manner phenomena which the 'animist' and 'subliminal' philosophy can only explain by the most roundabout theories? These theories involve far-fetched suppositions infinitely less probable than the plain and simple deduction that telepathy, admitted as possible between incarnate entities, can also take place when one of them is in a position of greater freedom, and therefore with greater power to make its influence felt.

I have said, and say again, that it is as unscientific to treat all phenomena as products of the individual mentality, in default of absolute proof to the contrary, as it would be to treat all as evidence of spirit return. In other branches of science, when two or more alternative possible causes are presented, a given phenomenon is referred to the one by which it can be most naturally and logically explained. This position, I am glad to see, is fully taken up by Mr. Myers, who finds 'that the evidence for communication with the spirits of identified deceased persons . . . is established beyond serious attack.' The paragraph in the 'Review of Reviews' article from which these words are taken, is headed: 'A frank admission of conversion,' and every 'Great British Philistine' or other irresponsible scribbler, in the 'Daily Telegraph' or elsewhere, about 'perverse and insane . . . men of science,' should be forced to learn it by heart before again putting pen to paper.

From these intermediaries, who place before a waiting public their own version of the conclusions of scientific men, we pass to the public itself, which by this time feels itself in a 'parlous state' of uncertainty as to where its allegiance is owing. Scarce a day passes without reference being made in the daily Press to the supra-normal in some form—to dreams, suspended animation, séances, planchette, popular superstitions, attempted witchcraft, in all parts of the world, in courts and in cottages; or again, to occultism, transcendentalism, to the proofs of ancient wisdom underlying familiar tradition, or to the claims of this or that person to represent the Logos by reincarnation. Suggestion and will-power are becoming increasingly popular themes with the novelist and short story writer. Whatever gospel Spiritualism may have for the world, the world is fast ripening to receive it; such an attitude of expectancy has scarcely been seen since the people 'went out for to see—a prophet, yea, and more than a prophet.'

'CONCENTRATION.'*

This, the fourth and concluding volume of the well-known 'Ars Vivendi' series has reached a second and enlarged edition. It is the object of the series to present, or rather outline, the science and art of human development. Man is regarded as having latent potentialities capable, by appropriate methods, of raising him from a condition of suffering and unsuccessful endeavour to one of health, happiness and prosperity. The three great factors by which this can be accomplished are Will, Imagination, and Concentration. To each a separate volume has been assigned wherein the nature and scope are considered and hints given for practical utilisation. Concentration, we are told, implies a self-centring—a bringing to a sharp point. It may be either objective or subjective; the former gives mastery over the phenomenal world, the latter gives entrance to the spiritual world—to the kingdom of heaven within. Each is to be practised, care being taken to harmonise the two, as excess in either direction is fatal to perfect development. The chapters dealing with this phase of the subject are full of suggestive thoughts and pertinent illustrations. We have also a useful presentment in English of the Yoga Aphorisms of the Indian sage Pantanjali, with numerous illuminating notes.

'Concentration' strikes us as a stimulating and helpful little work; it is the author's endeavour to get at the root of things and he does not hesitate at times to exhibit a healthy contempt for all that savours of narrow-mindedness or conventionalism.

A. B.

* 'Concentration.' By ARTHUR LOVELL. Simpkin and Marshall, or Office of 'LIGHT.' Price 2s. 3d. post free.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be glad for the correspondence in regard to Mr. C. E. Williams's mediumship to be now brought to a close. We have allowed his friends to speak their minds freely, though they have for the most part, as we think, mistaken the issue. The fact of Mr. Williams's mediumistic gifts has not been disputed.

'W. O.'—As you will see by Mr. W. J. Colville's advertisement, he is announced to give a lecture in the rooms of the Alliance on the 15th inst. Beyond that we have no information.

'THE EVIDENCE FOR TELEPATHY.'

Our attention has been called to an article, over the signature 'C. W. Saleeby,' which appeared in 'The Academy' of March 14th. We quote the following extract:—

'Since the protagonist of telepathy must prove that his results are beyond probability, Sir Oliver's paper, to take an instance, in Part II. of Vol. II. of the Society's "Proceedings," is simply valueless. Let me quote: "In proceeding to the details of the actual experiments, it would take far too long to recount the whole—failures as well as successes; I shall only describe a few from which a more or less obvious moral may be drawn." From a selected few, of course, no moral may be drawn—or certainly not the moral intended. When I asked a representative and official supporter of telepathy how he accounted for failures, he said (I copy the words from my notebook, for they were too good to trust to memory), "Well, it's exactly the same—mind, I don't say that there's the slightest analogy, but it's exactly the same as if you had twenty Marconi instruments all going at once across a given area." No comment on the contradiction in terms is needed. And it will be seen that some form of hypothesis is inevitable. Naturally enough, it takes the form of brain-waves, though Sir Oliver says I must not attribute any such hypothesis to him. Mr. Podmore, I believe, has suggested some form of ether-wave. Certainly to those who know nothing of the physiology of the grey surface of the brain, the "cortex cerebri," and who imagine that it acts by means of waves, ethereal or other, some such hypothesis may appear tenable. I may here say that electrical waves pass between less and more excited portions of the brain as they do in muscle or, indeed, as Dr. Bose has shown, in carrots or in tin. The relation of these waves to thought is entirely accidental. Changes in the nerve-cells, especially in their nuclei, are, however, to be found associated with thought, with fatigue, and with sleep, and well worth pondering over they are. Recently it has been shown that Hertzian waves may affect the brain of the cat; it would be very surprising if they did not; and the effects of thunderous weather in causing headache and the like may be so explained. This, as briefly as possible, is all that is at present known about brain waves. And at this point I may quote—it speaks for itself—an opinion about crystal-gazing in a lecture which Sir Oliver has sent me, and by which he may therefore be assumed to stand. "It is possible that the clairvoyant is responding to some unknown world-mind of which he forms a part." Similarly, when I suggested to my informant quoted above that the brain was the organ of mind, and that before one was qualified to experiment or to express opinions upon the action of that organ, he must study its structure and action in health, must observe it in gross disease and in hysteria, and must then study it for at least three months in a lunatic asylum, he asked, "Can you say that the brain is the only organ of mind?" Well, of course I cannot. Neither can I say that there may not be some obscure corner of the universe wherein the law of gravitation does not act. But if facts were laid before me which suggested some defiance of established law, I should attempt to find some simpler explanation before I was prepared to recant my belief in that law. So in dealing with the occult, we must follow Sir William Hamilton's Law of Parsimony, and seek for the simplest explanation, which is the explanation that does not contradict ascertained knowledge, before saying that the brain is not the only organ of mind or that gravitation does not act everywhere.

'The most successful experiments recorded were made by Professor Sidgwick in 1889. To these, as crucial, my attention has been specially directed. The "percipients" were hypnotised and guessed numbers at which the "agent," Mr. Smith (the hypnotiser), was gazing. When the two were in the same room the results were 131 successes out of 644; when in different rooms 9 successes out of 228. The figures chosen ranged between 10 and 90, and a success was counted whether the figures were given in the right order or reversed. The results are far above probability when the two were in the same room. Having carefully studied the account of the experiment, with the conditions as far as they are stated, and with the accompanying conversation, I record my opinion that these experiments prove nothing. I am not going to consider here the possible explanations—such as unconscious whispering, &c.—of the results. I can only say that I believe the Society for Psychical Research has not established telepathy as an experimental fact; that, even if it be a fact, the Society cannot hope to prove it until its members have completed courses in a psycho-physiological laboratory (and that means some years in simpler laboratory work first); and that, meanwhile, it is more than doubtful whether they are not fostering credulity and

superstition with all the innumerable and often terrible evils to which the boards of the Regent-street sandwich-men, the advertisements in fashionable papers, the Law Courts, and the experience of every one of us bear implicit or explicit witness.'

The following bit of satire was sent to 'The Academy' in reply, but naturally enough it was not inserted:—

SIR,—I fear the 'Academy's' contributor, C. W. Saleeby, in his article on 'The Evidence for Telepathy,' shows himself too credulous in many things. I am still more sceptical in certain matters than he.

For instance, I am not *at all sure* that I am what people believe me to be, *i.e.*, myself. It has not been proved to my satisfaction so far. In fact, my doctor—a shrewd man enough—told me flatly the other day that I was *not* myself, which is hard to get over. Who I am is another matter. Modest, if sceptical to a fault, I don't *believe in myself*, you see. I fancy Mr. C. W. Saleeby does.

Again, I don't regard it as *proved* that I have a head. I have frequently been told by those who ought to know that I have no head at all. Folk are so credulous now a-days, and by hasty generalisations they jump to the conclusion that they have heads on their own shoulders. I am wiser and do not. Does not this *very* fact point to my having none?

I am not *sure* again that dogs bark. It *may* be the bark of a tree, you see. Even when I see and hear a dog barking how can I be *sure* a ventriloquist is not concealed near? Alas! two things I *own* to believing in, *i.e.*, the dentist and the tax-collector.

Mr. Saleeby thinks naturally that telepathy 'is a far-fetched thing.' I agree with him there too. But far-fetched things are or seem *sometimes* real! My arrowroot to wit! though I *own* that this arrowroot *may* be only an *impression*. I cannot *prove* its real existence, though I am, alas! credulous enough in *this* case to *suspect* it. I *hope* Mr. Saleeby will not scorn me for my credulity.

F. B. DOVETON.

'OUT OF THE BODY.'

With reference to Dr. G. Wyld's communication, published in 'LIGHT,' p. 34, of last January, and the communication of 'S. G.,' p. 99, 'LIGHT,' of February 28th, permit me to send you particulars of what I experienced relative to the phenomenon of seeing the spiritual body.

One night my spirit, freed from the trammels of the flesh, saw my physical body lying asleep on my bed. My body was luminous, my head and brain particularly so. I could see that my physical eyes were firmly closed in sleep. My spirit could clearly discern that the atmosphere surrounding my physical body was also luminous and seemingly phosphorescent. The thought flashed through my brain, 'How wonderful!' Which brain operated to produce this thought (for the spirit is the exact counterpart of the body) I could not judge, whether it was the physical or spiritual. It might have been a joint production. Now followed the strangest part of the phenomenon. I distinctly saw with my physical eyes (though still fast asleep) my spirit standing above and near me, clad in its spiritual dress, which shimmered and shone like the iris-coloured light to be seen reflected in the rays from the diamond or in that beautiful rainbowed flame of the electric light. The next moment I lost spiritual consciousness, and my spirit had entered its tenement of flesh. I opened my physical eyes in the dark.

On another occasion, when asleep, my physical eyes were opened clairvoyantly to behold my own spirit approach me. I had time to study my spiritual surroundings. My spirit was clothed in a very bright luminous dress (somewhat like the golden brightness of a white gas globe when the gas flame is lighted and the light is burning) that covered the spirit form entirely, falling in graceful folds to the feet. I saw my face beautified and glowing with a golden light, noted even the rose flush on my cheeks and the colour of my eyes. My 'double' pointed to an open window which I saw for a moment near my head. It was intended to convey a warning to me, which I fully understood. The next moment I awoke, to open my eyes in the dark.

Now in both these cases I was fully able to note my physical personality through the personality of the spirit. The spirit face, luminous and bright, lit up with the golden light

that evidently dwelt within the spirit frame, showed my physical likeness. I saw the physical body with the spiritual eye, and also the spiritual body through the physical eye, spiritually opened.

Whether what I saw was a reflection of the spirit in or through the physical brain I was not able to decide, but I am perfectly certain that on both these occasions I saw my spirit form beautified, and standing near me in the air, ready to enter its earthly shell. These and many other personal experiences have fully convinced me of the truth of the after-life.

I learn from this and other experiences the following truths :—

1. That with some mortals the spirit can separate itself from the body, and does leave it for other duties when the body needs rest and sleep occurs.

2. That the spiritual eyes can be opened to be able to see surrounding objects not touching the physical body.

3. That the spiritual eye can be opened when the physical eye is closed, and yet be able to see the approaching spirit.

Whether in either of these cases the optic nerve is brought into play or the brain used by the spirit, I am not able to judge.

ERNEST A. TIETKENS.

Biskra, Algeria.

CLEAR CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

The following is an unadorned account of a case of clairvoyance in which the visual faculty of the subject can be regarded as dependent upon telepathy, &c., only by an acrobatic feat of the imagination.

Mrs. K., a clairvoyante, whom I employed for diagnostic and general purposes, had the almost unique power of finding any given address in any part of the world without the aid of an object connected with such address; and this was the more remarkable as her education was of the most meagre and elementary description.

A Miss H. called upon me desiring information respecting some relatives who, many years previously, had gone to Australia, and of whom for years she had heard nothing. She mentioned a village near one of the large towns as their latest known residence; and as Miss H. was a total stranger to both Mrs. K. and myself, we could possess no information that would afford a clue or supply a basis upon which Mrs. K. could work. She must depend solely upon her faculty of finding localities.

I 'sent her' to Australia, which she reached in safety, though not without complaining of the roughness of the water and showing symptoms of sea-sickness. She found the large town, and presently the satellite village. Hunting about for a few minutes she found a house which, by some occult process, she identified as the one sought for. She described it as a large house surrounded by very large trees. She entered the house and found the family at 'breakfast' (it was evening with us). In number the family were seven. (This was unknown to Miss H. herself.) After various unimportant remarks, Mrs. K. exclaimed in tones of great astonishment, 'Oh, what a queer room! it's like a music shop!' She found, in the room adjoining the breakfast room, a large assortment of musical instruments—piano, organ, violins, &c., instruments on the floor, on chairs, and hanging upon the walls. To Mrs. K. the whole interest of the adventure seemed to centre in this room, not because she was of musical tastes, but because a room in a private house was so 'like a music shop.' Nothing further of special importance was discovered.

Now, what could be said? Was all this definite information, so precise and striking, but the 'baseless fabric of a dream'? Neither our visitor nor I could say; we were equally in ignorance of the real facts of the case. There, as I supposed, the matter ended; but there was more to follow. Some few months later Miss H. called upon me with a bundle of panel photographs. She had written off to this same Australian village. The family still resided there, and had increased in number to seven. Their home was a large house amidst very large trees. They were all musical, and each played one or more instruments, and had one room devoted to the purpose.

And to clinch the whole matter, she showed me photos of the house, trees, music room and family.

I have seen much of clairvoyance, but can remember nothing so sharply defined, so fully verified down to every detail; nothing that demonstrates so completely the possible independence of the faculty of extraneous aids.

Manchester.

G. H. Lock.

'OUR PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE.'

We quote the following from the 'Westminster Gazette':—

'OUR PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE.'

There is an interesting contribution on this subject in the April 'Commonwealth' by Sir Oliver Lodge. He says it may be regarded from some points of view 'as a kind of accident or a remarkable occurrence that the human race exists at all; for at one period a very little would have sufficed to blot it out.' On the question whether other planets are inhabited Sir Oliver observes :—

'I think we may say we know that the moon is not: any life there may once have been on it appears now to be extinct; its whole surface looks dead and inert. We sometimes think that the planet Mars is inhabited. Perhaps it is: but I venture to think that on the whole it is most probable that we are at the present time the only intelligently inhabited planet in the Solar System.'

If we visit a planet, chosen at random, we shall find it either in the labour of preparation or in the state of rest after activity. If the earth has been inhabited for only one out of two hundred million years, it may be conjectured, Sir Oliver Lodge says, that there is a chance of only one in two hundred in favour of any other planet chosen at random being similarly inhabited.

'AN ENTIRE MYSTERY.'

Sir Oliver Lodge makes it plain that he is speaking of the planets of the Solar System only, 'not of the myriads of other planets surrounding the stars in the immensities of space.' As to how life originates on the planets science is ignorant at present. 'It is an entire mystery.' But, Sir Oliver goes on to say :—

'I do not think it will always remain a mystery, nor would I have a theologian shaken in his views if science should discover something about the nature and origin of life. I want you to realise that this process of evolution is not a process which negatives or excludes the idea of Divine activity. It is, I venture to say, a revelation to us of the manner of Divine activity. It is the way the Deity works. The attempt to show that evolution is unguided—that it is the result of absolute chance—fails. What is pointed to is not unguided, random change, but guided change. The other could not be done in the time.'

The process of evolution—'the method of Divine working'—has always been the same. 'It is going on continually, and those who welcome the appearances of Divine activity must realise that they should see it now, and they must not look for it in the past alone.'

WHAT MAN HAS TO REALISE.

What we have to realise in regard to our place in the universe is that 'we are intelligent, helpful, and active parts in the cosmic scheme':—

'We are among the agents of the Creator. One of the most helpful ideas is co-operation—helping one another. And this is an idea which I think the human race has, of late, grasped more and more—in such wise as it was not known to the ancients. We are here only for a short time. We have an unknown destiny before us. It is my belief that we do not cease to exist—that our destiny is enormous. If we believe this we cannot fail to realise the privilege and the responsibility of existence.'

If things are to improve they must, adds Sir Oliver Lodge, be improved by our agency. 'The Deity does not manage the world without us, but with us.'

THE 'FRAU ROTHE' CASE.

A valued correspondent kindly sends us a very able review and criticism of the trial and conviction of 'Frau Rothe.' It does not reach us, however, in time for this week's issue, but we hope to publish it in our next.

SOUND AND COLOUR.

'The Mysteries of Sound and Number,' by S. H. Ahmad, to which 'A. B.' draws our attention in 'LIGHT' of March 21st, suggests my sending you the following, as illustration of the mystery of 'Sound and Colour' likewise: since any evidence touching on the law of vibration—that rules every known realm, as 'correspondences' in the great Unity—cannot fail to interest those studying this interesting subject:—

E. J.

MUSIC IN COLOUR.

'At the end of the last century, Castel, an ingenious French clergyman, invented an instrument resembling a piano-forte, for arranging colours. He supposed that the seven prismatic colours corresponded to the seven tones of music. Accordingly, he composed a gamut after the following fashion: C was represented by blue; C sharp, by sky-blue; D, pea-green; D sharp, olive-green; E, yellow; F, pale yellow; F sharp, orange; G, red; G sharp, crimson; A, purple; A sharp, light purple; B, dark blue; the octaves of each note repeating lighter tints of the same colour. The inventor undertook by this means to make all the colours appear, either successively or in pleasing combination, for the amusement of those persons to whom Nature had denied the sense of hearing, by procuring agreeable sensations to the eye similar to those created by melody and harmony.'

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.

The Mystery of the Phonograph.

SIR,—I read with great interest the article on 'The Mystery of the Phonograph,' by the late Mr. Richard Harte, but I fail to see where there is any mystery in the instrument. Mr. Harte said that the puzzle is, how we can obtain such a variety of sounds from only one sound wave, because, according to the laws of sound, we should only get one note or noise from one sound wave. But surely this is a mistake. I will do my best to explain the working of the phonograph, and my explanation will also be applicable to any other sound-reproducing instrument:—

Supposing we have three musicians with three different instruments, say A. B. and C. Now let A. play a certain tune alone while we take a record of the sound wave. Then let B. play the same tune alone while we take another record of the sound wave. Then let C. do the same; and when we compare the three sound waves reproduced, we shall find that they all differ, although the tune was the same. Now let A. B. and C. play the same tune all together while we take a record, and we shall find that we have a totally different wave from any of the other three, and that it will not appear to be more complex from being the result from three different instruments. We can regard the different instruments as being the means of setting up forces or vectors acting on the atmosphere. Each is trying to move it in a certain direction, therefore we obtain but one resultant motion, whether there be three or fifty thousand forces acting. This is, I think, the most interesting thing that sound-reproducing instruments tell us. But when we ask why it is that we can distinguish such a variety of sounds from one resultant wave, or why we can single out and listen to, say, a cornet while the whole band is playing, I think we must leave both the phonograph and the record in the background and look for the answer to the supposed mystery or puzzle in that marvellous piece of mechanism, the Human Ear; for it is this, and only this, organ that can transform or split-up the resultant sound wave back to all the component waves which went to produce it. This is the function of the inner ear or labyrinth.

I should also like to point out that the sound wave produced in a wax cylinder cannot be seen unless a section of the cylinder is taken, and this is next to impossible without damaging the wave form; but if we use a flat disc (Berliner's invention), the whole wave form is seen. And after one has thoroughly examined the undulations obtained on a disc I do not think he would be foolish enough to try and copy it by hand, even under a powerful microscope. In conclusion I should like to mention that by playing a record backwards, the speaking machine is the only means we have of hearing how speech, songs, &c., sound when played backwards; and I can assure you the result is far from being pleasant, but is, nevertheless, interesting from a scientific point of view.

FREDK. A. HALLS.

15, Albion-street,
King's Cross.

'Yearning after Higher Things.'

SIR,—Can any of your readers comfort my soul with any satisfactory solution of these doubts that beset me? I understand that Mr. Williams developed Mr. Husk, and that their phenomena are identical. Cannot these gentlemen get to heights where a faint light, like that used in a photographer's dark room, is permissible, and thus dissipate the idea of fraud?

In the anxiety to hear and see our loved ones, gone out of our ken, we are apt to jump at conclusions. You hear 'dear father!' 'dear mother,' &c., and during this natural agitation of mind the medium's chance is to manipulate his clever tricks, *if tricks they be*. 'Peter' and 'Uncle,' worthy and good *if they exist*, with their puns and jokes, do not enlighten or lead us higher. Clairvoyance I have had—true, pure, and beautiful, especially through those two good women, Mrs. Manks and Miss Findlay; *but, and here comes my trouble*, I have also seen marvels through psychics whose careers could hardly be blacker. All forms of trance make me sceptical. You pay your money; a few convulsive movements, and presto, 'Ise here,' and 'Maydew' or 'Snowdrop' arrive. Are the denizens of another sphere *always* there, to be switched on at the beck and call of 'filthy lucre'? To be fair to Mr. Williams, I once heard *two* direct voices together at one of his séances—an impossible feat for even a ventriloquist. I have seen 'ghosts' with no medium, and can write with Planchette, but it is unreliable. If people would hit the happy medium and be neither too credulous nor too sceptical, we might eliminate the buyers and sellers from the temple of progress. I have had messages through clairvoyance that have not been realised, and yet the mediums *were truthful*; the events were in the atmosphere and possible; but other currents seemed to change matters. Time our spirit friends cannot gauge. A true clairvoyant is born, not made in a dozen developing lessons, and a good medium is a delicate, sensitive instrument, requiring careful handling by an equally sensitive sifter for the best results. I have seen wonderful *latent* clairvoyance, from the below stairs regions, in servants 'cutting the cards.'

'A YEARNER AFTER HIGHER THINGS.'

'That Blessed Word — !'

SIR,—There are many 'fashions,' but none of them is more pronounced than that displayed in the tyranny of terms. We have had a number of illustrations of this despotism in the short history of Modern Spiritualism, especially among the opponents of the new movement. At one time the changes were rung on 'impossible,' 'contrary to the laws of Nature,' 'superstition,' and 'folly.' Then, when the facts had to be admitted, it became the fashion to attribute them to 'unconscious muscular action,' 'unknown forces of Nature,' 'unconscious cerebration,' 'duplex action of the brain,' 'hallucination,' or 'Satanic agency,' and 'evil spirits,' according to the point of view of the objector.

Many attempts have been made to explain the phenomena without admitting the spirits, and some of the watchwords of the opposition have been 'fraud,' 'conjuring,' 'collusion,' 'mesmerism,' 'illusion,' 'electricity,' 'psychic force,' 'thought-reading,' 'telepathy,' 'thought-transference,' and 'subjective, or subliminal, mind.'

But now that telepathy, as originally understood, has proved an inadequate explanation and its meaning has had to be extended so as to cover and include impressions passing 'between one man still living on earth and another man long since departed,' the question arises *how* do such impressions pass from mind to mind? And here we get the latest 'blessed word'—not 'Mesopotamia,' but 'Vibrations'!

It is hardly possible to listen to a speaker or to read a modern work without being 'bombed' with 'thrills' and 'shocks,' 'waves' and 'vibrations,' 'undulations' and 'vortex-rings'; etheric 'shakes,' 'quivers,' 'stresses,' and 'pressures'; or 'suggestions,' 'inhibitions,' 'brain-waves' and 'extrusions'; 'auto's,' 'ante's,' 'pre's' and 'post's'; 'sub's' and 'super's,' 'up-rushes' and 'ideations,' 'monitions,' 'phantasms,' and 'automatisms.'

The result of this learned display is that one fairly 'vibrates' with enthusiasm, 'thrills' with the up-rush of subliminal delight, ecstatically extrudes etheric emanations, and waves the brain, or cerebral tissues, with responsive stresses, due to the pressure of telepathic transferences or suggestions. The 'subjective mind' rises to the level of auto-consciousness, or the 'supra-liminal self' crosses the threshold of the normal plane of personal perception and expression, and the whole range of the 'spectrum of one's consciousness' undulates with the 'quasi-percept' of the 'phantasmogenetic centre,' and one enjoys the marvellous sensation of 'bilocation,' whether 'veridical or falsidical' matters not, so long as it does not end in entire 'anaesthesia.'

'VIBRATIONIST.'

The Mediumship of Mr. C. E. Williams.

SIR,—Having read the letter about the medium, Mr. Williams, published in 'LIGHT' of March 7th, I think it only fair also to state the other side of the case.

I have been sitting with Mr. Williams once every week during three months, and think it my duty to tell the readers of 'LIGHT' that I have, during these sésances, obtained indisputable and absolute proofs of the genuineness of his mediumship.

The sésances were held in a private house in a rather small dining-room, where no preparations whatever had been made. During one of the sésances a light cloud was seen above the head of the medium, *quite close* to the ceiling. Gradually the cloud grew more and more solid and out of it emanated a face, hands, arms, and finally the full form of a woman, who, illuminated by two spirit lights in her hands, slowly descended to the side of a member of our circle, and a conversation lasting several minutes took place between the spirit and her friend. Before disappearing she took with her a bouquet of violets, which thus is dematerialised each week.

The 'fairy bells,' which are provided with luminous paper, are played upon by invisible hands above our heads, and we can all easily follow their way, floating as they are all over the room, and sometimes with a heavy bang going through the floor or the wall. Faint sounds of the music reach us from a distance, and suddenly the instrument is brought through the wall again, and finally softly put back upon the table.

On March 21st, a still more convincing phenomenon took place at the same house. We were quite a small circle and we all had a feeling that the spirits wished to give us a test of the genuineness of their medium. The hands of the two gentlemen who were holding Mr. Williams' hands were slowly lifted up towards the middle of the table (the whole time keeping a firm hold of the medium's hands). Suddenly we understood what had happened. In the heavy oak chair, Mr. Williams was lifted up on the table *quite noiselessly*—a task scarcely possible for three men. Our host asked permission of the leading spirit to light a candle, which request was granted. On the table Mr. Williams was heavily asleep in his chair, which had been skilfully put down amidst a lot of flowers, musical instrument, and candlestick, &c., without damaging or touching anything in the room, which was quite dark. The air around was ringing with soft peals of laughter, the spirits being much amused at our consternation.

Now I almost consider this to be a proof that would convince the most hardened sceptic of the genuine mediumship of Mr. Williams. It is a great pity when people who have not studied spiritualistic phenomena for years, do not hesitate to take a man's character away, as was done in the letter referred to above.

The near relationship between the medium and the spirits is something deeply mysterious, and to a superficial onlooker things which are quite genuine may at first seem fraudulent. I wish to refer to something which was told me the other day by one of the gentlemen present and which shows better than anything this hitherto incomprehensible relationship. During a sésance one of the sitters, a great sceptic, had put ink on the tips of his fingers, thinking thus to detect whether the medium was using his own hands instead of spirit hands. On examining the medium after the sésance, no ink stains could be discovered on his hands, but five distinct ink marks *were found on his chest*.

The accusation that Mr. Williams used ventriloquism must be quite groundless, as everyone who has studied these things knows well that ventriloquism *never* can be used in darkness.

London.

SIRI ELIZ. BARNEKOW.

[No one, so far as we know, calls in question the *fact* of Mr. Williams' mediumship.—Ed. 'LIGHT.']

Mrs. Fairclough-Smith.

SIR,—I note with pleasure a letter in a recent issue of 'LIGHT,' in regard to a sésance with Mrs. Fairclough-Smith, and should like to add my testimony to the excellence of her mediumship. Two remarkable proofs of spirit return and identity were vouchsafed to me at 43, Grafton-street, N.W., on Friday evening, March 13th, and a narrative of the facts may perhaps interest some of your readers whose dear ones have 'crossed the border.'

After entering the sésance room the medium quickly passed under control, and 'White Dove' offered a short invocation. Seating myself opposite the medium, 'White Dove' took my hands, held them awhile in her own and then proceeded to describe my surroundings, material and spiritual, the former being most accurate; but it is of the latter I wish to speak.

Many spirit friends were present, including several doctors, one of whom was specially desirous of recognition, and so fully and faithfully was his description given that I had no hesitation

in saying, 'My father!' and he fully proved his identity by advice and messages given. It is thirty years since he 'passed over.'

The manner in which the second identification came about was rather startling. The medium leant forward in her seat, held my hands with a firm pressure, and spoke, using the most endearing terms towards me. After describing the spirit most minutely, features, hair, eyes, &c., each in turn, she suddenly took on the conditions of the control's last illness, passing through spasms of intense agony and weakness, struggling desperately for breath. So vividly were days in the latter part of my dear one's life recalled, that I could bear no more, and begged the control to desist from further demonstrations as totally unnecessary. I was fully convinced. My husband had fulfilled his promise and returned to me. It was some minutes after the final struggle before the medium was able to speak. When she did so, it was to give me still further proofs of my husband's continued love and help. Before leaving, he embraced me and patted my cheek, after a favourite way he had of showing approval in earth-life. Both these dear ones had given me numerous messages through automatic writing, and promised to come to me and prove their identity in some other way, and they have done it.

Until March 13th Mrs. Fairclough-Smith was a total stranger to myself and the friend who accompanied me.

A. S.

SIR,—I should like to bear testimony to Mrs. Fairclough-Smith's abilities as a trance medium and psychometrist. Hitherto a fair sample of the British Public, I recognise, since an interview with her, that there is a good deal more than 'something' in Spiritualism. Having had a public school and university education, and been some fourteen years an officer in the Army, I was a very ordinary sceptic with regard to the unseen world till I lost by death one who was very dear to me. I went to Mrs. Fairclough-Smith, expecting nothing, but hoping much—knowing nothing of Spiritualism but the name. I think it is only fair to her to say that her control 'White Dove' gave me most marvellous manifestations of its knowledge, and that its observations were in nearly every case correct. I knew absolutely nothing of Mrs. Fairclough-Smith beyond seeing her advertisement in 'LIGHT,' but I trust you will find space in your columns for this testimony to her powers. I intend to seek her aid in future, and have now a genuine respect for and gratitude to Spiritualism.

L. R. M.

Saved from Obsession.

SIR,—During a good portion of my life I was a worshipper of God according to orthodox ways, being a member of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and I was happy enough until a little more than two years ago, when my body and mind began to give way under some mysterious strain, and I found myself, to my utter astonishment, quite overpowered by evil influences. I was alarmed at my singular misfortunes, and naturally applied for help to the pastor of a church here, but all he could do for me was to advise me to rely upon Christ and read the Bible and all would come well. But that was exactly what I could not do, for evil spirits defied me, in words that I distinctly heard, either to enter a place of worship or go near a street preacher, or listen to any spiritual teaching whatsoever.

However, I went on with the struggle myself, unaided, for a time and gave myself constantly to prayer, and on one occasion I strayed about the roads for six days and five nights and tasted nothing but water, praying and waiting on God, but all to no purpose.

I was in despair and longed for death, for the sufferings I endured were beyond the conception of human beings. It will hardly be believed, but it is a fact, that evil spirits forced me to do things against my own common-sense and judgment. I was so afflicted that I thought that by giving way to my tormentors a little I might possibly obtain some relief, for I had got thoroughly worn out by resisting them, but as soon as I began to obey them they showed me no mercy at all.

My friends ridiculed the notion of spirits and advised me go to a doctor, which I did, but I found the doctors as bad as the parsons; four of them certified that I was physically sound enough except that I suffered a little from indigestion, which would pass over in time, but they could not account for the tortures I complained of, and which were so real to me.

I suffered inconceivable misery; and although I had ministers, and pastors, and people of all religions praying with me, and also corresponded with evangelists, I could get no relief. The Spiritualists here, too, told me that they could do nothing for me as my obsession was so very serious that they were afraid of getting obsessed themselves, and people were warned against sitting with me. But I met amongst them at

this time a good friend who told me about Mr. Clement Harding, 20, Harbledown-road, Munster Park, Fulham, S.W., and I immediately wrote to that gentleman and begged of him for God's sake to ask his spirit friends to come to me and save my life. He kindly sent me a letter at once, and as I was reading it I felt conscious of the presence of powerful spirits moving about me, and some sort of healing powers darted through me and I began to feel a new man. The voices of the evil spirits also began to grow fainter and fainter, and I commenced to grow stronger and more courageous. I kept myself in *rapport* with Mr. Harding by reading his letter two or three times a day, and then I and a few friends sat under his direction, and it was not till then that my enemies were thoroughly vanquished.

The phenomena produced at our séances, directed by Mr. Harding from London, were astonishing. Our room was filled with beautiful lights of the most curious colours imaginable, while spirits moved about the room and stood beside us.

The benefits I received from the sittings were wonderful, and undoubtedly saved my life.

I am now having healing spirits constantly about me; they make their presence felt by gently touching me and, in moments of stress or temptation, they flood my surroundings with a refreshing perfume.

I do not wish the impression to get abroad that I was obsessed through going to séances. It is not so, for I had not been attending any at the time; but I do wish to publicly confess that I owe my salvation to Spiritualism, which I love, as I should have loved the Church of my baptism if it had been of equal service to me in my great distress.

DAVID JOHNSTONE.

5, Lynedock-street, Greenock.

Test Conditions.

SIR,—I am continually reading of charges of fraud against materialising mediums, and the difficulty the sitters seem to have in devising efficient means by which fraud could be effectually prevented. I think the following would prove a real safeguard against trickery; and at the same time would be neither painful, nor derogatory to the dignity of man or woman.

First, let the medium, male or female, take off the coat or gown which will be worn during the séance and let it be examined. This can take place in a private room; and the examiners must not lose sight of the medium till in the cabinet. Next, let the medium be enveloped in a close-fitting string net, inch meshes; which net must go under the feet, forming a net sack, tied with a strong cord round the neck, and there sealed with wax, whose colour is unknown to the medium. The net must be tied at the shoulders round the chair back, and sealed. The net may have armholes for the arms to go through, the knots being sealed. Thus the medium will be unable to rise, to take anything concealed about the body, and will yet be able to sit easily, and to use the hands for many necessary purposes. The cabinet will be searched before the medium enters it. This net will suffice when the medium sits alone in the cabinet. When the medium is seated with others at a table, tie the wrists together with several strands of silk thread, putting a piece of paper upon the flesh so that the wax which seals the knots will not burn. Let there be a space of about twelve inches between the hands. Tie the net at the neck to the ribs of the chair at the back and seal the knot. If with these harmless precautions a medium can do any faking, let me know.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

59, Manchester-road, Bradford.

Mr. Husk's Séances.

SIR,—As the sole supporter of your suggestion for test séances with Mr. Husk, may I reply, in general terms, to the criticisms that have been passed?

We have not all the opportunity to persevere in our attendance as 'J. L.' and 'G. H. L.' have done; and, if we had, Mr. Husk could not accommodate us all. So that argument is futile.

I venture to contend that what is wanted—in the interests of Spiritualism and of everyone concerned, the medium as well as the sitter—is a certificate of the medium's faith, signed by, say, half-a-dozen leaders in the cause, including the Editor of 'LIGHT.'

Personally, I am inclined to believe that those whom we call dead have appeared and spoken at Mr. Husk's. But belief is not proof, and against my expression of belief and your correspondents' and others' assertion of proof there are many who are unable to believe at all, or to believe only vaguely.

Now, do we ask too much in suggesting that Mr. Husk should place his powers beyond all doubt? The materialising

medium, if his gifts are genuine, holds in his hands the keys of the next world. By turning them he can bring before our very eyes those who have passed through the valley of the shadow. These are tremendous gifts, and they deserve—indeed, they demand—to be widely published.

We know that many sitters bear unqualified testimony to these gifts. But there must be many others who, whilst they almost believe, are anxious to be quite sure. If they knew beyond all doubt that Mr. Husk's phenomena can be produced under test conditions, before a circle of sympathetic, critical, experienced and accredited persons, it would be a great step forward—a great step in a great cause—and we should be able to send to Mr. Husk frankly and fearlessly all who would know for themselves that there is a life beyond the grave. At present we can only send them hoping for the best, but with a certain sense of doubt.

F. E.

The Origin of Evil.

SIR,—Your remarks on, and quotations from, Mr. A. J. Weaver's paper on 'The Origin of Evil' were particularly interesting to me from the fact that for years I have been thinking on this subject, which seems to have puzzled the brains of the wisest philosophers and poets, as well as the divines, who, while ascribing it to the temptation in Eden, have many mental reservations regarding its origin.

What seems a revelation came to me about a year ago on this subject, and if you think it worth publishing I shall be glad to see it in print. Paul says: 'By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin.' Paul was mistaken, through taking the legend of the Fall of Man as recorded in Genesis for a record of a fact. It is an allegory. Sin has always been in the world ever since any portion of the human race reached that period of development which enabled it to recognise the existence of God and His law. That was the time, in the intellectual evolution of the race, that made man fit to receive the Spirit. By spiritual consciousness the knowledge of God and His law came. Following that came the sense of sin, or the consciousness of the shortcoming or violation of that law.

That was the recognition of the sinfulness of human nature. Before that time sin was not known; before that time sin could not exist, because *sin is a conscious violation of law*. So we see that sin is an unavoidable condition or consequence of creation. Here we have the 'origin of evil,' that mystery, that problem, which has for ages puzzled the most profound minds who have taken the record of man's fall, as recorded in Genesis, as an actual occurrence rather than as an allegory, and who have not recognised or believed the great truth of the evolution of the race from a state of barbarism.

The fact of evolution is stamped on all the works of God, from the formation of the rocks to the present high state of intellectual and spiritual development attained by man.

I never heard a word spoken on this subject, and never saw a line in print regarding it, until I opened my copy of 'LIGHT' for March 7th, and saw my own views entertained by another. Does not this fact prove the existence of ideas floating around us and being received only by those who are receptive?

If the doctrine of evolution were generally received it would clear up a great deal of misunderstanding on sacred subjects. Our relations to one another, and to God our Great Father, would appeal to us more strongly. Hope would spring up in many a desponding heart, and Faith would receive increase of strength to hold on to the promises 'which are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus.'

JOHN MURPHY.

Montreal, Canada.

DECEASE OF MR. J. G. ROBSON.

After many years of work for Spiritualism in South London, the above-named veteran medium passed to the higher life on March 30th last, at the age of fifty-nine. The name of Joseph George Robson will be long remembered as that of a remarkably gifted medium, inasmuch as he was clairvoyant, clairaudient, inspirational, artistic, and musical. In his later years he fell into ill-health, and consequent poverty. The Spiritualist Benevolent Fund, of which Mrs. M. H. Wallis is the secretary, often came nobly to his assistance, and we trust that the knowledge of the great good done by the fund, not only in this case but in countless others which are unadvertised, may bring in a greater harvest than hitherto. Mr. Robson died in the Camberwell Infirmary of a complication of diseases, including nephritis. The mortal remains were interred in the Forest Hill Cemetery on Friday, the 3rd inst. The service was impressively conducted by Mrs. Holgate, supported by Mr. Veitch and Mrs. Rennie, whose singing was of great assistance in the ceremony.