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Sir Alfred Russel Wallace's Personal Experience With Spirits

BY ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE,
O. M., F. R. S., D. C. L., LL. D.

During a lecturing tour in the United States in 1886-87, I stayed some time in three of the centres of American Spiritualism—Boston, Washington, and San Francisco—and made the acquaintance of many American Spiritualists and inquirers, with whom I attended many remarkable seances. At Boston I met the Rev. Minot J. Savage, whose latest work, "Can Telepathy Explain?" contains such a collection of personal experiences as have fallen to the lot few inquirers; Mr. F. J. Garrison, a son of the great abolitionist; Mr. E. A. Brackett, a sculptor, and author of a remarkable book on "Materialized Apparitions;" Dr. Nichols, author of "Whence, Where and Whither"; Professor James of Harvard, and several others.

I attended several seances at the house of Mrs. Ross, a very good medium for materializations, in the company of one or more of my friends. I will state what occurred on one of these occasions. The seance took place in a front downstairs room of a small private house, opening by sliding doors into a back room, and by an ordinary door into the passage. The cabinet was formed by cloth curtains across the corner of the room from the fireplace to the sliding door. One side of this was an outer wall, the other the wall of the back-room, where there was a cupboard containing a quantity of china.

I was invited to examine, and did so thoroughly—front room floor, back room, rooms below in basement, occupied by a heating apparatus; and I am positive there were no means of communication other than the doors for even the smallest child. Then the sliding doors were

closed, fastened with sticking-plaster, and privately marked with pencil.

Visitors from the other World.

The ten visitors formed a circle opposite the cabinet, and I sat with my back close to the passage door, and opposite the curtain at a distance of about ten feet. A red shaded lamp was in the furthest corner behind the visitors, which enabled me to see the time by my watch, and the outlines of every one in the room; and as it was behind me the space between myself and the cabinet was very fairly lighted. Under these circumstances, the appearances were as follows:—

- (1) A female figure in white came out between the curtain, with Mrs. Ross in black, and also a male figure all to some distance in front of the cabinet. This was apparently to demonstrate, once for all, that, whatever they were, the figures were not Mrs. Ross in disguise.
- (2) After these had retired, three female figures appeared together, in white robes, and of different heights. These came two or three feet in front of the curtain.
- (3) A male figure came out, recognized by a gentleman as his son.
- (4) A tall Indian figure came out in white moccasins; he danced and spoke; he also shook hands with me and others, a large, strong, rough hand.
- (5) A female figure, with a baby, stood close to the entrance of the cabinet. I went up (on invitation), felt the baby's face, nose, and hair, and kissed it—apparently a real, soft-skinned, living baby. Other ladies and gentlemen agreed.

Directly the seance was over, the gas was lighted, and I again examined the bare walls of the cabinet, the curtains, and the door, all being just as before, and affording no room or place for disposing of the baby alone, far less of the other figures.

At another special seance for friends of Dr. Nichols and Mr. Brackett, with Professor James and myself --nine in all--under the same conditions as before, eight, or nine different figures came, including a tall Indian chief in war paint and feathers; a little girl, who talked and played with Miss Brackett; and a very pretty and perfectly developed girl, "Bertha," Mr. Brackett's niece, who has appeared to him with various mediums for two years, and is as well known to him as any near relative in earth-life. She speaks distinctly, which these figures rarely do, and Mr. Brackett has often seen her develop gradually from a cloudy mass, and almost instantly vanish away.

Shaking Hands with Spiritual Friends.

But what specially interested me was that two of the figures beckoned to me to come up to the cabinet. One was a beautifully draped female figure, who took my hand, looked at me smilingly, and on my appearing doubtful, said in a whisper that she had often met me at Miss Kate Cook's seances in London. She then let me feel her ears, as I had done before, to prove she was not the medium. I then saw that she closely resembled the figure with whom I had often talked and joked at Signor Radi's, a fact known to no one in America.

The other figure was an old gentleman, with white hair and beard, end in evening dress. He took my hand, bowed, and looked pleased, as one meeting an old friend. Considering who was likely to come, I thought of my father, and of Darwin, but there was not enough likeness to either. Then at length I recognized the likeness to either. Then at length I recognized the likeness to a photograph I had of my cousin Algernon Wilson, whom I had not seen since we were children, but had long corresponded with, as he was an enthusiastic entomologist, living in Adelaide, where he had died not long before. Then I looked pleased, and said, "Is it Algernon?" at which he nodded earnestly, seemed very much pleased, shook my hand vigorously, and patted my face and head with his other hand.

These two recognitions were to me very striking, because they were both so private and personal to myself and could not possibly have been known to the medium, or even to any of my friends present.

In Washington, where I resided several months, I made the acquaintance of Professor Elliott Coues, General Lippitt, Mr. D. Lyman, Senator and Mrs. Stanford, Mr. T. A. Bland, the Indian's friend and Mrs. Beecher

Hooker, all thorough Spiritualists, as well as many others unknown to fame. With the three former gentlemen I attended the seances of a very remarkable public medium, Mr. P. L. O. Keeler, and both witnessed phenomena and obtained tests of a very interesting kind. The medium was a young man of the clerk or tradesman class, with only the common school education, and with no appearance of American smartness.

The seance began with purely physical phenomena. The tambourine was rattled and played on then a hand appeared above the curtain, and a stick was given to it, which it seized. Then the tambourine was lifted high on this stick, and whirled around with great rapidity, the bell being rung at the same time. All the time the medium sat quiet and impassive, and the person next to him certified to his two hands being on his or hers.

On one occasion a lady, a friend of Professor Elliott Coues, and a woman of unusual ability and character, was the sitter, and certified at all critical times during the whole seance that the medium's hands were felt by her. After these and many other things were performed, the hand would appear above the curtain, the fingers moving excitedly. This was the signal for a pencil and a pad of note paper (as commonly used in America); then rapid writing was heard, a slip of paper torn off and thrown over the curtain, sometimes two or three in rapid succession, and in the direction of certain sitters. The director of the seance picked them up, read the name signed, and asked if anyone knew it, and when claimed it was handed to him.

In this way a dozen or more of the chance visitors received messages, which were always intelligible to them, and often strikingly appropriate. I give some of the messages I thus received myself.

Convincing Test Messages.

On my second visit a very sceptical friend went with us, and seeing the writing-pad on the parlo marked several with his initials. The medium was very angry, and said it would spoil the seance. However, he was calmed by his friends. When it came to the writing the pad was given to me over the top of the curtain to hold. I held it just above the medium's shoulder, when a hand and pencil came through the curtain, and wrote on the pad as I held it. It is a bold scrawl, and hard to read, but the first words seem to be: "Friends were here to write, but only this one could.—A. W."

Another evening, with the same medium, I received a paper with this message: "I am William Martin, and

I come for Mr. William Wallace, who could not write this time after all. He wishes to say to you that you shall be sustained by coming results in the position you have taken in the Ross case. It was a most foul misrepresentation.

This, and other writing, I had afterwards, are to me striking tests in the name of William Martin. I never knew him, but he was an early friend of my brother, who was for some time with Martin's father to learn practical building, the latter being then engaged in erecting King's College. When I was with my brother learning surveying, etc., he used to speak of his friend Martin, but for the last forty-five years I had never thought of the name, and was greatly surprised when it appeared. About a month latter, I had the following message from the elder Martin, written in a different hand:—

"Mr. Wallace:—

"Your father was an esteemed friend, and I like to come to you for his sake. We are often together. How strange it seems to us here that the masses can so long exist in ignorance. Console yourself with the thought that though ignorance, superstition, and bigotry have withheld from you the just rewards to which your keen enlightenment and noble sacrifices so fully entitle you, the end is not yet, and a mighty change is about to take place to put you where you belong.

William Martin."

I have no evidence that this Mr. Martin was a friend of my father, but the fact that my brother William was with him as stated (which must have been a favor), renders it probable.

On the same evening, there were a number of messages to about a dozen people, all in different hand-writings several of which were recognized. My friend, General Lippitt, had a most beautiful message, which he allowed me to copy, as it was a wonderful test, and greatly surprised and delighted him. His first wife had died twenty-seven years before in California. She was an English lady, and he was greatly attached to her. This is the message:—

"Darling Francis:

"I come now to greet you from the high spheres to which I have ascended. Do you recall the past? Do you remember this day? This day I used to look forward to, and mention with such pride? This my

darling, is my birthday anniversary. Do you remember? Oh, how happy shall we be when reunited in a world where we shall see as we are seen and know as we are known. Elizabeth Lippitt."

General Lippitt told me it was his first wife's birthday, that he had not recollected it that day, and that no one in Washington knew the fact but himself.

A German Gentleman who was present had a message given him, which was not only written, as he declared, in excellent German, but was very characteristic of the friend from whom it purported to come.

On this evening, most wonderful physical manifestations occurred. A stick was pushed out through the curtain. Two watches were handed to me through the curtain, and were claimed by the two persons who sat by the medium. The small tambourine, about ten inches in diameter, was pushed through the curtain, and fell on the floor. These objects came through different parts of the curtain, but left no holes, as could be seen at the time, and was proved by a close examination afterwards.

More marvelous still (if that be possible), a waistcoat was handed to me over the curtain, which proved to be the medium's, though his coat was left on and his hands had been held by his companion all the time; also about a score of people were looking on all the time in a well-lighted room. These things seem impossible, but they are, nevertheless, facts.

A Poetical Communication in French.

Before passing on from my Washington friends, I wish to give one curious fact which occurred to General Lippitt recently, and an account of which he sent to me in February, 1894. In his early life he had lived in Paris, and had become acquainted with several members of the Bonaparte family, and had rendered some services to them. This was only known to himself, but it accounted (to him) for the fact that he had, through different mediums, received messages from some of them, and from Napoleon III. In August, 1893, he had seances with a medium previously unknown to him and received on a slate under test conditions a long message in French, purporting to come from Napoleon III., and to give his last dying thoughts.

A facsimile of this is given in a Chicago paper, and is written as if it were an ordinary prose message; but on copying it out I found that it was in rhyme, and, so far as I could judge, very forcible and even pathetic verse. I therefore sent a copy of it to Mr. F. Myers, asking him what he thought of it and whether

it was correctly written. In reply he told me that he had paid special attention to the rules of French poetry, and that this was correct verse such as no one save a Frenchman could have written.

General Lippitt, who was a good French scholar, observes that there is only one error in it, the omission of the final "e" in the word *profonde*, near the end, which is doubtless an oversight, when all the other refinements of the language, as well as the numerous accents, are correct. General Lippitt also prints a certificate that the medium knew no French, but that it is quite unnecessary in view of the test condition. Esprit C., who signs it, is one of the medium's guides who knows French.

Aphorisms On Nature

BY H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B. SC.

Do not let us be deceived by words. "Principle" is a great offender. What do those mean who speak of gravity, for instance, as "a principle"? Are they confusing the word with "principal," and postulating some guardian-demon to watch over and direct the motions of bodies? Modern science, at least, should beware of the errors of her parent, and not commit that of the phlogistonists over again.

Gravity is not a "cause"; it is simply a general term used to cover many facts. So also no law of nature has anything to do with the metaphysical concept of causation. A law of nature is simply a statement of generalised facts of experience.

Note that a natural law is a statement. Hence were it more correct to speak of man inventing rather than discovering this or that natural law. The laws of nature are tools man devises for dealing with his experiences, not the causes of those experiences.

There is thus a closer analogy between the laws of nature and the laws of a country than some think. True in the first case corresponds to good in the second. But a false law of nature, i. e., one which doesn't work, is reckoned no law and is discarded. This is, unfortunately, not always the case with a bad law whereunder the people groan.

The only cause known to man is his will. He has read his own volition into nature, and try to make this adequate to explain his own life and actions. But a child cannot conceive and bring forth its own mother.

Man may be sure that there is another Will beside his own, since nature resists his operations and follows her own orders and sequences.

The attempt to explain sensation as the result of the action on man of an objective world external to him, and consequently outside of his understanding, is an attempt to explain the known by means of the unknown.

The attempt to explain some sensations as the result of the action of one man (or mind) on another is a reasonable and successful attempt. Why not for (all) sensations? Is it less reasonable if infinity has to be postulated of the Man (or Mind) who acts?

Modern science has doubtless rendered animism impossible—and materialism for the same reason. For she shows nature to us as a harmoniously working unity, whilst the atoms, forces and "principles" of materialism are as much disparate demons as those of animism. But science has not banished will from nature: only she bids us postulate One Will instead of many.

Nevertheless, this One Will may have many servants and perhaps, some enemies.

Now that matter has been dissolved into a prior element, the new materialists speak of this element, the ether, as "uncreate and self-existent." So did the old materialists speak of matter. Thus history repeats itself, and the errors of one age are committed in the next.

Behold! the ether is a creation of the scientific imagination, as was also matter. It is a finer, better tool, more adjusted to the needs of advancing experience. Sensation, thought, will, love—all that pertains to spirit—these alone are the elements of reality—empirical reality.

Space and time, as Kant proved, are merely forms of thought, mental categories. They exist only in mind. But there is another category, a more profound manner of arranging and beholding phenomena—the category of causation.

"Creation" is the theologian's term for that which the metaphysician calls "causation." But how often is it misused to describe processes which occur in and occupy both time and space.

If the language of mathematics is used, then causation may be described as perpendicular to both space and time. In a sense, however, it includes both these and the dimension perpendicular to them as well. Thus it both cuts across and includes, as less within greater, both space and time. It is an ever-active process, beginning neither here nor there, neither then nor now, transcending the categories of space and time.

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He, who like Swedenborg and many another seer, can get his eye in line with this dimension, shall see out of time and space into the spiritual realm, until something of the splendour of God shall become visible to him.

Every natural object, or (to speak more correctly) phenomenon, is the product and symbol of a spiritual process and reality. And every true poet is a spiritual seer.

(The Occult Review.)

The Vital Message of New Thought

BY HENRY PROCTOR, F. R. S. L., M. R. A. S.
F. I. A. S.

Extract from an Address delivered at the London, International New Thought Convention, (Dore Gallery).

The vital and essential message of 'New Thought' is
GOD IN MAN
or the Divinity in Humanity. This is the central truth which constitutes its worth—that God is All and in all.

The True Light which lighteneth (every man) coming into the world—

THE LOGOS—
is that which makes humanity Divine.

This is the truth which sets us free from sin and sickness and death—Christ in you

THE HOPE OF GLORY,
for He is the Truth and the Way to life and health and peace.

This is the Gospel. And we as teachers should agonize as Paul did to present every man

PERFECT IN CHRIST,
for in him are (all) the treasures of wisdom and knowledge hidden; and so by his indwelling we become omniscient, 'we know all things,' and become almighty, because 'all things are possible to him that believeth.' We become omnipresent in that we can help and teach and heal in any portion of God's universe.

In short we
LOSE OURSELVES—
our personality with its limitations and its lamentations at its own littleness—and become as great as God is great, as universal as he is universal.

No longer is there any separation. We have reached (Nirvana)—we are (One) with God. For 'He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him,' To love God, therefore, is to love our Higher Selves; to

love our neighbor is to love God in him.

Being omnipotent we can help him continually and to any extent; being omnipresent we can truly say like Wesley, 'The world is my parish.'

For if there is

NO SEPARATION,
distance is annihilated. I can help my brother in India, Australia, New Zealand or California just as well as at my very door. And not only can I help him by becoming

A PRAYER INSTRUMENT
for the Universal Spirit, but in that Spirit I can touch and heal him. For the same Power of God which as the Blessed Jesus said, 'Go thy way, thy son liveth' dwells in me and in every one whose lower self is dead.

And this death of self is attained by sacrifice by living a pure and holy life; renouncing for ever and completely, the

LUSTS OF THE FLESH
and conserving the water of life generated in the body, so that the body is renewed thereby, and kept in perfect health and vigor: filling us with an

ABUNDANCE OF LIFE
to give to a dying world.

Each of us thereby becomes a fountain of life, out of whom flows 'rivers of living water.'

Hypnotism

BY DANIEL W. HULL.

By means of hypnotism one person is enabled to come into psychological control of the brain of another. That is the subordination of the ego usually in control of the brain to that of another ego—to another personality. Where the hypnosis is perfect, the operator may be able to express himself through his subjects as if he were using his own organism, so that the subject will really be a reproduction of the operator. This is not often done, however, from the fact that no two brains are precisely alike either, in organic structure or method of presentation of matters, or in the arrangement of subject or sentences, and other peculiarities. If we had two persons precisely alike in all respects, the operator might manifest himself in every peculiarity, as if he was using his own brain. I have on several occasions seen mediums under the hypnotic control of a spirit ego, manifest the peculiarities, as the spirit hypnotist would in earth life. Once, only two days after Colonel Ingersoll had passed out of earth life, when he came to Springfield, Mo., and addressed the audience through the lips of Mrs. Cora

L. V. Richmond. Many friends of Col. Ingersoll were present, and all agreed that in pose, manner of speech, and peculiar style, Ingersoll had presented himself or something had presented Ingersoll as correctly, as if he had been present in body and delivered the address with his own lips. I remember seeing in print a little speech from Moses Hull, which manifested his peculiar phraseology, and mode of illustration as I would expect from him. He has come, or something purporting to be him has manifested through other mediums, but they did not impress me with his personality so strongly; and yet I do not have reason to doubt his real presence in other cases. He was reduced to the necessity of using a brain not organized as his was, in the best way he could. I could relate numerous cases I have known, where mediums have demonstrated the peculiarities of others and even in numerous instances talked in languages they did not understand; but I am throwing my time away on my materialist friend, for he will not believe me, and so far I have been unable to persuade him to investigate for himself.

‘Mind Reading’

It is curious to note what positions our Materialist friends will resort to evade the force of an argument. Had it not have been for Spiritualists he would have been utterly ignorant of the subject of telepsychopathy; but now he assumes to understand it better than any one else. A few years ago when psychometrists would submit to a test of finding a hidden article by holding the hand of the one who hid it, it wasn't mind reading at all; it was just muscle reading. Why in the mind of a materialist there could be no such thing as reading another's mind; but that position has been abandoned for the purpose of explaining some peculiar manifestations with mediums. The medium had told him of something known only to himself and the spirit communicating; then the medium had got it off from his mind. He may not have been thinking of it, but he had known of it and it was latent in his mind, and the medium had been rummaging over his mind and unearthed it. Of all the silly explanations this is the silliest. If I was a materialist, and could find no better explanation I certainly should not expose myself to ridicule by such an explanation. Let us analyze it.

1. The brain secretes thoughts as the liver secretes bile.

There can be no thought without a brain.

Thereafter the brain of the medium secreted a thought hidden away in another brain.

How, then, through the process of the brain can we go back into a person's life and read what has once been a property of his brain? How does the brain of the medium extract this secret from the brain of the other?

The fact that one person has read what is on another's mind demonstrates there has been a spiritual ego able to read a spiritual substance. Unless one can explain how it is possible for a material brain to rummage around another brain and bring out matters that had been all but forgotten by the other, it seems to me that they should be modest concerning such explanation.

The Benefits of Psycho-Occult Science.

It is admitted on all hands that the benefits derived from the study of Occult Science are innumerable. I for myself am convinced from personal investigation that there exist an important body of facts which if constantly established would be of supreme interest and importance. It is hoped that by my further application of these scientific methods to their systematic investigation the obscure phenomena will eventually be secured from the disorderly mystery of ignorance.

When I first ventured into the wide and mystic domain of Occultism with a light heart I set forth with an open mind. My sole aim was to ascertain, as far as the means at the disposal of an ordinary man with little of the mystic in the composition would allow.

I have really much improved in health by the study of the branch of knowledge. Formerly I had been a prey to the disease of catching cold and catarrah, and palpitation of heart now I have only occasional attack of them. By Pranayam I have much improved my lungs and the respiratory system; I hope to improve more in the near future.

The other useful result to which I have arrived at by the study of this science is that the range of human personality must be extended to include something more than our normal self-consciousness.

Certainly by this everyday processes of the development, nutrition and repair of our body and brain which go on as if automatically are far beyond the powers of description. This extension of human faculty of revealing as it does, more profoundly the mysterious depths of our being enables us to do great things and achieve great success for entering on the subject as a novice

I found it exceedingly interesting and useful. A patient and laborious work in this sphere will certainly lead to great weight.

I for myself have much improved in my determination and well cultured my will power and the power of thinking.

Turning to the author of these books every one must recognise the industry he has stown and the fairness of spirit he has endeavoured to maintain. Of course I can not here enter into the proof of this statement but it is fully established.

Every scrap of information gained by the study of these courses is of great importance in helping to understand and unravel the mysteries of the universe which surround us on every side.

IKHTIARI LAL DHAWAN, B. A.,

Patiala, Punjab.

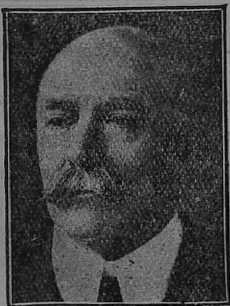
Graduate of the Indian Academy of Science, in
Psycho-Occult Science.

KEEP SWEET

BY DR. ORISON SWEET MARDEN, F. I. A. SC.

If you wish to do the maximum of which you are capable resolve that whatever comes or does not come to you, you will keep sweet, cheerful, hopeful, helpful, optimistic.

Everywhere we see pessimistic, doleful people going through the world as though life had been a perpetual disappointment, people who have lost their capacity for enjoyment—those who have allowed their fears, their worries and their failures to take the sweetness out of their lives. But if you do not keep sweet, if you allow yourself to sour, to become pessimistic, your life will be unproductive and you will be a comparative failure.



Why will people insist upon clinging to the disagreeable, the unfortunate, upon dragging along with them such a great load of fear, anxiety, loads of mistakes and blunders and failures? Why do we insist upon keeping alive things which should be dead, buried and forgotten?

Every time you rehearse the story of your misfortunes, your troubles, your trials, your failures, you etch the dark picture a little deeper in your own mind, make a little more real to you what you ought to expel, erase.

Whatever hinders, whatever makes you unhappy, whatever is disagreeable should be wiped off your slate, erased forever, forgotten.

Adopt the sun-dial's motto, "I record none but hours of sunshine." If you wish to do your best work, keep your mind filled with sunshine, with beauty and truth, with cheerful and uplifting thoughts, bury everything that makes you unhappy and discordant, everything that cramps your freedom, and worries you. Bury it before it buries you.

"I never hire hard-luck people, especially the kind that talk about it," said an employer who had about decided to hire an applicant, when he began to tell what a hard time he had had.

Keep your troubles to yourself. The fever people who know of the things that have handicapped you the better for you. You will then be spared the influence of the unfortunate suggestion which your hard-luck stories make upon other people's minds, and the inevitable inference that there is probably a reason for it all. Nobody wants to hire any one out of pity. Everybody wants an employee with a lot of push, stamina, life, and yeast in him. Every employer wants bright, cheerful faces about him—employees abounding with energy and vigorous life.

"Nothing can disturb his good nature," said a man of one of his employees; "that is why I like him. It does not matter how much I scold him or find fault with him, he is always sunny. He never lays up anything against me, never resents anything."

That is recommendation enough for anybody. No wonder this man did not want to part with such an employee.

Who can estimate the value of a nature so sunny that it attracts everybody, repels nobody? Everybody wants to get near sunny people; everybody likes to know them. They open, without effort, doors which morose natures are obliged to pry open with great difficulty, or perhaps can not open at all.

"Fate itself has to concede a great many things to the cheerful man." The man who persistently faces the sun so that all shadows fall behind him, the man who keeps his machinery well lubricated with love and

good cheer, can withstand the hard jolts and disappointments of life infinitely better than the man who loves shadow, who dwells forever in the gloom,—a pessimistic man,—has very little power in the world as compared with a bright, sunny soul.

The world makes way for the cheerful man; all doors fly open to him who radiates sunshine. He does not need an introduction; like the sunlight, he is welcome everywhere.

The success candidate should learn the power of the habitual smile, not only because it wins friends and brings customers, but its power over one's own life is immeasurable. The effort to be always cheerful, kind, considerate, and gentle, no matter what wars may be rankling in the heart, has a great influence in transforming the life.

Lydia Maria Child used to say: "I think cheerfulness in every possible way. I read only chipper books, and hang prisms in my window to fill the room with rainbows." This is the right kind of philosophy—the philosophy of good cheer, the greatest medicine for the mind, the best tonic for the body, and the greatest health food known.

Your ability to carry your own sunshine with you, your own lubricant, your own light, so that, no matter how heavy the load or dark the way, you will be equal to the emergency, will measure your ability to continue and to achieve.

In Conclusion

By PROF. J. W. TAYLOR, F. I. A. SC.

Philosophers tell us that there are three evils in the world: (1) Ignorance; (2) Disease; and (3) Moral Evil.



1.—That ignorance is a prolific source of evil there can be no doubt whatever:

2.—That there is a vast amount of preventable disease, which is the result of ignorance is equally certain;

3.—That moral evil is mainly the result of the abuse of the various powers, rather than the result of an innate original depravity in man, is equally obvious to all

who have carefully studied the difference between the normal and the abnormal use of the various faculties of the mind. In other words, that right or wrong doing consists in the moral or the immoral exercise of any or all the powers of the mind.

Obviously, Jesus Christ came into the world not only to reveal the Everlasting Father, or manifest God in human form, but also to demonstrate that every faculty possessed by mankind could be dedicated to the service of God and man; that their right use is not only sinless, but even virtuous.

Phrenology, then, has a threefold mission. It indicates: (a) Not only the relative degrees of development of the various mental faculties, but also how to rectify any excesses or deficiencies; (b) The difference between the normal and abnormal condition of the various mental powers, and how to "minister to a mind diseased"; (c) It enables us to perceive that mental, moral, and social regeneration consists, not merely in the transference of wealth or power from one section of the community to another, but in the permeation of all classes of the nation with the modern spirit of commiserative, sociative, and co-operative brotherhood. Lastly, it is the height of human wisdom to protect, train (not cram), and wisely guide the child-life of the nation, and to assure every citizen of an equality of opportunity, according to his particular gifts, to serve in that sphere in which his abilities can be exercised to the greatest advantage.

Absent Treatment.

I will give you absent treatment by my mental and spiritual methods upon request. No charges; only I accept your free-will love-offerings. Send name and address with a short description of your trouble. Treatments for either health or success or both.

Address—

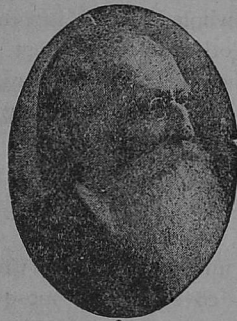
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Who Are These Spiritualists?

By Dr. J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

Associate Editor Self-Culture Journal.

Senator Leland Stanford, late governor of California, and founder of the Leland Stanford, Jr. University, of California, one of the best institutions of learning—while comparatively new—of America, which



was instigated and inspired from the spirit world. This university is situated at Palo Alto, about a mile from the railway station, and thirty-four miles from San Francisco. The family of Stanfords was blessed with one son, Leland, who, while traveling in Europe with his father, was taken ill at Florence, Italy, and soon died, at the age of

sixteen, the very morning time of life. He was an uncommonly brilliant young man, both intellectually and morally very promising. While Governor Stanford was watching by his bedside (see "National Cyclopedia of American Biography," Vol. II, page 129), wearied out with a prolonged care, he dropped asleep, and in that sleep he dreamed, that his son said to him: "Father, don't say you have nothing to live for; you have a great deal to live for—live for humanity, father." While this dream was passing through the brain of the father, death took the son. Determined to carry out the idea suggested, he made up his mind to found the great university which bears his son's name,—the Leland Stanford Junior University. This recorded biographical sketch reminded me of what Thos. W. Stanford said at the close of a spiritual seance in his house—"The Stanford family is a Spiritualistic family." When the Stanfords lost their son by death, their hearts necessarily ached in deepest sorrow. They loved him as only parents could love a most promising child. Upon him they looked for the staff to lean upon in their declining years. No artist can put on canvas, no poet express their soulfelt grief. Where should—were could they go for comfort? They had no faith in orthodox creeds, hence they naturally turned to the higher heavenly world for some backward glance, for some message from him who had been transplanted from earth to the world invisible. They consulted sensitives, clairvoyants, and several highly developed mediums, and with the greatest satisfaction.

Among these were Mrs. Ada Foye, Mrs. Maude Lorde, and others. Bishop Newman attended some of these seances, opening them with prayer. Governor Stanford also consulted mediums in New York. Judge A. H. Dailey informed me only a few weeks since that he had sat in seances with Senator Stanford and family. The family became thoroughly convinced that they received direct messages from their son. These messages were so satisfactory and spiritually uplifting that they resolved to strictly carry out his wishes as expressed to them from the spiritual world; and his wish was, that the most fitting mausoleum that they could construct to his memory would be a non-sectarian university where American youth might be educated physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually,—educated to properly attain unto a royal man and womanhood.

What, then, prompting undertone—the inspiring motive that constructed this colossal, non-sectarian institution? The only legitimate answer that can be given is—Spiritualism. True, it was said that when Senator Stanford was under fire for political preferment, that he said, "I am not a Spiritualist in the common acceptance of that term." Quite possibly he may have said this. Hundreds of genuine Spiritualists could say the same when confronted with some of the follies and extravagancies that have been hitched on to Spiritualism. But the solid, substantial fact remains that the Stanfords were devoted Spiritualists, and not materialists or doubting agnostics, and this magnificent university, reported with its building, grounds, and vineyards to be worth fifty millions of dollars, is the richest in America, if not in the world.

Thomas W. Stanford, of Melbourne, Australia, Leland Stanford's brother, during 1901 held eighty seances with Mr. C. Bailey, a very remarkable Australian medium. Twenty of these I had the pleasure of attending myself. This Australian Stanford, United States ex-Vice Consul, is a man of decided culture, influence and wealth. He has already put hundreds of thousands of dollars into the California Stanford University, and on the front of the great library building his name is elegantly carved—a monument to both his love of literature and Spiritualism.

Concerning the phenomena occurring at the Stanford Bailey seances, we cull the following from the able pen of W. Britten Harvey in "Science of the Soul":—

RIGID TESTS IN SYDNEY

(The 'Medium Tied Up In a Bag')

"The tests to which Mr. Bailey has been subjected in Melbourne, however, are only moderately severe when compared with some of the very rigid conditions to which he has been subjected elsewhere. At the request of an eminent Sydney doctor and several scientific friends associated with him, Mr. Bailey went to Sydney in 1903 for the purpose of giving a series of sittings. The members of the circle were (allowed to impose their own conditions,) which were of a particularly stringent character, but in spite of every precaution taken to detect fraud, similar phenomena occurred to those that had been witnessed in Melbourne. The full details of these experiences were set out in an official report contained in a book of 140 pages and entitled, "Rigid Tests of the Occult." The thoroughness with which two or three of the more sceptical investigators searched the medium before each sitting may be described as follows:—

The coat pockets were first overhauled, the lining was felt all over, then the coat was folded, placed on a chair beside Dr. X. and left there during the sitting. The control meanwhile separated the arms, so that the armpits could be searched by sight or touch; the hands, including the spaces between the fingers, being also examined by at least two pairs of eyes and hands. Then, while the arms were still extended outwards the clothes were searched, the pockets turned out, the linings examined, the non-possibility of secret pockets or receptacles noted, and every inch of the body from head to foot pressed hard and stroked down deliberately and systematically, somewhat after the manner of massage. As one of the more sceptical searchers remarked, when asked if he was satisfied, "Satisfied! why not a three penny bit could have escaped."

After this exacting scrutiny (the medium was placed in a bag),—with his arms and head free—secured beyond the possibility of opening without detection, and yet under these exceptionally stringent circumstances, the following objects were brought into the room on various occasions:

- Ten coins of the reign of the Ptolemys.
- Three ancient Roman coins.
- One Egyptian Scarabeus.
- Twenty precious stones.
- Three live Indian jungle sparrows
- One birds's nest.
- Eight Tablets.
- One newspaper in Arabic.

One shovel-nosed shark, one foot long.

Some dripping seaweed.

A half baked Chupatty Cake.

A terra cotta Cylinder

DENUDED OF ALL HIS CLOTHES

What were called "Special Test Sittings" were also held. On one of these occasions (every garment of the Sensitive was removed, including boots, socks and underwear, He was subjected to "a deliberate and most careful search of his whole body by appointed searchers. (He redressed in other clothes,) not his own, also searched, and was then linked to the already searched seance room."—Immediately the company had entered the room—which was an apartment in the private house of the medical gentleman who had instituted the investigations—the door was locked and sealed on the inside.

The Sensitive, still kept under close observance, was then (placed in a cage) covered with mosquito netting at the sides and top; the cage was screwed down to the floor, and adhesive plaster placed around its base. As one of the sitters observed—'You couldn't even get a three penny bit into the cage,' and yet even under these very rigid conditions the phenomena continued as before, the (apports) falling (inside the cage) without injury either to the netting or the frame work.

BOXING GLOVES USED

To add still further to the completeness of the "Tests," what was considered by the most sceptical observer to be an (absolutely crucial and convincing test) was resorted to. This was nothing more nor less than searching the Sensitive as heretofore and, in addition, placing on his hands a pair of the largest-sized boxing gloves tied securely at the wrists and sealed. In this grotesque guise he was popped into the cage and his prison house was screwed down and sealed as on former occasions. "Within a second," says the Report, "down fell something hard with a noise inside the cage . . . and in a few seconds more another solid article fell into the cage as if from a height." The (apports) thus brought consisted of two baked clay tablets with cuneiform writings thereon, one of which was broken as the control was unable to catch it with his clumsily gloved hands.

This unique test having failed to stop the manifestations, the gloves, the seals of which were found to be intact, were taken off and thus the hands of the Sensitive—who still remained in the cage—were left free to catch any live object that might possibly be

brought. The proceedings were then continued, various (apports) began to arrive, and by the time the Seance concluded it was found that the following assortment of presents had mysteriously come to hand:—

- Two baked clay tablets.
- Two live birds—Indian jungle sparrows.
- One bird's nest.

Fourteen ancient coins, some of them of the Ptolemy reigns in bronze and electrum with the head of Jupiter Ammon, and on the obverse the double eagle of the Ptolemys; others of the early Christian period, with the head of Constantine the Great and varied figures on the obverse.

An Egyptian scarabeus, described as of soap-stone species and said to have been found at Lenderah.

A plant, about five inches high from clay to top, with abundant leaves and green and healthy looking.

"This," continues the narrator, completed our specially stringent tests, though, indeed, every test was stringent and should convince any reasonable person

BAILEY AT MILAN—MORE STRINGENT TESTS

The astounding character of these phenomena was subsequently reported to Professor Falcomer, a distinguished investigator of psychic problems connected with the Royal Technical Institute in Venice, and it was suggested in 1904 that Mr. Bailey should be invited to Italy for a rigorous examination of his extraordinary powers. The Society for Psychic Studies at Milan acted on the hint and paid his passage thither. Fourteen sittings were held and in the official Report of the Society there is abundant evidence to show that the results were of a satisfactory character.

In addition to thoroughly searching the medium on similar lines to those followed in Sydney, he was likewise placed in a bag and put inside a kind of cabinet, the top and sides of which were covered with fine network, so that while he could be distinctly seen, there could be no possible contact with any person outside of it. The investigators included gentlemen of high literary and scientific attainments, and notwithstanding any condition they sought to impose, the following (apports) were among the more important brought by invisible carriers:—

A small bird's nest with an egg in it, Dr. Ferrari and Signora Odorico and Avvanzini testifying that the nest was still warm.

A bird almost black and warm to the touch, which afterwards dissolved and disappeared.

A number of precious stones, uncut.

A nest with a small bird sleeping in it.

A small black-headed bird was placed in the right hand of the medium and a nest containing a young bird in the left.

A plant which was seen in a flower pot suddenly disappeared.

Several Indian chupatties in a state of paste, which were said to have been taken from an Indian cook who was, at that moment, preparing them for the oven.

A fish about six inches long, accompanied by a strong saline odor. A bird was also brought at the same time, but both subsequently vanished.

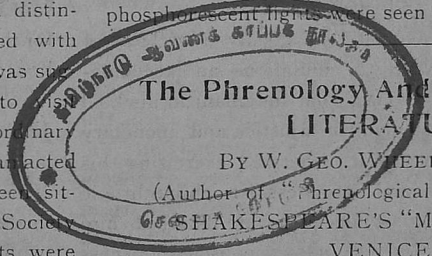
A luminous cross became visible (it was Good Friday) from eight inches to a foot in height; observed by all present.

A number of Egyptian coins and Babylonian tablets,

Indian woman's head-dress consisting of a large band with a sea shell and five antique coins depending from it, said to possess magical properties.

An empty cage was procured and a live bird was placed in it by invisible agency.

A child about five years of age materialized, and phosphorescent lights were seen floating about the room.



The Phrenology And Psychology of LITERATURE

BY W. GEO. WHEELER, L P. I.,
(Author of "Phrenological Helps," etc., etc.)
SHAKESPEARE'S "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

The story of the (Merchant of Venice) stands out clearly and unmistakably among the great productions of poetic literature; its realistic scenes and powerful representations of character, its depth of verdant thought and graceful imagery, its appeals to the tenderest passions and loftiest faculties of man's mighty soul, its eloquent demands on all that is noblest and truest in the mind of God's stupendous masterpiece give it a great place among the many majestic conceptions of the greatest poet & genius this country has produced.

Portia the gifted and eloquent lady of Belmont, a queen among beautiful and fascinating womanhood, whose external graces are surpassed only by purity of soul and bounteousness of mind, is introduced to the reader "a-weary of this great world." O'er all the earth are carried, as on ethereal wings, the wonderfulness of her virtues and the fair charms of her winsome

personality, bringing from far and near suitors of renown, perchance to win alike her treasures and her love.

Portia is a great lady with a great soul. To her, how meagre are the materialistic hankerings of animal men. Their cultured superficiality touches her with a sense of scorn. She has a perfect knowledge of human nature, a supreme skill in dissecting the motives and attainments of men. Her likes and dislikes are almost amusingly pronounced. Nerissa asks: "How like you the Duke of Saxony's nephew?" Portia exclaims: Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst he is little better than a beast."

How true is this of many created to live in the image of God. Men cultivate too often their lowest passions and baser selves. The moments when the Spirit's true endowments, as Browning says, stand out clearly from their false ones are few and seldom. They forget, all too often, the source of all true greatness is from within. He is most a God who cultivates most his mind: who subjects the lowest to the highest, the animal to the mental, the social to the moral, the unity of the spiritual and intellectual.

Antonio, the benevolent and goodly Merchant of Venice, is a character worthy of emulation—an exceedingly noble and fearlessly honest soul indignant in his bold and unshrinking protests against injustice and monetary greed, with a rare candour, liberally exercising his unselfish benevolence and largeness of philanthropic spirit. The fear of consequences never deterred him from his purpose. His scrupulous conscientiousness lifts him above the paltry lucre for which men sell their mental and moral greatness. His exposure of Shylock's subtle trespass on the credulity of his fellows stamps him at once as a bold, strong man. His devotion to Bassanio reveals a friendship as unbroken as eternity, a loyal companionship of hearts which the ages cannot change, faithful to the loss of all things, save honour.

How different to Antonio is the greedy, money-grabbing Shylock, with his abnormal acquisitiveness, destructive hate, and puny philoprogenitive affection.

There are men who are more of anthropomorphic demons than Gods. The soul and mind of man waits for no localized hell hereafter to damn itself. Within this materialistic house we creatures make our im-material heaven or hell. We are largely what we make ourselves.

The story itself is world-famed. Antonio, the generous Merchant of Venice whose fortunes are at sea,

bids Bassanio trade upon his name, thus placing him in a position to play the suitor to the beautiful lady of Belmont, Portia. Shylock the Jew lends, on Antonio's security, three thousands ducats for three months, which sum, if not repaid as agreed, would secure to Shylock the life of the merchant, the forfeiture being a pound of flesh cut from his body. In apparent merry sport the bond is sealed. Bassanio plays the game of love and wins the charming Portia on the terms of her father's will. The merchant's fortunes are, however, still at sea. The money to Shylock the merciless has not been paid. The months have passed, and Shylock, demanding his pound of human flesh, takes the affair to Court, refusing treble the money originally lent. His hatred for a period submerges even his acquisitiveness.

Portia the beautiful, disguised as a Doctor of Law, journeys to the Court to plead for Antonio. Her sublime eloquence has its secret source in the affections, conjoined to the intellect and moral faculties. Love reveals most a soul's divinity. True benevolence finds a means to place itself on the altar of friendship's devotion. There is a nobility of sympathy which has its richest flow in a woman's all tender affection. The poetry of her eloquent soul flashed forth in golden splendour, in living grandeur, for the saving of her husband's friend. Her soul was on her lips, and in her mind were thoughts beautiful and divine.

Portia's appeal for mercy having failed to touch the Jew's hardened nature, she proceeds more especially to law and logic. Having admitted his claim to the pound of flesh, she affirms that no mention of blood has been made in the bond, one drop shed therefore meaning the confiscation, by the laws of Venice, of Shylock's property.

Moreover, the pound must be neither less nor more, to turn the scale by a hair would mean death. The arguments proceed, and the Jew is completely foiled. He is, however, mercifully dealt with and the story ends happily.

The pretty love scenes of Lorenzo and Jessica are charmingly depicted, and the girl's naughtiness may be forgiven if

I love is blind, and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit.

The playful amusement of Portia and her maid, Nerissa, gives an added charm to the production.

In the "Merchant of Venice" are great lessons and studies in life and character. Teaching us, among many things, that

Mercy is above this sceptred sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then shew lightest God's

When mercy seasons justice.