

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by "M.A. (Oxon.)"

Alfred Austin, in the *National Review*, has a charming notice of Lord Tennyson's last volume. I do not quote more than one appreciative word of that last and most touching poem, "Crossing the Bar." He, a no mean judge, says:—

What a masterpiece! What a gem of purest ray serene from the deep unfathomed caves of the poet's imagination! How lucid! How pellucid! Simple as the utterance of a child, profound as the utterance of a sage, finished as the utterance of an artist. That is poetry.

It is; and it is, after all, not necessary to be obscure in order to be poetical. Nor is it necessary to involve ideas, even in prose, in a mazy labyrinth, in order to persuade people that they are important. People simply do not read them, or, if they do, do not understand them. The prophet, who has a word and a voice to utter it, is usually simple and direct in his utterance. If he is not, so much the worse for *him*. I mistrust a man who sets out to instruct his fellows without having so arranged his own thoughts as to be able to express them shortly and clearly. And this, of course, has no reference to those abstruse dissertations on recondite subjects which must needs tax the reader's mind. There is, perhaps, as much fault on the part of the reader who wants his mental food minced, as there is on the part of the teacher who takes no pains to be intelligible to the vulgar. Give and take!

The *Tocsin* is fierce and a little hysterical. Perhaps on account of the prevailing Epidemic. It wants to know from "gnostics" how to prevent a "gross outrage which, we understand, is typical of such occurrences." The language is a little hysterical, and the grammar is hazy. I hardly know what my emotional and effusive contemporary wants. Probably a little experience and knowledge. These must be personally acquired. The letter that his "Sceptic" has sent him is poor stuff. A young lady in a country house is said to have met a young man—not an infrequent occurrence—and to have received a proposal of marriage—not an infrequent occurrence in country houses. She rejected him, and he went to the bad. But, having psychical gifts, he haunted that lady "over her right shoulder." "Her mind was preternaturally clear," and therefore she was sure that it *was* the right shoulder, and not the left; and "her long cry, like that of a dog in its death-agony," which roused "nearly" (there is virtue in that "nearly") "the whole household" may pass as, indeed the letter may, without serious remark.

"Are you a Darwinite?" said a great man to me lately. "Partly; but perhaps more a follower of that school which has found in evolution a place for spirit—a Wallacite." "H'm! Evolution may account for the development of a body, but it never taught us, 'Be ye perfect, as your Father in Heaven is perfect.' *That* never came out of development from the lower animal." And so Froude said the other day, "Religion is a sense of responsibility to the Power that made us: Conscience and Intellect could not grow up in us had not the Supreme Being possessed them in a far greater degree first. I feel so strongly that we are not the mere accidental products of matter. We are here with intention, by purpose, although we may apparently have been left too much to ourselves. All that is grand, sublime, and of benefit to the race has come out of faith, not out of scepticism. Scepticism never yet did any grand or noble work."

Dr. Marston has passed into (to most people, at present) the unseen world. His house was once a chief literary resort in London. There could be seen, and, what is more, conversed with, Thackeray, Maddox Brown (still spared to us), Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Morris, A. C. Swinburne, Philip Bailey (good Spiritualist), and many another great name. The deaths of his wife and then of his two daughters were blows from which he never recovered. Then came the death of the lady to whom his son Philip was engaged. It is melancholy to think that this good man's later days were clouded with trouble that pertains to *this* world. As respects his future there was no trouble at all, but a perfect peace and trust. He had much tribulation on earth. I trust that he has much peace in the state of being to which he has been removed. Is it not a singular comment on the popular belief that nine people out of ten hang on to this life with grim determination while professing a belief that they are going straight to Heaven? Surely Heaven, when in the wisdom of the Supreme one may depart, is better than these fogs and this Influenza.

In his postscript to his article "On Mediumship," Dr. Cyriax makes some remarks that seem to me open to comment, interspersed among many that command my assent. That any man should suffer because he is brave enough to point out blotches and to denounce frauds in Spiritualism is likely, but he will not mind the temporary annoyance. If Spiritualism is to be what it ought to be, of good repute in the face of antagonism and misrepresentation, it is incumbent on those who speak in its name to see that it is kept clean. Dr. Cyriax has deserved well of us by reason of his outspoken utterances. He sees and says, what some people see and do not say, that fraud is a canker that will eat the heart out of Spiritualism. Let it be denounced, let it be stamped out! But let us remember that we know little of this obscure subject, and that a hasty raid has often been found to be ill judged. There is no subject that has ever come under my notice in which caution, care, and patience are more necessary to an observer than this Spiritualism, which so many people settle offhand in an idle moment. What looks like deception I

have found, on patient investigation, to be no deception at all. What seems, at first sight, conclusive evidence, a little careful sifting has proved worthless. Slow and cautious movement is very essential if we are to avoid pitfalls. I have no divergence of opinion from Dr. Cyriax when he points out the stupidity of a *soi disant* spirit, "high" or otherwise, assuming a name the very mention of which should be his utter confusion. Probably he has gauged his audience and knows what they will swallow.

But when Dr. Cyriax tells us that the "best men can only remain in communion with the earth-sphere for a comparatively short time, and that high spirits, *i.e.*, those who have reached the above-mentioned stage of spiritual development can no longer have direct intercourse with the earth," I am compelled to break off. Such a statement is erroneous. It is contradictory to my experience during eighteen years of very careful observation under conditions which are not attainable by most observers. With some very considerable modifications it is partially true. The progressed spirits do not, as a rule, return to this lower world. The Shakespeares who cannot spell, the Solons who talk nonsense, may be dismissed without further attention. But the fact remains that there is, as an assured fact, an effort on the part of the higher spirits—at certain times in the history of our world—to affect us, to influence us, and to produce by an organised effort a forward movement among us. To ignore this is to cut the heart out of Spiritualism. To confuse the Platos and Humboldts talking "to a few peasants in an obscure corner of the earth" with the influence of high and progressed spirits, who assume no such names, is to make a serious blunder. There is no limitation to the influence of the higher spirits, as there is none to the vanity, egotism, and credulity of mortals.

The *Speaker* has spoken, or, if one adopts the French equivalent, the "Squeaker" has squoken. I do not feel disturbed. The much advertised Voice is not at all disturbing. As to its politics I have nothing to say. It has, however, a flimsy article on "Hypnotic Fiction" which comes within my ken. The books noticed are:—

Master of his Fate. By J. MACLAREN COBBAN. (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1890.)

The Conquest of the Moon; a Story of the Bayoula. By A. LAURIE. (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington. 1889.)

I am disposed to say, with the candour that is required, that a more superficial and stupid review I never saw. The writer has, I presume, read the books. He certainly has not taken the trouble to understand them. And this is the journal that is to replace the *Spectator* as the organ of the Liberal party. The contents, so far as I can judge from two numbers, are not on a higher plane than that which knowledge has hitherto acquainted me with. The journal may be subsidised, but, if the first number is a specimen, it will live on "poor-relief."

Prince Starbeam is a tale of fairyland. By Mr. A. E. Waite (J. Burns). Illustrated by seven pretty etchings by Evelyn O. Stuart-Menteith. The story is told with grace and skill, but it is impossible to summarise it in my present space, and unfair to mutilate it. It comes appropriately to the present season. Mr. Burns's part of the work is excellently done; paper and type are such as to leave nothing to be desired, and the white binding, with its gold ornamentation, is most dainty.

WITHOUT strong affection and humanity of heart, and gratitude to that Being whose code is mercy, and whose great attribute is benevolence to all things that breathe, true happiness can never be obtained.—DICKENS.

TERMINOLOGY.

There can be no question of the perfect competence of the President of the Society for Psychological Research to decide on a question of terminology. Disagreeing, as we respectfully do, with the remarks made by him on the use of the term "Hallucinations," we give the arguments by which he supports his decision. It is, in our judgment, unfortunate that a word which is used already in a wholly different sense, with a connotation of something deceptive and unreal, should be applied in a new sense. It is still more unfortunate, in our judgment, that this idea of unreality and illusion should be associated with phenomena which a large number of people, insufficiently acquainted with them, are apt to regard as illusory. It seems to us that the use of any term calculated to foster that idea should have been avoided:—

This leads me to say a word on the general term used to denote these experiences. We require some one general term, and the best we can find to include all the species is "Hallucination." I admit the word to be open to some objection; because some people naturally understand from it that the impression so described is entirely false and morbid. But I need not say to readers of "*Phantasms*" that this is not our view; many of these experiences—though doubtless they involve some disturbance of the normal action of the nervous system—have no traceable connection with disease of any kind: and a certain number of them are, as we hold, reasonably regarded as "veridical" or truth-telling; they imply in the percipient a capacity above the normal of receiving knowledge, under certain rare conditions.

Why, then, it may be asked, do we use a term that implies erroneous and illusory belief? I answer, first, because in every experience that we call a Hallucination there is an element of erroneous belief, though it may be only momentary, and though it may be the means of communicating a truth that could not otherwise have been known. If I seem to see the form of a friend pass through my room, I must have momentarily the false belief that his physical organism is occupying a portion of the space of my room, though a moment's reflection may convince me that this is not so, and though I may immediately draw the inference that he is passing through a crisis of life some miles off, and this inference may turn out to be true. In the case of a recurrent Hallucination, known to be such, we cannot say that the false belief ever completely dominates the percipient's mind; but still, I conceive, it is partially there; here is an appearance that has to be resisted by memory and judgment.

It is, then, this element of error—perhaps only momentary and partial—which is implied in our term "Hallucination," and so much will be admitted by most intelligent believers in ghosts; for there are few of such believers who really hold that a ghost is actually seen as an ordinary material object is seen; *i.e.*, that it affects the percipient's eyes from the outside by reflecting rays of light on them. But we wish even those ghost-seers who hold this belief to have no difficulty in answering "Yes" to our general question; and therefore in framing it we avoided the word "Hallucination," though we have thought ourselves justified in using it in the "Instructions to Collectors" at the back of the paper.

And all would certainly admit that in many cases "Hallucination" is the only proper term. For instance, one of our informants saw a hand and arm apparently suspended from the ceiling—the owner of the real counterpart of this hand and arm being alive and heard at the time moving about in the next room.

The word "apparition" is, no doubt, a neutral word that might be used of all visual experiences of this kind; but it could only be used of visual cases. Usage would not allow us to apply it to apparent sounds or apparent touches.

I think, then, that we must use "Hallucinations of the senses" as a general term for the experiences we are collecting: meaning simply to denote by it a sensory effect which we cannot attribute to any external physical cause of the kind that would ordinarily produce this effect. In some cases we can refer it clearly to a physical cause within the organism—some temporary or permanent physical condition. In other cases—quite apart from telepathy—it is equally clear that the cause is primarily psychical. For instance, in the case of persons who have been hypnotised, it may result from a post-hypnotic

order. Thus in an article by Mr. Gurney, in *Proceedings*, Part XII., pp. 12, 13, there is an interesting account of the result of a suggestion made by him to a subject named Zillah in the hypnotic trance, that she would have a Hallucination of him at a certain fixed time on the following day; and there is a letter from Zillah's mistress describing the surprise caused to Zillah by seeing Mr. Gurney come into the kitchen and say "Good-afternoon," at the appointed time. Here we can trace the origin of the idea which thus externalised itself. In other cases, as with the arm above mentioned, the idea arises spontaneously by association or otherwise in the mind. In other cases, again, the idea which thus externalises itself may, as we believe, come into the mind from the mind of a person at a distance—the idea of a dying friend reaching us from his mind and rising above the threshold of consciousness in the form of a Hallucination, just as the idea of Mr. Gurney rose above the threshold of consciousness in Zillah's case in the form of a hallucination. A link between the two is afforded by those rare and interesting cases, of which several have been recorded in the publications of our Society, where one person is able from a distance, and by a mental process alone, to cause an apparition of himself to another. We have reason to think that the resulting sensory effect is in all these cases essentially the same, though the cause of it is very different in different cases; and, therefore, in the present state of our knowledge, it seems best to apply the term "Hallucination" to all.

PSYCHIC TELEGRAMS.

PART VII.

UNSEEN FRIENDS.—BY WRITING, THROUGH SISTER I.

Like snow on the mountain top, when the summer glows in the valley, still do we live, solemn and changeless, though the labourers look not up, nor the vintager regard aught beyond his ripening vines. Yet the year shall end, the leaf shall fade, the fruit shall be gathered in and consumed, and still unnoticed lies the sky-given, and sky-gazing, snow on the mountain peaks,—those mountains which, from gazing into Heaven, have gathered to themselves its white purity.

Yet we will, and we do, come and visit you; but look not for us in the busy day, speaking with the loud voices of men, nor expect us in the visions of night in the forms you once knew. One will come in the thought of sweet *Charity*; another will appear in the radiant glimpse of a *Divine Truth*; another in a rapture of *delight* that can find no words; another in the holy *Idea*, but none of us just as you once knew us, nor yet changed beyond recognition. We are ourselves, but we are spirit now.

We make Hope, not Memory, the key-note of life; Aspiration, not Despair; for we teach that nothing that is fair and good perishes, only its semblance fades, for happiness on earth is often only the distorted image of a greater joy yet to come, as sometimes the ship is reflected in the sky while still below the horizon.

We lighten life's burdens by teaching you how to bear them, and remove your grief by raising you above it. We hush the discords of your surroundings by teaching you a song that is louder than they. We dry the tear by showing you how to wipe it away yourselves. We dispel darkness by telling you how to let in light. We offer life, but you must stretch out your own hands to take it.

"DEATH AND LIFE."—BY WRITING, THROUGH SISTER I.

Death is the re-opening of those sluice gates which during mortal life have dammed up the soul in the narrow confines of the body. It is the re-absorption to the skies of a dew-drop fallen upon earth. Why argue for a future existence when your life is death, and what you call death is but the awakening to life? Your present life is but a lapse and silence in the eternal song; one phase of the wondrous existence through which every spirit passes; one of the many abodes it will visit for awhile; one resting place, whence you may take an upward spring far, far, onwards, or may descend to a miserable fall by idly lulling yourself to the sleep of death-in-life: One jewel on a string of varied stones. One sunbeam broken through the prism of mortality.

We cannot live on probabilities. The faith in which we can live bravely and die in peace must be a certainty, so far as it professes to be a faith at all, or it is nothing.—FROUDE.

JOHN E. DOVE.

[Of the subjoined communication our correspondent's letter and introduction are a sufficient explanation.—ED. OF "LIGHT."]

SIR,—In a recent address at the Alliance meeting you state that some of your readers are inquiring for more facts and less philosophy. In sending you this epitome of J. E. Dove's "Psychic Key," I also state some facts concerning his clairvoyant's prophecy, and the fulfilment as regards my sister and self, who were concerned in it. It might be well to explain to you that at the time of meeting J. E. Dove we were both young and in the full enjoyment of our medium-writing powers, and I shall never forget my meeting the grand, venerable form and bearing of J. E. Dove, like an ideal prophet of old, wearing a long, white beard. Having lived alone for ten years he had little power of utterance, and seemed rather overwhelmed at being in a social circle and meeting us, and he told me afterwards that my magnetic presence overwhelmed his powers of expression, but he could find utterance in writing.

Since he departed this life I have had many occasions of seeing in others, and realising the alternate lucid and clear entrancement of the spirit with the immediately external life of the intellect in an inspired individual. It seems to be what is realised by poets and seers or mystics in all ages, and is described by some as "the seven spheres," as by Jacob Boehme and Swedenborg, and known to St. Paul as "being caught up into the third heaven." T. L.

In the year 1867 it was my privilege to become acquainted with a student of psychology, John E. Dove, who, for upwards of twenty years, had been training and developing clairvoyants. Twenty-five years before this date he had, while living at Glasgow, developed the lucidity of "Mary," one of a Highland family, and gifted with second-sight. In her natural state she was an ignorant and even stupid person, but in her lucid state a sublime and profound philosopher. She was well known as a "subject" in J. E. Dove's lectures, at Edinburgh and Glasgow, on "The Philosophy of Life in its Threefold Phases of Waking, Sleep, and Entrancement," which were attended by such investigators as Sir W. Hamilton, Robert Chambers, George and Andrew Combe, Mrs. Crowe, and others.

About this period (1842), while "Mary" was entranced in Glasgow, she predicted that J. E. Dove would go to reside in London, and that there he should meet some one "of the family name that I bear"; with reference to bringing many into the light where she was.

This "Mary" was perpetually exhorting him to do. At that time modern Spiritualism had not begun to manifest itself, although the practice of mesmerism in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and Mr. Lang's book on these and kindred subjects immediately published in America, prepared the way for it. Still "Mary's" prediction was reiterated to J. E. Dove, and ten years subsequently he removed to London, where he continued his philosophic studies, and, as a Freemason, was a frequent contributor to the *Builder*. Keeping pace with the march of ideas, though living a very solitary life, he worked out intellectually the results of his experiments with the clairvoyants till about 1866, when he was invited by a friend to meet Mrs. Hardinge at a private séance, where he was told some interesting psychical facts. Still his "Mary's" prediction had not been fulfilled entirely, though he had lived in London more than ten years.

He began to doubt the possibility of its fulfilment, when suddenly in June, 1867, he received an invitation from our common friend to meet us—of the same family name, only *English* instead of the *Scotch* equivalent of "Mary's" prediction. We met J. E. Dove, and he entertained us with his interesting prophecies and experiences for one evening, and we never met again. But it was the commencement of a deep and interesting correspondence for more than two years.

He had at that time of meeting us been prepared for the idea of *writing mediumship* by the study of those passages in the Bible where David received the design of the building of the Temple at Jerusalem, "by the hand of the Lord upon him in writing, &c." We, as writing mediums, had also by the beautiful fitness of all Spiritual development been taught, by inspiration or intuition, the innermost truth that "the Divine life is at once thine innermost self, yet thine ever unattainable desire."

At this juncture of our researches our destined meeting took place, and the prophecy was fulfilled as to the identity of family name and spiritual interests; but I must humbly acknowledge I

fear I disappointed him as to the degrees of clairvoyant or lucid perceptions at the time of our correspondence. His was the analytical and intellectual plane of thought, and ours was the intuitive and impressional, working through the intellect.

This is all I need say in introduction of Dove's *Psychological Key*, which gave the clue to all the mysteries of Intuition, Entrancement, and God-possession which have been the true religion of all nations and creeds and peoples wherever the Spirit has been recognised in Whom we live and breathe and have our being.

J. E. DOVE'S "PSYCHOLOGICAL KEY."

At this advanced period of the nineteenth century, when the mysteries of the human being have been presented through the revelations of hypnotism, clairvoyance, telepathy, and other kindred manifestations, it may still be of use to indicate some of the life-work of the psychical philosopher, John E. Dove, who about forty years ago brought out his *Psychological Key*. This *Key* is to explain by the most ancient but simple symbols in geometrical figures the degrees of entrancement in clairvoyants or sensitives. Taking the extreme portions of the human consciousness as exhibited in the wakeful or externally conscious state, to that of deep sleep of the senses, opening into the clearest spiritual consciousness, there are several degrees till the soul reaches the deepest condition of the Divine absorption, or in other words the union of the Divine and the human nature in man.

This mystic or spiritual union he summed up by the terms the *radiative* and the *concentrative* principles, which are best illustrated by his diagram of a double or inverted triangle. The concentrative principle he described as the conscious principle, or soul and life of man himself, while the radiative principle is the spirit of light to the soul, with which it co-operates in the maintenance of that circle of alternate action, concentrative and radiative, and synthetical and analytical, by means of which the mental phenomena are ever circulated, organised, and conserved.

The following is the categorical succession of actual and possible, or normal and dormant life states, the radiative and concentrative, Divine and human—or spiritual and natural—or Spirit-possessed and Soul-possessed:—

The Symbol of the *Radiative*, or ultra Conscious Spirit principle (o)

The symbol of *Concentrative* or conscious soul-principle (.)

<p>Life of Entrancement beyond and above the Conscious Life, i.e., Spirit Life.</p>	<p>8°.—0° The Ecstatic and oracular Spirit state of complete and exclusive God-possession or being "in the Spirit," or "The Spirit of Christ," or "The Comforter," in which God is all and the Soul is nothing.</p>
<p>7°.—1° Spirit-waking—the lucid and angelic state of entrancement, or ultra-consciousness.</p>	<p>6°.—2° Spirit-Reverie—the wandering Spirit of entrancement.</p>
<p>5°.—3° Spirit dreaming—the spirit imagery of entrancement.</p>	<p>4°.—4° Oblivious Sleep—or the "Vail of the Temple," i.e., "The Shadow of Death."</p>
<p>3°.—5° Soul-dreaming—natural and conscious imagery.</p>	<p>2°.—6° Soul-reverie—ordinary mental wandering, temporary or permanent, as in the insane.</p>
<p>1°.—7° Soul-waking—or ordinary and conscious animate life.</p>	<p>0°.—8° The agnostic soul-state of contemplative abstraction; the Unitive or Identitive, or manhood of the soul, i.e. "The Head of every man," or the centre of every soul; "the Christ incarnate in us."</p>

At the time of the correspondence with J. E. Dove on *Divine Possession* or *Divine Entrancement*, the following spirit-given answers and directions were supplied to us in our family circle by our teachers through our medium's utterance:—

Seek ye the ecstasy of the Souls; Be ye frenzied with *The Spirit's* embraces. Float, float, float away from all landmarks, all cords of mere intellect, however lengthy the tether. Trust yourselves on the unfathomable depths where there are no rocks of human materialism, no shallows of the mind. Rudderless and charterless trust yourselves.

Have faith in your own God-head. Let the Divinity within you speak, that is all needed to arrive at this holy madness.

On September 8th, 1867, in reply to further letters of J. E. Dove upon trance and ecstasy, the reply given by our teachers was:—

In intellectual consciousness is the highest development. Trance and Visions are for the gross people only. But if a man would be his own oracle it will be by the union of his triune nature. The vision is a candle in a dark place, but the wise man enjoys the sunlight

of widespread light through all his nature. . . . Intellect is the dial which receives the electric Spirit-message. We agree, his (J. E. Dove's) angels and I; but yet he must see that an open communication through the intellect (the mind being *en rapport* with the spirit) is a more perfect state than when his intellect has to be numbed.

His angel tells me that it is the recognition by man's three-fold nature, of pure *Spirit*, that is symbolised by Adam walking with God, and talking with Him, in the garden of thought.

(Signed) W. G.

CONGRESS OF EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY.

A rather belated notice of the meeting in Paris of the "International Congress of Experimental Psychology" appears in the Society for Psychical Research *Proceedings*. Nearly two hundred members were present and among representative men were the following:—

Professor Charcot, under whose presidency the Congress was convened, was unfortunately prevented from being present by indisposition, but Dr. Magnan and Professor Ribot as Vice-Presidents, Professor Richet as General Secretary, and MM. Gley and Marillier as Assistant-Secretaries extended a courteous welcome to the foreigners present. Members from Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Chili, England, Germany, Holland, Italy, Mexico, Roumania, Russia (including Finland and Poland), Salvador, Sweden, Switzerland, and the United States took part in the debates, and we believe that members from other countries were also present. The English Society for Psychical Research was represented by the President and Mrs. Sidgwick, Mr. Barkworth, Mr. Kleiber, Dr. Myers, and Mr. F. W. H. Myers. The American Society of the same name was represented by Professor William James, Professor Jastrow, and Mr. Riley (delegate of the United States to the Exhibition). M. Marillier, one of the Secretaries of the Congress, is also Secretary for France to the Society for Psychical Research. Many men well known in Medicine, Psychology, Physiology, and other branches of science were present. Among them were MM. Ballet, Bernheim (Nancy), Binet, Bourru (Roche-fort), Carus, Danilewsky (Kharkoff), Déjerine, Delboeuf (Liège), Drill (Moscow), Espinas (Bordeaux), Ferrari, Fontan (Toulon), Forel (Zurich), Galton, Grote (Moscow), Pierre Janet (Havre), Jules Janet, Lapotine (Moscow), Liégeois (Nancy), Lombroso (Turin), Münsterberg, Neiglick (Helsingfors), von Schrenk-Notzing (Munich), Ploix de Rochas (Tours), Séglas, Tokarsky (Moscow), and de Varigny.

At this Paris Congress of Experimental Psychology we observe that Dr. A. T. Myers thus reports a discussion on a question of Terminology. The matter in dispute was that old bad phrase "Animal Magnetism" or the newer "Hypnotism":—

In the discussion that followed on the definition of these terms, MM. Bernheim, Forel, Espinas, Liégeois, Oh. Richet, and Delboeuf took an active part, but it was found that an exact emendation of any such difficult phrases as these definitions could not be reached by as large a gathering as about forty members of this committee. Professor Bernheim vigorously expressed his opinion that our knowledge of animal magnetism and hypnotism was as yet too imperfect to allow of our fixing their limits exactly; he was himself inclined to keep the term animal magnetism for historic use as describing the phenomena of a past generation; to employ Hypnotism as a newer word to cover a large area as yet imperfectly known, and which it would be premature to define exactly, but which did not necessarily imply any condition of sleep; and to restrict somnambulism to a condition analogous to sleep and produced by suggestion or hypnotism. Professor Liégeois wished to give up the use of "Animal Magnetism" in any accurate discussion, as being a term based on an old mistake. After some further debate a decided majority of the committee voted against the use of "Hypnotism" and "Animal Magnetism" as synonymous terms.

THE TRUE FREEMAN.—That man only who rises above the small yet mighty predilection, who sets the self of his own consciousness behind his back, and cherishes only the self of the Father's thought, the angel that beholds the eternal face, that man only is a free and noble being, he only breathes the air of the Infinite. Another may well deny the existence of any such Father, any such Infinite, for he knows nothing of the nature of either, and his testimony for it would be as worthless as that in which he gives against it.

A SUBMERGED CONSCIOUSNESS.

In a notice, in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research, of *Das Doppel Ich* (Max Dessoir Karl Siegismund, Berlin) Mr. F. W. H. Myers cites the subjoined piece of evidence of a submerged consciousness:—

Several friends were in my room, one of whom, Mr. W., was reading to himself while the rest of us were talking with one another. Someone happening to mention the name of Mr. X., in whom Mr. W. is much interested, Mr. W. raised his head and asked "What was that about X.?" He knew nothing, he told us, of our previous conversation; he had only heard the familiar name, as often happens. I then hypnotised him, with his consent, and when he was pretty deeply entranced, I asked him again as to the conversation. To our great astonishment, he now repeated to us the substance of our whole conversation during the time that he was reading to himself. In this case, then, there was a perception of sensory impressions, but not in the consciousness with which the waking man worked;—rather in another consciousness which found its first opportunity of revealing itself in the hypnotic trance.

In this case as in some of the experiments with crystals reported in the last Part of *Proceedings*, we find the unconscious Self noting, treasuring, and reproducing certain information, conveyed indeed through the channel of the ordinary senses, but so conveyed that it never reached the emergent or ordinary consciousness of that same percipient in whose depths it was all the while being registered.

PREACHING AND PRACTISING.

We find in *The Echo* (January 4th) some very apposite remarks which we consider to have a wider application than they were originally intended to carry. There is no doubt this practical age demands something more than preachment. The influence of leaders of opinion is great in proportion to their earnestness and to the activity they display in translating words into deeds, precepts into practice. No less does the success of any cause depend on the self-sacrifice of those adherents who profess faith in it. Zeal, energy, discretion, and sacrifice are all needed if the light of truth is to burn clear. It is, perhaps, hardly less essential that the common good should be sought by giving up private fads and labouring heartily side by side without recrimination and needless insistence on private notions.

We have in London a variety of teachers, who expound a variety of doctrines; and though these preachers and teachers generally disagree as to the things taught and the manner of teaching them, they are all getting closer and closer, and agreeing more and more on one thing—the necessity of putting thought into action, and of squaring practice with profession. Herein we see indications of what is likely to grow into a social revolution. Canon Liddon may disagree with Dr. Farrar as much as Dr. Farrar may disagree with Dr. Coit, or Dr. Coit with Mr. Frederic Harrison, or Dr. Momerie with Mr. William Morris, or Mr. Morris with Cardinal Manning, or Mr. Hugh Price Hughes with the Cardinal, or Stopford Brooke with Price Hughes, or Mr. Spurgeon with Stopford Brooke, or as much as Canon Westcott may disagree with either; but all now, and for about the first time in the history of modern ages and modern preaching, agree that religion is a thing to be put into practice rather than to be talked about. Dr. Newman Hall and Mrs. Besant, Dr. Clifford and Dr. Aveling, Mr. Charrington and Mr. Barnett may shake hands on one point. They agree that deeds are better than dogma. Mr. Price Hughes commences a West End mission. Of what does the new departure mainly consist? Of merely preaching Wesleyanism? Nothing of the kind. It consists mainly, and it gains converts mainly, because it sympathises with the poor, because it visits the sick, because it looks after waifs and strays, because it descends from the pulpit into the streets. Cardinal Manning may talk of the unbroken unity of the Catholic Church and the saving efficacy of Sacraments and the sin of schism as much as he may, but he thereby does little for his Church. But he knows that the best way to strengthen the Church in this country is to weep with those who weep, to plead the cause of hospitals, to work in harness with social reformers, and to practically co-operate with men on strike. And so it is all along the line. The Church, in all its varieties and methods of propagandism, is working as well as talking, or it would soon lose its foothold in the land. Modern thought outside the Church has demanded that there should be less preaching and more practice.

GERALD MASSEY ON SPIRITUALISM.

These are brave and true words of Gerald Massey's in the preface of his late volume, *My Lyrical Life*. An open confession to faith, and one that Gerald Massey has not been ashamed to make whenever he was or thought himself called upon:—

For the truth's sake I ought to explain that the kind of Spiritualism, Gnosticism, or Neo-Naturalism to be found in my poetry is no delusive idealism derived from hereditary belief in a physical resurrection of the dead! Neither am I making a new attempt to cheat the ignorant by false pretences of knowledge. My faith in our future life is founded upon facts in nature, and realities of my own personal experience; not upon any falsification of natural fact. These facts have been more or less known to me personally during forty years of familiar face to face acquaintanceship; therefore my certitude is not premature. They have given me the proof palpable that our very own human identity and intelligence do persist after the blind of darkness has been drawn down in death. The Spiritualist who has plumbed the void of death as I have, and touched this solid ground of fact, has established a faith that can neither be undermined nor overthrown. He has done with the poetry of desolation and despair; the sighs of unavailing regret, and all the passionate wailing of unfruitful pain. He cannot be bereaved in soul! And I have had ample testimony that my poems have done welcome work, if only in helping to destroy the tyranny of death, which has made so many mental slaves afraid to live.

PHANTASM OF A DYING PERSON.

FROM THE *Sphinx*.

TRANSLATED BY "V."

One of my former patients, named Schubert, a labourer, of Rodlitz, in whom, for various reasons, I had taken particular interest, was taken ill again while I was absent for some weeks, and therefore passed under the treatment of one of my colleagues, under whose care he remained till the time of his death. It was some weeks since I had heard anything of the sick man. On Monday, October 14th, at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, as I was driving out to my country patients, I was met by the aforesaid Schubert, in the High-street of our little town, coming out of a side street. He passed me with a singularly mournful greeting. On Wednesday, October 16th, I accidentally passed by Schubert's dwelling, where, to my amazement, I heard that he had expired that very morning, at half-past two o'clock.

"Impossible," said I, "why I met him in the street only the day before yesterday." The people looked at one another in astonishment and declared that I must have been mistaken, for Schubert had been lying perfectly unconscious ever since Sunday, the 13th. I was not mistaken, however, and would pledge my word for the truth of what I have stated. Was this a "Phantasm of the Living"?

Lichtenstein, October 25th, 1899.

DR. ZENKER.

THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

"Are you still in the land of the living?" inquired a man of an aged friend. "No, but I am going there," was the reply.

O land, so full of breaking hearts,
O'erhung with shadows blinding,
Where half the world the other half
In sheet and shroud are winding.
We stretch our eyes away—away
Past this domain of sorrow,
And catch the tintings on the clouds
Of an auroral morrow.

Each year we see the brightest leaves
In Autumn's hands the serest;
Each year the bird-notes die away,
Which rang for us the clearest;
Each day the cruel mouth of Death
The lie to life is giving,
And yet we call this fading land
The region of the living!

O aged man, whose silver hair
Is like the ring of glory!
God bless you for that precious truth,—
Our hearts repeat the story;
And while we sit in vacant homes
Heaven's golden bells are pealing
Along the darkness of the night,
Making the same revealing!

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2, DUKE STREET,
ADELPHI, W.C.

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Light :

EDITED BY "M. A. (OXON.)"

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18th, 1890.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. I will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

MR. CROOKES'S "NOTES ON SEANCES WITH
D. D. HOME."

We gave a brief account last week of Mr. Crookes's weighty and important introduction to his "Notes of Séances with D. D. Home." We propose now to give our readers some details of phenomena selected from these Notes. The eleven sittings extended from May 9th, 1871, to April 21st, 1872, and were all held either at Mr. Crookes's own house, at that of his brother, the late Mr. Walter Crookes, or at 81, South Audley-street, the residence of Miss Douglas, a personal friend of Mr. Home's and Mr. William Crookes's. Among the persons present were some well-known names, notably Mrs. Makdougall Gregory and Serjeant Cox.

An experiment that we have frequently witnessed with Mr. Home, and have tried ourselves with success, is the diminishing or increasing the weight of a table at request. Mr. Crookes thus describes an experiment made on May 9th, 1871, at 81, South Audley-street. The normal weight of the table was 32lbs.; it stood on a centre pillar and three feet, and was three feet in diameter. A candle stood upon it, there were two candles on the mantelpiece, and a wood fire, somewhat dull, in the grate.

The table tilted in four or five directions to an angle of about twenty-five degrees. It was found afterwards that a pull of 8lbs. was required to effect this. To raise the table straight up, a spring-balance being at one of three equi-distant points, a pull of 10lbs. was required.

Mr. Crookes having adjusted his spring-balance under the edge of the table:—

EXPERIMENT I.—"Be light." An upward pull of 2lbs. to lift one of the feet off the ground, all hands lightly touching the top of the table.

EXPERIMENT II.—"Be heavy." Table creaked, groaned, settled down on the floor, and required a force of 36lbs. to move it. Hands as before.

EXPERIMENT IV.—Hands arranged palms upwards, and ends of fingers underneath the table top, so that if force were unconsciously exerted, it would tend to diminish the weight. The pull now was 45lbs. and finally 48lbs., the leg of the table being 3in. off the floor.

On May 22nd with the same table ("Be light") the balance on one occasion showed a weight of scarcely half-a-

pound to tilt it; on another ("Be heavy") of 43lbs. to lift it from the floor.

These experiments are of a simple nature. We have ourselves, when alone with the late Serjeant Cox, reproduced them successfully. Those who desire to accumulate facts proving the action of a force could not do better than make the attempt. We might then learn, perhaps, from some scientific psychical researcher more about the force and its operation.

The next experiment is not so likely to be easily reproduced. This, too, we have witnessed in Mr. Home's presence. The occurrence took place at 81, South Audley-street, on May 9th, 1871. The account is so important, the phenomenon so rare and so likely to be met with incredulity (as we have repeatedly found in relating our own observation of it), that we reproduce Mr. Crookes's Note *in extenso*:—

Mr. Home sank back in his chair with his eyes closed and remained still for a few minutes. He then rose up in a trance and made signs for his eyes to be blindfolded. This was done. He walked about the room in an undecided sort of manner, came up to each of the sitters and made some remark to them. He went to the candle on a side table (close to the large table) and passed his fingers backwards and forwards through the flame several times so slowly that they must have been severely burnt under ordinary circumstances. He then held his fingers up, smiled and nodded as if pleased, took up a fine cambric handkerchief belonging to Miss Douglas, folded it up on his right hand and went to the fire. Here he threw off the bandage from his eyes and by means of the tongs lifted a piece of red hot charcoal from the centre and deposited it on the folded cambric; bringing it across the room, he told us to put out the candle which was on the table, knelt down close to Mrs. W. F. and spoke to her about it in a low voice. Occasionally he fanned the coal to a white heat with his breath. Coming a little further round the room, he spoke to Miss Douglas, saying, "We shall have to burn a very small hole in the handkerchief. We have a reason for this which you do not see." Presently he took the coal back to the fire and handed the handkerchief to Miss Douglas. A small hole about half-an-inch in diameter was burnt in the centre, and there were two small points near it, but it was not even singed anywhere else. (I took the handkerchief away with me and, on testing it in my laboratory, found that it had not undergone the slightest chemical preparation which could have rendered it fire-proof.)

Mr. Home again went to the fire, and after stirring the hot coal about with his hand, took out a red-hot piece nearly as big as an orange, and putting it on his right hand, covered it over with his left hand so as to almost completely enclose it, and then blew into the small furnace thus extemporised until the lump of charcoal was nearly white-hot, and then drew my attention to the lambent flame which was flickering over the coal and licking round his fingers; he fell on his knees, looked up in a reverent manner, held up the coal in front and said: "Is not God good? Are not His laws wonderful?"

Going again to the fire, he took out another hot coal with his hand and holding it up said to me, "Is not that a beautiful large bit, William? We want to bring that to you. Pay no attention at present." The coal, however, was not brought. Mr. Home said: "The power is going," and soon came back to his chair and woke up.

The following refers to a somewhat similar incident:—

Extract from a letter from Mr. Crookes to Mrs. Honeywood, describing an incident at a Séance on April 28th, and incorporated in Mrs. Honeywood's notes of the Séance.

At Mr. Home's request, whilst he was entranced, I went with him to the fireplace in the back drawing-room. He said, "We want you to notice particularly what Dan is doing." Accordingly I stood close to the fire and stooped down to it when he put his hands in. He very deliberately pulled the lumps of hot coal off, one at a time, with his right hand and touched one which was bright red. He then said, "The power is not strong on Dan's hand, as we have been influencing the handkerchief most. It is more difficult to influence an inanimate body like that than living flesh, so, as the circumstances were favourable, we thought we would show you that we could prevent a red-hot coal from burning a handkerchief.

We will collect more power on the handkerchief and repeat it before you. Now!"

Mr. Home then waved the handkerchief about in the air two or three times, held it up above his head and then folded it up and laid it on his hand like a cushion; putting his other hand into the fire, he took out a large lump of cinder red-hot at the lower part and placed the red part on the handkerchief. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been in a blaze. In about half a minute, he took it off the handkerchief with his hand, saying, "As the power is not strong, if we leave the coal longer it will burn." He then put it on his hand and brought it to the table in the front room, where all but myself had remained seated.

(Signed) WILLIAM CROOKES.

There are several accounts in these Notes of abnormal music, Mr. Home holding an accordion with the keys downwards. Thus held under the table it was seen by all to expand and contract and to give out musical sounds, sometimes of great beauty.* Airs such as "Ye Banks and Braes" and "Home, Sweet Home" were accurately given. A hand was seen by some observers to finger the keys as Mr. Home held it lightly by the end opposite to the keys. Sometimes spirit-music was played. This is an instance:—

Mr. Home then took the accordion in his right hand in the usual manner, and placing his left on the table, it was held both by Miss Douglas and Mrs. Wm. Crookes. The light was then put out and the following message was spelt:—

"The Four Seasons. Winter first."
"Spring.—The Birth of the Flowers."
"Birds in Summer."

The above messages were given whilst the piece was being played. It would be impossible to give any idea of the beauty of the music, or its expressive character. During the part typifying summer we had a beautiful accompaniment, the chirping and singing of the birds being heard along with the accordion. During autumn we had "The Last Rose of Summer" played.

Many other instances of this phenomenon, which was not uncommon with Mr. Home, are recorded; as are other experiments which space does not permit us to refer to.

With a brief record of another nature we must close. On November 25th, 1871, at Mr. William Crookes's own house, after certain phenomena, the following took place.

The planchette moved irregularly along the paper, making a mark with the pencil.

Some of those who were present said they saw a luminous hand touching the paper. I saw the paper raised up at the side away from Mr. Home.

I felt touched strongly on the knee by something feeling like fingers. On putting my hand down a sheet of paper was put into it. I said, "Is anything written on it?"

"Yes."

It being too dark to see what was written, I asked that it might be told me by raps, and on repeating the alphabet I got the following:—

"Retojdourdanie."

On striking a light the following was seen neatly written:—

R. C. to J. D.
Our Daniel.

Miss Douglas said the R. C. was Robert Chambers, whilst J. D. were the initials of her own name.

As the paper was a sheet I had marked and it was free from any writing when put under the table, whilst no one had moved from the table in the meantime, this was as striking a manifestation as I had ever seen.

It is a problem that we do not seek to solve, but which forces itself on the mind in the shape of a question, How far will these records, so clear in themselves, and authenticated by the name of one of our foremost scientific men, affect opinion that has hitherto been indifferent or hostile? Again, does this kind of evidence satisfy the canons laid down by the president of the Society for Psychical Research, as "tending to prove the intrusion—if I may so call it—into the world of ordinary experience, material or mental, either of causes that find no place at all in science—i.e., in our systematised knowledge of the world

of experience—or of unknown modes of operation of known causes"?

Of "vehement attacks," of which Professor Sidgwick makes mention, there have been none on our part directed against the Society for Psychical Research. We have consistently and steadily acknowledged the good work that it has done in certain directions. We do not agree in all its methods. They are open to the charge of hyper-criticism, and when it deals as it has done with Spiritualism we shall still less be expected to agree with them. But these records of Mr. Crookes's, the extreme value of which we are not slow to admit, do not stand alone. They derive indeed much of their value from the fact that they confirm and endorse a wide experience. But, says Professor Sidgwick in his address on the "Canons of Evidence,"

If a man tells us that he saw a table get off the ground with no one touching it, though the fact that he had this impression is interesting and noteworthy, it is not complete proof of the levitation of the table; we have still to inquire whether the impression on his mind could be produced otherwise than by the physical fact. If there was anyone else there, it is *prima facie* possible that he may have produced an illusion in the narrator's mind; therefore it becomes needful (1) to study the art of producing illusions, and (2) to examine how far the situation and circumstances of the narrator at the time at which the impression was produced, gave opportunities for the exercise of this art. We have also, of course, to consider the possibility of the observer having been in an abnormal state of nerves or mind, tending to make self-deception natural—and even perhaps deception of others.

Is Mr. Crookes, then, under an illusion? Are his friends collectively hallucinated? Did "the situation and circumstances of the narrator, at the time at which the impression was produced, give opportunities for the exercise of this art" of illusion on the part of Mr. Home? Was Mr. Crookes "in an abnormal state of nerves or mind tending to make self-deception natural"?

This is important, for Mr. Crookes gives the weight of his name and fame to avouching the objective reality of phenomena similar in kind, in many cases precisely identical, with those which have been witnessed and reported by a multitude of other competent observers. The literature of Spiritualism in this and other countries teems with such records. They are ready to the hands of those who will deal with them. It is a good sign that the Society for Psychical Research has opened its *Proceedings* to these records, though their appearance in its pages may perhaps strike one with a passing sense of wonder, and carry one's mind off to the problem of the fly in the amber.

CONVERSAZIONE AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

We beg to remind our readers that on Tuesday next Mr. Morse will deliver an address before the London Spiritualist Alliance in the Banqueting Hall, St. James's Hall, at 8 p.m. The hall will be open at 7 p.m., and we trust that there will be a large attendance. The subject is, "The Status of American Spiritualism as seen during a Four Years' Visit." Music and refreshments during the evening.

"THERE are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy," and amongst them is assuredly the degree to which one mind influences another, the indescribably softening effect, produced alike on old and young, by one tender, tolerant, all-enduring spirit.—ANNA DEFE.

WE can make it a Christian duty not only to love, but to be loving; not only to be true friends, but to show ourselves friendly. We can make ourselves say the kind things that rise in our hearts and tremble on our lips—do the gentle and helpful deeds which we long to do, and shrink back from; and little by little it will grow easier—the love spoken will bring back the answer of love—the kind deed will bring back a kind deed in return—till the hearts in the family circle, instead of being so many frozen, icy islands, shall be full of warm airs, and echoing bird-voices, answering back and forth with a constant melody of love.—H. BEECHER STOWE.

* See "LIGHT" (December 14th ult.), p. 594.

JOTTINGS.

Theosophical Siftings (No. XIV.) reproduces from *Lucifer* an article on "Acquired Habits." The same number contains an article on "Psychometry and Thought-transference," which is abundantly interesting and suggestive.

The same publication (No. XV.) gives us a synopsis of Dr. Oliver Lodge's experiments in thought-transference, already known to the members of the Society for Psychical Research, but worth extended circulation; and a paper on "Theosophy and the Present Age."

We quote from the latter article. "In nothing does the conceit of some Occidental minds show itself more prominently than in the denial of the very existence of the 'Masters of Wisdom.'" We are not called upon to prove a negative. We are not conscious of any particular "conceit," if the word be used in its ordinary acceptation; nor do we see what "conceit" has to do with the question. But we pause for conclusive evidence still. "F. T. S." gives none; does not point to any, but only scolds us for not proving a negative.

Truths of Nature (Jos. M. Wade, Boston, Mass.), "or some similar publication, will appear in due time, but where or in what form the editor is at present unable to state." We are sorry that the present form cannot live. There is a large fund of sound sense in this last number.

The January number of the *White Cross Library* (Prentice Mulford, editor; F. W. Needham, publisher: New York, U.S.A., price one dollar and a half yearly) deals with "Immortality in the Flesh." Mr. Mulford believes "that a physical body can be retained so long as the spirit desires its use." That depends, we take it, on how far the spirit's desires extend.

The body at death does not give up the ghost. It is the ghost that gives up the body. Mr. Mulford is right there.

The *Review of Reviews* is likely, we should think, to provide employment for lawyers. Meantime Mr. Stead, dropping the *Pall Mall Gazette*, poses as the successor of Malachi and St. John, and invites all and sundry who are afflicted to come to him as a sort of priest in confessional. The new venture is "done distinctly on a religious principle." We should not have discerned this, if we had not been told. It seems to us a very audacious picking of other men's brains.

The *Review of Reviews* has some extracts from the Rev. Minot Savage's article in the *Forum*, already noticed in "LIGHT," and an abstract of Colonel Ingersoll's "Why I am an Agnostic" in the *North American Review*. "A curious amalgam of Henry Ward Beecher and Mr. Bradlaugh" he is, in Mr. Stead's view.

Can Such Things Be? or, the Weird of the Beresfords is a "study in occult will-power" by Keith Fleming. (Routledge; 2s.) It carries the prevalent fashion of the novelist to draw his material from a study of the occult further than we remember to have before noticed. To tell the plot of such a story is but to spoil the reader's pleasure. Suffice it to say that we have thought-transference, somnambulism, clairvoyance, ghosts, murders, hauntings, visions, and re-incarnation piled up in one ghastly heap. There are many improbabilities, and there is enough horror to make a nervous person's hair stand on end, "like quills upon the fretful porpentine."

Professor Charles Richet on his experiments in Hypnotism:—

My patience was thus pretty severely tried. To wait three, four, or five hours at dead of night till a card is named, one needs a considerable share of perseverance. Had it been my intention—which Heaven forbid!—to submit these experiments to some academic commission, I should not have ventured to ask of anybody whatever to endure séances like these, often, alas! completely without success. To endure such séances, one must be directly interested in the experiment. An on-looker would have lost patience before attaining the smallest result.

A BASE mind always takes that for cant in another which would be such in itself, and is apt to blame any innocent assertion of peculiarity as assumption. Yet, in fact, what is peculiar to any one is not only all that is of worth in him, but is also the most likely to be showing itself on all occasions.—J. R. LOWELL.

EXPERIENCES OF AN INQUIRER.

No. II.

TABLE TILTS AND RAPS.

These continue, and are got by either one, two, three, or four of our family sitting at a table, without any medium, in the evenings. They begin in a very few minutes; messages come freely purporting to be from at least six of our loved ones who have "passed over," and in each case tests asked for are at once given, and are *always correct*. We have also got messages *inter alia* from (1) our family doctor deceased four years since; (2) the Presbyterian Doctor of Divinity deceased seven years since who solemnised our marriage a quarter of a century ago; (3) the German doctor last spoken of who has twice given further directions as to throat affection. Our late family doctor spelt out on the table, by our repeating the alphabet, the name of the present occupant of his house, and the street in which his widow resides, &c. I could multiply instances, but this should suffice.

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

The medium suggested that my wife would probably become able to write automatically. This was confirmed by two messages. Sitting down with a pencil and note-book in the evening, the following results may be chronicled:—

1st sitting.—Pencil moved slowly across the note-book and back again, drawing a straight line.

2nd sitting.—Nothing came.

3rd sitting.—A name slowly spelt of a friend who has been abroad twenty-seven years and is believed to be recently dead. Comparison of signature with some old letters shows marked traces of similarity. Four personal questions asked, and correct answers at once freely written. Name of an old friend still alive here written in response to a question. The pet name of my wife as a girl asked, and correctly written in reply. Name of our second eldest daughter asked and written. A large number of lines drawn up and down, also transversely, and with some appearance of technical skill on one of the pages (our late friend was a skilled draughtsman). Next followed a rapid drawing of a human head, rather in caricature, with a curious looking wide-awake hat; also a very minute delineation of a female face, with part of a lady's hat. A promise was given to come back and do some more writing shortly. There were also two or three attempts—such as a child might try—to write a sentence, during two separate sittings, but nothing intelligible came beyond the word "No," written in reply to a *sotto voce* remark. Thus far, results are most encouraging, and so we go on.

Last night my second eldest daughter was writing a letter. While thinking on the next sentence, she found her hand being strongly moved and led to her pocket apparently for a pencil. She laid aside the letter, took a fresh sheet of paper and pencil, with the result of receiving automatically six different messages, one from a friend who passed over two years ago, and the rest all purporting to come from near and dear relatives who had passed over at different times. Then a rude drawing was made of a toy cart and horse; the cart contained nine bags, each one bearing a separate number (from one to nine inclusive). This was the last toy which our little boy played with before his sudden illness which cut him off in March last, and for which he had a great liking. The number of bags was correct. This was followed by several other drawings such as a child would make. In all the messages written there was marked individuality, but in only two of them could we trace distinct and clear similarity to that of our deceased friends. This was the first occasion this member of our family was moved to write, and she was, until recently, the most sceptical as to the reality of these phenomena.

A materialisation is promised us soon, provided we get our medium to give us another sitting, which we hope to obtain shortly.

Thus far, we can only say our investigations into the Occult have yielded most promising results in two months.

Edinburgh.

EDINA.

January 14th, 1890.

No love is fit to be called by the name of love that has not in it something of the other world, and much immortality. It must rise above an instinct or passion. Two natures who really love each other here should be eternally affianced.

I STIGMATISE materialism as an immoral, despairing, and servile doctrine: immoral, as it breaks the spring of all progress; despairing, as it can do nothing to raise man crushed by trials; servile, as it engenders all social and individual oppression.—DIDON (*Science without God*).

WALTER GRAY'S SIXTH SENSE.*

(LAURA FAY IN THE *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.)

It was in a large, old-fashioned stone house in the suburbs of the city of Buffalo, standing far back from the street from which it was approached through an iron gate and up a broad walk winding along under the dense foliage of great trees, until, just as one began to think there was never to be an end, the path turned sharply to the left, and there, literally buried under vines and clambering roses, stood the house, where, one lovely June day in 1843, when the roses were in full bloom, Walter Gray first opened his eyes to the light of his mother's smile. His father was a handsome, courtly man of the world, engaged in extensive business enterprises, which kept him much of the time away from home. Thus it was, as Walter grew older and began to look upon the world with questioning eyes, that it was to his mother that he turned in every perplexity, sure to find comprehensive answers to every problem as presented. There were brothers and sisters, a large family of active, energetic minds and wills to train, shape, and govern. Upon the mother, therefore, devolved most of this loving duty—carefully and conscientiously performed. Often in later years has the subject of this sketch spoken to me of that mother—of her patience, her gentle but firm management. From his birth an uncommon tie existed between them. His father exacted obedience to the letter of the law—the mother tempered the rule with a fine sense of justice and comprehension of the understanding of her children. Little Walter, when six years old, was the living image of a picture which I have seen of Lord Byron taken about that age. The word fear, apparently, he had never heard, and was totally unconscious of its existence.

Masterful, dominating, leader in every enterprise which did not trespass on another's rights—for there his quick sense of justice and careful home training were most apparent—yet at a word of request or disapproval from his mother his dearest enterprise was abandoned, no matter how great the sacrifice. She was his queen, his idol. All his treasures were brought triumphantly home to lay at her feet. The rarest wild flowers, the greenest mosses, the reddest apples, the largest snakes, or the oddest pebbles that he could find, were carried to her for admiration and acceptance. His eyes followed her about with that tender watchfulness and protecting care more like a lover than a child.

It was June again—that eventful month to him—six years that he had known a mother's care and love. She had not been well for weeks, and little Walter with tender solicitude had hung about her chair and bedside, grieved at sight of her pale face, eager to anticipate every want. Of late the children had not been allowed to see her but once a day, and now, as he stood by her, softly stroking the long fair hair that fell over the pillow, she drew him closely to her side, and kissing him tenderly, said:—

"My darling, the doctor says that I will get well much faster if I have perfect quiet in the house. Your father has sent for Uncle Charles to come for you all, and take you to the farm. Promise me that you will be a good boy—kind and obedient to all, and wait patiently until mamma sends for you."

"If only he might stay with her, and let the others go," he said.

"No, dear, the doctor knows best."

So he gave the desired promise, trying manfully to keep back the tears that trembled in his pleading eyes. Claspings his little arms around her, kissing her hair, her eyes, her cheeks, her lips, until his grief mastered him; then, burying his face in her bosom, he sobbed aloud. Someone exclaimed, hurriedly:—

"She has fainted."

They lifted him quickly and took him away. Two weeks passed by at the farm, and little Walter, being constantly assured by his uncle and elder sister that his mother was getting better, was cheerful and happy; trying to do just as she would wish—waiting for the daily expected message to return to her. His aunt was in the city, assisting the nurse and friends in watching with his mother. She had not been home for a week, though word had been sent daily. They had put the children to bed one evening—little Walter in a small room at

* Noticing a few days ago a paragraph in an English newspaper regarding the visitation of the Duke of Albany, shortly before his death, by the apparition of his deceased sister, I was reminded of a story told me one November day, several years since, by a well-known public man of a similar experience during his boyhood. His statement has been verified by different members of his family, and a number of other persons now living have confirmed the occurrences of this narrative.

the end of a long hall on the second floor, where he always slept, next to a large room which was his mother's when she visited the farm.

They had not heard from her that day, but "Word would come in the morning; no doubt she was better," his sister said, as she kissed him good-night, and leaving the light burning in the hall near his door, as usual, went down to the parlour, where two or three neighbours and friends were gathered.

It was eight o'clock when the children retired. It was ten by the clock when little Walter came running down the stairs, bursting into the room in great excitement, calling eagerly:

"Mamma dear, dear mamma, take me with you!—oh, take me with you!"

Not finding her there he ran from room to room, struggling frantically away when they sought to detain him, darting through the front door, which stood open, and out upon the lawn, his little night-dress dishevelled, his hair tossed wildly back, the tears streaming down his flushed cheeks, calling, "Mamma, oh, mamma, come back!"

His uncle, clasping him firmly in his arms, carried him to the parlour, assuring him his mother was not there, and had not been there that night. This he would not believe, but declared, with passionate bursts of sobs and entreaties to be taken to her, that "she had been with him in his room—had kissed him, and told him she was going away and he would never see her again."

It was useless to try to comfort him or to persuade him that his mother had not been there. Again and again he broke away from them, rushing from room to room, up and down the stairs, calling despairingly for her to come back. It was twelve o'clock when his aunt unexpectedly returned from the city, and learning at once of his condition, took him in her arms, soothed his passionate grief with loving words and caresses, telling him his mother was resting quietly now, and he should be taken to see her to-morrow.

With perfect faith in her assurance he went readily back to bed, where he told his sister, who again accompanied him, the story that both of them have repeated many times in later years, every detail of which, he says, remains ineffaceably impressed on his memory. When his sister took him to bed the first time and left him, leaving the door open, with the light burning brightly in the hall just outside, he fell asleep at once, he said. Later he awoke and saw his mother standing beside him!

This did not seem strange to him, as, childlike, he expected she would soon be well and come herself or send for him. In his joy at seeing her, he sprang up and threw himself upon her bosom, kissing her again and again delightedly.

She took him in her arms, carried him down the long hall to the head of the stairs, and, standing him on the floor, knelt before him. Pushing his curls back from his temples, she took his little face between her warm, soft hands, as she had often done before, and looking lovingly into his eyes, told him to be a good boy, and when he grew up to remember that she prayed him to be a good and true man; that she was going away now, and he would never see her again, and kissing him passionately, suddenly broke from his detaining arms and disappeared, going, as he supposed, downstairs, where he followed, as before described, rushing into the parlour just as the clock was striking ten. The next morning he was up bright and early, full of eager happiness, for was he not going to see his mother?

He got together all the little treasures he had gathered for her, tying them in a small box preparatory to the journey. It was impossible to subdue his high spirits, even though all but the younger children seemed strangely sad and quiet. After breakfast they were all carefully dressed and seated in the waggon, his elder sister holding him closely to her side, and were driven by his uncle to their home. Oh, the joy of going home once more! He had never been away from his mother before in all his little life, and as they drove up to the carriage entrance to the side door he could not speak for very happiness. A strange man was coming slowly down the walk, and a strange boy with a broom was sweeping down the steps. What was that long black scarf fluttering from the door? He rose up quickly, leaned eagerly forward, and, without a word, not even an exclamation, fell heavily insensible. He has since told me that all he had ever heard of death was when driving with his mother, upon one or two occasions, she had pointed out to him some crape fastened on a door or window, and told him that some one inside the house was dead—that God had taken them away. His mother had died the previous evening, just at the hour of ten!

His sister told me that for many hours little Walter remained unconscious, the physicians using every means to restore

him without avail. In the late afternoon he aroused slowly, as from a long, deep sleep. He would speak to no one, asked no questions, refused to eat, but sat or moved about the room, which he did not leave, as if in a half trance with a dazed and bewildered look on his face, remaining in the same condition for the two days preceding the funeral, not a mouthful having passed his lips. On the third morning after his arrival home his father came to take him down to where the funeral services were to be held. The child had never heard of a "funeral," but he shrank back, and begged to be allowed to remain in his room. His father persisted that he should go down with the others, and, having always been accustomed to obedience, he was reluctantly led away. Many people were present besides the other members of his family. His father sat down, standing Walter between his knees, whose eyes at that moment fell upon a strange object—to him—a coffin, heavily draped in black. He heard nothing, saw nothing, but that. His face was ghastly pale, and his eyes, grown large and dark, were held as if fascinated by the heavy black draperies which covered all that was left of his idolised mother. How much he realised of this it is impossible to tell; but, when men came forward to remove the casket, with a cry of anguish he threw himself upon it, and again became unconscious. He remained in that condition all the day and part of the night.

Wearied out with many weeks of constant anxiety, the family, on the night of the funeral, had all retired by eleven o'clock, leaving an experienced nurse in charge of little Walter, who had not as yet shown any sign of returning consciousness. She had fallen asleep in her chair, when, upon awakening toward morning, she missed him from his bed. Search was made through all the rooms without success. The family were awakened, neighbours and friends aroused, and as soon as it was light every part of the grounds were gone over—the whole city was searched for the missing child. At nightfall he was found in the city cemetery, which he had never seen, three miles from the city, lying, still unconscious, on his mother's grave!

Long weeks of fever followed. When he recovered he could only remember getting out of bed, going down stairs in the dark, feeling the damp grass under his feet, and seeing the stars above. All the rest was a blank to him!

What was the instinct, the mysterious tie or power like the fidelity of a dog to his master, which led that child into the darkness of the night through the city and amid the labyrinths of a cemetery which he had never seen, unerringly to his mother's grave?

A SPIRIT TEACHING.

Walking alone in my garden at La Rochelle one day, my thoughts, of course, on my inventions, or flying, or something of that kind, the Voice spoke up with its accustomed abruptness, and gave me a regular sermon. I was amazed—could hardly think it was real—but the things told me were so totally foreign to my own notions, theories, and opinions, that I knew not what to make of it. I did not take note at the time of its complete concurrence with Swedenborg's doctrine, neither did I think in any wise of Swedenborg, nor do I remember more of what was said than the general purport and the things that startled me; but the discourse was long, so long, indeed, that I finally wearied of it, and said, "Well, this is enough for to-day; come again at another time." I have always regretted this, for it almost seems as if this may have had something to do with the infrequency of those visits since then. The pith of the discourse was to this effect, that the spiritual body is composed of, or made up by, deposits of human thought in a manner as the human material body is by human food; that the spiritual organism takes in thought and digests it, and passes it into the circulation of the spiritual system, so that it becomes part of it, just as the material organism appropriates food, and makes it a part of its body; that hence the thoughts of the heart go to construct the immortal body—enter into it—become it: then with great earnestness and solemnity the Voice said to me, "And I warn you how you indulge in thoughts that are evil. The evil things which you accept and love, like the food of the body, are digested by the stomach of the spirit, and become a portion of that spiritual body which does not change so easily as you imagine—in fact, it is difficult to change at all; it is a dangerous and a dreadful thing to build it up out of evil."—THADDEUS HYATT.

TWO MONGOLIAN FABLES.

These two ancient Mongolian fables have been published for the first time in English in the British and Foreign Bible Society *Gleanings*. The translations were made by Messrs. Stallybrass and Swan, who, many years ago, rendered the Bible into the Mongolian tongue:—

THE FROG AND THE TWO GEESE.

Two geese, when about to start southwards on their annual autumn migration, were entreated by a frog to take him with them. On the geese expressing their willingness to do so if a means of conveyance could be devised, the frog produced a stalk of strong grass, got the two geese to take it one by each end, while he clung to it by his mouth in the middle.

In this manner the three were making their journey successfully, when they were noticed from below by some men, who loudly expressed their admiration of the device, and who wondered who had been clever enough to discover it. The vain-glorious frog, opening his mouth to say, "It was me," lost his hold, fell to the earth, and was dashed to pieces.

Moral.—Don't let pride induce you to speak when safety requires you to be silent.

THE BLIND TORTOISE IN THE WELL.

A blind tortoise lived in a well. Another tortoise, a native of the ocean, in its inland travels happened to tumble into this well. The blind one asked of his new comrade whence he came.

"From the sea."

Hearing of the sea, he of the well swam round a little circle, and asked—

"Is the water of the ocean as large as this?"

"Larger," replied he of the sea.

The well-tortoise then swam round two-thirds of the well, and asked if the sea was as big as that.

"Much larger than that," said the sea-tortoise.

"Well, then," asked the blind tortoise, "is the sea as large as this whole well?"

"Larger," said the sea-tortoise.

"If that is so," said the well-tortoise, "how big, then, is the sea?"

The sea-tortoise replied, "You having never seen any other water than that of your well, your capability of understanding is small. As to the ocean, though you spent many years in it, you would never be able to explore the half of it, nor to reach the limit, and it is utterly impossible to compare it with this well of yours."

The tortoise replied, "It is impossible that there can be a larger water than this well; you are simply praising up your native place with vain words."

Moral.—People of small attainments who cannot conceive of the requirements of men of great abilities, and who pride themselves on their learning and talents, are like the blind tortoise in the well.—*Echo*.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

On Growing Old.

SIR,—I am very glad that Mrs. Penny has been attracted by Mr. Morell Theobald's suggestive observations about old age. At the time, I felt it a singularly interesting remark, and a subject fruitful of valuable and improving thought.

The art of growing old happily and wisely is one, alas, far too much neglected by modern thought, and ordinary religion being so widely also dissevered from ordinary science, poor humanity gets little help on the subject. Let us hope that some able pens will deal with it.

I feel much sympathy with Mrs. Penny's remarks, but I hope she can give us some more valuable ideas.

Mr. Sinnett's theory of the higher self gradually departing beforehand as it were, and leaving the machine bereft of its highest portion, will, I think, apply in many cases, but that is just what I think should not occur, and would not, if people were trained for old age.

With this requisite training it appears to me that, though the animal and physical powers might wax feeble, yet the organs which act as vehicles for the higher self being duly prepared would duly respond, and old age ought to bring an illumination of the spiritual faculties, with sufficient strength and brain power to prevent any clouding or dulling of the mental faculties.

An old person may be deaf, blind, or lame, but for all that may have a clear mind, not, perhaps, attuned to *all* the things of sense, which would no longer exist for him, but that is quite different from the second childhood very observable often in aged people.

It is this second childhood that ought to be avoided, and can be avoided, I believe, for I cannot think that it can be the right method of nature, and believe that it is only resorted to when the spiritual and intellectual faculties have not been in harmony with the moral and physical. When the latter become weaker the strife is too great, and the higher self may then depart as it were, leaving the poor body a prey to the disharmony still remaining; the intellectual powers *must* instantly then decline, as they have no further fuel, and the body then assumes entire control, and so a second and deplorable childhood does occur in strongly organised and healthy people. Less vital natures die in the struggle.

It would be very interesting to hear some good reasoning and advice on the subject, whether from occult sources or otherwise.

The letter signed "Leo Michael" is certainly most interesting. If I might hazard a suggestion, it appears to me he was, both while in the dreaming and waking state, clearly behind the veil.

Such a condition is a great privilege.

"To whom much is given, of them much will be required."

58, Blomfield-road, Maida Hill, W. ISABEL DE STEIGER.

Ghosts.

SIR,—In the last number of the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research there is an elaborate and excellent paper by Mr. F. W. H. Myers on "Recognised Apparitions Occurring More than a Year after Death."

In this paper the author says, "The popular view regards a ghost as a deceased person *permitted by Providence* to hold communication with survivors."

Now, although this may be the *popular* view, I will venture to say it is not the view held by millions of Spiritualists who believe in ghosts; their view being that ghosts are simply more or less persistent, solid, active, useful, and intelligent materialisations of the spirits of departed human beings—the evidence of which I should in the briefest possible manner define as follows:—

1. We believe in ghosts because the belief has prevailed in all ages and in all countries, not only among the people generally, but with the most thoughtful individuals.
2. This belief is founded on innumerable manifestations.
3. This all but universal belief, founded on innumerable experiences, amounts to a demonstration that the soul survives the death of the body.
4. Many of these ghosts are like shadows, and, more or less, automatic and soulless.
5. Others manifest active intelligence and appear for definite purposes, such as the revealing of hidden treasure to needy survivors, while some have brought to light "the secretest man of blood."
6. The existence of ghosts demonstrates the fact that mind, when in the condition of spirit, can "miraculously" manipulate matter and thus create its surroundings.
7. Although the learned Agnostic may attempt to ignore the existence of ghosts or to obscure the evidence in the midst of sceptical mystifications, yet ghosts are, to those who have seen them, objects of intense significance and reality.

GEORGE WYLD, M. D.

Spiritualism and the Howitts.

SIR,—In my letter inserted in "LIGHT" for November 30th, there is a quotation from the article in the *Sunday Magazine* where the writer says that Mary Howitt "denounced the shoddy and humbug" of Spiritualism. The following is the correct version of the way in which she used these words. They occur in a letter to a friend (written about the year 1870, or later), where, after speaking upon some religious topics, she adds:—

I thought at one time that Spiritualism was going to give us this, but it has so much shoddy and humbug about it, that even such as we, who believe in it, reject its outer seeming. Yet perhaps its very ugliness and seeming untruths are but, as it were, the manger-birth of the Saviour, a stumbling block and an offence.

I append also the following extract from a letter written by William Howitt to his daughter, "A. M. H. W.," dated January

14th, 1870. It cannot fail to be of interest to your readers. It is in reference to Spiritualism:—

It has been a great boon of our lives that we have had so grand a re-assurance of all the old promises of the world to come—the world of re-unions, and re-discoveries of those who seemed lost; the world of realities and realisations; of re-overtakings and rejoicings!

What a Friends' Meeting! Not in silence, but amid the welcomes of all our beloved; and the sublimest sense of that Eternity achieved, which on earth had been a poetic dream, a mystic speculation, a mingled vision of clouds, and glories and darkness.

With all the queernesses of Spiritualism and Spiritualists, this dispensation has been to us the fact of our earth-pilgrimage. Where our forefathers have sailed through fog and tempests after the lost Atlantis, we have reached land, solid ground, with the great highway visible before us; with the pinnacles of the Heavenly Jerusalem glittering on the mountains of life.

January, 1890.

F. J. THROBALD.

Joan of Arc—The Flower of France.

SIR,—*Apropos* of the very interesting account by "Leo Michael" of the fulfilment of a dream, anent that pure and lovely warrior, that inspired prophetess, Jeanne d'Arc, and his kind mention of my notes respecting that sweet "Flower of France," which appeared in your issue of December 21st ult.; *apropos* also of my being, possibly, able to add, if but one spark, to what L'Aurore is now publishing in Paris, on a subject which is also being made especially prominent by Madame Bernhardt, it may be worth while to retail what I wrote in the *Spiritualist*, under the pseudonym "Scrutator," as far back as January, 1877. My notes were culled from a valuable little book, *The Ecstasies of Genius*, written by the late lamented J. W. Jackson, and gathered by him from MSS. in the Royal Library of Paris. Here is a repetition of what I then wrote:—

Charles VII., son of the previous King of France, Charles VI., was, in 1429, with his small court at Chinon, in the province of Touraine, and at this time the city of Orleans, Charles's last stronghold, was surrounded by the English; and Charles, having neither men nor money to carry on the war, was on the point of retiring to Dauphiny and leaving the city of Orleans to its fate. At this critical period the scale was suddenly turned. Jeanne d'Arc, under a strong presentiment of her lofty calling, had persuaded two gentlemen of her own province, whom she met at Vaucouleurs, to accompany her to the presence of the King. Arriving in safety, after a somewhat perilous journey, she was, after much delay, admitted to the King's palace, where she recognised the King, though plainly dressed and purposely mingling with a crowd of courtiers.

Mr. J. W. Jackson tells us:—

Led apart by the King, she spoke to him of secrets known only to himself and God. While being equipped with a suit of knight's armour, she described an old sword marked with five crosses, as lying amidst other arms, in the church vault of St. Catherine at Pierbois. It was found, an old, neglected weapon, in the very place she had described. Promising to lead a convoy into Orleans, she succeeded, spite of apparently insurmountable obstacles. Having declared that she would raise the siege of this important town, she accomplished it in seven days, although three of them had been by her directions devoted to public prayer. Prophecy that she would be wounded near the breast on the morrow, she received an arrow on the part indicated during an assault on the English works. Returning to the court, then at Tours, she again read the King's thoughts, together with those of some of the principal commanders by whom he was surrounded. Promising to conduct her sovereign to Rheims for his coronation, she achieved this seeming impossibility without even a battle. It would appear that after this her prophetic faculty was greatly diminished. She had, indeed, accomplished her mission, and it was only at the urgent request of the French generals that she consented to forego her avowed intention of retiring to a convent. Her sad fate, therefore, may be considered as the result of her *not* obeying the dictates of that internal monitor under whose support and guidance she had achieved such marvels.

She had been successful in her former sallies; but now, having made a sortie from Compiegne, she was taken prisoner and finally condemned to death by decrees of the Church, because she persisted in telling the truth, in affirming that she, not being a privileged nun in a convent, like St. Theresa or Marie Alacoque, had heard supra-mundane voices and seen visions, without the permission of the Church. St. Ouen's *Histoire de France* tells us:—

Taken by the Burgundians and ignominiously sold to the English, Jeanne d'Arc was brought before a tribunal at which several Frenchmen sat who were unworthy of that name. Spite of her sincere piety and her pure faith, she was declared a heretic; and, as such, condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Shortly afterwards the English condemned her as a relapsed heretic to die by burning. Charles VII. did not even make an attempt to save the woman who died for him.

As connected with my letter of December 21st, I again quote part of the Maid's confession:—

While I was attending my father's flocks this Voice said to me,

"God has great compassion for the French nation," and that I ought to get ready and go to the rescue. When I began to weep at this the Voice said to me, "Go to Vanouleurs, and you will find a captain there who will conduct you without hindrance to the King." Since that time I have acted according to the revelations I have received and the apparitions I have seen, and even on my trial I speak only according to that which is revealed to me.

The Spiritualist, of September 10th, 1875, told us, "When on the martyr's scaffold, with flames rising fiercely around her, she lifted her head, exclaiming, 'The Voices! They are of God!'"

T. W.

Buddhism at Home.

SIR,—I would call the attention of your readers to a most interesting article in the *Nineteenth Century*, for October, 1889, on "The City of Láhás," by Mr. Graham Sandberg, which throws a still more lurid glare than that which I have already seen in the columns of "LIGHT" on the minor workings of the igenous system known as Buddhism, which is widely offered for our acceptance as the custodian of the best and truest religion on earth. As to the licentiousness, &c., of the priesthood, and the abject servitude of the masses, composing this system, the evidence is given by authorities whose testimony has not been attempted to be disparaged or gainsaid. In addition to what we already know it would appear that *murder* has now to be put in the catalogue of crimes which disgrace the annals of the "History of the Buddhist Church."

The Dalai Lama (Chief Pontiff) is supposed by the credulous votaries to be a Re-incarnation of the great Lord Buddha himself; and how the fraud has been, and is, perpetrated, I have already specified in my prior articles on Buddhism. After the death of the Grand Lama, another baby body is selected in which the Re-incarnation is to take place, and how the selection is performed is all of a piece with the fraudulent doings which mark the action of the governing powers behind the scenes in the metropolis of Thibet, the residence of the Grand Lama and Chief Priests.

During the infancy and minority of the re-incarnated Lord Buddha, who enters on his kingly power—both temporal and spiritual—when he reaches his eighteenth year, the governing power is wielded by the *Desi*, or Regent of Thibet. Concerning these, Mr. Sandberg writes:—

By a singular monotony of events—or shall we say plainly, by the rascality of the Regent—during the past sixty years not one of these poor youths (the Grand Lamas), clothed in the mockery of power and holiness, has been suffered to survive his eighteenth birthday.

The present Grand Lama is now fifteen years of age, and it remains to be seen whether he will be added to the list of unfortunate victims, who, notwithstanding their being the living Great Lord Buddha in person, are sacrificed and done away with by the intrigues, ambition, or what not, of a rapacious official?

The inference is obvious, and comment is unnecessary. Little by little the veil which has shrouded the mysterious Brotherhood is being lifted, and we can see what Buddhism actually is in the hands of its central governmental authorities and representatives. The attempt to dissociate "Esoteric" from "Exoteric" Buddhism—which appears to be the Theosophical mission and work—will be neutralised, and rightly so, by the exhibition of the rascality that is only too evident in Exoteric Buddhism.

January 4th, 1890.

WILLIAM OXLEY.

The Star of Bethlehem.

SIR,—I shall be greatly obliged if you will let me ask for information with respect to the "Wise Men" and the "Star in the East." Some of your readers are well versed in Oriental literature, traditions, and customs, and they would, probably, be kind enough to instruct those who seek to know more about the Star of Bethlehem, for instance, than can be derived from ordinary Bible commentaries and Epiphany sermons. The "Transfiguration" is, also, a subject concerning which they could impart ideas of great value to such as have not access to volumes with which Oriental students are familiar.

Swanage, Dorset.

J. HAWKINS SIMPSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J.S.M.—We cannot prescribe books to suit individual taste. We publish a list of standard books occasionally with a brief description of their character. Those out of print can be found at our library.

Z.—Please read our standing notices to correspondents. We are quite unable to prepare for the Press ill-written MSS. Very little care and attention on the part of our correspondents would save us a vast amount of trouble.

L.L.—We try to do what you wish, but it is often impossible. Publishers very generally do not put the price in the volume sent for notice. We give the name of the publisher usually; but in the case of the little book you mention it would have been no use as it is not on sale in this country.

SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated, will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions.]

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—Mr. Henly lectured to a crowded room on the 5th inst. On Sunday last Mr. Lees. Sunday next, Mrs. Hawkins. Wednesday evenings, at seven o'clock, Mr. Lees.—MARIE GIFFORD.

MARYLEBONE LYCEUM, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, W.—The Lyceum, on Sunday, was conducted in the usual way, including reading by Mr. Collings and musical reading by Miss Smythe. Four groups, led by myself, Mr. Collings, Miss Smythe, and Miss Hawkins, the last-named presiding at the piano, in the absence of our musical conductor, Miss Peddle. Twenty-eight were present, including visitors.—C. WHITE.

LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY, CARLYLE HALL, CHURCH-STREET, three doors from Edgware-road (close to station).—Last Sunday evening Mr. Maltby's lecture on "W. Eglinton and Other Mediums," illustrated by dissolving views, was very interesting. Thanks are due to him for his labour in collecting these numerous spirit pictures. Next Sunday evening Mr. U. W. Goddard will lecture on "True Religion," and on the following Sunday Mr. Mackenzie will lecture on "Phrenology."—A. F. TINDALL, A. MUS. T.C.L., President, 30, Wyndham-street, W.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—Next Sunday, January 19th, is our children's anniversary. There will be services at 11.15 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. prompt. Addresses will be given by Mr. Rodger, Mr. Drake, Mr. Wortley, and other friends. On Monday our children's party and prize giving will be held at 6 p.m., followed by a social soirée for parents and friends at 8.30 p.m. Tickets, 6d. each. On Sunday last Mrs. Stanley addressed a crowded meeting to their evident satisfaction. At the close a statement of the society's future work was given by the secretary. We have to chronicle the resignation of the president (Mr. J. T. Audy), on the ground that he did not possess the confidence of the members. We would remind friends that the third anniversary services will be held on Sunday, January 26th.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

KENSINGTON AND NOTTING HILL SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—On Sunday morning last at Zephyr Hall, 9, Bedford-gardens, Notting Hill-gate, W., Mr. J. Hopcroft's guide delivered and instructive address on "The Control of Mediums." In the evening our platform was occupied by Mr. J. Veitch, who lectured in a very able manner on "Spiritualism and Christianity Contrasted." The speaker endeavoured to show the equality of "woman" with "man"; and many visitors expressed their appreciation of the spiritualistic creed or principles. Next Sunday at 11 a.m. Mr. Portman on "Development." At seven Mr. J. A. Butcher. Choir practice at 68, Cornwall-road, as announced last week. A circle will be commenced for members of this association *only* on 23rd inst.; full particulars of the secretary. The Lyceum was opened on Sunday last, and was conducted in an able manner by Mr. Lewis. There was a good attendance, and singing and chain recitations were given. With the united efforts of our friends, this Lyceum ought to become a very useful institution.—PERCY SMYTH, 68, Cornwall-road, Bayswater.

SAFE HOME.

As, after death, our Lost Ones grow our Dearest,
So, after death, our Lost Ones come the nearest:
They are not lost in distant worlds above;
They are our nearest link in God's own love—
The human hand-clasps of the Infinite,
That life to life, spirit to spirit knit!
They fill the rift they made, like veins of gold
In fire-rent fissures torture-torn of old;
With sweetness store the empty place they left,
As of wild honey in the rock's bare cleft,
In hidden ways they aid this life of ours,
As Sunshine lends a finger to the flowers,
Shadowed and shrouded in the Wood's dim heart,
To climb by while they push their grave apart,
They think of us at Sea, who are safe on Shore;
Light up the cloudy coast we struggle for!
The ancient terror of Eternity—
The dark destroyer, crouching in Life's sea
To wreck us—is thus beacons, and doth stand
As our Deliverer, with a lamp in hand.
We would not put them from us when we are sad;
We will not shut them from us when we are glad;
Nor thrust our Angel from the Marriage Feast,
Although he comes, not clothed like the rest
In visible garment of a Wedding-Guest.

GERALD MASSEY.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 21, Bedford Square, London, W.C.