

# 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.)"

The picturesque diction of the *Daily Telegraph* has always been to me a source of lively satisfaction. It has, perhaps, never reached a higher pitch than when recently a "young lion" tackled the subject of Lord Napier's funeral. I have been studying the four columns of descriptive reporting from what the reporter would probably call a mortuary point of view. I was interested in the various periphrases which were selected to describe that body for which Lord Napier had no further use, then in process of honourable interment. In order of sequence the variations are these. It started as the "remains of Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala." At 8.45 a.m. precisely it was "the coffin." A little later it became "the oaken coffin," and shortly after "the remains." It lapsed into a "mournful cortège," a "cortège," and then a "coffin" again. That, however, was not sufficiently picturesque, and it became "a precious load." Then it was a "funereal," and, at times, a "funeral" cortège, and finally became an "illustrious corpse." This was perhaps the climax. It degenerated into "remains," or "the Field-Marshal's remains" and "the body of the whilom Constable." It then became a "reconstituted cortège," and as the crucial moment was reached "the Lord of Magdala's corse" (without a "p"). Here effort flagged: for we had such prosaic descriptions as the "dead commander," "the departed warrior" (a trifle more telling) the "dead Field-Marshal," or even "the dead soldier." To what straits are people reduced because they will not look facts in the face! The distinguished man whom a nation honoured by a public testimony to his career in burying his body in St. Paul's Cathedral *was* dead and *is* alive. The worn-out casket of his soul is laid with marks of honour in St. Paul's Cathedral. The soul "goes marching on."

"The Experiences of an Inquirer," of which three series have appeared now, and the letter of a "Working Man," combined with some suggestive remarks in Mr. F. W. H. Myers's remarks in the Society for Psychical Research *Proceedings*,\* suggest some reflections. Not very long since, the correspondent who sends to "LIGHT" his interesting experiences asked my advice. He brought me an introduction from a friend, and, even if he had not done so, his obvious sincerity and desire for truth would have commanded all the help that I could give him. I have many such applications, and I really cannot remember what I told him, but he tells me that he acted on my advice, and his success repeats my own experience when I first tried to verify for myself wonderful stories that I had heard and read. I remember well how convinced I felt that there

\* Elsewhere noticed.—Ed. of "LIGHT."

was substantial truth in what I heard, and the efforts that I made—having devoured the literature of the subject—to get some personal experience. I got it almost directly. Others go on for weary years, and never get it. "Edina" got it, in spite of the fact that he was the only member of his family who believed in the possibility of getting it. It is not often that such records come before the public, but they represent occurrences far more frequent than most people think. As a rule, those who have these experiences do not publish them. They are too intimate, too sacred. Even this correspondent, who has lifted the veil more than most feels that the time may shortly come when it must be lifted no further.

Some reflections suggest themselves. Why do some people get these experiences, and why do others strive in vain? Mr. Myers and "Edina" suggest that psychical gifts are not universally distributed. They are not equally developed, at any rate. Nor are they permanently maintained at the same pitch of development. Just as a man, predisposed (as doctors say) by certain temperamental and physical conditions, will catch anything in the way of disease that comes near him, so I believe that there are persons chronically liable to these abnormal states, and others who are at times, but not always, psychically inclined to catch them. It is not always that a given person is in that state which predisposes him to evoke or assist in evoking abnormal phenomena. His states vary, his receptivity varies too, and he may be at one time positive and at another negative in regard to these matters: a powerful aid one day, negative or deterrent on another. What we want is that persons so constituted should be carefully watched by competent observers—and there are not many known to me, for most observers are either too rigid or too lax—and that we should have some observations as systematically and intelligently made as those (say) at Greenwich and Ben Nevis, on perhaps less important subjects. What constitutes what is loosely called mediumship? What regulates the ebb and flow of the force? How is it that A, with all apparently in his favour, spends weary years over a fruitless quest, and B looks in casually at a séance and gets immediate conviction? Not because B is deluded, nor because A is superior to delusion. Why?

And why, again, is it so difficult to repeat the experiments, if one may call them so, that have occurred for a week in profusion, and then have died out? People used to complain of the monotony of what occurred at public séances fifteen or twenty years ago. I never found any monotony. The unexpected was always cropping up; that which one wanted reproduced, so as to afford extended opportunity for observation, did not present itself. What I should like to press upon the consideration of those who have set out to explain Spiritualism without Spirits is that they should devote their attention to this point. If there be not an "intelligent operator," apart from medium and circle, who conducts his experiments in his own way, what is the explanation? In what way is it to be explained that a circle of half-a-dozen, with a developed medium, who have

successfully obtained results for a time afterwards fail to get them? In what way, again, are we to account for the fluctuations in mediumship? Weather, I know, affects some mediums, but not all. Some are more sensitive; some are very amenable to the effect of mental disturbance. The emotions govern most of them. But when all is said we have not solved the enigma. And there could be no better work to which any one who is the possessor of this power could devote himself than to cultivating a faculty of certainly producing a simple phenomenon at will.

They tell us—the wise ones—that herein the magician differs from the medium. Well, let us have some magicians, then. “A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.” Let us have some people who have learnt to control instead of being controlled; who can show people, who want to see these psychical gymnastics, what they crave for. For myself I am incurious. All this is an accident of my Spiritualism, as little of its essence as can be conceived. But it interests and attracts certain minds, and, when it is done, I should like it to be well done. Therefore, by all means let us cease from presenting to the incredulous public astounding marvels, which, if they be—as some are—true, are quite beyond credence by the unprepared mind, and let us insist that simple, unmistakable phenomena shall be presented in such a way that no fair mind can have a doubt as to the fact. And then let us leave the biased and unfair minds alone. It is a ploughing of the seashore to do what most Spiritualists have been trying to do for many years past. Their attention is eminently needed nearer home; whereas all their care is spent on rushing about on errands of proselytism, which they effect usually with a singular lack of discretion. Meantime, their own house wants putting in order, and they are disputing at the street-corner.

#### THE RELIGIOUS PROBLEM.

For those who have the right to lead, the fact that we are born into the ideas of our time, as well as into its creeds and traditions, is a dire obstacle to clearness of vision. We are surrounded, from birth upwards, by a network of ideas, many false, many conventional, many mere prejudices. But such as they are, they tear the flesh if we try to break through them; by reason of these bonds we cannot march straight, we cannot see clearly. Education, reading, the literature, and the common talk of the day, so far from helping us, seem only to raise up thicker clouds about us which we cannot disperse, neither can we pass through them. Does, then, this act of superlative courage, demanded by fearless inquiry, always lead the man who has achieved it towards Atheism or Agnosticism? Not so. The history of the Churches shows that there have been many men who have embarked upon such an inquiry honestly and boldly, and have come out of it armed and strengthened with a natural religion upon which they have been able to grasp a Christianity far deeper, stronger, and more real than that which is commonly taught in the pulpits, the schools, the catechisms, and the litanies of the Churches. But such an inquiry is not possible for every man. . . . Other men, as is well-known, take refuge in authority. This seems so easy as to be elementary in its simplicity. Authority does not interfere with the practical business of life, with the getting as much wealth as we can, and as much enjoyment as we can, while life lasts. And after death authority kindly assures us that all shall be done for us to ensure ultimate enjoyment of more good things. We cannot, certainly, all seek into the origins and causes of things; some must listen and obey! There is the authority of example; there is also the authority of Church rule and discipline. . . . But the man who has once thrown off the old yoke of authority can never put it on again. Henceforth he stands alone, yet not alone, for he is face to face with his God.—W. BESANT. *Eulogy of Richard Jefferies.*

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER is, we are informed, in a state of destitution. We appeal to those who have this world's goods to help a woman who has given of her own gifts to many. There must be among our readers some who will help to save her from starvation, for that is the case.

#### A CREED OF TO-DAY.

The current number of the *Universal Review* has in it a remarkable poem with the above title written by William Oakhurst. The story is not hard to tell. Sunset and a traveller turning home:—

Once home, I turn the pages yet again  
Whose problems never leave me night or day.  
Is there a God? or do men live in vain?  
Men, earth, sea, sky—none gives me answer plain,  
Persistent thought finds nothing new to say.

The astronomer cannot by searching find out God. Science tells of evolution “from simple cell to complex flesh and blood, from brain to soul.” A school of thought “owns a Power that makes for righteousness, unknown. But 'tis assumption that the Power is God” :—

—Could one see escape  
From the environment of death, which bounds  
Life's aspirations from their dreamt-of goal.  
“Soul” did I mention? Forth with someone sounds  
Denial: 'Tis concussions and rebounds  
Of atoms that make feeling, thought, and soul.

And so in confusion hopelessly confounded the weary traveller rests till the morning dawns: “The fresh wind bathes my eyes: my pulses leap For joy of life, man's little heritage—A mote struck by the sunshine of God's glance.” The Sabbath morn, with its soothing peal of bells; the Church with its recognition in worship of something outside of this sordid world:—

Down falls the veil of nineteen hundred years:  
Judas I mark with Jesus at the board.  
A thief shares crucifixion with his Lord.  
The Saviour's face down thro' the ages peers,  
Burns thro' all thought and each misgiving sears.

Peace comes in rest and silence. The grass-grown mounds in God's Acre tell of the resurrection and all its problems. “Friends stole His body.” “Perchance, as was the case with Lazarus, Christ only swooned and did not die,” and so suggested Doubt intrudes. “In Truth's stolen garb flouts Plausibility” :—

What shall he find who follows only Truth?  
Most tangled paths, and each beset with strife:  
No rest of soul: much anguish, pain and ruth;  
Perchance, when death comes at the end of life,  
God's face veiled closely as it was to youth.

What shall he find who follows only Christ?  
Full many an ill desire that brooks control:  
Full many an inward passion sin-enticed:  
But ever, after conflict, rest of soul,  
For which earth's sum is cheaply sacrificed.

What shall they find who follow to the end?  
Perchance that paths, which parted once, converge.  
That ideals strained for, spite of foe and friend,  
In one attainment, in one triumph, merge:  
The truth that God's thoughts must man's thoughts  
transcend.

Truth will I follow, tho' her half-veiled face  
Seems stern by Christ's, enhaloed by long years.

And following Truth, I claim to follow Christ,  
If doubting all the while I cling to Him,  
Would He—the Way, the Truth—say that sufficed?  
Might He not point the path of doubt made dim,  
Bidding for Truth His Peace be sacrificed?

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL LETTERS AND ARTICLES ARE UNAVOIDABLY POSTPONED for a week. Will our correspondents note that we try to be always a week in advance, and that a letter, to secure insertion in the next number must reach us on Saturday, and be short?

## THE QUEEN'S BALL.

Mr. Gladstone contributes to the *Speaker* an interesting paper on "Nineteenth Century Poetry." Among others he cites one little poem by an anonymous writer "V.", who is understood to be Mrs. Archer Clive. The verse is striking, and Mr. Gladstone thus introduces it:—

## THE QUEEN'S BALL.

Lastly, the poems by "V." form a small book which has the life and soul of a great book. To be as good as my word, I will name only "The Queen's Ball." The poem is based upon an extract from a letter dated June 17th, 1874—"I hear that 150 people were invited to the ball, last Friday, who are dead"—and it describes some of these mute and unseen guests returning to the scene of their former pleasures. One extract will suffice to show the spirit and vigour of the poem:—

More ghosts! more ghosts! one spirit came  
Answering the summons to his name;  
To hear it was so long his lot,  
That he forgot 'twas his no more;  
But all, except himself, forgot  
That ever it was he who bore.  
He saw his heir, he heard him call  
"Mine!" the broad lands, the hounds, the hall;  
He saw the same bland, list'ning smile  
Which shone for him in life, erewhile;  
He felt, "Could I again go home  
In flesh and blood, as here I come,  
What were the sorrow, the despair,  
Of those who wear my mourning there?"

More ghosts! before a lovely dame  
One, passionate and trembling, came;  
And mark'd her easy, pamper'd grace,  
Her locks arrang'd and flower-crown'd face.  
In one past hour, those two had been  
The actors in a fearful scene.  
Oh, God! what Tragedies pass o'er  
The great world's gilded Theatre!  
What deeds may they have wrought before,  
Who now so smooth and bland appear!  
And when the fatal scene is o'er,  
What different fate for him and her;  
She lightly skims the ball-room floor,  
And he is in the sepulchre!  
His shadowy hands catch hers, not now  
Her pulses throb, her fingers glow;  
He says a word, but wakes no flame,  
Recalls no crime, renews no shame!

The circling world admires and woos,  
The place with sights of joy is full,  
And she her dainty path pursues,  
Fastidious, courted, beautiful;  
And yet across her heart there shot  
A sudden, isolated thought;  
A sudden sight her mind's eye caught,  
Places and shapes which once had been,  
Herself, and him, and all that lay  
Behind in that eventful day,  
And what was done and suffer'd then.  
To-night what made it reappear?  
None living knew of it save her;  
And there was nothing to recall  
Such thoughts in that resplendent hall.  
No; that bright lady knew not why;  
Perchance the cause was—He was nigh.

Incidentally Mr. Gladstone thus delivers himself as to the claims of contemporary poets:—

It would indeed be perilous to attempt stating with particularity the extent to which the last sixty years have added to the great and durable performances of the preceding thirty. But manifestly it has been an immense addition. The state of contemporary judgment on the whole does not leave any doubt that for this period of history Lord Tennyson heads the band of the Immortals. And that illustrious man will bequeath to us at least one lesson which the very last and least of us may learn, in the loyalty, constancy, and intensity of his devotion to his calling. Probably no English poet, except it be Wordsworth, has paid so intense and absorbing a devotion to his muse. Pressing round or upon him, or walking in the same path, we have had many true poets, some of extraordinary and many of very considerable powers. Among those claiming the first of these descriptions is Mr. Browning; and the merest justice requires me to add, at least, the name of Mr. Swinburne.

## THE AISSOUAS.

## BENJAMIN CONSTANT'S EXPERIENCE.

BY NIZIDA.

PART II.

With all our much-vaunted missions and missionaries teaching the religion of Jesus Christ—*our* great prophet—we have failed to touch the right chord in the breasts of these demon-ridden fanatics. The reign of a debased Spiritism and sorcery opposes an influence as hard and impenetrable as brass, or granite, to all efforts on the part of Christians in the direction of conversion. Inspired by the demons whose power they worship for God, they hate us with a hatred inconceivable and deadly. Varily some new prophet is needed to exorcise this devil of hatred. "Here in Morocco we are hated more than ever," writes Benjamin Constant, "the very name of Christian is accursed." Perhaps this feeling is shared, some miles further on, by the followers of the Mahdi, who would fain convince us that God is fighting on *their* side, and is proving it by miracles. They certainly are aided by spirit-power of a malignant kind, and they fight with a wild and heroic self-devotion worthy of better masters than the demon-powers.

European artists are prone to seek the splendid effects of colour produced, as in the country of Morocco, by the light of an unclouded tropical sun. No longer tempered by softening and veiling mists, all objects stand out in almost startling vividness in the blinding radiance, and assume a novelty of tints, and even of forms, from the depths of shadows, and intensity of light in which they lie and glow. And in the midst of this glorious *fantasia* of colour, like music *felt* if not heard, trembling and vibrating in fleeting, fairy-like tones of unimaginable hues, wander the picturesque forms of the Moors, surrounded, in some instances, by ruinous temples, or crumbling buildings which are like visions starting into reality out of the dreamy past. Here dwells a people in its decadence: whirled downwards on the "Great Wheel of Lives," to come up again, probably, for another chance to gain immortality amongst new peoples, and under changed circumstances. Could there be a better proof of this decadence than the following descriptions from the eloquent, graphic pen of Benjamin Constant? Does it not seem in reading of the impressions the city of Morocco made upon his artist-soul, that we might be gazing into a magic mirror upon the *mirage* of a city in that astral region where the wicked, who have left this earth, linger out a miserable disembodied existence? It reads like a description given by some clairvoyant seer gazing through the mists of Time upon the soul-pictures of eternity:—

"Morocco is of a red colour, as mortal as the white colour of Tangier was joyous. The people, who crowd around the Mogador Gate by which we enter, are black, and seem even more desolate than all those whose faces and whose expressions we have yet seen. The tower of Koutoubia rises above the town, and on its battlements, on its sides, and on its every salient part, an army of storks sleep, fly, or click their bills in the sun, and this clicking noise sounds a sinister and funereal note in the close air. The streets are lonesome; a few ragged and terrible creatures creep along here and there between the two walls of a crumbling street no wider than the lobby of a prison."

"Here comes in his tattered robe—a robe made of holes connected together by a few threads and a few patches—a beggar, a saint. In Morocco all those who have lost their reason are called holy men or saints. Madness is considered to be a sacred privilege which God gives to His elect, whose reason He is supposed to have kept in Heaven, and who, therefore, pass through this life without understanding and without suffering. What sombre philosophy!"

"A band of Aissouas have entered the town. These sectarians are fanatics, and workers of miracles, and somewhat related to the Dervishes of India and Asia. Their religion manifests itself in cries of hatred, furious contortions, and terrible dances; they crush with their teeth iron and wood, swallow stones and burning coals, cauterise themselves with red-hot irons, and gash their flesh with poniards in presence of the religious admiration of the crowd which remains there, until by dint of sufferings, cries, and contortions, they fall fainting and insensible. I saw one of these fanatics; he was accompanied by a few neophytes less saintly than himself, whose function was to make music while the saint danced. Two of these men played on a kind of reed flute, which produced grave and melancholy

sounds, while another beat the drum. The saint first of all danced, then he took an earthen pot which was empty, and which he showed to the spectators. He kept this pot in his arms while he continued dancing and whirling; then he stopped, and lifting the pot above his head, he called upon God; and when he put the pot to his lips it was full of water, and the water ran over the brim. 'See!' he cried, 'see the power of God! See His goodness for His elect who serve Him faithfully! Because I love Him, He rewards me! I am a holy man. I can cross the desert without fear; but if you try to cross it you will die of thirst, because you are not holy as I am!'

Now follows an edifying exhibition of the sanctity of God's holy elect:—

"Then he began his vertiginous dancing around an osier basket which was placed on the ground, and suddenly plunging his arm into the basket, he took out a superb serpent of the most venomous kind, which the natives call a 'leffah.' The saint handled the serpent, gave it the flesh of his arm to bite, and bit it himself. In the same way he took several other serpents, and all of them together clung to him, enlacing in their coils his legs and neck. The man was dripping with blood, his face rolling down with sweat, and white foam was gathering in the corners of his mouth. His body was covered with wounds, and still he kept on whirling and bounding round and round to the sound of the flutes and the drum. Then, in order to prove that his serpents were really venomous, he sent for a hen, which was bitten by one of the serpents and died almost instantly. It sometimes happens that an imprudent spectator meets with the same fate. Immediately after this experiment the sermon began over again about God's protection and about the holiness of the Aïssous; then followed a collection to redeem the souls of those who gave. I threw a silver piece, and the saint thanked me with a torrent of abuse; and then, in order to refresh himself, he ate a rat. The whirling was renewed once more, and he whirled and whirled, until at last he fell fainting to the ground. And this is the man whom the people envy; the Saint whom the cobras bite and who bites the cobras, the Pasha who lives in gold between the axe and the dungeon."

"In this world," says the *Bhagavat Gita*, "the creation of creatures is twofold, Godlike and demonic."

L'Abbé Huc, missionary priest in Tartary and China, speaks of a *Lama bokt* who performed an act of self-immolation without dying—an atrocious and repulsive feat for which they are noted. Whilst in this condition, the elemental demon who obsesses him is interrogated concerning hidden things, future events, or the destiny of certain persons. Being questioned as to whether the *bokt* was in his body and conscious, the demon answered that he had ascended to "Fo," until the work was done.

"All Lamas have not the power to operate these prodigies," says the Abbé. "Those, for example, who have the horrible capability of cutting themselves open are never found among the Lamas of higher rank. (Who are doubtless the true esotericists in their religion; whilst the 'miracle-workers' belong to the exoteric mob.) They are ordinarily simple Lamas of bad character, and held in small esteem by their colleagues. The Lamas, who are sensible, generally asseverate their horror of spectacles of this description. In their eyes all these operations are perverse and diabolical. The good Lamas, they say, have it not in their power to execute things of that kind, and are careful to guard against seeking to acquire the impious talent. The above is one of the most notable *sié-fa*, i. e., 'perverse powers' possessed by the Lamas. Others of a like kind are less grandiose and more in vogue. These they practise at home, and not on public solemnities. They will heat a piece of iron red-hot and lick it with their tongues. They will make incisions in their bodies, and an instant after not the least trace of the wound remains, &c., &c."

Such are the works of sorcery and diabolism. These atrocities are the work of elementals of a low, earthly nature, called Djinn, or Genii, and acknowledged by the Easterns, or Fakirs, &c., to be the operators. But having selected their manner of being initiated into these mysteries of an infernal potency, they say nothing of the fearful fate that awaits the blinded fanatics of their order. Many may be ignorant of it, and are black magicians from the irresistible force of circumstances; in some instances from the sway of an inherited tendency not yet subjugated; but there are many cases where the life so fatal to Divine spirituality is pursued from positive preference for the earthly power it bestows, and an utter repudiation of Divine

possibilities. God and Divine nature are defied, and the lost soul pursues its course of self-destruction in the insanity of demonic desperation and determination. Mephistopheles is no myth.

Spiritual forces are swayed by the holy man for good and use. But whilst the pure soul of high aspirations draws from nature, as the lotus-bloom, only beauty and perfume; the debased soul, living for self and earth alone, will attract from nature on its evil side, like the fungus springing from heaps of decaying matter, all that is of hideousness, giving forth poisonous exhalations—an aura of spiritual death; repelling men, or piercing them with the shafts of a malignant hatred.

#### FACTS OF MEDIUMSHIP.

We have received from Mrs. Gordon the following letter:—

SIR,—Seeing in a recent number a suggestion that a record of personal experiences would be acceptable for publication in "LIGHT," I propose sending you some of my own. It has always appeared to me desirable that such records should be published, for it is the accumulation of evidence which eventually brings conviction to the minds of those capable of appreciating the value of human testimony, and who may not be in a position to prove by ocular demonstration the truth of these phenomena.

In 1878 I investigated Spiritualism, so-called. To me the whole subject was a stupendous revelation, for I had read and reasoned myself out of all belief in the supernatural, and, as Mr. Alfred Wallace puts it, I appeared to have no place in my mental structure whereto fit this new knowledge. I was not easily convinced; remembering this, I strive to be tolerant of the scepticism I daily meet with; and in truth recognise in that very scepticism something to be grateful for, as, but for this attitude of mind, we should be unable to calmly and openly investigate the occult powers of nature as we now can. The many years which have passed since I satisfied myself of the truth of Spiritualistic phenomena have taught me, among other things, that it is unwise to try and force people into any belief which is against the bias of their minds and education. To those who themselves take the initiative and seek knowledge on occult subjects the door of inquiry is always open, and others, like myself, find it among their greatest pleasures to assist such seekers after truth.

Believing, as all liberal-minded persons must, that mere belief will do little towards making men better, and seeing that all the terrors of hell which in days past, if not now, were fulminated from Christian pulpits had no very perceptible influence on the lives of the listeners, we can scarcely expect that a mere knowledge of the phenomenal side of Spiritualism will do much for the morals of mankind. But it breaks down the grosser form of materialism, and opens up to more intelligent minds fields of investigation on the higher plane of being.

The occult phenomena of forty years have in some measure stopped the tide of materialism, and it must be apparent to all acquainted with the current literature of the last twenty years that a great change has come over the spirit of the age. Our chief duty now, it appears to me, is to collect the evidence of still living witnesses, as you, Mr. Editor, suggest, so that there may be accessible an overwhelming amount of information for the rapidly increasing inquirers. Some of my experiences have already been published in *Psychic Notes*, but as the life of that publication was ephemeral, having been merely designed to record the results of Mr. Eglinton's visit to India, you may think it worth while to republish some in the more enduring pages of "LIGHT."

ALICE GORDON.

When Mr. Eglinton was in Calcutta in 1881-2 many remarkable phenomena occurred. Records of these were kept by Mrs. Gordon and others, and a publication called *Psychic Notes* gave them a temporary circulation in India. But it seems well that they should have a wider publicity, and therefore they have been placed at our disposal for the purpose of a condensed reproduction in "LIGHT."

We shall publish occasionally accounts of these Calcutta séances, premising that we use no names that we have not permission to use, and that the original records, admirably set forth, are to be found in *Psychic Notes*, published at Calcutta, in 1882, by W. Newman and Co., 4, Dalhousie-square.

The first two séances were held at the house of a well known Spiritualist, Mr. Meugens, and at that of Colonel Gordon. The narrative we give without abridgment:—

## SEANCES IN CALCUTTA.

At a séance held at Mr. Meugen's house, on Tuesday, November 29th, the extraordinary manifestation of writing upon a blank card between the leaves of a book was reproduced.

Ten persons were present, of whom three, Mr. Eglinton, Mr. Meugens, and Mr. D. were Spiritualists; two, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. C., advanced inquirers; and the five others simply investigators.

After sitting for a longer period than usual, without results of any kind, the medium passed some blank cards round for all to examine and see that there was no writing of any kind upon them. One card was then placed upon a musical box, which had been put upon the table, round which all were sitting. A pencil was placed at the side and the light extinguished. On relighting, the card was still found blank.

The medium handed the card to Mr. D. to examine, and Mrs. C. who sat next to him saw clearly, as he turned it over to examine it closely, that both sides were quite free from writing. A jagged corner was torn off the card and given to Mr. D. to keep for identification, and the card was then immediately and in the full light placed within the leaves of a book, and a morsel of pencil was also laid on the same page.

The book was laid successively under the hands of Mrs. C. and Mr. D., of one of the investigators, and of Mr. C. without result, for, on opening the book, each time the card was still found blank. Finally, under the hands of another investigator, a faint ticking was heard inside the book and, after waiting a few moments, the medium took another blank card, laid it in another book with a scrap of pencil, and placed it under the hands of the investigator with whom he had, in the first instance, been unsuccessful. The left hand of the medium rested on the one book and his right on the other, over the hands of the two investigators. After a very short time the first book was opened, and the following words were found distinctly written on the card:—

"Spiritualism fully understood must be the means whereby you shall derive true consolation and comfort and a thorough understanding of the divine will. Since I have been in spirit life I fully perceive the errors one is likely to make by a refusal to seek into new truth—Truth which is 'always strange—stranger than fiction.' And I praise God that in my ascended——"

Here the first card ended and the conclusion of the message was found on the other card, under the hands of the other investigator, as follows:—

"state, my knowledge of a glorious immortality has been proven. Then hasten ye who scoff, and enter and find true solace and freedom from doubt, which an uncertain future has for you.

Your friend,

JOHN WILLIAMS."

From the time of placing the first card in the book to the end of the manifestation, all was in full light, and when the jagged end was tried upon the card it fitted perfectly.

Other manifestations followed, but they were of greater interest to the sitters than to the general public.

On Sunday, November 20th, a séance was held at Colonel Gordon's house at Howrah. There were present besides the host and hostess, Mr. Meugens, Mr. Eglinton, and four gentlemen well known in Calcutta. A room eighteen feet square, off the drawing-room, was cleared of furniture, with the exception of two almirahs and a dressing-table. Eight chairs were arranged for the sitters, and a table on which was placed a large musical box weighing about twenty pounds, a smaller one, a zither harp, a bell, a fan, candle and holder, and a box of matches. The room was on the upper storey and had no verandah to it. The doors were barred and the windows were fastened. Attention was called to this, and also to the almirahs being empty before the sitters took their seats. Having done this and taken hands the candle was blown out. The medium at his own request had been seated between two of the strangers, who never let go his hands. After some trifling movements of articles on the table, and the opening and shutting of the lid of the large musical box, a number of raps were heard on the table, gaining in strength as they went on, and then the musical boxes were wound up and began playing. The "intelligences" at work were asked to stop the music. This was done *instantaneously*, and as often as suggested the music was started and stopped. A fan was opened, we were fanned, a small bell was

rung, and all the articles on the table were moved about in a rough way. The large musical box was placed while playing on the heads of some of the new sitters. Some small things were brought from the dressing-table, and one was placed in the hand of the host, to whom it belonged. Except in this instance, no notice was taken of the three sitters who had long since learnt the truth of these phenomena; all the power was used for the men who were *inquiring*. The best manifestation was when the zither harp floated above the heads of the sitters, and "Home, Sweet Home" was played on it; the listeners then heard the sound go off into the distance, apparently into the drawing-room. By attentive listening only could it be heard, and then the sound came gradually nearer until just outside the drawing-room door, as far as we could judge, when with a sudden plunge it was in the room again, and the harp was then put in a noisy way on the top of the almirah. The door was barred and there was a strong light in the drawing-room so it could not have been opened without the sitters' knowledge. The *cold wind* which is generally felt at the beginning of a séance was distinctly noticed and commented on, and materialised hands were felt by several. One gentleman's chair was pulled from under him, but he held it firmly with his leg, and would not let it be taken away. He felt a powerful hand grasp his shoulder, and a thin attenuated one later on was roaming about over his chest, the motive of which we discovered, when in the drawing-room afterwards, was to conceal a key taken from the large musical box which we found *locked* when we lit the candle. The medium was taken up, and the gentlemen holding him had to stand up, and reach out their arms. He was floated *horizontally* as his feet touched the shoulder of one of the sitters two seats off. As the manifestations were very violent, and there is evidently an equivalent for the power expended taken from the medium, we judged from his heavy breathing that it would be well to break up, so the candle was lighted.

Doors, windows, and almirahs were again examined, and the eight sitters were the only persons in the room. Those readers to whom these phenomena are new will do well to reflect on the difficulties attending the *fraud* theory when applied to the above manifestations. (1) The séance was held in a gentleman's house, so all pre-arrangement by the medium was *impossible*. (2) The sitters were all well known to each other, the medium being the only stranger. (3) He was held all the time by two of the sitters who were sceptics. The suggestion of fraud on this occasion would have been more ridiculous than anything Spiritualists have ever been credited with either saying or believing. The credulity which outsiders show when, in the face of *such evidence*, they accept the pretended *exposés* of conjurers as explanation of the phenomena of Spiritualism, proves that it is not the absence of credulousness nor the presence of fair scepticism, but a defect in the reasoning faculty, which causes them to accept these.

## WITH THE PICTURE OF A YOUNG AND WINGED ANGEL.

Though angels come not young as this appears,  
But with grave sweetness, memory of tears,  
We welcome, for the love of vanished years.

And though with wings they may not now be dight,  
Complete and fair are they to our glad sight,  
For round them burns a radiance, a light

From love intense, that giveth means for flight,  
Will governing for good, as seemeth right,  
To visit love in bonds, bring day to night,

To us they give bright visions of their home,  
Sweet thoughts in lonely moments, words that come,  
From wisdom's deeps, that fears no adverse doom.

They speak of blessings great, and true, and free,  
That are our heritage, our own to be,  
When we clasp hands, for aye their faces see.

An endless love they tell of, when we moan  
The severance drear, the sense of sorrow lone,  
High Love that giveth love, and crown, and throne.

Ah—*Blessed!* Could we alway hear and see,  
With heart and thought attent, Love's mystery  
Would surely draw from earth, with them in peace to be.

E. S. O.

SOME things seem the harder to forgive the greater the love. It is but a false seeming, thank God, and comes only of selfishness, which makes both the love and the hurt seem greater than they are.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"  
2, DUKE STREET,  
ADELPHI, W.C.

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Light :

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

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1st, 1890.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. It 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.

RECOGNISED APPARITIONS OCCURRING MORE  
THAN A YEAR AFTER DEATH.

PART I.

Mr. F. W. H. Myers contributes to the last *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research a paper on "Recognised Apparitions Occurring More than a Year after Death," which is of the highest interest and importance. It is assuredly from no lack of appreciation of its value that we have not before given our readers some account of its arguments. It indicates the high-water mark of research as it affects both Spiritualism and Theosophy. For there are traces in the reasoning of some disposition to admit that impressions made on the Astral Light may explain certain hauntings (p. 15), and that "there may be a deeper severance in the personality of the dead—a psychical fractionation" (p. 34)—such as Theosophy has familiarised us with. On the other hand, Spiritualists will find in Mr. Myers' narratives some very excellent evidence for the reality of things which they assuredly believe, and some attempts to explain them and correlate them with established facts, which eminently deserve attention.

Movement in the Society for Psychical Research has been slow, and has been chiefly concerned with subjects that are on the outlying borders of our territory. The only attempts made to penetrate that unmapped region resulted in a disastrous loss of way. The present effort is infinitely more worthy. We regret that the paper cannot be freely circulated outside of the limits imposed on its author by this publication. Such account as we can give, in barest outline, of its arguments must be very meagre. The illustrative narratives we can scarcely touch. Perhaps we shall best discharge our duty by a running comment on some points that strike us.\*

Mr. Myers apologises slightly for the arbitrary line drawn at "a year after death" on the ground that "after that lapse of time recognised apparitions with even a *prima facie* claim to be classed as veridical (*i.e.*, what they pretend to be) become exceedingly rare." We hardly see how it could be otherwise in his opinion, on the canons of evidence laid down by his Society. For, if it be difficult for a poor ghost to prove its identity when earth-interests may be supposed to persist with more or less vividness, how shall it succeed when the lines of connection with our world have become lines of greater resistance, when interests have faded, and when (as experience proves) many changes in state and condition have taken place? Spirits recede from earth, if they do not become earth-bound. Friends on earth depart from it: links are snapped daily.

\* The *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research (Part XV.) are procurable from Trubner and Co., Ludgate Hill, E.C., or at the offices of the Society, 19, Buckingham-street, Adelphi, W.C. Price 3s.

Is it, then, wonderful that the second year after death finds the poor ghost with increasing difficulties if it desires to return and prove its case? And what amount of evidence would satisfy Mr. Myers that a decedent of last century had recently manifested his presence among us? We press the question, *What quality and amount of evidence would be conclusive?* Our own beliefs make for the likelihood of such an event. We hold that it is much more likely—on the low grounds of probability—that John Doe, giving a reasonable account of himself and such evidence of sincerity as can be had, is John Doe than that he is a masquerading spook or a conscienceless creature who has decided to posture in the personality of this being of whom it is not proven, cannot be proven, and is not probable that he ever heard.

Mr. Myers' statement that cases of identification of long-departed spirits are perplexing we frankly admit to be true. His present attempt to correlate this perplexing evidence with our accepted knowledge is the most valuable part of a valuable paper. But many of the perplexities arise from the attempt which has been so persistently made in some quarters to disregard all evidence which demonstrates the return of the departed. That great fact is, we hold, absolutely proven. It becomes, then, a mere matter of detail whether, in a given case, it is literally and exactly proven that our John Doe is himself, as he alleges, or some one else, as is suspected. The great fact remains that the soul of man is *not*, in some proven cases, extinguished by Death.

The popular idea of a ghost as "a deceased person permitted by Providence to hold communication with survivors" is easily demolished. The idea is almost dead that God permits special events arbitrarily, or, in answer to special appeals often ignorantly made. Mr. Myers' definition by which he replaces this crude piece of survival of barbaric simplicity is better:—"a manifestation of persistent personal energy"; not necessarily, in his opinion, the person himself, but an appearance *caused* by him. The phantom, or apparition seen, may be not "a *revenant* coming back among living men," but possibly a transference of persistent consciousness on the part of the decedent to a suitable percipient: a visualised dream, or only a flash of perception. That is a theory that has the advantage of being in harmony with much that the Society, of which Mr. Myers is an eminent member, claims to have proved. It is a theory still itself unproven: but, if it ever be proven, we shall maintain that it is on our side. For, if the decedent from his new home can affect a percipient on earth, at least the decedent must be *alive*.

The late Mr. Gurney threw out the idea (*Proceedings*, Vol. IV., p. 417) that what may be called recurrent hauntings of particular places (*e.g.*, of the figure of an old woman seen on the bed where she was murdered) suggest "not so much any continuing local action on the part of the deceased person as the survival of a mere image, impressed we cannot guess how on we cannot guess what, by that person's physical organism, and perceptible at times to those endowed with some cognate form of sensitiveness." Our friends the Theosophists will see in this cautious guess a dim disposition to accept the theory that all occurrences in our world are impressed on the Astral Light—that occult book of judgment, the note-book of the accusing angel—and can be evoked from it by those who know, and sometimes accidentally by those who do not know, how to read its records. These persistent hauntings of places where crimes have been committed, or where there is hoarded gold, are a little perplexing till we consider the dominant influence of emotion—whether of love or revenge—and the consuming greed that the love of money engenders in the miser. The heart is with the treasure. Nor, we insist, do we get rid of the difficulty by Mr. Gurney's postulation. For it is abundantly proven that many of

these haunting ghosts are persistent only until their wishes are fulfilled, their object attained, and then the haunting ceases. Atonement has been made, love has been satisfied or reparation exacted, and the ghost goes. That does not fit in with Mr. Gurney's theory, but it does with the explanation of the Spiritualists.

Nor is the appearance or connection of the departed soul with this earth and particular localities confined to hauntings such as those above specified. Mediums in a high state of sensitiveness have recorded that their experience goes to show a nearness of some decedents to their earthly body. Communications purporting to come from departed persons have been repeatedly given to mediums who trace the connecting link between them to their presence in, or near to, the place where the body of the communicant was buried. And this, it is important to note, in cases where no previous knowledge existed as to that fact. The message has been given: the question asked, What brings you? The answer at once, You passed by the place of burial of my body. There is, then, it may be inferred, some link between spirit and matter which we have not yet got at. Mr. Gurney's hypothesis fails, as so many of these elaborated theories do, to cover the ground. As Mr. Myers says in another connection, "What man's mind tends to fancy on such topics furnishes a curious proof of the persistence of preconceived notions."

We have touched only the early part of this important paper. It is of sufficient value to induce us to recur to it, to discuss some of the cases cited, and especially to draw attention to the conclusions which Mr. Myers deduces from them.

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MR. H. W. H. STEPHEN, M.P.

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The last Australian mail brought the intelligence of the passing away, at Sydney, New South Wales, of Mr. Harold Wilberforce Hindmarsh Stephen, M.P., aged forty-eight. He was the eldest son of Mr. Milner Stephen, Barrister-at-Law, the well-known Australian Healer, and grandson of the late Admiral Sir John Hindmarsh, K.H., the First Governor of South Australia.

We gather from an obituary of him in the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*, of December 2nd last, that "he was a journalist by profession, and enjoyed the reputation of possessing considerable ability, being widely known in New South Wales and Victoria, as an author and a contributor to the newspaper Press; and had a great number of friends in public and private life. He had been ill for some time previously, ever since the close of last Session, in fact; but it was not thought by his friends that the end was so near; and he died rather suddenly, leaving a widow, but no children."

The writer of that notice was, no doubt, of recent experience, or he would have mentioned that Mr. Harold Stephen had been at various times the owner or editor of three or four newspapers, and, amongst these, he was the sole owner and editor of *Sydney Punch*, having gathered around him some of the best writers and poets of that colony; and one Christmas he published in a handsome large octavo volume, entitled *Punch Staff Papers*, an allegorical poem of four pages, entitled, "My Dream," which many considered was much in the style of Milton. Of this poem it is worthy of remark, that he was never known by his family to have written poetry at any time previously, and that after wishing good-night to his father and mother, with whom he was then living, at eleven o'clock he sat down to his writing table, and with such incredible speed wrote it, that at three o'clock in the morning he awoke his father and mother, and read the poem from slips of paper which had not apparently a single correction.

He published a few novels also; the best known of which was *The Golden Yankee*,—scenes laid in the United States and Australian Goldfields, with their wild, rough denizens; and was highly praised by about forty colonial newspapers. Mr. H. Stephen was an accomplished watercolour and pencil artist, and played very sweetly on the cornopean, and was a good cricketer in his earlier days. But above all, his exceeding kindness of heart generally kept his purse at the service of his poorer friends and acquaintance.

London.

January 19th, 1890.

### THE DREAM LIFE OF THE SOUL.

[In the course of a recent correspondence with Mr. Thaddeus Hyatt, with some of whose experiences readers of "LIGHT" have already been made acquainted, he forwarded to me a copy of a letter of his to his son which he has entitled as above. I have obtained his permission to send it for publication, in case the Editor should at all agree in my estimate of its interest. Opinions may possibly differ as to the value of two of Mr. Hyatt's facts in relation to the doctrines of Pre-existence and Re-incarnation—doctrines which I am myself content to hold quite independently of empirical verification, and which I think to be imperfectly sustained by facts, capable, perhaps, of some other metaphysical or psychical solution. Nor do I wish to commit myself to Mr. Hyatt's conclusion as to the extinction of individuality consequent on persistent moral aberration, though I believe that the *personality*—in its sense of a "mask," and meaning thereby a circle of consciousness externally determined—will assuredly drop away from every individuality.—C.C.M.]

MY DEAR SON,—

The only true waking state of the soul is in the soul-atmosphere and universe: it cannot be in this. Our descent from the life-sphere of the spirit into the clay-form that incarnates it is to the soul what descending into the darkness of the grave is to the body, as to memory: or rather, it is like to a sleeping body that dreams while it sleeps. In our waking state here we know our friends, ourselves, and the true relation of all things around us: and we can recall our dreams and *know that we dreamed*. But in the dream, we do not know ourselves. In the dream, all connection with life's reality is severed: we have no memory to link our individuality with the waking state: consequently, in our dream-state, we *do not know ourselves*.

If, now, all this forms a part of this life's experience, I may say the experience of every twenty-four hours of our existence here, why should anyone feel surprise or stagger at the proposition of a pre-existence and an ante-soul life distinct from this because we have *no memory of it*? The strange thing would be that we should remember, for this existence is the enwrapment in clay of a spirit; the putting of it, as to its real and freer being, into the stupor of sleep where it can only dream. This life, then, is the dream of the soul. When we get back again, when our eyes are opened there, we shall look around, as one awakened out of sleep; we shall recognise *all we knew before*; we shall remember. Ah! yes; remember this, our short, but troubled dream. And, again, we shall be examined! and with what inspection? Shall we hear the test? Will it be, "Go up higher" or, "Descend into a lower incarnation"?

I am a believer in a Personal God: a God Who is Immortal and Eternal, *only* because He is Perfectly Good! Now, then, as a proposition, and an assumption; for such I admit it to be; if the being perfectly good be the *why* He liveth ever, the proposition that the soul of man, to be able to live for ever, must be perfectly good, or at the least, *on the up-grade of good*, in order to be on *the up-grade of immortality*, is reasonable and common-sense. The corollary of these propositions, as you must yourself see at a glance, is that man's soul in itself is *not* immortal! "God *only* hath Immortality."

But to return: if we had our real life in a former existence; if we assume that we had—and this is the assumption—and are again to *return to that life*, it follows, as certainly as day follows night, that this, our earth-existence, is but an episode, a mere hiatus in the soul-years; holding to our real selves and our real life, the same relation that our natural sleep here holds to our natural awakened state here: thus, as a whole, man's Earth-life is to be regarded as the sleep-state of the spirit, and his whole life here, as the dream-life of the Soul!

The dentist stood in front of me engaged in pulling out seven teeth: I was under the influence of ether: on the instant, I found my *other self*—my real self—standing behind my own chair, the dental chair in which I had been placed: and as each tooth came out with a jerk and a snap, myself, the form behind the chair, screeched in my ears—"I knew it! I knew it! and that! and that! and that!" as each tooth broke its ligature and snapped; "*I knew it 10,000 years ago.*"

The influence of the ether had in some mysterious way loosened the connection between soul and body, and enabled me to look down upon my clay-form-self seated in the chair; the most remarkable experience, except the sight of Daisy coming from the soul-land to be incarnated, that I have ever had. This was in 1864.

"I knew it!—and that!—and that!—10,000 years ago." Marvellous soul-existence! casting its horoscope of a poor earth-life 10,000 years before its accomplishment, even to the most trifling of its sufferings and its pains! Yes; we shall know ourselves when we get back there. Here we know not who or what we are, for this is the dream-life of the soul. You call me "father" here, and she who bore you "mother," and those born from the same parents "brothers and sisters." But "Who is my mother, and who are my brothers and sisters? Even such as do the will of my Father in Heaven." He, our Christ, knew what, and only what, makes the actual "blood relationship" of the soul. We, too, shall know it also; but not till by-and-bye.

Why we had to come here, and why we have to suffer and be tempted, we knew before we came; and shall, when we return, also know to how much improvement it has answered; in short, to what higher grade and level we have attained, or to what lower grade and level sunk!

The science of phrenology was, to the Church, at the first, and the clerical mind, and to the fearful natures of "godly people," a phantom of frightful import: leading to fatalism; a destroyer of man's responsibility, and all that: and silly people to-day reason on the same lines they did when I was first emerging from my teens a little over fifty years ago. "If the bumps are on your head, how can you help yourself? You must be" (that is, remain) "as you were made!" And to this hour no man, no phrenologist, not the best even, has offered the true solution and the rationale of this hidden mystery.

Professor L. N. Fowler, as an examiner of heads, is without an equal on the face of the globe. In my judgment he never had an equal. "Your head, Mr. Hyatt," said he one day, "is a great puzzle to me. You have a *bad head*, and a *good character*." Lorenzo Fowler has known me intimately since the year 1835; a period of fifty-four years. He *ought* to know me.

Let me for the moment, my son, ask you to be my audience; and to you I will unfold the mystery which has been hidden until now; the mystery of the conformation of the human brain, its real meaning, its true significance, *the story of a past existence which it tells, and how as a record it links the former life with this!*

The clay-form is moulded over, and, as it were, upon the spirit. It gets every lineament of the face, every feature, the form of the head, the shape of the skull, *the convolutions of the brain*, all, all, from the soul as its matrix. This I learned from the spirit of your dear little sister Daisy. She came, the fair child I had seen her before her incarnation.\* For over a full two years her face did not respond to what I had seen; and it troubled me. I wanted to believe it all real; but my logical mind demanded proof as severely as the doubting Thomas required it; the baby I saw in the air had a nose and an expression connected with it that this baby's did not answer to, and I challenged its verity; because, for some reason or other, I know not what, that nose and that expression had been particularly and strongly photographed upon my memory. I could not forget it, for, when the vision had passed, I reasoned on it, saying to myself, "Who in this life have I ever known that now is *coming back?*" And I could find no one. And my Daisy, now two years old, did not show me this face-likeness of "my baby in the air." But one day, the baby being now some two years and three months old, she came running across the floor, and as she turned her sweet little face up to mine, I could have screamed aloud with joy, "My baby in the air! my baby in the air!" she stood revealed before me. For two years and three months had the clay been silently forming upon its spirit-matrix, until at length, like the plate in the camera, the picture

\* I extract the following from a letter from Mr. Hyatt, replying to my request for further particulars of this vision:—"Now I saw a spirit, just as I see all things in nature—eyes wide open, faculties complete. I saw that spirit enter the form of my wife; distinctly saw it *disappear in her*. The features and expression of the babe so impressed me as to set me to think—when all had passed—"Whom have I ever known with features and expression like that?" I was impressed by *a likeness*; so much so that I thought it over; and my theory at the moment was that it is the spirit of some one now dead that I once knew. In this theory I was mistaken, as events proved. But I saw a likeness, features, and expression. And this picture was fast in my memory. Twenty-three months after the birth of the child—thirty-one months from the time I saw that likeness in the spirit in the air—I saw it suddenly in the face of the born child!"—(C. C. M.)

"*came out!*" To nail the likeness and the change as a *fact*, witnessed by an independent mind, your mother, who had not the slightest intimation of the workings of my own mind, or knew what I was thinking of, broke out on the instant (as she suddenly turned her head and looked at Daisy from a distance of some eight or ten feet where she was seated by the window at work) with the exclamation, "Well, I declare! if that baby isn't getting the regular Hyatt nose!"

The doctrine that the soul is a matrix to form the body upon, thus revealed to me and taught by this experience, is *scientific*, my boy, and sound; and I may say the only doctrine and the only philosophy upon which to construct any true "science of man." With this, as a key, we may unlock the mystery of the convolutions of the human brain and the conformations of the bony structure of its covering the skull; for first, as the skull conforms itself to the brain, so the brain conforms itself to the soul upon which it is moulded. The configurations, then, of the human skull, and the convolutions of the human brain, being moulded upon and produced as an effect of an antecedent spiritual organism, must in the nature of the case, distinctly and unmistakably indicate, as a record, the precise grade or status of the soul as it was before it became incarnated.

This brain-formation is no cast-iron barrier to advancement; quite the contrary. The spirit *behind it all* has the power of will and purpose. It is the business of this soul *behind it all* to make itself "better than its head." This, brother Fowler, is the explanation of your "puzzle." I could have made my character worse than my head, had I seen fit to. But I made it better; not, however, without a fight, and many a hard one too; sometimes the devil under, and sometimes (too often, I am ashamed to say) on the top. But, on the whole, the grade, I trust, has been the up, and not the down, grade.

There is just as much reason why a rotten apple should remain forever hanging on the bough as that a rotten soul should remain forever a conscious thing in the Universe of God. But the law of the material world (and the material reflects the higher laws and life) is that every organised thing shall cease to be, as to its individuality, when it ceases to perform its functions. This is law: and law governs everywhere. The "Will of God" is manifested in His laws, and we cannot escape. Wrong means death. Right means life. Don't stop, my boy, to ever reason down the protests of your soul! The thing that speaks to you is the something or someone behind it all! The eternal record is being made up every moment of our lives: every word, every action, even every thought, good or evil, all being imprinted and photographed in eternal colours and characters, to come blazing out one and all in the great hereafter. We cannot escape. We are in this life fixing the grade of the soul for the next; to be either a higher or a lower level, and the Re-incarnations that are to come must, therefore, be of necessity on one of the two, a higher, or a lower level; the one leading to an ever expanding beauty and brightness, and the other to an ever deepening blackness; the chambers of "eternal death," the shadows and mists of utter vacuity, the loss of being, the utter extinguishment of the once living spark, the annihilation of individuality, and the utter and final extinction of the "lost soul." In the light of this fearful portrayal, my dear boy, you may now be able to perceive and to appreciate the import of those fearful words of Scripture, "*eternal death and the loss of the soul.*"

Your affectionate father,

Ealing, October 17th, 1889.

THADDEUS HYATT.

#### BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

*The Gift of D. D. Home.* By MADAME HOME. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Limited. Price 10s., pp. 377.) [An important sequel to *D. D. Home: His Life and Mission*. We reserve it for study and review.]

*Fabian Essays in Socialism.* Edited by G. BERNARD SHAW. (The Fabian Society, 63, Fleet-street.) [A series of essays prepared as lectures to be delivered before mixed audiences. Mr. Bernard Shaw is "Economic," Mr. Sidney Webb is "Historic," Mr. William Clarke, M.A., is "Industrial," Mr. Sydney Olivier is "Moral." Mr. Graham Wallas, M.A., deals with "Property under Socialism." Mrs. Annie Besant treats of "Industry under Socialism." Mr. Bernard Shaw has for his subject "Transition," i.e., from the old order in the Middle Ages to the new order that should now prevail. Mr. Hubert Bland concludes with an "Outlook." The book contains 220 pp., and is charmingly got up.]

*The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine.* (From the publishers, to be referred to hereafter.)

*Cope's Tobacco Plant.* "Selections from original contributions of James Thomson" and "The Smoker's Garland."

And several pamphlets, notice of which will be found from time to time in JOTTINGS.

## NOTES FROM MY SPIRITUAL DIARY.

By F. J. THEOBALD.

## PART II.

[Again Miss J. and I were speaking about the mysteries of mesmeric powers, and its varied phases. H. said :—]

The mystery of the workings of that most vast, and all but—in fact quite inexplicable power called—for want of a better word—"mesmerism" is at the root of all the varied ways of cure; call it what you like—mind cure, faith cure, or anything—the power or force at the root is mesmerism, neither more nor less. In cases where the *more* operates then comes some kind of relief, or even cure. But in the vast number of cases it is "less." No *rapport* being established, no result follows. But in every form of trial and of physical suffering there is a cure. "Every Jack must have his Jill!" and that very homely saying may be carried out into the mysteries of every form of *rapport*. Some need one, some another; and truly it is not for all to find the power of true healing whilst in the earth sphere. Their burden of life is to be borne, and submissively bowed beneath. . . . No one on earth can believe the vast difficulty of our coming to you, caused entirely by the great opposition to the belief in the unseen. Is it not a fact that these mysteries are oft revealed to babes and sucklings *literally*, and also figuratively? For it is to the ignorant, the greater treasures of the unseen are opened up, whilst the scientific men, often remain blind, blind, blind! and deaf, deaf, deaf! Ah, the pity of it!

[Miss J. was spending a few hours with me one day, just when some so-called exposures of Spiritualism were making somewhat more stir than usual. H. soon announced his presence, and on my taking the pencil wrote rapidly and vehemently :—]

Never fear about those foolish people who think that by the breath of their nostrils, so shall the truth of Spiritualism be blasted.

[This expression was very repellent to me, and I made a pause, but writing was continued :—]

Yes, dear F. J. T., put that word, J. knows what I mean! They do but supply fuel to stir up the flame they seek to quench. A few short weeks will pass, and young — will feel he has acted like the impetuous fool he is! X. already feels it! Never mind. Truth is spreading, and I bid you all to gather up your strength, and rejoice, as we rejoice, in this somewhat unlooked for stirring of the dead bones. Life shall rise out of decay, good out of evil. This is God's eternal Law. Nothing can stop it. . . . What a storm in a teacup are these foolish scientists raising!—little imagining that the world—their world—is but as a teacup, compared with the world of God's Universe; a world filled with and sustained by God's love! Who, out of all the confusion, will, at the right time, say, "Peace be still," and so shall come a great calm, in which His infinite power will be manifested! . . . We, in our spirit-home, are working hard to transmit to your world much that we have learned since we came; but, of the deepest spiritual knowledge, no earthly language can find expression, and we can but assure you of the reality of Life in God, and of the infinite, wonderful (power of) expansion of the mind of man. . . .

Who by searching can find out God? Because they omit to look for Him, in the daily details of life, in which He rests, and needs no searching for! He is in your very midst. . . . Just so much as each mind can take of God, and no more, does open out to that mind.

God works in, and through, all. . . .

We must always bend to circumstances, and, in so far as it is possible, live at peace, and in love with all men. . . . We, from our spirit-home, can see the workings of each mind, and I see a great influence—a forceful influence at work, to let in the Christ that is to be—nay, is.

But the God in all is coming grandly through the mist of war, desolation, and tumult, to the front, to be King Supreme over His children.

He works in divers ways. Not only in the religious world.

## A STORM IN A TEACUP.

[Miss J. came to me one day when some great commotion was going on. I cannot recall all the circumstances, but it was

amongst some of the scientists, and about some "great exposure," which had, however, as usual, ended by leaving them as much in the dark about Spiritualistic matters as ever. Miss J. had received a few words from H. by Mr. Eglinton's mediumship, to which he refers. As soon as I took the pencil, came as follows, most rapidly written :—]

What a storm in a teacup! Do not be at all troubled. It is the best thing that could happen for the cause of truth.

What a complete shattering of the gods of Materialism, the proof of our intercourse will be.

You mistake in thinking I did not write those few words to you, at Eglinton's. I did. But had to work through conditions which grated upon me. . . . I gladly did it, for your sake, and will, if possible, do so again. But as to our scientific friends, the S.'s, &c., they really will never be convinced; let them give up; you cannot give eyes to the blind!

You cannot rouse up faculties which do not exist even in a latent degree. This storm in a teacup will do vast, vast good, never fear.

The very earnestness and fight over this subject show the life that lies in it. For without the spirit-life as the basis, the subject would have dropped, died out, mouldered to nothing, long ago.

Now, regarding this marvellous movement, a glorious time is at hand. Wait, watch, pray. . . . There is far less deception than you, and many suppose, more truth. But these clashings come because of adverse spheres. All a mix up and muddle. But it will all come right at last. The Lord Omnipotent reigneth. He rules the Spirits, both in your world and ours. Remember this.

## HYPNOTISM.

Mr. John Page Hopps in the *Echo* thus alludes to  
CURE BY SUGGESTION.

Those who are interested, sympathetically or otherwise, in hypnotism, should read Dr. C. L. Tuckey's book on *Psycho-Therapeutics: or, Treatment by Sleep and Suggestion*. It is a purely scientific work, with a minimum of argument and a maximum of information, chiefly in relation to carefully conducted experiments, or cases occurring in a regular practice. The most noticeable thing about the subject and the study of it is that everybody seems to fight shy of theories, while facts are poured out in bewildering affluence. If only one-hundredth part of what is affirmed is true, we are in the presence of perhaps, the most, revolutionary and most beneficent medical discovery of modern times. If that is so, the old adage will be abundantly verified that where there is smoke there must be fire. Time out of mind we have scoffed or been puzzled at "mesmerism"; and, before now, good reputations have been wrecked, and brilliant prospects have been crushed, by physicians who attempted to use it as a curative agency; but "the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges"—though often too late—for the dead. Under another name, but with added wonders and mysteries, the tabooed subject has been revived; and Dr. Liébault, Professor Bernheim, Drs. Binet and Féré, and many others, have not only rescued it from contempt, but have compelled the gravest possible attention to it. What is affirmed is that, not only in France, where the method of cure is extensively practised, but here, in London, hysteria, dipsomania, pseudo-paralysis, sciatica, nocturnal enuresis, rheumatism, puerperal mania, and "moral depravity" have been cured by sleep and suggestion. If we were to venture an explanation, we should say that what happens *looks like* putting aside or getting beyond the surface will and consciousness, which depend upon habits and associations, and reaching the inner will, that most real but too often dormant master of the house. This real master of the house the operator seems to put in possession, with suggestions which, on waking, control the patient, and accomplish amazing emancipations from morbid conditions.

But it is a tremendous subject; and we must content ourselves with indicating its magnitude and gravity, and drawing attention to a book which partly does for England what Dr. Liébault did for France nearly thirty years ago. J. P. H.

PROFESSOR GEORGE CHAINNEY will deliver an address at 41, Shakespeare-road, Herne Hill, S.E., to-morrow (Sunday), at 7.30 p.m. Admission free.

## EXPERIENCES OF AN INQUIRER.

## No. III.

## TILTS AND RAPS.

I have little additional to chronicle under this head beyond this, that these continue to be got without the slightest difficulty, particularly by three members of our party, my wife and two of my daughters. Additional messages have recently come purporting to be from (1) a young man who died across the street six years ago, whom we knew only by name. He gave us details of his "passing over"; where he was interred, and his age at death; all of which we can verify. (2) Two nights ago a communication was made purporting to be from the late parish minister of C., a seaside resort where we have often stayed. He passed over a short time ago and was able to spell out the name of his successor in the cure, whom those sitting did not know; the information was afterwards found to be correct. A young girl from the same village, whom he named, was also present and, as he informed us, about to communicate. The same evening he also gave us one or two messages on matters well known to us. All three stated they came simply because they, in the spirit-world, had seen us sitting and trying to open up communication.

## AUTOMATIC WRITING.

This continues in the case of my wife and one of my daughters. The first has received a message written by the friend (formerly referred to) who, we believe, died abroad, giving the place of his demise (Melbourne), his age (forty-nine), the name of his eldest daughter, and the gentleman to whom she is married in New Zealand; all of which we intend to verify. There was also drawn on the note book a really exquisite representation of a flower somewhat resembling a daisy.

The automatic writing of my second eldest daughter has developed to a marked degree. She has written, in four different and distinct kinds of handwriting, long letters, and, on the whole, fairly coherent, and full of family details and names. These purport to come from (1) two aunts; (2) her grandmother; (3) a little girl, the daughter of a near friend, who died two years ago; (4) the young girl who spoke to us by the table after the minister (see above). In two of the instances we can compare handwriting and in both there is some similarity, particularly in capitals and style of caligraphy.

## FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS.

When the medium (Alex. Duguid) was with us recently and in a state of trance, there spoke through him in very broken English an African spirit, giving the name of "Sabo." Mr. D. told us that this spirit had not been near him for upwards of twelve months. The voice gave us some minute but simple instructions as to sittings, and promised, if we persevered, to help us with a materialisation when conditions permitted.

Last night comes the extraordinary development of this séance. The family were sitting at supper. My daughter, who had been doing a great deal of automatic writing, and felt the magnetic power very strongly all night, suddenly began to splutter and mumble, and all at once her gestures became those of an untutored savage, and in a hoarse whisper she spoke the same broken English we had heard through Mr. Duguid's mediumship. After about twenty minutes of this sort of thing the voice of the spirit "Sabo" changed to that of our dear little boy who left us last spring; touching messages were given, that he was not gone, but still here, though we could not see him; that our friends in the spirit-world had charge of him, and that he was glad to be able to speak now through his sister, instead of moving the table as formerly. The voice also sung many of the nursery songs and rhymes he delighted in when here, and gave all the emphasis and dash to particular lines and passages he used to delight in. After a while this gave place to the voice of my mother-in-law, who passed over a few years ago, and then to that of a sister-in-law, who died some years earlier, both of whom gave us words and phrases very familiar in conversation when on earth. Then followed two abrupt, loud sentences from John King (who once spoke through Mr. Duguid before, at a previous sitting). And this closed a remarkable experience in the family circle, occurring without any preparation and in full light.

I have only stated "bald facts," and you know enough of me to be able to say that my frame of mind has been judicial, and even critical, throughout.

Edinburgh, January 25th, 1890.

EDINA.

## THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY AND CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT.

The following important article from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* is transferred to our columns as explanatory of the position assumed by the Editor in the matter of Unity and Organisation. We reserve comment, indicating only substantial agreement:—

## THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY AND CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT.

When we placed this heading over the responses to an article in the *Journal* headed "Unity"—an article prepared in the hurry of numerous business cares—we little suspected that we were striking, so fully, a responsive chord. So it is we built wiser than we knew and the awakening which has followed the appearance of that article is quite gratifying. We feel gratified now in giving a more extended expression of our views and to emphasise the sentiment already awakened, and to urge friends to earnestness in the fulfilment of their heartily expressed wishes. It will not do now to slacken pace or to drop all interest in what to our view is a movement which may be made a great blessing to the world. Behind us as Spiritualists are the vast forces of the spirit-world, waiting and watching through these long, weary years for some unified, general movement for the bringing into more full rapport the good and true of earth as of Heaven. Spiritualism means this or it means nothing. It is a religion—the religion of humanity—or it is nothing. Its spirit is as old as man. It has but one form of ministering. It is love for all—guided by the wisdom which is God's highest manifestation. It knows no distinction.

There has been one rock upon which all religions have split—thus sundering humanity: the attempt to define God, and man's relation to Him and to one another. Ancient Buddhism split here. Brahminism split here. The Jew, the Mohamedan, and the Christian all split here. Men try to comprehend God—not apprehend Him—and fail in definition. Forming around the opinion of some strong magnetic leader, men become separatists. One class are "saints" and another "sinners"; this brings confusion in man's relations to his fellow-man, and the breach widens until the race is severed into fragments; no unity anywhere. "Definition" and "mine and thine" have often been curses. This has been especially so in the Christian regime. God has been defined until no God was left. Agnosticism is the bitter fruit of this attempt to define God. To define means to limit; to do this is to anthropomorphise the undefinable. We do not wish to be understood as attempting the impossible feat of comprehending God when we apprehend Him as the Universal Father. Apprehension and comprehension are two entirely different terms. The first belongs to the heart—to the affections; the second belongs to the intellect, where freedom should be the absolute law of its exercise. Only by fully appreciating this distinction can Spiritualists and liberalists of varying shades of belief hope to come together in unity and fellowship.

In the *Unity* editorial of October 12th, we used an expression which one brother has taken exception to. In speaking of a basis of agreement we said, "without deifying Christ." We meant this in the sense that the "Church of the Spirit" should be free from all dogmatism. We hope to have all, whether liberals, orthodox, or Spiritualists—all who can apprehend God as the Universal Father and man as the universal brother, and who are uniting to work under the one spirit of love and wisdom as the inspirational life of all. No movement, positing a religion, can start with less than this, and to add more we fear will destroy that loving unity which is more desirable than anything else. Once united under this simple faith, freedom of culture and expression can have no limit. As individuals, members of the Church of the Spirit can "define" what they please; but when it comes to enforcing these "definitions," these opinions, as has been done in the past, we are forewarned of the result—confusion and disunion. We hope our friends will accept the simple statement which has been made prominent from the beginning, "God is our Father; man is our brother," and not introduce irrelevant questions, speculations, and mere individual opinions for guidance in so important a movement as that which we are trying to herald. Let a starting point be established, a foot-hold made, and the Heavenly forces which it is believed are guiding will open our natures to the truth for which our hearts are hungering and thirsting.

One word as to the "Church of the Spirit." This name was suggested because to have a church at all necessitates one in whose membership dwells the spirit. It is not necessary, we hope, to explain what is meant by this; Spiritualism implies

something more than spirit intercourse. Without defining spirit all have felt its ministrings in the heart as peace, and its monitions in the conscience. All have felt at times its illumination. It is the one teacher of the eternal verities; the fashioner of souls for an immortal existence. It dwells in all—unless driven forth by lusts, hatreds, covetousness, and pride. It is the spirit of meekness, patience, humility, resignation. It is the life of God-in-Man, quickening all true mankind.

We call the proposed movement the "Religion of Humanity and Church of the Spirit" for another reason. The religion of humanity has been through all time. Its life is written on the pages of history and on the heart of man universal. In its manifestation of the life of God it has traversed the long, winding labyrinths of the past and has left behind all that man has fashioned as its representative image; until, in this age—gathering all the treasures of truth which it has collected in its long march through the ages into the Church of the Spirit—it there finds its home with all of God's children who worship Him in spirit and in truth.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### On the Use of Great Names.

SIR,—I should like to make a few remarks on an article appearing in your issue of January 3rd, concerning "High Controls." This is a difficult subject, and I think it would be most instructive to hear the opinions of some of your readers upon it.

I well remember years ago, when I first began investigating, the dogma laid down by Spiritualists was that no spirits having passed the seventh sphere could come back. How they knew that I do not know; and as I had several controls at the time which purported to be high spirits I suffered much, and my experiences led me to deeper occult studies, as I could not accept these surface explanations.

Now, sir, nearly every medium has experience of this kind. If we look through any Spiritualistic library we shall find a large number of books filled with messages from high spirits. I will name a few: *Hafed, Prince of Persia*; Mrs. Richmond's controls; Dr. Wolfe's *Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism*; and an American book (I forget the name) purporting to contain messages from Swedenborg. I could with a little research give you a long list of these works, and also a list of some of our best mediums, who firmly believe they have been influenced by high spirits. This being so, see where our dogma leads us.

If all these controls are deceptive, then the subject is overlaid by falsehood and the clergy will have some ground for their theory of evil spirits. It will not do to say these poor mediums have unbalanced minds or are subject to hallucinations. Some of the mediums having these controls have been the brightest exponents of our philosophy. There are several thoughts I should like to give your readers which may help to an explanation of this problem.

1st.—I have been told that many spirits we think great are not so great as some whom the world has never heard of.

2nd.—Many of our men of genius were probably inspired when they wrote their great works. This explains why often their lives did not at all agree with the lofty ideas they conceived. When they have passed to the spirit-world that inspiration may no longer influence them (being probably given them for some particular purpose while on earth), and they, left to themselves, may be very ordinary beings.

3rd.—Is it not illogical to suppose (if spirit-communion be a fact) that our great reformers who died for mankind, the instant they pass through the portals of death trouble themselves no more about us? Spiritualists must either believe that they do come back, trying to influence wherever they can, or else that the theosophical doctrine of Davachan is true and they cannot come. I, myself, believe the former. I believe that everyone whose thoughts and aspirations are in touch with our great geniuses or reformers are in union with them, and if the mediumistic faculty is strong enough, they will see them clairvoyantly, and hear them, too; this not necessarily implying that the spirit is with them in *propria persona*, because I believe the higher the spirit the more diffused is his influence. Then it is objected that these controls talk nonsense. That may be because the higher the control the weaker the link between the spirit and the medium, and so we get more of the medium and less of the spirit.

Then it may be said, what use is it for them to come at all? I am told they come not merely to amuse the little circle at the

séance, but they use the medium and circle as a fulcrum from which to permeate the earth sphere with their influence. This is the cause of much of modern progress.

A. F. TINDALL, A. Mus. T.C.L.

30, Wyndham-street, W.

#### On the Need of Precaution Against Illusion: and, on Trance.

SIR,—I have not access to the *Journal* of the Society for Psychical Research, but I have read with interest your quotation—in "LIGHT," January 18th—from an article by Professor Sidgwick, in which he points out the need of caution on the part of one who observes and records phenomena. As early as twenty-two years ago I saw enough to convince me that extreme care is required to guard against illusion produced by some person not necessarily the medium, and sometimes produced even upon the medium. Also, I more than once observed complications when one or two persons besides the medium were evidently in abnormal condition. Generally speaking, I have been permitted by non-professional mediums to apply whatever tests I desired, free to walk anywhere about the room in good light, and carrying my own candle. From time to time, when observing horizontal movements of tables or pianos which were several feet away from everyone but myself, I placed large sheets of strong paper or cardboard underneath those articles of furniture, to the legs of which I carefully adjusted chalk pencils which registered the movements over the paper or cardboard. Levitation I registered against an upright standard.

On one occasion, having laid the palm of my hand on the paper over which a front leg of a piano had drawn chalk marks, I asked to have that leg raised in the air and touch the back of my hand. To my great surprise this was done, and the leg gently rose and fell above my hand in time to a tune which I whistled. No one else was near to the piano, and I held a candle with the other hand close to the piano leg. I may mention that I had then been for several years superintending the manufacture of my own automatic printing telegraph instruments, therefore it is reasonable to suppose that no concealed mechanism could have at any time escaped my observation. The musical phenomena which occurred later that evening were exceedingly beautiful, but *very complicated*. Study of the record of them seems, even now, to yield ever-increasing light upon psychical phenomena in general.

May I suggest that effort should be made to ascertain more exactly the various trance conditions of mediums whilst physical and mental phenomena are being observed? A clergyman who had nearly 2,000 cases of clairvoyance and trance, without séances, in his own rectory, has, in a lengthy paper, given me the result of his twenty years' experience. From this I gather that there are at least four degrees of trance; each degree or stage having, in one and the same person occasionally, its own peculiar field of operation sharply defined. With Mr. D. D. Home I noted two distinct stages.

White House,  
Swanage, Dorset.

J. HAWKINS SIMPSON.

#### Spirit Protection.

SIR,—I think a few instances of what I call spirit protection (Providence) in my life, when I was about nine years of age, may interest you. In the town of Rotherham, Yorkshire, there was the launching of a canal boat. I wanted to go to slide down with her into the canal, but my mother would not let me. The boat was launched with 100 people upon her, turned over, and fifty were drowned. I believe there is a monument in Rotherham Church recording this.

I was running through a wood with a companion who was in front of me, and he set his foot upon a wasp's nest. The wasps rose in a cloud; we ran, myself last. I heard the buzz of the angry wasps just behind, a rope which I was dragging after me caught a tree, I fell upon my face; the wasps flew over me and caught my companion and stung him all over dreadfully.

I was getting blackberries in a wood with a companion; there was a small bush with ferns growing all round. I said to my companion, "Let us have a jump over this bush." I was swinging my arms to take a jump, when something seemed to prompt me to desist, and I stood on one side, and said to my companion, "You jump first, Peter." He took a jump and disappeared on the other side in the ferns. I went round to see what had become of him, and found he had jumped down a lead mine shaft—he was got out, the mine not being more than

ten yards deep, and he, having a large loose all-round coat, the wind held him up like a parachute.

I was apprenticed to a joiner. I was on the top of a Gothic-pitched school-house roof and stood on the ridge with my hand upon the chimney. All the timbers were covered with hoarfrost; suddenly my feet slipped and I went head first through the ceiling, joists of chamber, and house floor into the cellar, a distance of forty feet, on to a heap of rubble stones, where I dropped on my feet. I felt sure as I went down that I should be killed, but it did not seem to trouble me one bit. I noticed the peculiar shapes of the bits of mortar which had been squeezed out of the joints of the brickwork, and at the same time many of the events of my life seemed to go before my mind's eye. Quite leisurely I fell, as I before said, on my feet upon a heap of rubble stones, and ought to have been dashed to pieces nearly. I felt my legs and arms, and could discover no hurt. I ran outside and up the ladder, and my master, who stood near me when I disappeared, said, as I appeared on the top of the ladder, "Where on earth have you been?" I stood by his side one minute, then suddenly disappeared from his sight and re-appeared. He could make nothing of it, and could hardly believe it, though he saw me disappear. I did not feel the least effect of the fall.

Is not this spirit protection?

I have had another prompting ever since I was a child, that I should never want, and I believe that I never shall.

A WORKING MAN.

#### An Explanation.

SIR,—As a matter of justice to our members. I shall be glad for permission to say that whatever reasons (special or otherwise), Mr. Audy may now advance to account for his resignation of the Presidential duties here, at our meeting on January 12th he most distinctly stated "that as every resolution he proposed was rejected by the members, he had decided to resign, as he felt he did not possess their confidence."

Had he only required a report of the Federation work, as President of one of the affiliated societies, he could, by formal application to his delegates, have obtained it.

W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.,  
South London Spiritualist Society.

Winchester Hall, Peckham.

January 25th.

#### SOCIETY WORK.

STRATFORD SOCIETY, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE.—Meetings free every Sunday, at 6.45 for seven o'clock. The following is the list of speakers for February: 2nd, Mr. J. A. Butcher at 7 p.m., Lyceum at 3 p.m.; 9th, Miss Keeves at 7 p.m., Lyceum at 3 p.m.; 16th, Mr. W. E. Walker at 7 p.m., Lyceum at 3 p.m.; 23rd, Mr. Dever-Summers at 7 p.m., Lyceum at 3 p.m.—MARY A. BEWLEY, Sec.

MARYLEBONE LYCEUM, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, W.—The Lyceum on Sunday was conducted in the usual manner, thirty-two persons being present, including visitors. The proceedings included marches, calisthenics, silver and golden chain, recitations, &c. Recitations were given by Lizzie and Hetty Mason, Arthur Collings, and Lizzie Goddard. We would impress upon the children the necessity for punctual attendance.—C. WHITE.

LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' FEDERATION.—The next meeting will be held in connection with the Forest Hill Society on Sunday evening, February 2nd, at 23, Devonshire-road, Forest Hill, when it is hoped there will be a large attendance. For the purpose of more publicly announcing the cause, a grant has been made to the affiliated societies, and the council are arranging with Mrs. Besant to address a meeting at Beaumont Assembly Rooms, Mile End, on "Spiritualism" from a Theosophical standpoint, early in March. Further particulars shortly.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., 79, Bird-in-Bush-road, S.E.

MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION, 24, HARCOURT-STREET WEST.—On Sunday morning last we had a very harmonious gathering, with expressions of satisfaction at the close. In the evening Mr. F. D. Summers gave an able address on "Spiritualism—Retrospective and Prospective." Sunday next, as usual, at 11 a.m., doors closed at 11.15 a.m., for spiritual intercommunication; evening, at 7, Mr. Hopcroft. Monday, at 8 p.m., a special social gathering will be held, with songs, recitations, and instrumental music; admission 6d., to defray cost of furniture. Wednesday, at 8 p.m., a séance; Mr. W. Goddard, medium. Tuesday, the 4th, a gathering of "Busy Bees," at 2.30 p.m. for 3 p.m., to report progress and impart any information wished for. A German "Bee" will give a solo on the zither, and another "Bee" will recite "The Leper," and another will read "A Respectable Lie," by Lizzie Doten, &c., &c.—J. M. DALE.

LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY, CARLYLE HALL, CHURCH-STREET, THREE DOORS FROM EDGWARE-ROAD (CLOSE TO STATION).—Last Sunday we had a very successful evening with Mr. Mackenzie on Phrenology—so successful that he has promised to give us another lecture on the same subject on February 9th. Next Sunday evening, at 7 p.m., Mr. H. Ringwood Peach will deliver a lecture entitled "The Supernatural in Fiction," before which I shall play a selection from one of our English operas. I wish also to announce the following lectures:—February 9th, Phrenology, Mr. Mackenzie; February 16th, Browning's *Paracelsus*, Mr. Coryn, F.T.S. This will be treated from a Theosophical standpoint.—A. F. TINDALL, A. Mus. T.C.L., President, 30, Wyndham-street, W.

KING'S CROSS SOCIETY, 253, PENTONVILLE-ROAD, N.—On Sunday morning last "The Foundations of Morality" was the subject of discussion. Messrs. Vogt, Battell, Reynolds, and others took part and considerable interest was evinced. In the evening Mr. A. M. Rodger delivered an address upon "Spirit and Matter." The lecturer maintained that spirit was the only thing in the universe and that all so-called matter was but a projection or extension of thought. This contention led to the expression of many diverse opinions from the audience. Next Sunday morning Mr. Rodger will discourse upon "Oliver Cromwell," and in the evening our platform will be occupied by Mr. W. Goddard, clairvoyant and trance medium. Any lady or gentleman wishing to join a developing circle is invited to meet Mr. Cannon at the society's rooms on Tuesday next at 8.30 p.m.—S. T. RODGER, Hon. Sec., 107, Caledonian-road, N.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—The Lyceum entertainment was held on Monday last when some fifty children passed a very enjoyable time. By the kindness of members and friends the children were suitably regaled, and at the close were each presented with a book. We should be thankful to receive subscriptions to help with the Lyceum work. Our anniversary services were held on Sunday, when addresses were given by Mr. Daryl, Mr. R. Wortley, Mr. Towns, Mr. Yeates, and Mr. T. Everitt. The attendance was good, and although we enter upon our fourth year, dissatisfied with our past record, yet, assured of unity of purpose and action on the part of our workers, we look with confidence to the future. Mr. W. E. Walker, on Sunday next, at 11.15 and 6.30, will give addresses and spirit descriptions.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., 79, Bird-in-Bush-road, S. E.

KENSINGTON AND NOTTING HILL SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION, ZEPHYR HALL, 9, BEDFORD-GARDENS, SILVER-STREET, NOTTING HILL GATE.—Last Sunday the first of a series of morning addresses on "Spirit Communion" was delivered by Mr. A. M. Rodger. Next Sunday morning these addresses will be continued by Mr. Portman. Discussion is allowed, and every inquirer would do well to attend. In the afternoon the Lyceum session was conducted by our secretary, and although our musical director was absent, the singing was good, and we spent a profitable time, with readings, recitations, and calisthenics. In the evening a lecture was given to an interested audience, through Mr. J. Hopcroft, on "Spiritualism, its relationship to man here and hereafter." The control afterwards gave his name as being, in earth life, "George Watson," writer and preacher, author of *Watson's Logic*. The lecture was well delivered, and engaged the close attention of those present. Next Sunday evening, at 7 p.m., Mr. W. E. Walker will occupy our platform. On Friday evening, 24th inst., a lecture, with magic lantern illustrations, was delivered by E. Bellasis, of H.M. Herald's College, and proved very interesting. A lecture will be delivered in Zephyr Hall by W. Whitley on February 23rd on "Theosophy and Occult Buddhism." Speakers for February: 2nd, Mr. W. E. Walker, at 7 p.m.; 9th, morning, Mr. Hopcroft; 16th, evening, Mr. J. A. Butcher; 23rd, evening, at 7 p.m., Mr. W. Whitley.—PERCY SMYTH, Sec., 68, Cornwall-road.

#### NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE.

The Idol broken; our first tryst with Death.  
O Life, how strange thy face behind the veil!  
And stranger yet will thy strange mystery look,  
When we awake in death and tell our Dream.  
'Tis hard to solve the secret of the Sphinx!  
We had a little gold Love garnered up,  
To richly robe our Babe: the Mother's half  
Was turned to mourning-vestment for her dead:  
Mine bought the first land we called ours—Her grave.  
We were as treasure-seekers in the earth,  
When lo, a death's-head on a sudden stares.

O ye who say, "We have a Child in Heaven";  
And know how far away that Heaven may seem;  
Who have felt the desolate isolation sharp  
Defined in Death's own face; who have stood beside  
The Silent River, and stretched out pleading hands  
For some sweet Babe upon the other bank,  
That went forth where no human hand might lead,  
And left the shut house with no light, no sound,  
No answer, when the Mourners wail without!  
What we have known, ye know, ye only know.

GERALD MASSEY.