

# Light:

A Journal of Psychological, 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.)"

Mr. Mitchiner contributes to the present issue of "LIGHT" a remarkable and noteworthy experience. I have seen the same thing myself more than once, and I have recorded my experience. There was not at the time, and there never has been since, any doubt in my mind as to the objective reality of what I saw. I am as sure about it as I am about any fact within my knowledge. But I had not the advantage of holding the medium's hand while the psychic-form was being evolved from his body. What Mr. Mitchiner, with exceptional advantages for observation, so precisely describes is what I witnessed. A filmy white cloud surging and actuated as by some force that kept it in rotatory motion; a restless and then agonised appearance of the medium as of one who was in extremity, by reason of the drain upon him; and then the gradual building up of a substantial human form out of this filmy vapour. I have seen that process, and Mr. Mitchiner confirms what I witnessed. "The medium groaned heavily, as if labouring in pain." That describes well what really is the case when some more than usually marked exhibition of spirit-power is about to take place. The medium seems to be literally groaning in agony till the work is done. A very mysterious problem is this! What takes place? Is it the withdrawal of vital force? Why does its withdrawal cause what looks like the agony of child-birth, and yet gives no pain, *i.e.*, no conscious pain at the time? Why is it that some of the most marvellous phenomena are produced without any depletion of the forces of the medium, and others leave him a physical wreck for hours and even days?

Is it not that the strain is greater in the one case than in others? I have myself felt the physical debility resulting from an ordinary séance for days. I have, on the contrary, come away from one where remarkable manifestations were shown, far exceeding any I have seen elsewhere either before or since, with a sense of exhilaration and of increased vitality. I am speaking of cases in which mine was the psychical power used. I have felt unable to sit upright in my chair, the spinal column having, as it were, lost its power to support my body. If one puts a candle near a fire it gradually leans over and droops. That is precisely what I did. I did not fall from my chair, but the upper part of my body drooped over with no power of sustaining itself erect. Does the psychical power, then, come from the spinal cord and brain? What is the psychical power or force? The scalpel cannot find it. The body may be cut into small pieces and no trace of it will be discovered. Yet those who are familiar with the change that we call death know that there is a point of time when

the change occurs, and at that moment when we say that the spirit departs, the body is changed, life departs, dissolution sets in. I do not at all know what is the power used in these form-manifestations; but as to the reality of the results produced I have no doubt whatever. It is a disgrace to science that no attempt has been made to give such accurate account of these phenomena as accurate observation would furnish.

What would happen, I asked many years ago, if one of these psychic-forms thus mysteriously evolved from the body of the medium were secluded and kept in confinement? Would it rejoin the medium, dissolve and melt into the circumambient air? Would the medium be any the worse? Would he die, as we used to be threatened that he would, if we meddled in any unlicensed way with the psychic-form? There is one case on record where one of these temporary creations was shot at by permission. There was no murder committed. I do not desire to advocate any such act, but it would have been very interesting to have had an autopsy in such a case. For these beings are, so far as my experience goes, organised in all respects as man is. I have listened with my ear over the heart to its rhythmic beats. I have felt the pulse, and found it as regular as my own. I have put my finger into a mouth that had in it a tongue moist with saliva, and a set of teeth which bit me in a way that left on me no doubt of the reality of the sensation. The marks of those teeth remained, and the pain was by no means fugitive. Yet that psychic-form was manufactured over a table round which four or five people sat in a position where it was absolutely impossible that any human being could stand. The head and bust alone floated over the table. No one could possibly have stood there. How did that head and bust come there? Whence the saliva, the tongue, the teeth? How did the voice come forth from that truncated form? How did the heart manage its functions? *How was it done?*

There are problems enough even on the surface. The magnetic cord that unites the medium to the psychic-form is at first maintained: but where the form has got a separate life of its own it is severed. I have seen the same magnetic union between the body of a medium and his spiritual body, the counterpart of himself, but that was never severed. Had it been, death would have been the result. Then we have this vapour. It is evidently the pabulum used in most of these manifestations. I used to see it at our séances, and by its presence and location could tell what was being or about to be done. "Floating masses of luminous vapour" I called what I saw. It was usually near the ceiling, and from it would descend shafts of light that seemed to strike the table and make the raps and movements. Beneath the table, too, there was a reservoir of this luminous matter, and I often used to think that phenomena were caused by approximation between the upper and lower "accumulators." Moreover this luminous vapour has been repeatedly photographed. The most unimpeachable pictures ever taken are those of Mr. Beattie and Dr. George Thomson, of Clifton. The

earlier specimens of the series show this vapour in development in a manner quite analogous to what Mr. Mitchiner describes, from a speck up to a rude representation of the human form. The interesting point is that we have here the progressive development on various plates taken by a camera which cannot be credited with an imagination.

I am not writing an account of these photographs. That I have done already, and the originals are to be seen by any one who cares to think over them. They are profoundly instructive, for the reason that, as I have said, they are pictures of facts, which facts clairvoyance attests; which the natural eye sometimes sees; which the senses attest by the observation of such results as raps, noises, and movements: and which find their culmination in such a scene as Mr. Mitchiner describes. That such things should go on among us without our passing wonder, that science should pass them by and concern itself with fossils and cray-fish, that men with heads on their shoulders and brains within their heads should spend a long life in dallying with ineptitudes, ignoring what, if it be true, is a most far-reaching fact, seems to me to be a melancholy and disastrous truth. I am arriving at the conclusion that the business of life for serious men in one generation is to accumulate facts and propound theories that generations yet unborn will value and use. The present generation, when it gets a new truth before it, walks round it, sniffs at it, sneers at it, plays with it, and then drops it. But in the days to come men will thank us for every fact that we record, for every speculation that we make.

And yet men say that the English are not really a conservative people. They are so far conservative that you cannot get a new idea into their head except by a surgical operation. They will cling to the ideas of their forefathers without a thought as to what they mean. They will mumble confessions of faith that they have never once seriously considered. They will sign cheerfully articles of belief that they have never even weighed. They will guard as a sacred possession a creed outworn. And if one points out that that creed is beautiful, but obsolete, inasmuch as there can be no final and complete statement in human words of Divine truth; if one goes a step further and says that God's voice is not hushed, that His care is not slumbering, and that He Who spoke of old truths that men could grasp, speaks now to an advanced age in fuller tones, what is the result? Some wonder—and they are the largest body,—some sneer—and they hurt nobody but themselves,—some pass by—this, they say, won't do,—and the "salt of the earth," the Gnostics of the generation, garner up the truths for a wiser age. That is the way in which all truth has gradually filtered into the consciousness of mankind.

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

[Any acknowledgment of books received in this column neither precludes nor promises further notice.]

*Transactions of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society*, No. 15.

*A Galaxy of Progressive Poems*. By JOHN W. DAY. (Boston, U.S.A.: Colby and Rich.)

*On Free-will and Necessity Regarded in the Light of Re-incarnation and Karma*. By A. P. SINNETT.

*Words of Light*. Poems by FLORENCE ADELAIDE BONNEY. (Sydney: Turner and Henderson, 1889.) [Short poems, breathing a pure and tender spirit, enshrined sometimes in a rather halting form.]

Also *The Universal Review*, *The New Review*, *The English Illustrated Magazine*, *Lucifer*, and *The Sun*.

It is to the last degree important that men who lead should recognise the signs of the times. A fussy disturbance of existing conditions may be very baneful. But as it is unwise to pull down an old wall, ivy-covered, for the reason that the whole fabric will fall, it may be very desirable to put in order a neglected place.

#### THE SPIRITUALITY OF BEAUTY.

It is an old-fashioned, narrow and incorrect idea to think of beauty as something material, sensual, and dangerous. The true Spiritualist knows that beauty does not exist, so to speak, of itself and for no reason, that it is always representative of some idea. The outer world reflects the inner, as is taught by the doctrine of correspondences. Yet even when not sharing the narrow notions of a religious system of which the ideal is asceticism, though we no longer, like St. Bernard, pass by the Lake of Geneva with averted eyes, or refuse to wash because we are ashamed of our bodies, we are apt, I think, not to lay stress enough on beauty as an educator and spiritualiser. Very often those who learn in no other way can be taught by the eyes. And those whose eyes are closed to the symbols of nature and art, though they may be highly developed in other ways, yet lack one of the finest and deepest pleasures in life.

When the inner spiritual being of a beautiful object is perceived, the soul that sees is transformed. Loosed from itself, it passes into the object outside itself and for a while shares its identity. The real perception of beauty affects us with an emotion which causes us, as Plato says, to grow wings and mount therewith to Heaven. Far from awakening the base desires of the egotistic self which longs to *have*, true beauty awakes the true self which desires not to have but to *be*: that is, to be one with the beautiful object—to lose the *ego* in the *non-ego*. In this way beauty may be a great factor in that to which all being should tend—the extension of consciousness. Sometimes the perception of beauty is followed by admiration, emotion, and love; sometimes, by admiration and a sort of intellectual satisfaction of the æsthetic sense which delights in the perfection or rightness of things in themselves. This is according to the nature. Some natures move along the path of love, others of truth. But in either case the self gains freedom, the spiritual consciousness is increased.

Nor is it wholly in great things that beauty should affect us. In a smaller way, lesser things than the great effects of nature and art (such, for instance, as personal adornment and house decoration) should act upon us and be acted on by us. It seems to me especially the duty of women to make themselves and their surroundings as fair to look upon as may be, not from vanity and worldliness, but to promote the harmony of life by making the outer representative of the inner. If they have a love of refinement, purity, and spirituality, why should the things around them be (as they too often are) unmeaning, coarse in colour and form, common and ugly? If, on the contrary, they strive for beauty and elegance, which are possible even in a cottage, how much may they not do towards the refinement and happiness of the men to whom they are related?

Those who are disposed to treat external things as of no moment are not for that reason the more spiritual, as they suppose. On the contrary, their spirit lacks the force of projecting itself outwardly, of acting upon matter, controlling it and adjusting it, making it the sign it should be. It is not well that things should not proceed to their ultimates. The created world itself is but an ultimate of spirit, and men should follow in the footsteps of God as creators in however small a degree. True, it may be said that circumstances have placed some people in unavoidably ugly surroundings. Yet the ugliest house in the ugliest town may, if even one or two of its inmates have any spiritual life and light, be made to reflect something of these. May there not be some flowers that speak of love, innocence, and freshness; a print or photograph of some picture of spiritual significance; a bit of bright pure colour to suggest life and joy; and surely many

tokens of that neatness and care which are peculiar to refinement?

Yet after all personal beauty is the most impressive and significant; and the plainness or ugliness of many a sensitive woman may weigh upon her as a heavy burden and lead her to think she has nothing to do with the beautiful and graceful side of life, to put the whole subject from her as one with which she has nothing in common. She should remember, however, that ugliness is not there without a cause. Some time or other, whether in this life or in a previous existence, her own spirit created it. Though her features may now be past changing, yet by cultivating in herself beauty and harmony of soul, she may prepare for herself a very different spirit body, a very different body in her next state.

It is to some ugly or imperfectly-featured people disagreeable to think that their defects are representative, i.e., have an inner meaning. They prefer to believe that they are the victims of misfortune or accident, and would be ashamed to think that they are indeed what they seem to be. It is, however, better for their cure that they should honestly face the fact that both ugliness and beauty have spiritual causes.

Even a superficial observer may recognise the fact of the spirituality of human beauty; for the beauty that has no soul behind it is not real beauty but at the most a puppet prettiness, or handsomeness only to be admired by minds of a low order. The light of life, love, and intelligence forms the greatest beauty of the eye. Refinement and perceptive power mould the features, making them delicate in outline. It may be objected, "Yes, but I have known many ugly good people and ugly clever people." True. But goodness is not all in all; or rather too circumscribed a view of goodness is often taken. Intelligence is required as well as goodness for the perfection of being. And, indeed, goodness and understanding are inseparable. The one cannot exist without the other. It is the same with cleverness. A clever person even when morally good may have grave spiritual deficiencies. And these deficiencies will somehow or other make themselves felt in the personal appearance.

Ugliness, in fact, whether personal or of surroundings should never be passed over as of no moment. True beauty is the Divine mark, the sign of perfection, the completion and joy of those who carry out the God-idea which originally gave birth to them.

"Thou sealest up the sum. Full of wisdom and perfect in beauty. Thou hast been in Eden, the garden of God." (Ezek. xxviii. 12, 13.) G. R. S.

#### PRAYERS OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS TO THE SUN.

Great Spirit! Master of our lives! Master of things visible and invisible, and who daily makes them visible and invisible. Great Spirit! Master of every other spirit, good or bad; command the good to be favourable to us, and deter the bad from the commission of evil.

O Great Spirit! when hidden in the West, protect us from our enemies who violate the right and do evil when thou art not present. Good Spirit! make known to us your pleasure by sending to us the Spirit of Dreams. Let the Spirit of Dreams proclaim thy will in the night, and we will perform it in the day; and if it say the time of some be closed, send them, Master of Life, to the great country of souls, where they may meet their friends, and where thou art pleased to shine upon them with a bright, warm, and perpetual blaze.—*Indian Myths*, by ELLEN RUSSELL EMERSON, p. 100.

THE spirit of man exults in bondage, if permitted to believe that the chain has been spontaneously assumed.—SIR JAMES STEPHEN.

IF a matter of fact philosopher who prided himself upon the hardness of his head, and an exclusive faculty of understanding actual things, were to apply to us for the signification of the word "Poetry" we could not do better than thrust into his hand one volume of Alfred Tennyson's poetry. His poetry admits of no equivocal distinctions.—R. HORNE'S *Spirit of the Age*.

## EXPERIENCES OF AN ENQUIRER.

### PART V.—(Conclusion.)

I had not intended to trouble you with further experiences in view of these being entirely confined to the home circle, and necessarily personal and sacred; but the events of the past week have been to me so convincing and satisfactory that I venture to reproduce them as briefly as possible.

#### TILTS AND RAPS.

Communications have come through the table, and while my wife and self were sitting alone, from (1) the professional gentleman, who lived in the North of Scotland, who trained me in my business over thirty years ago, and who passed over in December, 1888; and (2) my dear old mother, deceased three years since. In both cases the power was considerable, but all the messages were got through my wife, and I was requested to take my hands off the table. I cannot give details, but every question put was satisfactorily answered though there was a frequent failure in both instances to spell out words, while numbers, dates, and amounts were very accurately given.

There was great difficulty in discovering the communicating intelligence, as the name could not be spelt. At last, after a laborious struggle with names and places, she discovered it to come from W.C., an old friend of her father's whom she had not spoken with for five-and-twenty years, and who died a few years ago in Port Glasgow. Here also test questions were put and freely answered; but there was also a failure to answer alphabetically extremely puzzling at times.

Sitting alone the other day reading the newspaper my wife suddenly found her right hand becoming magnetic and moving as if to put the paper away. She got her note-book and pencil and tried to write automatically. Nothing came but a rude drawing of the table we use at our sittings. This was engaged at the moment, but was shortly afterwards got. Communication was very slow in coming, but powerful when it came.

My want of psychical power was strikingly illustrated a few nights ago. While sitting at the table with my wife she was suddenly called to speak to a visitor. Communication by tilts was in active progress; but the moment she left the table became quite passive, with my hands on it, and so remained for twenty minutes till she returned, when the thread of the message was taken up as before. This is only one instance of many of my failures.

#### AUTOMATIC WRITING.

My eldest daughter (owing, I think, to a physical defect, to be afterwards mentioned), though witnessing these phenomena, has been singularly impassive and even uninterested throughout; but the other afternoon she suddenly informed us that she was seeing strange coloured clouds of light in the room, floating about at certain parts she pointed out, and that one of her hands was being moved in a peculiar manner, as if she was having a galvanic shock on a small scale. We could not pay much heed to it at the time; but last night the magnetic feeling in the hands came on, and she and I went into my business room, where we got a note-book and pencil, and produced the following results:—(1) A number of unintelligible scratches and sketches such as would be made by a child, and a rough attempt to write the name of our little boy (before referred to). (2) A message, badly written, but quite coherent, from Mary M—, an early friend, who lived on the West Coast, giving the cause of her death two years ago, mentioned the briefness of her illness, gave two messages about her relatives quite accurate, and a statement of her perfect happiness where she now is. (3) Then came "Grandpa's message," written with all the neatness and precision he used when on earth, and peculiarly relating to incidents in the last holiday he spent with us before passing over. (4) Then followed a long letter from Aunt Z. (a family name). Here I interposed with a series of questions to her to make identity clear. The questions were on matters known only to myself and related to events occurring since this relative departed. All the answers were correct, but one particularly struck me. I asked if she knew a certain old nurse who had attended upon a relative last year. The answer was "Yes." "Do you know her name?" "Not yet, but she died a week ago." This was quite correct, although unknown to my daughter. The letter closed with the words, "No more to-night. Go to bed." (5) Following on this came a communication from the girl who died at sea referred to in my last. Here I again interposed with a series of questions directed to test identity, many of them on

matters unknown to the writer, and, with two exceptions, due apparently to imperfect knowledge, the replies were absolutely correct.

This was a pretty good beginning, and done by the writer under my closest scrutiny and supervision. Looking to the fact that she labours under a chronic physical defect (total deafness), to her entire want of knowledge of these occult phenomena, and her ignorance of "states or conditions," I consider the results to be of the most convincing character. To me, at least, the stage of inquiry is ended and conviction of their reality is assured.

EDINA.

### DREAMS.

Some cases of dreams and warnings are worth collecting from time to time. We give herewith three cases that have in them points of interest:—

The *Albury Banner* (Australia) gives the following:—It will be remembered that a man named William Piall was accidentally drowned in the Murray at Thologolong a month or two ago. His body was not recovered at the time, but what is left of it appears to have been found on Wednesday, the 9th instant, when the river had fallen after the recent rise of its waters. The body was found lying upon a log in such a position as to indicate that it had been floated there by the late rise in the river. The following singular circumstances connected with the finding of the body has been communicated to us by Mr. North, the magistrate who held the inquiry over the body:—Some time after the man Piall had been drowned, a boundary rider on the station, named Greenwood, dreamt that he was fishing in the Murray, and that the deceased appeared to him on the bank of the river and asked him what he was doing there. Greenwood, in his dream, replied, "Oh, I am fishing for your body, as I hear you are drowned." "You needn't look there," said the shade of the drowned man, "my body is lying on yon log," at the same time pointing towards the place where the body has now been recovered. Greenwood told his dream to several persons some time before the body was found; the story was laughed at, but nevertheless a search was made round the spot indicated by Greenwood, and the body has been found there.

My desire of drinking to excess came on periodically, about once in six weeks, and in the intermediate time I refrained from drinking any strong liquor. But this was a most extraordinary circumstance, that I received a kind of warning previous to the commencement of these unhappy fits. These warnings were given when I was perfectly sober, and when I had been so for several weeks in succession. In my dreams I was fiercely attacked by a large snake, which flew at and bit my legs. This passed off without my thinking much about it; but the next time that I fell under my cruel propensity I recollected (upon recovery) that I had again seen and been bitten by the snake! I did not mention the circumstance, because I considered it rather ridiculous, but I determined to watch such appearances for the future. In about seven or eight weeks I dreamed again of the snake, and determined to watch, but all to no purpose, for I fell under the dreadful evil. I now thought I would mention this extraordinary circumstance to my dear wife, that we might unitedly watch should any such warning be repeated. Again the snake appeared, and all the dreadful consequences ensued, although I had been perfectly sober for several weeks. As the snake was more or less furious in its attacks, so was I more or less violently overcome by intoxication. I had frequently mentioned these circumstances to my dear wife long before the effects followed, that it might not appear an invention of my own; and, although I strove hard for victory, yet I was always conquered. I never once dreamed of the snake, but intoxication followed within a week. At length it pleased God to fight my battles, and I then began to have the victory. I had never received this warning till after the 14th of March, 1812 (on which day I became deeply convinced of my sins), and the same warning was continued, at various times, till the 10th of September, 1816, which was the last attack as to drinking wine or spirits, both of which I was enabled to give up on the 22nd of the same month. I continued to drink porter till the 19th of July, 1818, on which day I gave up that also, it having proved too powerful for me. But before I fell into this last snare I was again forewarned by the snake, which attacked me this time in a very feeble manner, and the effect of this encounter continued only two days. The last time that I saw the snake was a few days previous to the 19th No-

vember, 1818, on which occasion the reptile which had caused me so much terror arose with two heads slowly and feebly from the ground, and appeared in a dying state. It tried to rear both its heads, but they fell downward to the earth, and the animal appeared to sink into the ground completely exhausted. I ran to the place where it had disappeared, and (in my dream) stamped upon the hole into which my foe had slunk, and, blessed be God, I have never seen it since. On this occasion I was, for one day only, overcome by my own table-beer, which I immediately gave up, and commenced drinking milk and water; and, through the mercy of God, have continued to do so to the present period, October 6th, 1820. All I can say about the foregoing account of the snake is that it is truth.—*Life of John Vine Hall* (father of the Rev. Newman Hall).

It has long been my intention to send you the following account of clairvoyance; but, like the good intentions that pave bad roads, up to the present it has not been acted on. The subject of this experience is Mr. James E. Farmer, a labouring man, fifty-five years of age, who knows nothing of Spiritualism and who has never had but the one experience. During the late war he was a member of Co. G, 3rd Regt. Indiana Cav., and in his capacity as a soldier was present at the battle of Stone River. I give the subjoined account as nearly as I can in his own language:—

"The night of the last day's fighting found my battalion behind the main line of the infantry, where, tired out, we lay down folded up in our gum blankets in the mud, upon our arms, still holding our horses by a halter-strap wrapped around the left hand. In this position I immediately fell asleep, and soon saw the whole rebel army in great agitation moving away from the field as fast as it could in the darkness of a cloudy night. Just as the first light of dawn appeared in the east, I woke, feeling certain that the enemy had retreated. I went at once to my captain and asked permission to go out on the usual morning scout to the front (sent out every morning) to find out what changes had taken place in the night. His order to me was to go and see how matters were, and get back as soon as possible. I mounted my horse and passed through the infantry line on the road leading from Nashville to Memphis, in front of which a colonel of infantry was riding, of whom I asked permission to ride out beyond the pickets. His answer was, 'You'll get your d— head shot off.' My reply was that as it would be only one less it would not amount to anything; upon which he said, 'Well, go ahead.' As I passed the pickets they cautioned me not to go near a large brick house on the right hand side of the road as it was full of sharpshooters. Telling them I thought there was no danger, I pushed on and rode directly down the road toward Murfreesboro two miles, finding beyond a doubt that the enemy had retreated. Then I returned as quickly as I could, having failed to see a grey-coat anywhere, and reported to the colonel whom I had met in passing out, who asked me how I had gotten the idea that the enemy was gone, and I told him of my dream. He said, 'Do you risk your life on a dream?'

"(On such a dream as that I would.)"

"I can say that I was as certain when I first woke that the enemy had gone as if I had seen them go in broad daylight, and I felt no more fear in riding down that road than I do in going to breakfast. I saw them plainer that night than I ever saw them in daylight. Though about twenty-five years have passed since then, this is one of the most vivid of my recollections. I can still see the vehicles and animals of all descriptions that they pressed into the service to expedite their retreat, struggling through the mud among the retreating soldiers."

I have no reason to doubt the truth of the above, as Mr. F. is a truthful, sober man and highly respected in this community. I have known him for about three years and have found him always truthful and honest.

Murfreesboro, Ills.

O. B. ORMSBY.

TELLING THE STORY OF A GOLD RING.—A young man in full evening dress stood on the stage in Willard Hall last evening and held in his hand an old-fashioned gold ring, curiously engraved. While holding the ring in that position and remaining in full view of the audience he gave an outline of the history of its owner, whom he had never seen or heard of, and also told how the ring came into that person's possession. According to a lady who afterwards claimed the ring, the history was correct. This was but one of a number of psychometric readings with which Dr. F. H. Roscoe entertained a large audience last evening, after his lecture on Spiritualism.—*Washington Post*.

NOTES FROM MY SPIRITUAL DIARY.

By F. J. THEOBALD.

PART VI.

MYSTIC MEMORY.

"Mystic memory is one of the mysterious workings of the spirit when disconnected from the body.

"In dreams the spirit wanders free from the body, whilst in its sleeping state. A dreamless condition is not possible; for although there may be no remembrance of any dream, that only indicates that the spirit has been to other scenes, and is not permitted to recall them on waking.

"In such states some spirits visit again and again the same persons in intimate intercourse, disclosing thus the secrets of their earth-life. Seldom do they meet on earth. But if, by a strange coincidence, this does occur, then take place the astonishing instances of 'Mystic memory,' and man, if he but knew the secret of it, would thus learn how entirely the spirit-life can be separated from the earth-life, even whilst they are connected."

DREAMS.

Dream-life is one of the many deeply interesting subjects which are directly connected with the phenomena of Spiritualism. From childhood I have (no doubt like most people) had vivid dreams of flying; so vivid that it has always been almost impossible for me to realise that this power is confined to dream-life only. This sense of flying, or gliding rapidly along without touching the ground, is most delightful, but always marred by the horror of being brought into contact with the ground. Doubtless, as our spirit friends teach, life is twofold. During the sleep of the body our spirits are free to roam whither they will. Sometimes we can recall where we have been and what we have seen. I know that, in dream-life, I have gone to the same places, rooms, gardens, &c., over and over again, and that I have never yet been to any of those places when in what we call a waking condition. My spirit guides also teach continually, that during the hours of unconscious slumber our spirits are far away, often in the spirit home, and there receiving help, which, in truth, forms a most important factor in our spirit training, as we shall discover in the future life. Some years ago I had two or three singular experiences, which I will give, in connection also with the spirit interpretation. I was at that time very ill, and had gone to winter at Hastings. One night, whilst my body was asleep in bed, I found myself flying through the streets, which I recognised as those close by where I was living. It was a dark night, the streets were entirely forsaken, no sign of any human beings about, and all the shops were closed.

It seems to me pretty certain that had this been an ordinary dream, or recollection, I should have seen these streets as they are by day, and as I knew them; not as I, during my sleep, found them, in the absolute solitude and darkness, as at the hour when my spirit wandered forth they would be.

I entered a house; floated or flew upstairs, remarking to myself, as I looked curiously around, "Why, this is where I am lodging!" I entered my bedroom, and approached the side of the bed on which I saw my body lying asleep, but looking so deathlike that I said, as I gazed intently at it, "Why, I am dead!" Probably my spirit at that instant returned to my body, for I remember no more. On waking in the morning my night's experience was very vivid, so that I asked for the looking-glass to be brought close to me, and therein, sure enough, I saw myself, greatly changed by illness, as my face had appeared when in spirit I was looking at my body. Doubtless also to the spirit the appearance would be unusually deathlike on account of the trance state, which alone could give such conditions as to allow the spirit to be consciously looking upon its own earth body. This is now a recognised fact amongst Spiritualists.

Shortly after this my spirit wandered forth again during the body's sleep, and then it was given to me to receive a strangely vivid vision illustrative of faith and trust.

I found myself loitering along the beach at Hastings, close by where I was living. It was a lovely morning, in the early spring. Seeing a large vessel at hand, I hired it for an hour's sail. Entering it, quite alone, I found myself at once launched upon a very rough, deep sea. When fairly off from the shore, by one of those sudden changes incident to dream, or vision life, and which, however incongruous and inconsistent, produces no surprise, I lost all sight of the vessel I was in, and found I was sitting on a frail plank, holding as firmly as I could to the edge

of a sail that was just within my reach, but, as it was unfurled, and flapping violently in the breeze, it seemed rather to add to the precariousness of my position, than to secure it. Still, strange to say, I felt quite safe. I had an inner consciousness that skilful seamen, although unseen, were close at hand, guiding the vessel, also unseen, because (as I thought) it was engulfed beneath the waves, excepting only the plank upon which I was sitting.

As I sat on this frail seat, clinging to the flapping sail, with the wind whistling loudly around me, and the waves dashing fiercely at my feet, knowing that to leave hold of the sail for one instant must have plunged me into a watery grave, still I had the fullest sense of delight both at the glorious scene of the dashing foaming waves, and the pure air, the "breath of heaven," which was the more invigorating to me, because of the long confinement to my room from illness, and also because, like most invalids, I had a longing for fresh, out-of-door air, thinking that that alone would do more than anything else to bring me health.

Quite suddenly the track was changed, and, with a fearful plunge, I was carried deep down.

The danger was imminent, waves, foaming and fierce, rose mountains high. My seat and the sail were gone; but large, strong hands upheld and supported me, as I now was lying upon the waters. Far above me I could see anxious faces, as of a multitude, watching my perilous position, but powerless to help.

An immense wave rose perpendicularly and was about to fall over me, but happy and safe in this unseen support, I felt uninterrupted delight at the wild scene around me, and was sorry at that moment to return to the consciousness of daily life.

But as I was arousing a clear voice, apparently from the foot of my bed, said very distinctly, "Your dream is an emblem of your present life. If you can so calmly trust in unseen human aid, can you not still more serenely rest in the arms of your loving Heavenly Father, Who, with His holy angels, is ever near to you, ready to support you in the deep waters of affliction now rolling around you? *Fear not, but trust!*"

Upon the evening of that day I took the pencil to see if I might receive a few words by spirit-writing, and the following message came:—"Your dream was sent to illustrate the deep faith you should repose in your Heavenly Father. It typified your life. You are now in the deep, rough part. God is placing His everlasting arms beneath you, and will never fail. Ah! learn from it to trust, even when help can only come from unseen and Heavenly sources. Dear child, trust unwaveringly in the love of your Heavenly Father."

WATCH AND PRAY.

Christian, seek not yet repose,  
Ministering spirits say;  
Thou art in the midst of foes;—  
Watch and pray.

Principalities and powers,  
Mustering their unseen array,  
Wait for thy unguarded hours;—  
Watch and pray.

Gird thy Heavenly armour on,  
Wear it ever night and day,  
Near thee lurks the evil one;  
Watch and pray.

Hear the victors who o'ercame,  
Still they watch each warrior's day,  
All with one deep voice exclaim,  
Watch and pray.

Hear above all these thy Lord,  
Him thou lovest to obey;  
Hide within thy heart His word,—  
Watch and pray.

Watch, as if on that alone  
Hung the issue of the day,  
Pray that help may be sent down,—  
Watch and pray.

SINCE men are so miserable, always say a kind word when you can; it may come in so opportunely; it may save a man from despair.—ARTHUR HELPS.

WHEN Divine Providence intends prosperity or permanence to anything on the earth, its elementary decomposition is not far off. Only that can be really reformed which is resolved into, or as near as possible into, primitive elements.—J. PIERREFONT GREAVES.

CIVILISATION is a blessing, not unmixed. It brings its progress and with it its curses. It is our business to rise to the occasion and sift the wheat from the chaff. There has been a considerable accumulation of chaff, and when the winnowing comes there will be much dust in the air.

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

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## Light :

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

SATURDAY, MARCH 8th, 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.

#### OUR POLICY AND OUR POSITION.

We are always averse from talking or writing about ourselves. But sometimes it is desirable to define our position. For this journal goes into so many hands, and appeals to so many types of mind, that it must needs be eclectic in tone in order to satisfy, if it may, the multiform elements of its constituency.

It would surprise our ordinary readers to know who the extraordinary readers are. A "Journal of Psychical, Occult and Mystical Research," as it is described, it finds its way, not alone to Spiritualists, but to all educated persons who concern themselves with the Occult in any of its various presentations. Among these readers we number experts in all quarters of the globe.

It is to us a source of no little satisfaction that we have been enabled so to conduct our journal as to avoid offence to our readers. For we may say that they are diverse in thought, and are held together only by their general interest in the subjects with which we deal. We are Spiritualist first of all. But many of our readers are not; and when they write to us we try to give them the house-room that they ask without seeking to pry into their opinions too curiously. They are courteous in the expression of them, and that is all we require. No one who has anything worth saying, and will say it worthily, need have any doubt but that we shall welcome his utterance, if only it be of a length suitable to our space. It is by no means necessary that we should agree with a correspondent before we give him reasonable space for the ventilation of his opinions.

This has been and is our standpoint. We are purveyors of news, and when we find news that is presumably interesting to our readers we print it. If anyone excepts in terms that are reasonable we make no difficulty about printing a rejoinder. In so doing we use only the discretion that must be ours as to what is or is not reasonable.

In dealing with this vast subject, of which we know so little and may learn so much, it has seemed to us that eclecticism is the proper attitude. We make no secret of our own opinions: we give room to any others however divergent from our own, so they be decently and decorously expressed, and we welcome any candid and fair criticism that comes to us. We are as far as possible removed from the mental attitude which arrogates to itself knowledge and

credits all correspondents with ignorance. No letter to us that is reasonable in matter, form, and length will fail to secure such space as we can give it.

In so saying we, of course and of necessity, exclude from our view the purely speculative writers who merely trot out hobbies. Some of these are instructive, if they do not trot too long: but it is desirable to remember that we have only a limited area over which to trot, and that there are many trotters.

If we might venture to suggest to those who favour us with their communications we would ask that they may be confined to definite statements of fact which should be as precise as may be; to clear deductions from personal experience or generalised conclusions from what has been brought before the world, e.g., in the books that record the late D. D. Home's experiences; and to philosophical speculations on what of fact we have before us.

This, if followed out, will exclude a good deal of valueless matter, and should add to our knowledge from the storehouse of other minds much that will enrich our own scanty store. As time goes on and men get out of the state of mere wonderment we get to a condition when it is idle to print ordinary experience, ten thousand times repeated, and when we want careful records of facts that carry with them a contribution to our philosophy accompanied by some endeavour to deduce it.

The literature of Spiritualism hitherto has been of the rag-bag order. Every scrap that is curious has been stuffed into its capacious receptacle. Now we want some orderly attempt to systematise, correlate, and classify. This we regard as our chief duty, by no means neglecting the purveying of news, new and old, for the benefit of inquirers. And in discharging this duty we shall give, as we have given, a fair field and no favour to all comers. If any correspondent thinks himself aggrieved by anything we print, he shall have all reasonable opportunity of rejoinder.

#### MR. DAY'S PROGRESSIVE POEMS.\*

Mr. Day has been connected with the *Banner of Light* almost since its establishment in 1857, with some interval in active service as a soldier. Sailor, soldier, journalist, and poet, Mr. Day is a versatile man. The little volume before us covers hardly seventy small 8vo. pages, but it contains no trash. The verse is polished and rhythmical: the sentiments, needless to say, are elevated. The pages of the little book are instinct with Spiritualism:—

Beyond earth's cloud the sunshine's glory thrills,  
Beyond death's cloud the Eternal Purpose wills,  
All Life shall tread the Amaranthine Hills.

And again as a mere specimen:—

When human spirits bow in humble prayer,  
And doff conceit of pharisaic sway,  
Loved friends departed cleave the viewless air  
To wipe the tear from sorrowing eyes away.

Mr. Day has put some worthy thoughts into worthy form.

#### LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

At the Assembly of the London Spiritualist Alliance, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, on Tuesday evening next, Mr. E. Dawson Rogers will give an address on "Perplexities."

IN answer to many inquiries we beg to say that Mrs. Cotton may be addressed at 43, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W.

SUSTENTATION FUND.—We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of £10 from Mr. J. N. Williams, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand; and £5 from Mr. Am. Behrens, Ontario, for "LIGHT" Sustentation Fund.

\* *A Galaxy of Progressive Poems.* By JOHN W. DAY. (*Banner of Light* Office.)

## LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

At the Assembly held in the rooms of the London Spiritualist Alliance, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, on February 25th, there were present among others:—Mr. and Miss Anwyl, Rev. G. W. Allen, Dr. Pullen Burry, Mr. E. C. Batty, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Collingwood, Mr. and Mrs. A. Carden, Mrs. Davies, Hon. Mrs. Forbes, Mr. R. Gifford, Miss J. Gifford, Mr. G. Gunn, Mr. M. Gunn, Mrs. E. M. James, Mrs. Jeffreys, Mr. W. Stainton Moses, Mr. J. H. Mitchiner, Mr. C. Pearson, Captain and Mrs. Pfoundes, Mr. Paul Preyss, Mr. A. Pritchard, Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, Mrs. Rogers (Blackheath), Madame de Steiger, Mrs. Stapley, Miss Spencer, Madame von Slaphen, Mr. H. Withall, Miss H. Withall, Mrs. Barton Wright, &c.

Our correspondent, "1st M.B. (Lond.)," delivered the following address:—

## RE-INCARNATION PROBLEMS.

One definition of an axiom is, "an established principle in some art or science, which, though not a necessary truth, is universally received."

Axioms vary greatly in complexity; and a principle that is axiomatic to a class of minds that have reached a certain development, or that have studied some particular science or art, is by no means necessarily an axiom to an inferior mind, nor to any one who has not studied the science or art to which the axiom appertains. From this it follows that as a man increases in experience and learning, he gradually increases the number of his axioms. It is a peculiarity of many axioms, however, that they are unprovable by intellectual processes, and yet are none the less "a principle in some art or science which . . . is universally received."

I wish to draw attention to the mode in which such axioms become absorbed and assimilated by progressing minds. And in order to do so I shall take an example and trace the origin of one that I imagine no person in this room will be inclined to question. No philosopher nor spiritual student will deny that "progress is eternal," although by intellect or demonstration he will be unable to do more than show its extreme probability.

A man who has never given a thought to philosophical matters hears from a friend, reads in a book, or has impressed on him from without that "eternal progress is a law of nature." He begins to think. Is it so or is it not? He reflects on the point, which results in his observing that the manifestations of nature lend colour to the statement. In course of time he doubts, and as the fruit of that doubt investigates further; but the deeper he probes the more he finds that facts render the original statement more and more probable. But he cannot find the proof, he cannot see that it is a necessary truth; and yet he hears a voice within him that repeats the words with ever increasing emphasis, "There is truth! There is truth!" That voice, I take it, is the voice of intuition. The work of intellect, the outcome of observation and reflection, and the voice of intuition are here in harmony; and thus originates the knowledge of a principle that subsequent events serve to fortify and establish until the principle is universally established, or has become an axiom.

Let us consider this a little more closely. Ideas, new to a *personality*, are not evolved out of nothing in a brain that contained no germ nor trace of them. They are spiritual in origin. The production of ideas is not the work of brain, but of spirit, and they are communicated from spirit to spirit. The only part that brain plays in the transmission of ideas is to enable one incarnate spirit to communicate with another; or to enable a disincarnate spirit to impress his ideas on the memory of an incarnate one during the latter's waking hours.

There is a difference between the methods by which ideas are gained by individuals and by personalities.

By an *individual* I mean that spiritual part which takes to itself at the proper moments a body of flesh, and which, by so doing, becomes a *personality*. So that individuality means the real Ego, and personality the manifestation of that Ego in a material form.

To return, the individual receives new ideas by direct communication from other individuals, or by deduction and induction.

The personality, however, gets its new ideas in both of these ways, but in the former, in direct communication, the brain is employed as the medium through which, in the waking state,

the Spirit or Ego is alone capable of receiving and retaining ideas. A personality is capable of receiving ideas from disincarnate spirits by impression; but, unless those ideas be impressed on the brain by the exertion of force, they vanish, and memory does not retain them. Many spiritual students tell us that ideas are impressed on the astral light; that ætherial pictures are formed by them, and that the soul is capable of picking up these ideas, and assimilating them. This may be so; I should be sorry to deny it, though I am quite unable to affirm it. If it be true, that is another way in which new ideas may be acquired. But there is another source whence the personality derives ideas new to it. I mean that things before unknown to the waking man become known, and that with a power of conviction strongly exceeding several if not all of the other modes mentioned. The individual, the true Ego, had created certain habits and capacities that it never loses, before it entered on its present phase of existence. Before it consented to leave the spirit world, and assume as its only means of consciousness of external things a mass of matter which it should animate and train, for purposes of trial and penance, it had knowledge of principles, as well as aptitudes and tendencies.

These attributes the soul does not lose, but it does lose memory of them. When, however, by a train of reasoning, or by a communication from without, a new idea is caused to enter the mind, if that idea be in harmony with those pre-existing aptitudes, tendencies, capacities, or comprehension of principles, the chord is struck that reverberates the tones of "That is truth!"

Thus in the case of "eternal progress" it is the intuition that clinches the nail, and converts the speculations, the results of observation, induction, and deduction, into a firm conviction, which conviction becomes in this case of axiomatic force.

There are many races and nations, and even classes of minds in our own race and nation, whose prenatal experience has given birth to no such powerful intuitive knowledge. They are, of necessity, inferior in advancement to those who do possess it. And, on the other hand, we must also suppose that there are minds whose intuitive knowledge is in excess of that which is needed to perceive the axiomatic nature of eternal progress.

As there are minds which cannot see that it is an axiom, so are there minds that are capable of perceiving that more abstruse and hidden principles still are also axiomatic. It is our work to progress from the simpler axioms to the more difficult; to prove for ourselves by experience, by observation, and reflection the truth or falseness of all ideas we may receive; and so by means of intellectual work to form judgments on the circumstantial evidence we acquire, until we become convinced that a theory contains truth or untruth; whence in the course of time, from new experiences both on this side of life and on the other, comes that knowledge of principles, those capacities and tendencies, that manifest as instinct, or as intuition, in the future. Having as an axiom "eternal progress," the next question to settle is the problem: How does that progress take place?

The inquiring soul casts about for ideas; others have been before him in the search, and in this world the number increases daily. His forerunners have not failed to leave behind them food for his hungering mind. And that food is to be found in many places perhaps quite unexpected both in locality and in form. He hunts up religion, he delves into science to find ideas in harmony with his own; or, if he know of spiritual science and philosophy, he goes there.

In his inquiries from the first source, he finds the Christian Churches only respond that they do not know. Nay, he finds that they have not in this question reached his own standpoint. For he will be told by a few of the most advanced and liberal-minded priests that they see no reason why eternal progress should not be true; that they do not perceive any real inharmony between that doctrine and the truths of Scripture. Another section will say they see no reason why it should not be a truth for the saved, but that it is certainly not true for the damned, for "without doubt they shall perish everlastingly." Hence, the best that this source can do for him is to acquiesce in the possibility, and sometimes in the probability, of what he knows to be truth; while as to the method not a word can he learn. Having questioned Christianity for the information he seeks, and having been disappointed, he turns aside to other faiths. And nowhere does he find that light he hopes for, for no other exoteric religion contains it. But in his search he has enlarged his views, and has come to understand ideas he had never heard before. He finds that a large portion of mankind

holds a faith in previous earth-lives, and of future ones. The explanations given, however, are so grotesque as to utterly fail to reach his intuitive powers; and, further, are even repulsive in their grotesqueness to his intellect.

Ordinary and orthodox religions having utterly failed to help him, his next field of inquiry is science. He here finds that he has had hard-working investigators before him, who by their intellects have pushed their labours into the realms of nature, and have found truth and germs of truth that promise him reward.

At his first entry into the domain of biological science, he comes across the theory of evolution. He becomes wrapt in contemplation while devouring the ideas contained beneath the phrases "origin of species," "descent of man," "survival of the fittest," and the like. Here he finds that the theory promulgated by Darwin at first repulsed with ridicule (the great characteristic of the introduction of every truth new to contemporary science) has now, in the course of a few short years, become the corner-stone of natural history. He finds that science preaches a doctrine of eternal progress; but of matter only. He is taught that soul and spirit are idle dreams, and nought exists but matter; and more wondrous still, that this new God is characterised by the one truth he had long held, namely, by the power to improve and refine itself indefinitely. Hence, matter is the only thing that exists, and it possesses the divine attribute of progress. Our student is progressing, he has now divested himself of religious dogma, he no longer looks upon God as an anthropomorphic being, with passions that would defame the character of man; a being that creates and then repents. The holy mysteries his pastor spoke of in such solemn terms, but could not explain, are now myths to be cast to the winds. He is getting on, he has become as he thinks, and calls himself, an atheist; but he is really nothing of the kind, he is a Pantheist; but his God is matter, whose power is progress.

The same process has here been repeated, that caused the searcher after truth to accept the axiom of "eternal progress." He heard the word "evolution," his attention was directed towards its meaning. Study combined with observation made that meaning more and more real, and at last he hears with convincing force once more the voice that cries "That is truth!" Once more has been experienced the truth of the saying: "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." And the solution of the problem is arrived at. Eternal progress is achieved by evolution.

Having got so far, the student thinks he has solved the mystery of being, and for a time hugs with loving care the truth he has got to know. Evolution becomes daily more and more real, and leads the aspirant for knowledge, encouraged by the past, to push still further into nature's realms. He becomes more and more philosophical and thoughtful, and less satisfied with self. For he feels that though evolution must be true, there must be more, because there are gaps, and phenomena that evolution, as he comprehends it, does not satisfactorily explain, as well as inconsistencies between the various branches of human study.

For instance, biology teaches him that matter contains within itself the power to refine and improve. But chemistry says matter is matter, unchangeable and unalterable. Oxygen to-day is oxygen for ever. The answer given by science to this paradox is, matter is only capable of improvement in the complexity of the compounds that it forms when subject to the force of life.

This is not satisfactory. We must find out what this mysterious and complicated manifestation of energy means. This leads again to new research; and honest inquiry is never without reward.

Once more the student casts abroad for ideas; once more he thinks, or reads, in hope that that which came to him before may once again return to help him solve this new problem, How does evolution produce eternal progress?

Such a soul will certainly not be allowed to remain stationary. He will have his attention once more drawn towards religious ideas, and be drawn to think whether, after all, there must not be some cause lying behind the universally felt need for religious creed, whether life may not be in some way connected with truths that religion has in its external form rendered dark, and in many cases ridiculous. He will begin to think "perhaps in my infatuation for the truth of evolution I may have been led away from greater truth, on account of respect for views and opinions held by many with whom for the time being I felt in sympathy." He may perhaps be brought to know the truths of

spirit intercourse. If so, his future course is rapid; having arrived at a conviction from careful work that the teachings of Spiritualists are true, that spirits do exist, and that they can communicate with man, a new field of study is at once thrown open to him. He plunges, in his thirst for knowledge, at once deeply into this new philosophy. And to his amazement here he finds the very thing he has searched for. In this the most despised and ridiculed of subjects, the scientific philosophical soul suddenly discovers the gem he wants, and has racked his brains and all the shelves of science to unearth.

Here, again, he finds eternal progress the result of evolution, not of matter, but of soul or spirit. He here gains a new idea; and that idea is the doctrine of Re-incarnation. This new idea has to be treated as he has ever treated all its predecessors. First it must be studied, to find out what it really means. And this is the point at which earthly philosophy at present culminates. At this point we reach a stage beyond which no terrestrial investigators have yet been able to penetrate. At this point there are no ideas on earth on which the student can feed his mind. He now enters that phase of research which is concerned with the introduction of new ideas into the science and philosophy of the planet. He now becomes one of the builders of future science; and he must himself expect the reward that has always been the lot of those who in their turn had filled the same position before him. Ridicule and abuse now becomes his portion, and he is unwise if he expect any other.

The student must now go to spiritual sources in order to gain new ideas. But when he has gained them he will not need to be told that he must not accept them on account of their supposed origin. It is wasted time for those who have conversed with illiterate Bacons, with deceiving spirits, with lying John the Baptists *et hoc genus omne*, to warn him against being deceived. He who has fought his own way up from truth to truth, heeding no one but his own reason, relying on no authority but self, and verifying to the utmost of his power every new principle, is not likely to be led astray, nor to assume a great deal more than truth.

The theory of Re-incarnation is as yet in a stage at which one can only say a great truth lies at the back of it. And in that phrase is embodied the grandest principle that has ever yet seen daylight in this world of ours.

It is a great mistake that many persons make, who think that Madame Blavatsky or Mr. Sinnett are authorities whence believers in the theory derive their information. Those two authors have but contributed to the literature of the subject, the views said to be held by certain philosophers who live somewhere in the East. There are, likewise, many centres here in the West, whence ideas are emanating from spiritual centres, that give a very different version of it from that of the Theosophists, and those who would learn what our spirit teachers have to say must read other books than English. France, Germany, and Holland must be visited if ideas would be gained on this subject.

And when the ideas are gained, they must be treated as every other idea; they must be subjected to the tests of reason; of a new investigation of facts; of further observation of the phenomena of nature; of their sequence and relation to one another; till at last the voice is once more heard to exclaim: That is truth!

The intuition speaks once more. Intellectual work has operated upon the ideas that have been gained from without. Patiently have the new views of many different spirits been listened to; patiently have the different views been examined and compared; patiently again has nature been interrogated, for the purpose of corroboration and of refutation; till at last the judgment was given that, "Truth underlies the Re-incarnation theory," and intuition re-echoes "Amen."

Here, then, is solved the third problem. Eternal progress is the result of evolution by means of Re-incarnation.

The fourth problem now lies before us. It is to determine what is the course, or order, or methods by which this process occurs. There is plenty of food in the shape of ideas that have been showered from above. Our duty is to digest them, and submit them to the same testing, organising, and shaping processes as every other idea has had to be subjected to. And in due time we shall be able to add another truth to our stock. Meanwhile we must work on, heeding not the scoffs nor the jeers of those who do not understand us. For in that way has knowledge ever been gained in the past, and is likely to be for some time to come yet. Until this planet shall have advanced much further towards the ever-nearing perfection she is capable of, the path of the reformer will ever be a thorny one.

At the close an interesting discussion ensued, part being taken by the President, Mr. Mitchiner, Captain Pfoufendes, the Rev. G. W. Allen, and others. The usual vote of thanks closed the meeting.

## JOTTINGS.

A very bright and cheerful little magazine (16 pp.) is *Welfare*. (24, Ludgate Hill, E.C.) The first number sent to us for notice is decidedly above the average of penny publications. It has its spice of the mystic or mysterious in "My Turquoise," but it devotes itself generally to the interests of health. If we might recommend a special line we should advise a study of Dr. Tuckey's work on hypnotism and the researches of the French explorers on that subject. That way lies success.

*Welfare* gives us a neat epitaph that may be read up or down:—

Shall we all die?  
We shall die all.  
All die, shall we?  
Die all we shall.

"At the time of death a person covers the thumb inside the fingers and palm." So says Mrs. Cotton in her recent book, *Palmistry and its Practical Uses*. (Redway.) The thumb is the sign of intelligence and power. Does the automatic "burial" of it at death indicate the departure of that which gives both qualities?

To those about to marry Mrs. Cotton has a word of advice. If you have a large thumb marry it to a small one, or there may be matrimonial jars. But if you have a little one select the largest you can find, for it will keep you straight. This, at any rate, is a "practical use" of Palmistry.

"The island on the line of fate" is an embarrassing piece of palm-geography. It reveals to the Palmist all matters of importance in affairs of the heart, and even shows when "a person may even possess the devoted love of another without being aware of it." That is distinctly awkward. Let us hope it is not true.

Not even the gouty escape. "A thick line going from near the life-line to the moon's mount at the base of the hand" betrays their unfortunate propensity to that healthy disease.

The heart and liver come in and betray themselves as weak or worse by "cutting the heart line" by "many little lines."

If you have "a star on the mount of Mercury" you are a rogue, at least potentially. If you have a star over the health line you will probably get jaundice. If you have a cross on Mars you are a person to be avoided, "pugnacious and quarrelsome." If you develop an "island like the figure 8 on the commencement of the fate line" you will walk in your sleep, and presumably come to grief, or, at least, give trouble to your friends.

If you have little lines near the thumb nail, on the side, you will get legacies. If you are a man and have a star on second phalange of thumb you will have bad fortune; if you are of the opposite sex you will have good. Now, why?

You can show on your hand a "dangerous tumour," a "nervous head affection," various forms of accident, brain fever, and, indeed, all the ills of any severity that flesh is heir to. The "idiot from birth" exhibits a hand that is fearfully and wonderfully made. The poet and the man of affairs are equally indicated. We wear our characters on our hands.

Mrs. Cotton has an interesting appendix on the divining rod, in the course of which she gives us some references that may be usefully transferred to our columns. Articles upon the subject are to be found in *Notes and Queries* (1854 to 1857), *Spiritual Magazine* (early volumes), the *Quiver* (July, 1887), *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal* (February 18th to July 21st, 1888), *Journal of Gas Lighting and Water Supply* (September 25th and October 9th, 1888), *Financial News* (October 1st, 1888), *Morning Post* (September 24th to October 12th, 1888), *Daily Telegraph* (November 20th, 1888), *Standard* (December 25th, 1888, to January 12th, 1889), *Spectator* (September 21st and 28th, 1889), and a dozen or more provincial papers.

The power of finding metals or water beneath the earth's surface is confined probably to people that we call mediums. The gift is a special form of mediumship. Mrs. Cotton is of opinion that "electricity is the chief cause, as proved by the fact that the rods cease to act when the holder is insulated from the earth."

We have ourselves seen a hazel-twig, shaped like the merry thought of a chicken, almost broken by the violence of its contortions. It was held in a curiously unnatural fashion. In-

stead of the two extremities being taken naturally in the hands, they were grasped in reverse fashion, the knuckles being kept upwards. The little projecting twig was, under these circumstances, almost wrenched off. We never could understand why the "dowser" should not hold his "rod" naturally. Mrs. Cotton makes no allusion to this, and seems to imply that the rod may be held in a natural manner.

However it be, to whatever causes due, there can be no doubt that the dowser finds water. We printed a case only very lately. The fact is we are babes in knowledge of the mysterious forces of Nature; and our progress in knowledge is severely hampered by the fact that we approach everything new with a latent idea that it is false, or else we do not condescend to approach it at all.

The *Sun* has a short article on "Sympathy" which is full of truth. "Archetypal sympathy, embodied in Jesus Christ, revealed in all its wondrous power and meaning that element of God in man—sympathy." One must not say that the more refined we get the more selfish we become. But it is true none the less. The unselfishness of the Christ remains His most attractive feature after people have been tinkering His records for ages.

At St. Nicholas Cole Abbey Club they have formed a Tolstoi Society or Club where all these matters can be talked out. If we are to escape complications in the near future it is very desirable that we should face the difficulties of the present. We hope and believe that this most admirable work will bear fruit.

The *Echo* commands our amused attention. It has a column headed "Echo Notes and Queries." In it people ask marvellous questions and other people give still more marvellous answers. God help the readers of the *Echo* if they follow the advice given them.

For example, the *Echo* of March 1st contained a column inquiring, among other things, as to the origin of "The Printer's Devil," i.e., why devil? People further inquired why a canary should cry. They asked the origin of the fable of the "Old Man and his Donkey," and they wanted to know about "Water Rate Charges."

The Replies embrace a large amount of information which we should be sorry to endorse in entirety. "Was St. Peter ever at Rome?" (a question that can hardly be settled now) precedes three paragraphs on Agnostics, very much in the air, and fruitless as the apples of the Dead Sea shore. Then we have a chippy paragraph on the "Journeys of the Israelites," which conveys no sort of information by which a man may gain.

"The Fall of Angels from Heaven," equally unproductive, precedes Mr. R. W. Roughton on Lime Juice and Glycerine. That is much more to the point, so far as this life goes. And then "Baptised for the Dead" and other strange and very queer paragraphs.

We do not romance nor do we exaggerate. Read this:—

"What shall they do which are baptised for the dead?" What will they do? What do they intend? What do they hope to gain? Nothing for themselves. "If the dead are not raised at all, why, then, are they baptised for them?" "For the dead" is also translated "Over the dead," and may be taken to mean near to death, on the brink of the grave, close to the realms of the dead. But it may also be interpreted for the dead, for the good of the dead (see Matthew iii. 15). That this now and then occurred Fathers of the Church testify. It is taken by some as meaning "over the graves of martyrs." There are some other readings.—G. E. W.

All this means a very curious state of the public mind. The *Echo* sells very largely. Its space is small, and it would not devote a very considerable proportion of it to such subjects unless people wanted to read the snippety paragraphs that it prints. It is a very curious age.

It may be worth while to put in a nutshell the outcome of it all. "The world is out of joint." People grumble—they hardly know why. They are indifferently adapted to their surroundings. The air is full of change. There is coming on us a new epoch, and before it comes the old one quakes. It is a strenuous time to live in.

A GOOD sound prejudice is not to be contradicted by mere eyesight and observation.—ARTHUR HELPS.

### ASTRAL PARTURITION.

By J. H. MITCHNER, F.R.A.S.

In turning out some old papers I came across the following account of a seance held on February 11th, 1885, which may offer points of interest to your readers. I have termed the phenomenon "Astral Parturition," and I believe on more than one occasion it has been witnessed with this sensitive. The circle comprised eight persons, exclusive of the medium—four ladies and four gentlemen.

A gas jet was kept alight throughout, giving sufficient light to enable every sitter to be seen and every prominent object in the room. But I could not have read a book or seen to tell the time by a watch. After the appearance and disappearance of four forms of various heights, and of both sexes, who successively came from the ante-room into the circle, Mr. Eglinton, the sensitive, entered into a state of trance, and paced backwards and forwards before the sitters. I then observed an object resembling a white cambric handkerchief to hang from his right side. For some seconds it remained, about a foot in length, swaying with the motion of the medium as he restlessly staggered to and fro. I was sitting at one extremity of the half circle, with my left hand at liberty. Pausing in his walking before my seat, Mr. Eglinton suddenly seized my unoccupied hand with a convulsive, firm, and (to me) painful grip. The white substance hanging from his side now commenced to stream forth from his body on to the floor, accumulating as it did so round his legs until the lower extremities to the knees were lost in a cloud of white mist, resembling in appearance cotton wool. Meanwhile the medium groaned heavily as if labouring in pain, and writhed and twisted his body as if the ordeal was one of physical agony. As the mist ceased to flow from his side, it rose in a column assuming the outline of a human form. The vapour (if vapour it may be termed) condensed, and before the circle could realise the fact a complete solid figure of flesh and blood, a tall, handsome man, clothed in the usual white raiment, stood before us. He had a dark, full beard, and was several inches taller than the medium, which fact was very obvious when side by side. For some few moments both spirit and medium stood before us, the latter partially supported by the outstretched arm of the spirit placed around him. Mr. Eglinton here released my hand, and staggering a few feet apart from the spirit, revealed a white band, some four inches in apparent breadth, connecting the side of the medium with the side of the spirit. I then saw this cord of astral parturition suddenly part. As it was gathered up and reabsorbed into his body Mr. Eglinton stumbled backwards into his chair in the ante-room, leaving the sitters alone with the spirit, who walked round the circle shaking hands with myself and one or two others. On his departure we found the ordeal had so painfully exhausted the sensitive that it became a matter of necessity abruptly to break up the circle and terminate the seance.

Whatever philosophical explanation of this phenomenon the future may have in store for us, it is clear the denizens of a different sphere from ours are able by the magnetic manipulation of matter to present to us very substantial objective representations of deceased human beings, and as they existed when in the physical body.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Mr. D. D. Home—His Organism and Character.

SIR,—It is now some months since I satisfied myself that the light-loving phenomena of Mr. D. D. Home, so many of which I carefully tested in 1868, were effects due to a cause, the result of an event which affected his organism. But I did not care to state even this much until I had well considered the question in all its aspects. What that particular cause was I could not have discovered, apart from a simple statement of a fact made to me by Mr. Home when we were carelessly conversing in a railway carriage. He did not appear to attach any importance whatever to the fact; nor did I at the time or until quite recently. But if it had been stated in the trial *Lyon v. Home* it would have presented a point quite without precedent for argument by legal and medical experts.

I do not think it would be correct to say that in his case there was exhibited a *new force*, but rather a very ancient force operating in an organism peculiarly constituted—an old force actuating a novel piece of mechanism which, under varying cir-

cumstances, presented novel results. I shall try to explain this in a work upon which I have for some time been engaged. In the meantime, as I have received letters from several eminent writers (not scientific men), who have formed an unfavourable estimate of Mr. Home's character and career, I feel it to be obligatory upon me to state, emphatically, my conviction that he was, by nature, truthful, frank, kind, and good. This I say simply of my own observation, for up to this day I have not even seen any of the books which he wrote in his own defence. I write from a sense of justice due to one who, on account of men's ignorance and conceit, met with but scant justice—in England, at any rate.

In saying this I by no means seek to imply that ladies and gentlemen who witnessed phenomena which surprised them were under obligation of any kind to publish such surprise. To myself at least it has always seemed probable that much hostility has resulted from ill considered expressions on the part of well-meaning persons. As I have more than once applied the term "light-loving" to Mr. Home's phenomena, I wish to explain that I am quite aware (from experience), that darkness is conducive to many phenomena of the highest value and interest, in the presence of mediums of high character, for many reasons; some of which affect the sitters themselves.

The hands which so repeatedly showed themselves can, I think, now be accounted for. And this brings to my recollection an autumn walk in Aberdeenshire with Sir David Brewster, about the time when the hands were first heard of in this country. From time to time he halted in his walk to give emphasis to his statements that any hand without an arm which could carry and ring bells could be nothing more or less than a mechanical hand. Being too youthful then to care for such things, I fear I gave more attention to the sparkling salmon stream by which we strolled than to the words of the Scotch philosopher, whose sincerity I have never for a moment doubted.  
Swanage, Dorset. J. HAWKINS SIMPSON.

### "Matter Through Matter."

SIR,—I have read "Inquisitor's" letter in your issue of February 22nd in which he appears to doubt the possibility of matter passing through matter. If you think the following account of a seance will be of any service to him and others, kindly insert it in your very instructive paper.

Not that I think my statement is more worthy of belief than that of Mr. Milner Stephen, but rather that it may help to induce others to investigate and get proof at first hand.

It is now about six years ago since I had my first seance with Messrs. Williams and Husk in their rooms, 61, Lamb's Conduit-street. If I remember rightly there were only three others present besides Messrs. Williams, Husk, and myself; one was Mrs. Husk, and another lady and a gentleman.

Previous to going into the seance room we had been sitting in the drawing-room. I and the gentleman left our hats in that room, he also left a hand-bag. The table in the seance room was in the middle of the floor. Mr. Williams asked me to examine the room, which I declined to do, as I considered it unnecessary. We then took our places, Mr. Husk with his back to the folding-doors, Mrs. Husk on his right, Mr. Williams at her right hand. I had hold of Mr. Williams's right hand with my left, and held the before-mentioned gentleman with my right hand clasped in his left; the lady sat between him and Mr. Husk, all holding hands. I thus sat directly facing the folding-doors. After the light was put out the spirit "Peter" wished us good-evening. I said I should very much like to have the ring test. The mediums stated they had not used the rings for a length of time and could not put their hands on them then, as they would have to hunt them up. "Peter" at once said, "I will get them." Mr. Williams thought he would not be able to find them, and I requested him not to trouble about them. We then could hear him turning over things in some part of the room, and presently he dropped a ring on to the table. He then said he would try and put it on to my arm. One spirit present (I think they called him "Cole") said as I came from Liverpool he would sing me a Lancashire song; he sang, "Come whoam to thy children an' me." Presently I felt a peculiar sharp shock at the finger ends of my left hand, which was held by Mr. Williams, and "Peter" said that he had put the ring on my arm. I said I did not think he had, as I felt quite sure that I had the ring under the finger ends of my left hand. Mr. Williams held my hand very tight during the seance, and told me several times I must not loose hands, which rather amused me, as I imagined he thought I was

not to be trusted, and might play some trick. I kept my hand very firmly on the table, and, as I then thought, holding down the ring.

"Ebenezer" (another spirit) took up the fairy bells and similar things occurred, which are so well described by Mr. Stephen; also similar doubts to those expressed by "Inquisitor" entered into my head, as I know that the ringing of distant church bells can be well imitated on a stringed instrument, also that the bright star on the bells could be turned out of sight; but "Ebenezer" called from the drawing-room and asked if we could hear him. The gentleman before mentioned asked him if he could bring anything out of his bag, he replied, "Yes, I will bring you the bag if you like." He was told that would be better. There was a loud crash, then a lot of things fell upon the table, and I had an iron instrument thrust under my right hand, which was held by the gentleman, who said, "He has opened the bag, which was locked, and the key is in my pocket. He has turned the contents out on to the table." This turned out to be quite correct. The fairy bells were then brought through the door, the bright star facing me. I saw it dart across the room to me. The instrument was put gently on to my head and played upon.

When the séance was over, to my very great surprise the ring was on my arm and not under my fingers. Mr. Williams and I did not unclasp hands until the room was lighted up. In recording this séance I have endeavoured to prove three cases of matter passing through matter. I hope "Inquisitor" may be changed into an "Investigator." H. J. C.

[We print this letter as recording the obviously sincere belief of the writer. But the evidential value of such accounts is small. Even the simplest phenomenon observed in sufficient light by two or three people is more valuable.—ED. OF "LIGHT."]

#### Buddhism at Home.

SIR,—With reference to correspondence in recent issues, permit me to state that Thibet is not the home of Buddhism, and Lamaism is a comparatively modern development.

Buddhism in Nepal, Ceylon, China, Burma, Siam, Corea, and Japan is divided into many sects, as is Christianity, Islamism, and other religions.

With Mr. Oxley's quarrel between himself and the Theosophists and their Esoteric Buddhism I am in no way concerned; nor is it my duty to take up the defence of Lamaism.

The "History of the Buddhist Church," if by that is meant Buddhism in Eastern Asia, will, however, compare favourably with that of the Western Church with its cruel persecutions, its Inquisition, and the like.

Opportunity for personally discussing publicly what Buddhism is and is not will be afforded to any who will favour me with their address. C. PROUNDES.

#### Mr. Myers and Spiritualism.

SIR,—I perceive by the extracts you have made from Mr. Myers's contribution to the last number of the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research that that gentleman has come over to the Spiritualist camp. He believes that there are certain laws by which *post-mortem* manifestations may be explained. He believes that telepathy exists between embodied and disembodied spirits. He believes in apparitions after death, and that they are only one of a continuous series of manifestations of a certain power. And he believes that these apparitions are the result of the continued exercise of an energy by the spirits of the departed.

Mr. Myers's Spiritualism must, however, set ordinary Spiritualists thinking. His ghosts are mere automatic projections—things that circle out on all sides from the real ghosts who sit dreaming somewhere or other in the centre in unsuspecting repose. Some astronomers tell us that our sun and every shining thing in the heavens owe their light and heat to collisions. These collisions, among other things, sent small fragments of the colliding bodies so far out into space that they never came back again, but have persisted in keeping themselves to themselves to this day. Now, the ghost of the ordinary Spiritualist is no more the real ghost than those fragments are the real bodies that they once belonged to. They are mere projections from the central ghost; and if they talk sensibly and wisely, and write exquisite verses, and paint marvellous pictures, and tell us things we never knew or dreamt of before, and press our hands, and kiss our lips, and speak with the voice of other years, and stand before us in

bodily shape as they did in the days of the past, they do it all automatically and are not conscious of doing anything! Well, this may be so; but if it is so, it takes a good deal of the sunshine out of Spiritualism, does it not?

And yet Mr. Myers's Spiritualism is not without its bright side. According to it, man is a society or rather a world in himself, perfect in all his parts, *totus teres atque rotundus*. Like the earth from which he springs, he is made up of stratified formations—at least to a great depth. These formations, moreover, are so disposed that they constitute a society among themselves, a "submerged stratum sending out its signals to an emergent stratum," and no doubt receiving others in its turn, whenever there is anything important to communicate. It is clear that according to Mr. Myers's theory it is a grand thing to be a whole, live, undilapidated ghost; but to be only the "automatic projection" of one—well, on that point every one may form his own opinion.

I confess, sir, I am puzzled. There are few men for whose caution and judgment I have a greater respect than I entertain for those of Mr. Myers, and that fact only adds to my perplexity.

I am afraid, or rather I hope, that I do not quite understand Mr. Myers, and if you can spare a corner for this letter some one less addle-headed than myself may be able to throw some light on the subject. GEORGE HARFUR.

#### Sunday-schools v. Lyceums.

SIR,—In my last letter there was no need for entering into the "why" so evident a contrast exists between the two methods of tuition. I think that the ordinary educational mechanism in every day life will show why Sunday-school scholars connected with the churches collect by thousands, and those with Lyceums only by one or two dozens.

The members of churches are banded together through a *oneness of belief* on given leading principles, necessary, they think, to promote present and future happiness; those principles are embodied in a few terse declarations and are printed, and each church member having a copy relies on those principles as so expressed, and therefore organisation and action in the effort to realise them in social life are easy and effective, as statistics prove.

"Lyceums" are isolated. Many Spiritualists, theorising as individuals, have not the *oneness of belief*, but the word "Spiritualism" is claimed as a sort of talisman word. When a declaration of beliefs is asked for, none exists; each person claiming to be a leading Spiritualist is a law to himself, and the declarations of principles are about as diverse as the tints of colour. So far as I have read, there does not exist a text-book of knowledge, nor a corps of examiners to test the teaching knowledge of the leaders of the Lyceums as there exists in churches and colleges. It appears to me that some one likes the idea of a Lyceum to drill children in gymnastic movements and recitations on Sunday; and starts that kind of excitement, and calls it Spiritualistic, but a remarkable paucity of children in attendance is the rule, and the spiritual instruction, if any, is the personal idea of the leader.

These isolated Lyceums and limited attendances are evidences of a lack of the organisation necessary to move parents to trust their children's religious education to the conductor who desires to physically drill the youngsters. I strongly suggest a change to an organised agreement as to a *oneness of belief* by Spiritualists; then Lyceums would become a power.

J. ESMORE JONES.

#### A Novel Experience.

SIR,—The letter of "A Constant Reader" in a recent issue recalls to my mind a similar experience of my own which may be interesting to your readers.

I was nursing a dear brother through a sudden illness. Bronchitis, through bad treatment, had developed fatal symptoms. For five days and nights I had watched, almost sleepless; yet I was in perfect possession of my powers; ate spare but regular meals, used no alcoholic stimulant, and, so far as I can judge, was in my normal state, since all responsibility rested upon me. On the sixth day I became conscious of a singular sensation. I appeared to be floating in the air far above the heads of those in the sitting-room below. I looked down upon myself with those friends there assembled; I was engaged in the various duties it was incumbent upon me to fulfil, and I, the disembodied, heard myself below say to one there present, "Pardon me, but I have quite forgotten your name," though I, up above, knew the person well, but memory for the time seemed in abeyance. I know I felt surprise at the time that the friends should

not notice me floating up above them; the feeling, however, was one of such intense peace and rest, such freedom from all anxiety, that I felt only the desire to live higher. But the sick room seemed to have a claim upon me, and I yearned to return.

Twenty-four hours after our dear one left us in this world.

Now this was long before I ever heard of Spiritualism, yet I well remember the idea was impressed upon me that loving spirits will be around waiting to bear the beloved one home. He and I had only recently lost a dear and saintly mother. My brother was in the Church, an earnest and zealous man; he passed away with the light and the smile of perfect peace upon his face, though he had been a terrible sufferer.

I know the incident is but a trifling one; doubtless there are many who have had similar experiences, but your correspondent asks for such, and I give my own for what it is worth.

I have but once named this to friends. Their explanation, of course, is, "exalted state of the nerves." This to me only seems substituting one difficulty for another. F. O.

#### A Case of Clairvoyance.

SIR,—May I venture upon your valuable time to narrate a case which will, I think, prove of general interest to your readers? Whilst at a séance at the house of Mr. Marsh, 218, Jubilee-street, Mile End, Miss Marsh went into a trance lasting about two hours. Upon coming to she said she had been across the water (we afterwards found that it was Australia), visited a house and described a room (the gentleman of the house, a friend of Mr. Marsh's, was in London about two years ago) in which there was a lady with a child in her arms, a short stout gentleman, a book-case upon the wall, &c. (The medium has never been out of England.) This description was taken down and sent to Australia to see if it was correct. On February 8th inst., when I had the pleasure of again sitting with Miss Marsh, she said that there was a letter coming and that it was very near. On the 9th a letter came from Australia from which I extract the following:—

I read the letter you sent, and it seemed very surprising, but I can assure you that the description you have written of our rooms is correct in every particular; also you mention that you saw several people in the room, one of them being a lady with an infant in her arms. I remember the circumstances well—my sister and her baby came up to see us, and shortly afterwards her husband called for her; he is short and stout.

This case seems to me to possess particular interest, as it could not possibly be explained by unconscious cerebral action or any kindred subtleties with which it is attempted to explain away these phenomena. C. C.

#### Sitting Alone.

SIR,—I am greatly interested in Spiritualism, and should like to witness, if possible, some of the phenomena recorded in Spiritualistic works. Being unable to conveniently form a circle for investigation, I am thinking of sitting alone, and should be glad if some of your readers would kindly advise me in the matter through your columns. A. B.

[We regret that we cannot receive letters at "LIGHT" Office for our contributors.—ED. OF "LIGHT."]

#### SOCIETY WORK.

MARYLEBONE LYCEUM, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, W. — The Lyceum was opened on Sunday in the usual form by the conductor, assisted by Mr. Collings. Owing to the non-attendance of the other leaders the service was an open one. Recitations by Anne Goddard, Lizzie Mason, and M. J. White.—C. WHITE.

KING'S CROSS SOCIETY, 253, PENTONVILLE-ROAD (ENTRANCE KING'S CROSS-ROAD).—Next Sunday morning Mr. T. Reynolds will open a discussion with a paper on "Magic and Magnetism." There will also be a business meeting, which all members are requested to attend. In the evening Mr. Tindall, A. Mus. T.C.L., will discourse upon "Liberty," when we trust that the attendance will be worthy of the theme and of the speaker. It is intended to hold a séance for Psychometry on Monday, March 17th. Mr. J. Paine has promised to attend. Intending sitters should forward names to the Hon. Sec., S. T. RODGER, 107, Caledonian-road, N.

MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, MARYLEBONE-ROAD.—On Sunday last we had an interesting experience meeting. On Sunday next, at 11 a.m., spiritual intercommunion; at 7 p.m., an answer to the sermon of the Rev. H. R. Hawsis on John Stuart Mill's Religion, by Mr. F. J. Wilson. Monday, the 8th, the usual social gathering. Tuesday, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., Busy Bee's "Word and Work." Wednesday, at 8 p.m., séance. Friday, 2.30 p.m. to 9 p.m., for conversation and sale of literature. Saturday, 2 a.m. to 6 p.m., for conversation and sale of literature. We shall be glad of the

visits of friends to our Busy Bee. Sunday, March 16th, at 7 p.m., T. Everitt will deliver an address on his experiences with various mediums.—J. M. DALE.

KENSINGTON AND NOTTING HILL SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—Last Sunday morning the usual service was held in Zephyr Hall, 9, Bedford-gardens, Silver-street, Notting Hill Gate, and after some remarks from Mr. H. N. Earl, we were addressed by Mr. McKenzie upon the "Seven Principles in Nature," which subject proved very interesting, and gave rise to several questions. In the afternoon the Lyceum was conducted by our secretary. Miss Marsh, clairvoyante, occupied the platform in the evening, and gave some very good descriptions, which were recognised. The chairman, Mr. Cohen, made some suitable remarks, and answered all questions relating to clairvoyance in an able manner. We wish to draw especial attention to next Sunday's services, lecturer, &c.: Morning at eleven, service and discussion, Mr. Pitman; afternoon at 3 p.m., Children's Progressive Lyceum; evening at 7 p.m., Professor George Chainey (Boston, U.S.A.), subject, "Revelation Revealed."—PERCY SMYTH, Hon. Sec., 68, Cornwall-road, Bayswater.

LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' FEDERATION.—At the meeting of societies' delegates held on Thursday, February 27th, the following important proposition was carried unanimously: "That a committee be appointed to arrange a plan for altering and widening the constitution of the Federation, so that individuals as well as delegates of societies may be admitted as members of the Federation." The Council therefore invite representatives from all societies, public meeting places, and circles to attend at the King's Cross Society Rooms, 249, Pentonville-road, on Thursday evening, March 13th, at 8.30 prompt, to arrange the proposed plan. It is probable that after this preliminary meeting the Federation will hold a large public meeting, and be able to bring forward such a comprehensive and broad scheme that the various "schools of thought" may be induced to "sink their lesser aims and grievance," and unite together for "Creation's weal and welfare" under the motto of "For the good of all." The Federation was represented by the hon. sec. at Winchester Hall, Peckham, on Sunday morning last, and in the evening at Chesham Hall, Peckham, by Messrs. A. M. and S. T. Rodger, W. O. Drake, and the hon. sec. There were good audiences at both meetings, and best wishes and encouragement were given to each society.—U. W. GODDARD, Hon. Sec., 295, Lavender Hill, S.W.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, CHEPSTOW HALL, 1, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—The opening services were held on Sunday last and considering the inclement state of the weather the attendance both of members and friends was very encouraging. In the morning a Spiritual service was held; in the evening the rostrum was occupied by Mr. T. Everitt, Mr. R. Wortley, Mr. W. O. Drake, and a deputation from the London Spiritualists' Federation, including Messrs. A. M. and S. T. Rodger, and Mr. U. W. Goddard, hon. sec. The hall is bright and cheerful, well-ventilated and clean, with seating accommodation for 150. Despite the defection of friends who are continuing the work at Winchester Hall (and to whom we wish all success), we have over fifty members united in one object, i.e., the spread of Spiritualism. Our speakers for March are: 9th, Mr. H. Darby, 11.15 a.m., Mrs. Stanley, 6.30 p.m.; 16th, Mr. U. W. Goddard, 11.15 a.m., Spiritual service at 6.30 p.m.; 23rd, Mrs. Spring, 11.15 a.m., Mr. R. Wortley, 6.30 p.m.; 30th, Mr. McKenzie, 11.15 a.m., Mrs. Treadwell, 6.30 p.m. On Tuesday next, March 11th, we have our inaugural soirée at 8.15 p.m. Tickets 6d. each. Friends heartily welcomed.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., 79, Bird-in-Bush-road, Peckham.

PECKHAM NEW SOCIETY.—On Wednesday, February 28th, several old members of the South London Spiritualists' Society met at Winchester Hall, 33, High-street, Peckham, and resolved to form a new Society, called "The Peckham Society of Spiritualists." The following gave in their names:—Mr. and Mrs. Copley, Mr. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Veitch, Mr. Melton, Mrs. Bell, Miss Kusenberg, Mr. F. T. A. Davies, Mr. Kaiser, Mrs. Richter, Mr. and Mrs. Waters, Mr. and Mrs. Audy, Mr. and Mrs. Butcher, Mr. Sutcliffe, Mr. and Mrs. Humphries, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, and P. Audy, jun. The following were elected *pro tem.* to carry on the Society: Mr. Audy, president; Mr. Johnson, vice-president; Mr. Melton, treasurer; P. Audy, jun., assistant secretary; and J. Veitch, secretary. The Society met on Sunday morning last at Winchester Hall, 33, High-street, and there was a good attendance. The President, Mr. Goddard, Mr. Lees, and several members gave words of encouragement. In the evening the audience numbered about eighty, and Mrs. Stanley, Mr. Lees, and others kept the meeting well in hand. Although the service was extended much beyond the usual time, great enthusiasm was shown both by speakers and members, which augurs well for the future. Sunday, March 9th, Mr. Leach and others at eleven and seven.—P. AUDY, Assistant Secretary.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL letters and papers are unavoidably held over this week on account of pressure on space.