

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

My material for my weekly Notes comes from two sources. Various correspondents—various in their criticism—want to know what I mean by saying that I know nothing of the future world. My answer is that I never said so. If, in a temporary aberration of mind, I wrote what may be so interpreted, I withdraw the remark. I may contend that I know much more about the world to come than those who accuse me of knowing nothing about it. But that contention I do not press. Possibly they think that they know more than I do. Then I should like to be instructed. For the last twenty years I have been trying to find out what I can about it, and if my critics can help me no one could be more obliged than myself. For example, I should be glad to know what means we have of translating into terms of our present thought a wholly different state of consciousness. How would my critics state it as a reply to what I have said?

I may possibly help any one who is disposed to pick up that glove by admitting that my own knowledge of the next world is more than I put in my words, and more than I can put into any words. What we know is little—very little. What we gather from what we think we know is a great deal. And every year's experience enables us to throw over very much of it as worthless. And so we are the better. But it seems to me that the present want is that people should not speak so largely about what they are not quite sure of. For example, Spiritualists have put down all phenomena produced before them to the action of departed spirits. Can they prove that as matter of fact? And, again, Theosophists have told us much about Mahatmas, and have referred the phenomena to the action of Elemental and Elementary Spirits. Can they adduce any evidence of these contentions? I do not wish to be contentious, but when I am told that I am unfair in my treatment of certain alleged facts, I put out my counter-statements. And though it is said to be impossible to prove a negative, if my critics will put down in plain terms what they *know*—not what they are told—of the future world I will endeavour to look at and criticise what they say. Perhaps I may be able to do what is said to be impossible.

The next point that my critics have forced on my notice is the question of Vivisection. I desire to say as little about it as I can. I hate and detest all forms of cruelty and I also abhor and put from me all forms of untruth. What came to me was, in my sense of the word, untrue. Every word was (so far as I know) justified by evidence, and so far true; but it was not (as I thought) a fair and full statement of

truth. Being written for a specific purpose—to expose gross violations of humanity—it was necessarily highly coloured. I said so: I believed it. There are people who believe that no such experiments as are included under the name of Vivisection should be allowed. I am disposed to agree with them. There are others who attack what they disagree with in terms that I cannot sympathise with. And in so saying I must protest against being included in the ranks of the Vivisectionists. Personally I care little where I am included or whence I am excluded. But I object to have alleged against me some form of belief or—in this agnostic age I do not know what to call it—that I never held. Therefore I protest.

Perhaps the whole question, which (I must not say) does not concern us except as members of the great animal family (for that is what we are), may now drop. As I ventured to say, it has "liberated emotion," and I hope no one is the worse. I accept with the meekness that belongs to a man who is supposed to have done wrong (and who has done no wrong whatever) the criticism and blame that have been put on me, and I am thankful to find that all the argument—one must not quarrel with the word, though some of our friends do—is not on one side. Those who have thought fit to support what I said are in a majority. But what impresses me far more is the line of argument adopted by the minority. That equivocal statement I will not spoil by attempted explanation. It is vastly important that we should not encourage any form of needless cruelty—on that we are all agreed.

Perhaps the letter addressed to the *Daily Telegraph* (July 8th) by a secretary of the Society for Psychical Research should not be taken too seriously. It is a form of advertisement. But it may be as well to point out that these gentlemen, in craving as they do for new facts, almost entirely neglect the old. Mr. Podmore complains of the difficulty of constructing a camel out of his inner consciousness, as the German professor did. No one ever asked him to construct a camel or any other beast; but he has been doing it none the less. What is wanted is a careful attention to facts already recorded and some reasoned account of them. What is not wanted is a cry for that which already exists, viz., evidence in abundance of "the actions and faculties of the human mind," embodied and unembodied, which are simply neglected by these inquirers, who are always craving for information of which they make nothing. It is surely the funniest thing that any person should be perpetually asking for food which he is unable to digest. Mr. Podmore says that Mr. Myers and he have "put forward rival hypotheses . . . but in our present ignorance the main justification for such premature conjecture was" . . . the advertisement of the society. Now I am not disposed to criticise an advertisement as hardly as I should a record of fact. But when a man who asks to be allowed to sit in judgment on facts in a "state of ignorance," and alleges some sort of excuse for a "premature conjecture" about them, I think that I have a right to enter a protest. These facts are as fully proven as the existence of the sun

in the sky. The question is, what do they mean? And it must be conceded by any reasonable controversialist that they are to be interpreted only by one who has the skilled power to do so. It is the grave misfortune—or shall I say the happy fate?—of Spiritualism that it has fallen into the hands of certain people who have apparently no power to understand what its true signification is. Some err in excess and some in defect. Fortunately, however, there is a small remnant that is not infected by this craze for what are called facts.

MANIFESTATIONS IN CALIFORNIA.

To keep our readers acquainted with what goes on in America, we transfer the subjoined records of phenomena from the *Banner of Light* :—

Knowing that you always welcome reports of genuine phenomena proving beyond doubt the reality of spirit-intercourse, I will give you a brief account of spirit work on the Santa Cruz mountains in the family of one of your subscribers, Mr. H. C. Hazen.

Last fall I wrote concerning some of the wonderful facts connected with this gifted family. Two of the daughters have become most remarkable artists under spirit tuition alone; and two more, one twelve and the other fifteen, give promise of equal, if not greater, gifts. They draw portraits from small daguerreotypes or photographs with pencils that are finer than any I have ever seen except Anderson's, and they excel him in giving the life-like expression. Indeed, give them a good photograph of a person and they make portraits giving the expression exactly, as perfect as life.

I think they are destined to become famous as spirit-artists, for they occasionally drawn portraits of spirits, or "ideal" pictures as they term them, which are perfect gems of beauty if not perfect likenesses of spirits. One of them is clairvoyant, and if a spirit can present itself clearly to her vision she can make a likeness of it; but few as yet have succeeded in doing so. Two of my kindred by my being with them have come sufficiently *en rapport* with each of the elder artists that they have drawn their portraits as in spirit-life, and they are gems of artistic beauty which I have never seen excelled.

As the family is poor in worldly goods, most of the time of the artists is taken in making portraits of mortals, for which they charge a small compensation, which supports the family; so they have little time to practise upon spirit-pictures.

As they all are mediumistic, and have had positive proof that famous spirit-artists are their guides and inspirers, it is in all probability but a question of time and opportunity for them to make such success in taking spirits, as well as mortals, as will bring them prominently before the world.

Mrs. Hazen, the mother, has been one of the best trance, test, and writing mediums in the country—indeed, is yet, but owing to poor health she has not been used much for two years past. As a writing medium she writes mechanically, in the exact chirography and style of the spirit, as Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, proved by writing through her hand, and ordering his messages sent to relatives near his old home, who responded, assuring her that their recognition was forced by the evidence presented.

One of the daughters, who is the clairvoyant artist above alluded to, seems to have inherited remarkable mediumistic power.

In dark circles hands and arms are materialised, which pat and caress the sitters, and by rapping on the table, or patting the hands of the sitters, answer questions very satisfactorily. When she is present, loud raps are often heard at meal-time when the family and friends are about the table—thus a double *feast* is often enjoyed.

When her husband, Mr. Will Cuttrell, is present with her, they obtain independent writing and drawing on paper, in the dark or between slates, that is unmistakable spirit work. I have had letters thus written from my mother, Edward S. Wheeler, and several other friends, whose chirography and personal peculiarity of expression render their genuineness absolutely certain.

The family have had more than a ream of paper thus written with messages from relatives of many generations, and from old friends—all in the handwriting of the spirits, as they have proven to me by producing documents and letters written when they were mortals.

As this medium has not been in good health for a few months past, they have obtained but few written messages, but the spirits have sent them, or rather brought them, tokens of remembrance in the shape of cards containing their names, and often some artistic ornament, such as a sprig or bouquet of flowers, &c. These cards will be taken from the table around which the family are seated in dark circles, and carried over head, and concealed above the paper which forms the ceiling, where they are written by the spirits, and then dropped upon the table at subsequent circles, or as has been the case frequently of late, the spirits will hide them in various rooms in the house, then, while the family are at their meals, they (the spirits) will rap as a signal for them to hunt for the cards, answering by raps to questions which room to hunt in. Much amusement has thus been afforded the family, and some wonderful tests of spirit presence given.

I have five cards thus written, on two of which I had written my initials. We placed a dozen or so blank cards on the table before putting out the lights, which, as soon as the spirits materialised hands, would be taken by them and carried, with a distinct, fluttering sound, to the place of concealment, and there retained, sometimes several days; then, when there was power enough, they would bring them back with the same clicking or fluttering sound, as they slowly descended from the ceiling to the table.

Edward Wheeler, who is one of the presiding spirits at these circles, wrote me that since the medium's illness they utilise the magnetism of herself and husband to write these cards while they are asleep.

On examination I find I have eight instead of five cards, and the last time Wheeler wrote me he said another had been written, which would be brought as soon as sufficient power could be gathered. Soon after this the mediums went away, and I impatiently await their return to get my card, and other tokens of love from my spirit-friends.

On the upper half of one of my cards is a drawing of two clasped hands, and beneath are the names of Robert Burns and Edgar A. Poe. The name of Burns is a *fac-simile* of his writing; as I have none of Poe's signatures I cannot vouch for his, but it is peculiar, as the bottom of the two E's—the first and last letters—are united by a line extending under the entire name. If this was characteristic, it will prove as good a test as others received. Another has about half of the upper portion covered with a beautiful spangle of flowers, and beneath is the name T. Starr King, the T blending so as to form a stem, and the line crossing the T in the middle name forming another. Another has in the upper left hand corner two doves, and beneath is the name, Mrs. Prudence Kendall, an old friend, formerly living at Eureka, Cal. Another is the card of Bro. Wheeler, written in his usual back-handed style, in gilt letters; as there is a bottle of gilding material in the house, I suppose it was obtained by the spirits from that.

The rest of my cards are plain, containing the names of William Denton, Theodore Parker, and Thomas Gales Forster, all unmistakably in their chirography.

These tokens, together with several letters from E. Wheeler, perfectly characteristic, I prize as among the best evidences I have ever had of the living presence of those whose names they bear. They corroborate what several clairvoyants and test mediums have from time to time told me of the band inspiring my lectures.

Edward Wheeler, who was an old schoolmate of Mr. Hazen, has written scores of messages to the family, which prove, as he said in one of them, that he is "the same old Ed." he was on earth. When he has anything very comical to say he frequently draws cartoons to illustrate it, which are laughable. One represents him hurrying to come to their circle. He has drawn a caricature of himself running, his coat-tails floating, and his hat falling behind, while a little way before him he pictures several around a table, over whose heads he wrote, "The circle"; while above his own head is written, "Me." Another message contains a rude representation of a man on stilts, with his face upturned and his mouth wide open, under which he wrote, "Me, using tall language!"

On one occasion Mr. Hazen had complained of the spirits, and the next time Ed. wrote them he alluded to what Mr. H. said, and then added: "Never mind, Hiram; when you come over here we'll lock arms and sing 'Old Father Weatherbee,' and make it all right." This was an allusion to a circumstance occurring when they were boys together.

All Wheeler's old friends will realise how characteristic these facts are of his mirthful moods.

Bonny Doon,
Santa Cruz Co., Cal.

The *Daily Courier*, published in Hannibal, Mo., gives place to a report, contributed by C. A. Treat, of séances for materialisation held in that place a short time previous by Mrs. Jennie Moore, of Chicago, Ill. The company in attendance numbered fifteen; the medium was subjected to a close examination by a committee of ladies, and the cabinet, its approaches, and surroundings underwent a similar rigid scrutiny, all being pronounced satisfactory to those who made the investigation. The light was superior to that sometimes supplied at séances for this phenomenon.

The first to appear was recognised as the mother of Mrs. E. F. Porter, in whose house the séance was being held; the next was known at once by Mr. Treat and members of his family who were present, as a former acquaintance, and she further identified herself in a most positive manner by the conversation that she held with him.

Each of those present received one or more demonstrations from friends who have passed over, most of whom were recognised. In several instances the most positive tests were given by the conversation of the spirits with their friends. J. H. Mott, the materialising medium, who passed from earth-life last April, manifested himself so very positively that those acquainted with him knew him at first sight. He requested that a séance be held in what is known as the Hannibal Cave, and it was arranged to comply with his wish on Wednesday, May 7th. On that day the writer of this account, the medium, Mrs. Gothard, Mrs. E. F. Porter, and two others entered the cave about 3 p.m.

Immediately upon entering, the medium was influenced by her familiar control, "Dew-Drop," who led the way through the various passages to the spot which she said the spirits had selected for the séance. She remarked that they, the spirits, had been there previously and chosen the point. The party could but agree that the place had been well selected; there was a stone seat for the medium, with a convenient head-rest. At a suitable height from which to suspend a curtain, two ledges projected, across which a board was placed and the curtains hung. This board was lying some distance from the chosen spot when they entered the cave, and, in passing it, "Dew-Drop" directed those following to bring it, saying why she wanted it. After placing the lights in position the medium entered the improvised cabinet. The company joined hands, and after singing the spirits began to manifest themselves. The first to appear were Indians, known from previous interviews by the circle as "Sunset" and "Silver Cloud," whose appearance and conversation identified them perfectly as belonging to the Indian race.

Another form was that of a little boy three years old, with light hair and blue eyes, giving his name as "Curly Head," a very convincing proof to the company of the truth of the phenomenon.

After continuing about an hour and a-half and listening to remarks from Mrs. Moore's cabinet control, the séance closed.

"In the evening," continues Mr. Treat, "Mrs. Moore held a séance at my own house, during which a large number of spirits appeared, among them a sister of mine who had told me, in a distant city, several months previous, that she would manifest her presence in this manner in my own home. She now remarked that she had fulfilled her promise."

The writer, in closing, recommends Mrs. Moore to the public as a medium in whom implicit reliance may be placed.

THE TRUSTY MEDIUM.

The curtain is worn thin betwixt the here
And the hereafter. With a loving prayer
We follow now our dead, and in the air
They hover sensibly—calm, frenzied fear,
With tender broken accents on our ear,
Or palm on throbbing brow. From pitying care
For gasping Faith, and fainting Hope to spare
In this material age, Heaven lets some hear
Aloud the voice of ghosts, and clasp cold hands
Stretched feebly out to greet. Lest I should sin
In trespassing within these shadowy lands,
I will wait patiently till trembling breath
Be spent, for then the trusty Medium—Death,
Will draw aside the veil and let me in.

M. N. G.

"THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY."*

A SPIRITUALISTIC REVIEW.

By "NIZIDA."

Mr. Oscar Wilde has created a new character in fiction, one likely to absorb public attention with a similar weird fascination to that produced by the renowned Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; and with a more lasting and beneficial moral effect than had Mr. Stevenson's surprising creation. A deeply conceived psychological study, upon entirely new lines, enriched by the stored wealth of a mind which has spared no pains in the pursuit of sensuous beauty, and which has, to all appearance, revelled in deepest draughts from that sparkling and alluring fountain. But what a spiritual lesson has he drawn therefrom—a lesson graphically and powerfully set forth in the fascinating pages which present to us the life of Dorian Gray. A modern Narcissus, enamoured of his own beauty, which proves a lure to draw him down into the deepest hells of sensual indulgence, from whence he sinks into a still deeper abyss of crime.

Introduced as an innocent, rather effeminate youth of extraordinary and fascinating beauty, Dorian Gray has his eyes opened to the fact that he possesses beauty, and his slumbering vanity and egotism, awakened by the insidious flatteries of a hardened cynic, spring at once into activity, and from that moment begins the downward course. Skilfully the author depicts the budding and gradual unfolding of this baleful life-blossom of the animal soul, seeking only the selfish gratification of the senses, refined indeed by education and artistic culture, but, notwithstanding, purely animal—nay, at times bestial. By degrees, the still, small voice—the voice of the higher self which spiritually overshadows the unsophisticated youth—is deadened in the soul. All the humane, merciful, spiritually beautiful sentiments and emotions of the better nature, are strangled in their infancy, for Dorian Gray drinks so deeply of the intoxicating cup of sensuous gratification, that his nature becomes transformed to that of a demon—beautiful outwardly, but within hideous. All this is depicted with a master hand; the underlying lesson, for those who can find it, being the danger to the soul which lies in an egotistic love and idolatrous cherishing of one's own personal beauty—for male or female equally perilous. But the author by an ingenious device presents to us an objective image of the subjective transformation gradually going on in Dorian Gray's soul, which, for startling vividness and horror, surpasses the effects usually produced by the novelist's art.

Dorian Gray, whilst retaining the youthfulness, vigorous health, and unimpaired beauty of his external form, at the same time witnesses the objective presentment of his soul's growing, loathsome hideousness; its falling into diseased decrepitude, into an ugliness beyond conception. At first horrified by this, he becomes at length accustomed to it, and at certain stages of his downward course, after the commission of new excesses, he repairs to this silent recorder of his deeds, and unveiling it, seeks for fresh indications of the gradual decay and corruption which are unfailingly represented on this psychical side of his being. As time went on—"He grew more and more enamoured of his own beauty, more and more interested in the corruption of his own soul. He would examine with minute care, and often with a monstrous and terrible delight, the hideous lines that seared the wrinkling forehead, or crawled around the heavy sensual mouth, wondering sometimes which were the more horrible, the signs of sin or the signs of age. He would place his white hands beside the coarse bloated hands of the picture, and smile. He mocked the misshapen body and the failing limbs." Never does he feel a moment of repentance. The disgusting image, however, haunts him with a terror of discovery, drawing him back from distant places to assure himself of its hidden security, and to contemplate it with a hideous fascination. The loathsome horror never departs from his consciousness. From its veiled seclusion it exerts over him a spell of diabolical enchantment, and he knows that it is he himself; but his mirror presents to his gaze the personal beauty he cherishes, and the world continues to be fascinated by his charm. Many become fascinated to their serious moral and spiritual injury. His victims are numerous; innocent women and upright young men, who, but for him, would have led virtuous, useful lives. With his beautiful body—cared for as one would care for some rare, exotic blossom—going about the

* *Lippincott's Magazine* for July.

world with a charming appearance of harmlessness and even innocence, he murdered souls in secret, as completely as if with his slender, white, taper fingers he might have clutched their throats and strangled the life out of their bodies.

And all this rottenness, all this corruption, had been proximately caused by a seed dropped into a soil prepared for it—the soil left doubtless from the Karma of some previous life. A seed dropped from the flattering tongue of Lord Henry Wotton, tended and skilfully fostered into a surprising precociousness by his insidious, worldly cynicisms, and oracular sophistries. A man out of whose life had departed every wholesome savour, who poisoned the lives of others, and led them to sin whilst, apparently, he sinned not himself. As a friend once said to him, “You never say a moral thing, and you never do a wrong thing. Your cynicism is simply a pose.” His whole life was, however, a sin, concealed behind a mask of *bon-homme*, a fashionable cheerfulness and pleasantness of manner; a hollow *cadavre* full of the dust and ashes of a burnt-out life. One of Lord Henry Wotton's specious sophistries was this: “The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it.” As well wrap oneself confidently in the folds of a boa-constrictor, hoping to save one's life thereby. Lord Henry's apt pupil, Dorian Gray, followed this advice scrupulously, only to increase the power of temptation, which never after found him unwilling, until at last all of his higher nature was suffocated. The author skilfully depicts the insidious, baleful influence of Lord Henry Wotton, but attributes the corruption of Dorian Gray's soul to a book which Lord Henry loaned him. He says: “The Renaissance knew of strange manners of poisoning—poisoning by a helmet, and a lighted torch, by an embroidered glove, and a jewelled fan, by a gilded pomander, and by an amber chain. Dorian Gray was poisoned by a book. There were moments when he looked on evil simply as a mode through which he could realise his conception of the beautiful.”

Dorian Gray had conceived the idea that his life was the product of many preceding lives. The author causes him to make the following reflections: “He used to wonder at the shallow psychology of those who conceive the Ego in man as a thing simple, permanent, reliable, and of one essence. To him, man was a being with myriad lives and myriad sensations, a complex multiform creature that bore within itself strange legacies of thought and passion, and whose very flesh was tainted with the monstrous maladies of the dead. He loved to stroll through the gaunt cold picture-gallery of his country house and look at the various portraits of those whose blood flowed in his veins. Here was Philip Herbert, described by Francis Osborne in his *Memoirs of the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James*, as one who was “caressed by the Court for his handsome face, which kept him not long company.” Was it young Herbert's life that he sometimes led? Had some strange poisonous germ crept from body to body till it had reached his own? Was it some dim sense of that ruined grace that had made him so suddenly, and almost without cause, give utterance, in Basil Hallward's studio, to that mad prayer which had so changed his life? Here in gold embroidered red doublet, jewelled surcoat, and gilt edged ruff and wrist-bands, stood Sir Anthony Sherard, with his silver and black armour piled at his feet. What had this man's legacy been? Had the lover of Giovanna of Naples bequeathed him some inheritance of sin and shame? Were his own actions merely the dreams that the dead man had not dared to realise? Here, from the fading canvass smiled Lady Elizabeth Devereux, in her gauze hood, pearled stomacher, and pink slashed sleeves. A flower was in her right hand, and her left clasped an enamelled collar of white and damask roses. On a table by her side lay a mandolin and an apple. There were large green rosettes upon her little pointed shoes. He knew her life, and the strange stories that were told about her lovers. Had he something of her temperament in him? Those oval heavy-idded eyes seemed to look curiously at him. What of George Willoughby, with his powdered hair and fantastic patches? How evil he looked! The face was saturnine and swarthy, and the sensual lips seemed to be twisted with disdain. Delicate lace ruffles fell over the lean yellow hands that were so overlaid with rings. He had been a macaroni of the eighteenth century, and the friend, in his youth, of Lord Ferrars. What of the second Lord Sherard, the companion of the Prince Regent in his wildest days, and one of the witnesses of the secret marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert? How proud and handsome he was, with his chestnut curls and insolent pose! What passions had he bequeathed? The world had looked

upon him as infamous. He had led the orgies at Carlton House. The Star of the Garter glittered upon his breast. Beside him hung the portrait of his wife, a pallid, thin-lipped woman in black. Her blood also stirred within him. How curious it all seemed!”

What a pity Dorian did not see that the sole reason for a plurality of lives was that very thirst of the animal soul for the sensual pleasures of the material life in which he so wildly indulged, and yet with a diabolical, smooth, and easy method in his madness, seeking ever the externally beautiful. Beauty fled indeed before the gaunt ugliness of crime; but when this happened to Dorian, he coolly turned his back and went in search of new sensations. “And in his search for sensations that would be at once new and delightful, and possess that element of strangeness that is so essential to romance, he would often adopt certain modes of thought that he knew to be really alien to his nature, abandon himself to their subtle influences, and then, having, as it were, caught their colour and satisfied his intellectual curiosity, leave them with that curious indifference that is not incompatible with a real ardour of temperament, and that, indeed, according to certain modern psychologists is often a condition of it.”

Voil it as he would, his extreme moral corruption became known, crept out from behind skilful concealments, and was borne by the breath of gossip and scandal—whispering of its enormities. He was black-balled in a West End club, “and when brought by a friend into the smoking-room of the Carlton, the Duke of Berwick and another gentleman got up in a marked manner and went out. Curious stories became current about him after he had passed his twenty-fifth year. . . . Men would whisper to each other in corners, or pass him with a sneer, or look at him with cold, searching eyes. Of such insolences and attempted slights he, of course, took no notice, and in the opinion of most people his frank manner, his charming, boyish smile, and the infinite grace of that wonderful youth that seemed never to leave him were in themselves a sufficient answer to the calumnies (for so they called them) that were circulated about him.”

The life at length culminates in the commission of a crime of the most cruel, treacherous, and dastardly character. It is successfully concealed. The extraordinary coolness, even peace of mind, which Dorian experiences after this deed of horror is powerfully depicted. But he does feel a few momentary, weak qualms of conscience. He spares one of his victims, and he thinks of beginning a new life. Then imagining himself becoming purified he longs to see how his silent recorder looks. He expects to find some wonderful improvement in the aspect of the loathsome hidden self he has created. So he repairs to its hiding place. It is more loathsome than ever, and presents new aspects of ugliness. In a moment of supreme disgust and aversion he seizes a knife to destroy it. By so doing he ends his physical life.

The only occult explanation of the catastrophe which befalls him is, that he commits astral suicide by the murderous attack he ignorantly makes upon that which represented to him his own soul. The blow reverts to his physical body, and he falls dead.

There is in this book a wonderful spiritual insight into the inner life of the human being. Arising, in all probability from that intuition we all more or less possess; a sort of flash of truth upon the mind, which is not known at the moment to be really true, but is supposed to be the mere weaving of a graceful, prolific fancy. A similar power lay at the back of Mr. R. Stevenson's creation of Dr. Jekyll, casting upon the tale so powerful a spiritual light, that all readers were held by the spell of its enchantment. The same feeling of being under a spell fills the reader of “The Picture of Dorian Gray.” The same subtle, spiritual effect of the *aura of evil* flows out from the book—especially at those moments when Dorian is contemplating the image of his soul's corruption, not, in this instance, that the evil so powerfully felt poisons the mind as poor Dorian was poisoned for life by his French novel; but one gets a feeling of painful horror, and sickening disgust, it is not easy to shake off. One seems to have glanced momentarily into the deepest abysses of hell, and to have drawn back totally sickened by a subtle effluvium. This singular power possessed by both these writers reveals a certain growth or development in them of the spiritual nature, which need not necessarily, as yet, convert either of these gentlemen into saints, or angels, although doubtless they are both very good men.

The lesson taught by Mr. Oscar Wilde's powerful story is of the highest spiritual import; and if it can be, not believed merely, but accepted as a literal fact, a mysterious verity in the

life of the human being, that the invisible soul within the body, that alone which lives after death, is deformed, bestialised, and even murdered by a life of persistent evil, it ought to have the most beneficial effect upon society.

Let him depict the soul as he may, however, except in the case of Basil Hallward, Mr. Wilde never rises above the animal soul in man. It is the animal soul alone, dominated by a refined but perverted intellect, seeking an animal gratification in sensuous beauty, which he puts before us. Dorian Gray suffocated in its infancy the only germ of spiritual soul he possessed.

HYPNOTISM AT THE SALPÊTRIÈRE.

We quote this account, which appeared in the *Times*, in order to place on record what must be of import to our readers as a mere subject of study, and we offer no opinion as yet on the matter:—

A *Times* correspondent has been taken round the Salpêtrière Hospital, Paris, by permission of Dr. Charcot, and shown the hypnotic patients. He says:—Hypnotism in operation is divided, like the Gaul of Cæsar, into three parts, and the phenomena apparent in each of these stages are peculiar to that stage, and that stage alone. The first of these periods is lethargy, the second catalepsy, and the third somnambulism. To illustrate the three periods, a young woman of twenty-four, stoutly built, with a bright and intelligent face, was seated in a chair facing the window of the room in which the experiments were conducted. The girl was a highly hysterical subject, habitually insensible to pain on the left half of the body, but with sensation normal on the right. Evidence of insensibility was shown by the insertion of a probe in the flesh of the left forearm. The slightest prick or pinch on the right side excited remonstrances from the girl, with facial expressions and gestures appropriate to sudden pain. Almost suddenly the girl was thrown into a lethargy by gazing intently on a point near and above her eyes, and by Dr. Guinon closing her eyelids by pressing his thumbs on the eyeball until the lids were in contact. So profound was her slumber, that the probe was inserted again and again into the fleshy part of the girl's right arm without causing a tremor or a sign of sensation. In the next, or second hypnotic period, that of catalepsy—produced by simply raising the girl's eyelids until her large blue eyes stared with a painful absence of human expression—the patient was a lay figure, a mere automaton-clay in the hands of the medical potter. This is the earliest period at which suggestion is possible; but the automaton can receive but one idea at a time. The simulation of a church bell on a gong produced a smile, an ecstasy, an attitude of prayer, with eyes lowered and head and body meekly bowed. The bearing of the girl in this stage was quite pathetic, with such fidelity did she pursue the idea suggested to her by the demonstrator. A new series of experiments were now begun, which have not been hitherto described. These consisted in the suggestion of an idea to the patient by the insertion of a piece of red glass between her eyes and the light. When this was done the change of facial expression to one of horror and fear showed that she saw fire, incendiarism, and leaping flames. Gazing through a piece of blue glass, she saw the azure heavens. One idea led to another. Her hands clasped; her eyes, which were streaming with tears, beamed with the tenderest affection and delight. She sank upon her knees, and raised her hands as though the beatific vision were in sight, and nearly within her grasp. The introduction of yellow glass as a medium of suggestion produced an idea of tropical sunshine. The girl shades her eyes, breathes as though exposed to great heat, and gives further evidence of the pranks of a cataleptic idea at large in an empty head. The odour of sulphur and carbon gave rise to the idea of a filthy smell, and occasioned the gestures appropriate to the purgatory to which her nostrils were seemingly exposed. A very curious experiment followed. Ether is exhibited to hysterical patients in ordinary practice. The smell of ether not only suggested hysteria to the hypnotised girl, but her behaviour was that of women suffering from acute hysteria. The doctor whistled a valse, and marked time by striking a large tuning-fork. The girl rose, began to valse, quickened her step as the whistler accelerated the time, and stopped in a clumsy manner, fumbling with her feet, as the valse changed to a mazurka, a dance of which she was ignorant. The final demonstration of the second, or cataleptic, period was the successful establishment of a suggestion by touching first one cheek and then the other, while the sound of a kiss was made in

the air by the operator's lips. The idea evidently suggested was the kiss of some dear and near relative, for her eyes beamed with pleasure, and a softened and friendly expression of countenance revealed her pleasant thought. When, however, her lips were touched with the finger, and the osculatory crack exploded in mid air, the idea created was evidently that of a kiss snatched by some rude swain. Her brow corrugated with wrath. Her eye flashed. She shrank back in anger and disgust, and indicated in a manner that made very evident her sense of the outrage to which she had been subjected.

The third period, that of somnambulism, was now entered. It was produced by rubbing the hair on the top of the head. Sensibility on one side was at once re-established, and, but for her behaviour, there was nothing to convince the eye that she was not in her right senses. Strong sympathy and repugnance were established. Dr. Guinon was followed with watchful fidelity. From a friend accompanying me she shrank with uncomplimentary fervour. She became capable of retaining complex ideas. Speech was regained. Reason was laid aside. A file was bitten and pronounced to be good chocolate. On a suggestion from Dr. Guinon, a supposititious bird perched on her finger. She spoke of its coral beak, its bright eye. It was a paroquet. It flew away, and its flight was followed by a mournful eye. My friend, an English member of Parliament, was converted into a Chinaman. His robes, his chaussure, his pigtail, his slit eyes, were all described with microscopic exactness. As for me, I was a large block of ice with flowers growing on the surface. The girl picked three Maréchal Niel roses from my pencil-case, and in touching me shuddered with the cold, and cried that her hand was drenched. She pointed to the glacial streams flowing from me. Then she is told to sleep, and she sleeps, a thrust from the blood-producing probe giving the required testimonial to the reality of her slumbers. She was told to sleep until the hat of one of us was removed. It was quietly removed, and as quietly the girl rubbed her eyes, yawned, and awoke. The experiments in this stage were too numerous to relate. She poisoned the Chinaman with arsenic, and wept bitterly at her crime. In giving him the phantom cup she gasped, "Drink it not; the cup is poisoned." A portrait of Dr. Charcot was seen on a blank sheet of paper. The sheet was privately marked at the back, inserted far up among other and similar blank sheets, which the girl inspected. When she arrived at the blank sheet supposed to be Dr. Charcot's portrait she at once stopped, and commented upon it.

ST. CECILIA.

In the *English Illustrated Magazine* for the current month Lewis Morris has a fine poem entitled "St. Cecilia," from which we make a brief extract. This is the death-song of the virgin saint: and this the sequel as the poet's eye sees it:—

Then she raised her voice
In soaring hymns of praise, and with her sang
The quire of Angels, chanting row on row
Celestial strains, and the rapt hearers knew
The sound of Heavenly voices and the lyres
Of the angelic company; and yet,
When her voice soared no longer, but was still,
Fair dying echoes, fainter and more faint,
Stole downward from the skies, and then were lost
Within the Heavens—the music of a soul
Which swells the eternal concert and is blest.

And still where once she sang, the unfailing grace
Of music rises Heavenward, day by day;
For, as she would, they built a stately church
Above her. There, when centuries were past,
The Pontiff Paschal found her body lie,
Wrapt in a tissue of gold, and by her side
Her husband and his brother.

And, again,
After long centuries they built a shrine,
And in it laid an image of the saint
In Parian marble. On her side she rests
As one asleep; the delicate hands are crossed,
Wrist upon wrist; a clinging vestment drapes
The virgin limbs, and round her slender throat
A golden circle masks her cruel wound.
And there she lies for all to see; but still
Her voice is sounding in the Eternal Psalm
Which the Church singeth ever, evermore,
The Church on earth, the Church of Saints in Heaven.

THE credulous man stands higher spiritually than the incredulous. Why? Because all growth and real power depends upon the absorption of Divine fire, and belief opens the pores. —F. B. Dowd.

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

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Light:

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

SATURDAY, JULY 12th, 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.

ON FADDISM.

Our mind has been devoted recently to what we may call, without offence, Faddism. No respectable man is without a fad; and we may, therefore, disclaim any sort of offence when we use the term. We have our faddists in politics, plenty of them in theology, and any number of them in daily life. One man, otherwise sane, will not let one alone unless one consents to eat whole meal bread, or to use Eno's Fruit Salt, or to take Beecham's pills. Another man, not provably insane, will worry one to death on vegetarianism. If a man is to be saved he must eat cabbage or its equivalent. Another man will tell you with portentous gravity that the salvation of the race depends on a crusade against the consumption of alcohol even in homœopathic doses. Another will tell you that tobacco is a silent form of poison. Another, more bold, will assert that the man who does not cry out violently against what may be, and which not necessarily must be bad, and therefore to be condemned, is little less than a traitor to his cause. It escapes the notice of the critic that the subject on which he desires the world to agree with him has nothing whatever to do with the special subject on which we express ourselves. That is a mere detail. Every fad comes to Spiritualism.

Now, we have no objection to fads. Every form of truth has been in its time a fad, as every man has been an infant. No truth that we have to-day has not been derided as a fad in its infantine days. Therefore we do not laugh at fads. We do not even smile at them. But we have our own private fad which the world does laugh at—yet, and we are not disposed to weight it with what may be dispensed with. Consequently, we have not encumbered our columns with subjects which do not concern Spiritualism. There is an occult attraction for many Spiritualists to such subjects as vaccination and vivisection—not to mention a dozen other perfectly irrelevant topics. When such questions come up for discussion one sees how fads rule the mind, and how little the central truths that a Spiritualist is supposed to hold influence him. He will fight in a white fury for his fad. He will retire into modest somnolence over his central belief. Perish the truth—it can take care of itself—but nurture the fad.

We are disposed to say that this indispensable accident of new thought should be recognised and reduced to the smallest proportions. Spiritualists should avoid connection with fads. Those may be as true as Gospel. In propor-

tion as they are true they enlist the attention of progressive minds, and so it chances that a mind that has to fight for our subject becomes dissipated over a number of stray subjects, and so force is wasted. It is a tremendous gain to the new world of thought that there should be specialists in thought. And no specialist takes up more than one subject.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Pursuant to a circular, and a public call issued in the *Two Worlds* over the signatures of Mrs. E. H. Britten and Messrs. J. J. Morse and E. W. Wallis, on behalf of a *pro tem.* committee of sixteen persons, a Conference of Spiritualists was held in the Co-operative Assembly Rooms, Downing-street, Manchester, on Sunday last, the 6th inst.

Among the towns sending delegates to represent societies at the Conference were Bradford (two societies), Burnley (two societies), Batley, Blackburn, Bacup, Bolton, Batley Carr, Darwen, Glasgow, Halifax, Huddersfield, Keighley (Assembly Rooms), Leeds (Institute), Longton, London, Liverpool, Manchester, Macclesfield, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Oldham (Temple), Pendleton, Rawtenstall, Stockport, Salford, South Shields, Slaithwaite, Tyne Dock, Walsall, Whitworth, and the Yorkshire Federation (fifteen societies); while, in addition, there were personal representatives from Keighley, Leeds, Rhodes, Brighouse, Warrington, Wilmslow, and Rochdale. The actual number of societies and towns represented exceeded fifty, and at the afternoon session upwards of one hundred delegates, representatives and visitors were present.

The morning session was opened at 10.30, with Mr. J. Lamont (Liverpool) in the chair. After a hymn by the company, and an invocation by Mrs. Britten, the Chairman congratulated the company present on the success that had crowned the labours of the Committee in getting the Conference arranged. While other attempts at organisation had done their part, none had entirely failed. Each had been stepping-stones to success. The present gathering was full of profound significance. It meant unity, order, fraternity. Each of us had a power for good, and each working for all, success would ultimately crown our work. Their business was important, so he would not detain them, but at once would call for the secretary's report upon correspondence and delegates.

Mr. J. B. Tetlow, Hon. Sec. (Pendleton), announced that he had heard from fifty delegates, representing forty-four societies, who were then present. He had received letters of warm sympathy from the societies at Keighley, Leeds, Barrow-in-Furness, Peckham, and Preston. In all the Committee had received over 200 letters, 95 per cent. heartily approving the movement now in hand.

The preliminary duties having been disposed of, the Chairman then announced that the moving of the previously published resolutions would then be in order. He then called upon

Mr. J. J. Morse (Liverpool) to move the following resolution:—

That this assembly of representative Spiritualists considers that an annual movable conference of the Spiritualists of Great Britain and Ireland is a necessity of the present position and importance of our movement.

Mr. Morse gave a brief historical summary of conferences, held in 1866-7-8-9 in Darlington, Newcastle-on-Tyne, London, and Manchester; in 1872 in Darlington; in 1873 in Liverpool; and in 1880 in Manchester. At the time of the first Conference the public presentation of Spiritualism was in its infancy, and but few societies existed. At the present time upwards of 130 public assemblies were held every Sunday. The interests committed to our care were vast, and increasing in importance every year. Mutual counsel was more and more necessary. Experiences needed to be exchanged, commented upon, and their lessons applied. An annual gathering of representative people could deal with many things pertaining to the good order of our cause, in a way that would carry conviction and force. It would show us a united body to the outside world.

Dr. William Britten (Manchester) seconded the resolution in a few earnest remarks, and

Mr. W. Johnson (Hyde) supported it with an earnest and effective plea, urging that the closer societies were united the greater the support they obtained, and the more and better work they could do.

Mr. James Robertson (Glasgow) warmly supported the resolution, as did Mr. R. Wortley (London) who laid strong emphasis upon the value of union and unity.

Mr. J. Armitage (Batley) desired to see such union accomplished. By it a moral power would be developed that would check the presence of unprepared advocates upon our platform, and enable societies to work with each other for the common good.

The resolution was then put to the vote, and unanimously adopted.

Mr. H. A. Kersey (Newcastle-on-Tyne) then moved :—

That whilst we deem the phenomenal and religious aspects of our movement as of equal importance and essentially necessary each to the other, yet we strongly deprecate the habit of holding circles on Sunday evenings—a practice tending to draw off the interest of inquirers and Spiritualists from the Sunday evening public services, thereby limiting the usefulness of Spiritual societies' efforts to present the religious and philosophical aspects of the cause.

In moving this resolution he desired to advocate order, as well as unity. He did not condemn the phenomena, or the circle. He regretted that circles were held so as to draw off our audiences, by the very members of societies who had rented meeting places and obtained speakers; and who, therefore, ought to attend to see that their own desires in these matters were successfully carried out. He had no desire to crush out the spirit, but he thought, as there were six other nights in the week when such gatherings could be held, that, where Sunday services were held in a town, some other night than Sunday could be selected.

Mr. E. Raynor (Oldham Temple) seconded the resolution. He had seen, and regretted, the effects of the practice involved in this resolution. He felt it was hurtful to our interest. If Spiritualists decide to maintain a place of service it was their place to attend and support it.

Mr. Fielding (Oldham) supported the resolution, and Mrs. Craven (Leeds) urged that, if mediums would decline to sit during service times, the question would be met. She would, hereafter, adopt that course.

Mr. J. G. Grey (South Shields) earnestly supported the spirit of the resolution. In his experience he had seen the evils resulting from the matter, in the harm done to our public work.

Mr. W. Johnson (Hyde) thought our societies failed in not providing their members with adequate means of observing and investigating the phenomena. But he urged that it be done decently and in order, and without interference with the regular Sunday services.

Mr. Wakefield (Leeds) stated that if societies provided good speakers he, and many like himself, would support them. But when they only provided speakers who talked stuff, he preferred the home circle.

After some more or less desultory discussion, the resolution was amended by inserting the words "during the services" after the words "Sunday evenings" in the resolution, and as thus amended it was unanimously adopted.

The morning session was then closed.

Punctually to time the Conference convened in the afternoon at 2 p.m., being opened by a vocal solo, "Gates of the West," sung by Miss Maud Walker in an exceedingly sweet manner; after which the Chairman called upon

Mrs. E. H. Britten (Manchester) to move the following resolution :—

That the time has come for a greater unanimity of opinion concerning the fundamental basis of our philosophy, so that the terms Spiritualism and Spiritualists may be associated with an accepted and definite significance.

Mrs. Britten urged that Spiritualism was a religion founded upon fact. It place our immortality in the arms of certainty. It urges that we come from the source of all spirit—God. It was not a belief, it is knowledge. She had tested the creeds and found them wanting. It was the science of spirit, and it was necessary that there be some accepted basis that, as Spiritualists, we could accept. Spirit-communion, the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man were our foundations.

Mr. Newton (Leeds) seconded the resolution.

Mr. Alfred Kitson (Batley) felt that we needed something definite to put before the people—a philosophy based upon our phenomena.

Mr. W. Kerr (Newcastle-on-Tyne) said Spiritualism, unless it was a religion, was of very little use. We must unite on a fundamental basis; he thought on a religious basis.

After a few words from Mr. Bush, the resolution was put to the meeting and carried *nem. con.*

Mr. W. Johnson (Hyde) then moved :—

That the position of Spiritual societies and Spiritual mediums before the law is unsatisfactory, and demands amendment, and forcibly urged that our rights were ignored by the state of the law, as it stands to-day, for mediums might be haled before

the courts under laws that were never intended to apply in such cases.

Mrs. Britten seconded the resolution, which, after Mr. Morse had supported it with a few timely remarks, and a reference to the Statutes under which proceedings could be taken, as referred to in "M.A. (Oxon's.)" pamphlet upon *The State of the Law as Affecting Public Mediums*, was carried by the Conference.

Mr. E. W. Wallis (Manchester) next moved :—

That considering the number and importance of Spiritualist societies now existing, their federal unity is desirable and expedient, but that such unity shall in no case involve a sacrifice of local self-government or freedom of action.

He said, as already stated, we had, in twenty-five years, risen to 130 societies, comprising several thousands of members, so he thought the time of isolated action was past. Such work had done incalculable good in the past, but now it was needful to unite, and show a solid front. Spiritualism is aggressive. Seemingly all hands had been against us, but our hands were helping all. We needed union—not for priestcraft or creed-making—but to better propagate our facts and principles. Towns need help. New ground needs opening up. Literature needs distributing. Our facts require presentation. Workers need to be distributed more effectively. If our people were united, all this, and much more, could easily be done.

After being cordially seconded by Mr. J. Graham (Tyne Dock) and an earnest speech being made in favour by Mr. A. Kitson, who heartily endorsed the resolution, it was carried by acclamation.

The final formal resolution was :—

That the next next year's Conference Committee be requested to gather the opinions of societies, representative workers, and Spiritualists upon such subjects as are suggested in the foregoing resolutions, and report thereon at the next annual meeting.

Moved by Mr. H. Boardman, and upon being seconded, was accepted at once by the Conference.

The Conference then proceeded to elect a committee, to carry out the purposes of the above resolution, during the next year, those who had constituted the *pro tem.* Committee that had convened the present Conference. The place of the next Conference was fixed as Bradford, and the date as the first Sunday in July, 1891. Mr. J. Lamont (Liverpool) was unanimously elected President of the Conference Committee for the ensuing twelve months, and hearty votes of thanks were passed to the members and secretary of the late (*pro tem.*) Committee for their able services, after which the Conference adjourned.

The day's proceedings closed with a public meeting, which was attended by a very large audience, and the proceedings at which consisted of short addresses from Mrs. E. H. Britten, J. J. Morse, E. W. Wallis, J. B. Tetlow, J. Armitage, W. Johnson, H. A. Kersey, and other prominent workers and advocates, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music.

PROPHETIC UTTERANCES.

Fate and Fortune (No. 1) comes to us "conducted by Sepharial" and published by Foulsham and Co., 4, Pilgrim-street, Ludgate Hill, E.C. It costs threepence and is a thirty-two page magazine devoted chiefly to astrology and kindred subjects. We are informed that the recent eclipse is likely to cause "diseases, pestilences and much mortality." We shall watch the recorded death-rate without much anxiety. Also from April to September the Prince of Wales will be "in grave danger, especially during August and September." We are of opinion that these vague and sporadic prophecies should not be published at all. They are usually worthless and sometimes mischievous, if people regard them with any seriousness. Some of the prophecies strike us as remarkable. For instance, a child born on July 13th will be "fairly successful, but must avoid public life. A female child will lose her relations in life very suddenly." Now why should the boy born on July 13th be "fairly successful" if he "avoids public life," and the girl lose her relations in life (all apparently) very suddenly? There does not seem any clear reason. Then if you are born on the 18th, you have "many expenses and few receipts," which people who are born on other days sometimes have. If you are born on the 19th, you will, as a child, be "disposed to change," which may be awkward, but you "will be fortunate through public bodies," a vaticination which we do not profess to interpret. If you come into the world on the 28th, you will be "extravagant, disorderly, and untidy." If on the 31st, you will be "frank and out-spoken, just, humane and generous: fortunate, especially if born during the night." These predictions fill us with surprise.

MORE EXPERIENCES.

By "X. Y. Z."

In the spring of the same year mentioned in my last article, I was much interested in a polo tournament about to be held at Meerut.

A then great friend of mine was to take part in this, and as he was addicted to falling off occasionally, though in reality a splendid rider and player, I was feeling rather anxious on his account. I again called Ruth to my assistance. We shut ourselves up in my room and I mesmerised the water as before. Ruth, however, requesting me to place a piece of brown paper under the tumbler of water, declaring she could see more plainly when that was beneath it.

She placed her hands round the glass to exclude the light.

"Go to Meerut," I said, steadily.

After impatiently waiting for about ten minutes, Ruth said, "I am there."

"Find Sahib——" I said, mentioning the name of my friend.

"I see a tall, dark man, dressed in blue and white; he has a slight black moustache, and is thin, with large, fierce eyes."

"Follow him and tell me how he gets on."

"He gets on all right; but the other side is winning. Ah!" she cried out, piteously, "a gentleman has been bitten by a horse in the leg. He is in great pain."

"Not my friend?" I inquired anxiously.

"No! not Mem Sahib's friend; this is a fair gentleman, red faced, with very light hair."

"Ask his name," I said, fixing my eyes intently on her, and exerting my will-power to its uttermost.

"I can't; how can I?" she said, doubtfully.

"Do as I bid you," I replied firmly.

"I will ask his syce," she said, "if you can make me visible to him."

I tried with all my might. All to no use!

"Stop! I hear his name, it is Captain ——."

I almost jumped out of my chair with delight. My friend, I thought, she might have recognised from his photograph; but this other man she had never seen, never heard me mention. Indeed, I had never even thought of him since I left the up-country station in which my husband's battery and his regiment had previously been quartered.

I don't remember now which side it was that eventually won the tournament, fully five years having elapsed since that time; but this I do remember, however.

When my husband returned in the evening, I asked him if he had any news of the polo tournament. "No," he said, "we shall not hear until to-morrow."

"I can give you some news, though," I said "Ruth asserts that Captain ——, of the 17th Lancers, has been bitten in the leg. —— is all right though, but from what Ruth saw I fancy our friends were losing." My husband laughed.

"We shall see to-morrow if Ruth is again right," he said.

He told the officers at the Royal Artillery mess of my last "tumbler-telegram," as they called them, and I believe much merriment was excited at my gullibility.

Let those laugh who win, though. The telegrams the next day proved Ruth's story to be perfectly correct in every particular.

Soon after this a friend of my husband's came to see us. This gentleman was the cantonment magistrate at Assigurgh. My husband was telling him about Ruth and her strange powers, when he asked me if I had any objection to his testing them, to the end that he might recover some valuable property he had lost.

"I must tell you, however," he said to me, "that I am an utter sceptic; and it will require strong proof to convince me." I felt rather offended; for if the girl was a humbug, I was a dupe or worse. I sent for Ruth who was as indignant as myself.

At first she distinctly refused to do the Sahib's bidding, but I impressed it upon her that the credit of both of us was at stake, on which she at length unwillingly consented.

The usual preliminaries having been gone through, he questioned her through me, as follows:—

"Go to Assigurgh and describe my bedroom in it."

This she did, correctly too, as he at once acknowledged.

"Now tell me what I have lost."

"I see a box, not a large box. It is a tin one, it contains money and a roll of papers."

"Right you are," exclaimed the astonished major. "Now tell me where that box is now."

"It is in a small room. Shall I open it?"

"Yes, and tell me what is in it."

She paused a little.

"Only papers, Sahib, the money is gone."

"Describe the man who took it."

"He is not there, the room is empty."

"Look for him."

"He is in Sahib's room. He is a little dark man with a pleasant face, his dress is white, he has a scarlet cummerbund, and a scarlet and gold turban. He has a scar on his left hand."

"My butler, by Jingo! The very man I suspected, too," cried the major.

A few days afterwards, when Major —— had returned to Assigurgh, he wrote to me and told me he had found the box, as described, in his servant's house, or rather cabin; but that no papers remained in it. It was empty. This was the only thing that was not correct in Ruth's statement.

I conclude she saw the box before the papers were removed from it. I often found that she did not seem to have much control over time, as regarded past events, though she would describe the actual occurrence rightly enough.

At another time I lost a piece of pale pink satin embroidered with silver. It could be found nowhere, I was unwilling to believe that either of my servants had taken it, for they were devoted to me, and had one and all been in my service a long time, with the exception of my Dirzee.* I could not suspect him of having taken it, as he never, by any chance, so far as I was aware of, had access to my rooms. However, through Ruth he was detected as the thief, and returned the missing article, though he spread the report that I was a witch afterwards on hearing how the theft had been discovered.

THE "FREE LIFE."

The *Free Life*, with which is incorporated the *Political World* (No. 6), reaches us. We find in it much that is fresh and true. But it puzzles us a bit. There is, for example, a column and a quarter "Half an Hour with Mr. Stead," in the course of which we are told that "A cardinal in London should constantly address to the Vatican the prayer of poor Marie Bashkirtseff, 'I do not ask Thee to help me. I only entreat Thee not to hinder me in my work.'" Mr. Herbert very rightly protests against the barefaced bribery that the editor of the *Review of Reviews* is guilty of in founding a scholarship for women who can get up and stand an examination in his paper. What a new terror to life!

From the *Free Life* we cut this little poem, which seems to us to put into worthy words appreciation of worthy deeds.

TO MISS FAWCETT.

Brave daughter of the man we loved,
Who chose the nobler part,
And, seeing not this outward world,
Saw deeper to its heart.

Let others vie to raise the cheer
And swell the generous praise—
The sweet reward of toil endured
Through long succeeding days:
If hushed our voice, 'tis that we look
Beyond this mimic strife,
And see the world's broad field of fight
That waits thy coming life.

Go, tread the path thy father trod!
Go, wear his open heart!
Stand proud alone, scorn fear, hate lies,
Shame every crooked part!

Oh, daughter of the man who lived
By gain and loss unbought,
Cast all behind thee but the aim
To fight as once he fought!

The *Political World*, which is issued with the *Free Life*, is edited by Mr. St. George Lane Fox. We do not know that we can quote from it a more characteristic utterance than this. "The whole class of so-called business men are a set of impostors. A business man is a brainless dummy who is whirled along in the great social and commercial currents which genius alone divines and directs." That is a sufficient sample of the contents.

We trust that Mr. Auberon Herbert may be able to do what he proposes and to give us all light as he desires.

* A native tailor.

DREAMS.

Hudson Tuttle communicates to the *Progressive Thinker* an interesting article from which we make some extracts :—

Such stuff as dreams are made of may at times be of most substantial quality. In fact, the mind appears more active and capable when asleep than while awake of receiving the strength from a superior source. The symbolism which sometimes accompanies dreams is beautifully illustrated in the following :—

A bunch of white crape hung on the door at 18, Winter-street, Detroit, Mich., September 8th. Inside the house a young Polish woman, Susan Molafsky, was wringing her hands and crying bitterly. Her four months old baby had died. To the neighbours Mrs. Molafsky said that a short time before the birth of the child she dreamed that she and some friends were looking at the sky, when she saw a white thing in the air fly around like a charmed bird that could not get away from its charmer. It gradually came downward until she made it out to be a white dove. It came on down gradually, making its graceful rounds shorter and shorter, until it fluttered to her face and lit upon her shoulder. In a few days her child was born. About a week ago Mrs. Molafsky had another remarkable dream, but this time the snowy white dove took its departure from her shoulder, and, fluttering around and around, it ascended higher and higher into the azure blue, until it was lost to sight. She thought nothing more of the occurrence until Friday, when the death of the child recalled the two dreams.

Had this lady dreamed that her child would be born and die the shock would have been so great before the communication was half received that she would have awakened, and it would have been impossible to have finished. The emblem of a dove engaged her fancy, and while conveying no meaning to her passive mind, was easily translated when the waking powers were active.

In further illustration is a dream related by Mary H. Watkins, of Ypsilanti, Mich.

I dreamed that I was standing on the shore of a large lake or sea, with a wall extending for some distance along the bank between myself and the edge of the water. Suddenly I became conscious that people were hurrying around the nearest end of the wall, and I knew that something had happened. But when I attempted to follow the crowd, I could not move. I was powerless under the terrible realisation that some one dear to me, I knew not who, lay drowned on the other side.

Just then I awoke, weeping bitterly. All that morning I was oppressed by a feeling of impending evil, a feeling that I struggled unsuccessfully to throw off, as having its source in the unreal experience of a few hours previous.

On my return from school that noon I found the household in a state of great agitation, caused by the receipt of a despatch from a friend in Chicago, saying that the *Sea Bird* had burned on Lake Michigan that morning; that Steve, my brother, was among the passengers, and was supposed to have perished. As my mother broke the sad tidings to me she hastened to add : "But we do not think that Steve is lost, for he is a splendid swimmer; always self-possessed."

"Oh, but he is lost, he is drowned, I know it, and that is why I had that terrible dream." And I could receive no consolation.

I then related my dream, and the intensity of my belief in the truth of it so affected the rest of the family that I think their loss of hope dated upon the telling of my tale. A few sorrowful days, and the uncertainty was ended, my dream was a reality.

My brother cared more for me than for anyone else in the world.

Those who exalt telepathy or thought-transference may see in this instance the intense thought of a brother in mortal peril transferred to the sister's mind; but how much more rational that the spirit of that brother, finding itself freed from bodily restraint, came to the sister he loved best in the world, and while unable to make his thoughts or presence fully known to her, yet prepared her for the terrible news she was soon to hear.

In contrast to this, as an instance when thought-transference is the most probable explanation, we give the following dream, as related by Mrs. Chase, Topeka, Kansas.

I dreamed it was morning, and that I had gone downstairs and was near my stove, in front of it, and that I heard someone coming down the stairs with a heavy step. Turning my head, there stood in the doorway my sister's husband, and he told me

that she had just been confined, and wanted me immediately. I awoke my husband and told him my dream. On discovering that it was morning, and very late, we forgot the dream in our hurry, and I told my husband I would run down to the kitchen and make the fire while he was dressing, and gain a little time thereby. I went down without any thought of my dream, and was starting the fire when I heard heavy steps on the stairs. I turned my head just as I dreamed, and there in the doorway stood my brother-in-law, who said, "Nannie has been confined, and wants you to come immediately." If my dream had been photographed, there would not have been a shadow of difference; the two would have made perfect twin pictures.

The finding of lost articles and solution of business difficulties are often the subject of dreams, though not as often as would be anticipated when the pre-occupation of the minds of most people in worldly affairs is considered. There are friends on the other side who have yet no aspiration above the old ways of life, who take interest in human affairs, and assist in these dreams. The following illustrates what small things they may notice and consider worthy of attention :—

Mrs. James Burr, on one occasion visited a store at Stepney Depot, Ct., to do some trading. She had a ten dollar gold piece, but she did not use it, having other money. On arriving home the gold piece was missing. That night she had a dream, in which she saw the interior of the grocery store pictured plainly. In one corner stood an open box of oranges, and this seemed to attract her gaze especially. She harnessed her horse after breakfast and drove to the store. There she told of the loss of her money. She repeated her dream to the storekeeper, and asked him to look in the orange-box. He very kindly took out the fruit, and there, down in the corner, lay the missing coin. Mrs. Burr then remembered that she had examined the oranges and probably had the open purse in her hand at the time.

Yet here the spiritual explanation may not be assured, although by far the most reasonable. It may be said that the lady, when the coin dropped from her purse, unconsciously observed it. Her eyes saw it, and the brain recorded the impression, although the consciousness was not aroused. During sleep, the mind, excited by the anxiety of the loss, revived or completed the process. The brain was like a photographic plate on which an image is taken, but not developed. The image cannot be seen until brought out by the later process.

Perhaps it will be urged by zealous Spiritualists that I admit too much; that I open so many wide breaches in the wall that I might as well give the citadel over to the enemy at once. I have only to say that it is the truth we desire, not the simple defence of any theory or belief, and if we trust ourselves behind a rampart constructed of alternate blocks of truth and error, the whole will have the weakness of the most unreliable part.

In contrast, here is another dream, which introduces not only the interference of spirit-intelligence, but of prophecy of an event, given symbolically, which would appear difficult to fore-know.

A gentleman, carrying on business in Glasgow, and not in any sense a betting man or given to horse-racing, dreamed that he had been able to build a nice house at Blair Athol by means of a sum of money won on the turf. The dream for him needed an interpreter, and as he dreamt it again, and yet again, he took courage to tell a neighbour of his what had occurred, and to ask if he could read it. "That is easy enough," said his friend, who was well versed in all horsey matter; "it means that Blair Athol will win the Derby, and that if you back that horse you will win your money; and if I were you I should do so; at all events, I shall at once accept the hint and tempt Fortune to do me a favour." The gentleman who was most interested tried his fortune also, and had the satisfaction of winning his money.

THE Other World Order of the late Mr. William White is still available to purchasers. It is published by E. W. Allen, 11, Ave Maria-lane, E.C., and is sold at three shillings. The fore-words are quaint: "Said the angel, 'Whatever in you is at variance with God is cursed, and must cease.' 'Then,' said I, 'damnation is another word for my salvation.' 'Even so,' he replied."

THE worst of trying to get on in my profession, said the doctor, is that men are obliged to be, or to appear to be, religious, in order to become rich and fashionable. So they mix up "the Lord" and "my lord" until it is impossible to tell the difference between religion and humbug. The only sort of ambition that does not degrade a man is the determination to do some real work in the world, to leave his mark, although he may never be talked about. Social climbing, or getting on, always ends in moral degradation.—*Captain Lobe*, p. 93, by JOHN LAW.

RELIGION.

Religion is natural to man. It exists among the lowest tribes and the most enlightened people. With it is associated whatever is lofty and noble, with, too, whatever is degrading and cruel in human thought and action. Under its influence the brutal instincts may be aroused and impel to deeds of murder, or the moral sentiments may acquire an intensity prompting to ready sacrifice of self for the good of others.

Primarily religion is emotion. It has been wrought into man's nature during his intellectual and moral evolution. It is an expression of his relation to the eternal power manifested in the world of phenomena. It has arisen by the recognition of a power to which all living creatures bear a relation of dependence, by the contemplation of the manifold mysteries of the universe. Its evolution commenced early in the mental life of man, and the religious sentiment or feeling is, therefore, no late acquirement; it is deep in man's nature, and when aroused it stirs into activity his whole being. Whether it urges to good or evil conduct depends upon the intellectual and moral development which has accompanied the religious evolution. The highest religion is "morality," to quote Matthew Arnold's definition, "touched with emotion," or to speak more accurately, where the moral nature is high, religion manifests itself in arousing and intensifying the moral feelings, and urging to activity in moral lines. Without moral enlightenment religion may, as if often does, impel to the basest crimes. "When," says Dr. Willis, Spinoza's biographer, "we recognise it [Schleiermacher's view of religion] we readily understand how religious emotion may be associated with crime and immorality, as well as with the highest moral excellence; how a Jacques Clement and Balthasar Gerard may confess themselves to the priest and take the sacrament of the body and blood of the Saviour by way of strengthening them in their purpose to commit crimes that have made their memories infamous; how punctilious attention to Bible reading and devout observance among criminals of a less terrible stamp do not necessarily imply hypocrisy and cunning, as so commonly assumed, when these unhappily constituted beings are found again engaged in their objectionable courses. The piety—the religion—displayed is a perfectly truthful manifestation of the emotional element in the nature of man which seeks and finds satisfaction in acts implying intercourse with deity, but neither seeks nor finds satisfaction in acts of honesty and virtue in the world. We have here an explanation of how it happens that our penitentiaries are filled with the worst sort of criminals, whose lives, prior to the detection of their crimes, were characterised by eminent piety, and a strict regard for religious observances."

Schleiermacher's statement regarding religion to which Dr. Willis refers, is as follows:—"Religion belongs neither to the domain of science nor morals, is essentially neither knowledge nor conduct, but emotion only, specific in its nature and inherent in the immediate consciousness of each individual man. Hence comes the vast variety of religious conception and of religious system observed in the world—variety, not only thus to be accounted for, but apprehended as a necessity of human nature." Although religion is primarily emotion, it is not correct to say that it does not belong to the domain of science, unless, indeed, science be defined so as to have meaning only in relation to physical phenomena. Science is classified knowledge; and knowledge obtained by studying the manifestations of the religious sentiment, among savage and civilised men alike, in beliefs, observances, and practices, comes as strictly within the province of science, as does knowledge in regard to human speech or the motions of the planets. Of course, religion includes not only emotion, but doctrines. Alexander von Humboldt said that, "all positive religions contain three distinct parts. First, a code of morals very fine and nearly the same in all; second, a geological dream; and third, a myth or historical novelette." Religions, as thus defined, are those which have, in their latest stages, been evolved in association with speculative thought and developed moral conceptions.

In its highest form religion is manifested in the character and conduct of a Mill, an Emerson—popularly supposed to have had no religion at all—a Garrison, a Lincoln, a Florence Nightingale, and all those, "whose heroic sufferings," as Carlyle says, "rise up melodiously together unto Heaven, out of all times, and out of all lands, as a sacred *Miserere*, their heroic actions also, as a boundless, everlasting psalm of triumph."—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

PRINCIPLE is the magnet which holds the man steadily to the polar star of power.—F. B. Dowd.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Pre-Existence.

SIR,—A long spell of exhausting work must be my excuse for allowing Mr. A. R. Wallace's courteous letter to remain so long unnoticed. But that delay has had its advantages, for your able correspondent, "C. C. M.," among others, has meanwhile thrown on the consideration of the subject the light of his eminent critical power.

Mr. Wallace, speaking of the various natures with which we are born, says:—

I look on these diverse natures as the necessary result of the mode of increase of all but the lowest organisms, through the agency of male and female. This mode of increase has been the means of supplying the variations which have led to the continuous development of the organic world with all its myriad forms of use and beauty; in mankind they lead to that infinite diversity of intellectual and moral nature, of tastes, habits, faculties, and inspirations, which are in all probability, by their action and reaction on each other, equally essential for the full development of the highest nature of man.

Now, sir, Mr. Wallace published last year a work of a very high order, of so high an order that I feel some trepidation even in referring to it. That work *Darwinism* was reviewed in "LIGHT" on August 24th, 1889. Among the points noticed in the review were the striking remarks of Mr. Wallace as to the development of the mathematical faculty, and I should like to put it to Mr. Wallace whether the review does or does not represent the meaning he intended to convey. I quote from "LIGHT":—

After referring to the introduction of Algebra, Mr. Wallace goes on:—

It is, however, during the last three centuries only that the civilised world appears to have become conscious of the possession of a marvellous faculty which . . . has developed to an extent, the full grandeur of which can be appreciated only by those who have devoted some time (even if unsuccessfully) to the study.

Now, says Mr. Wallace, the savage either did or did not possess this faculty in a rudimentary state; if he did, then,

We have to ask by what means has this faculty been so rapidly developed in all civilised races, many of which a few centuries back were, in this respect, almost savages themselves; while in the latter case the difficulty is still greater, for we have to assume the existence of a faculty which had never been used either by the supposed possessors of it or by their ancestors.

Mr. Wallace takes the least difficult of these suppositions, namely, that the savage had the rudiments of the faculty. How then, he asks, has it become developed so as to produce a Newton, a La Place, a Gauss, or a Cayley? Admitting all gradations between the two extremes, the savage and Newton, what motive power caused its development? Now the process of natural selection and of the survival of the fittest depends entirely on struggle of some kind, and Mr. Wallace shows how in "the struggles of savage man with the elements, and with wild beasts, or of tribe with tribe" this faculty could have had no influence, and he points out with great emphasis that the Hindoos, the Arabs, the Greeks, and the Romans, all of whom had some amount of mathematical talent, have been supplanted by the Celts, the Teutons, and the Slavs, the fittest for survival—these last-mentioned races not having depended for "their steadily growing success during past centuries either on the possession of any exceptionally mathematical faculty or on its exercise." Mr. Wallace concludes, then, that we must look elsewhere for the development of the mathematical faculty.

Mr. Wallace again looks at this same faculty from another point of view. He shows that:—

The characters developed by means of natural selection will be present in all the individuals of a species, and, though varying, will not vary widely from a common standard. . . . In accordance with this law, we find that all those characters which were certainly essential to him during his early stages of development exist in all savages with some approach to equality. In the speed of running, in bodily strength, in skill with weapons, in acuteness of vision, or in power of following, all are fairly proficient. . . . So, every wren makes a fairly good nest, &c.

Now as to this mathematical faculty, probably fewer than one in a hundred really possesses it, the great bulk of the population having no natural ability for the study, or feeling the slightest interest in it. And if we attempt to measure the amount of variation in the faculty itself between a first-class mathematician and the ordinary run of people, who find any kind of calculation confusing and altogether devoid of interest, it is probable that the former could not be estimated at less than a hundred times the latter, and perhaps a thousand times would more nearly measure the difference between them.

If this be a true representation of Mr. Wallace's argument, an argument which I gladly made use of in my address, how does he reconcile it with the assertion in his letter that the "ordinary mode of increase" is sufficient to explain the infinite diversity of intellectual and moral nature that exists among mankind? Has not Mr. Wallace, in his dislike for the notion of pre-existence, attributed the whole of the phenomena of man's diversity to that very process of natural selection which, as he himself says, "appears not to be supported by adequate evidence, and to be directly opposed to many well-ascertained facts"?

If there be one faculty, no matter of what kind, if there be one faculty which can be shown to be the outcome of something which is not due to the ordinary mode of increase, and I submit that Mr. Wallace has shown that there is at least one such

faculty, then I say all that part of the argument contained in his letter falls to the ground.

Mr. Wallace is right in supposing that I admit development, thereby meaning the immediate effects of immediate causes as presented in the sequences that we are able to appreciate in one dimensional time, but I submit that though we call this "development" we have no right to assume that the same thing is development under conditions which are totally different from those we know of at present. Mr. Wallace, like others who have satisfied themselves of the existence of continued existence after death to this life, seems, nevertheless, to be unable to realise states of being which are not at all necessarily in any way like this, and this has led him in this particular instance so far astray as to say that Re-incarnation, which personally I do not defend, is "unsupported by any facts or analogies in the material or the spiritual universe." This is surely going rather far, even if the material and spiritual universes are supposed to be identical.

Mr. Wallace, moreover, urges as an argument against infinite pre-existence that presupposing continuous growth, "that however slow that growth may have been, yet in an infinite past it must have reached infinite development." Must it? Surely the facts of mathematical science are against this assumption. Does the asymptote of the hyperbola ever touch the hyperbola to which it continually approaches, to say nothing of the curves which pass through infinity and then come back again? This is, of course, argument from analogy, but as lines and time are the only things I know of which are of one dimension, and as Mr. Wallace has referred to the analogy of the general facts of the universe, I use the argument for what it is worth.

It may certainly be as your correspondent, "V. de F.", points out, that I have erred with others in using the word infinite with too little care, and that I should have used the word "pre-existence" preferably without its attributes. But I think this is covered by some of the concluding observations of my address: "I have spoken of anterior and lower states, and of posterior and higher states, but I would not for a moment have it thought that either of these states, or that any still farther back or still farther on, are necessarily at all like this. What is higher and better is but the presentation in this state and to our capacities of what may have, will most likely have, a different meaning when interpreted by faculties changed in quality and increased in number. What is lower and worse would be differently appreciated by faculties diminished in number or less extended than our own." I use the word "infinite" as meaning extension in duration along the line of sequences which at present alone I am able to discern.

I still hold that there is at least considerable presumption in favour of my view of the case, and that I have not been convinced that I am wrong by Mr. Wallace's letter in no way detracts from the respect that I, and all thinking men, owe to himself and to his work.

W. FAIRCE.

Visual Telegraphy.

SIR,—It was in the spring of 1888 that I was living with my son and daughter in a cottage on the spur of Leckhampton Hill, Cheltenham. One evening about six o'clock I was returning home and within a few yards of my gate, when I saw coming up the hill and nearly opposite to me on the other side of the road two boys, one much taller than the other and wearing a college cap. What the other wore I did not observe, for he was shorter and partially hidden by his companion. As I crossed the road and so came quite close to these boys, what was my astonishment at seeing the college cap distinctly melt into air, the boy actually having a cloth cap with a peak in front.

Thinking my system must be sadly out of order for me to have such an illusion I said nothing about it for some days, till being alone with my daughter (in her fifteenth year) I confessed what had happened to me. It then transpired that at the very time when I was deceived she was watching through an opera glass for two boys she expected, and when she saw them at a considerable distance she thought they had their college caps on. Her brother who was by her side and looked at intervals through the lorgnettes insisted they wore straw hats, which proved to be the fact when they came in.

This curious coincidence made it appear that college caps were in the air, alighting on different boys, a half a mile apart, and seen by two people at the same time. On reflecting, I suspected a strong sympathy existed between my daughter and myself, and that she being mistaken owing to the extreme distance, she had, somehow, unconsciously conveyed her error to my mind.

We then instituted a series of experiments to test the theory—and these extended over several weeks, as I found we could get no results except of an evening, and it was exhausting to her to fix her attention as strongly as was required. I used to place her on the same spot behind the house, telling her to look for some time at some salient object at a distance and through the glass as before, while I was in the road the other side of the house, and I found that by looking at the green hedge which had formed the background to the college cap, I invariably saw its colour change in accordance with what I afterwards learnt she had chosen to contemplate. For instance, a waggon appeared grey, a red house or cow tinted the hedge very decidedly, also a white sheet or mass of flowers produced corresponding effects. Once I saw a redness first that cleared off quite suddenly, and another hue came. She admitted when I joined her she had first looked at a red object and then at a grey one.

In none of these cases could I get a distinct outline such as the cap had shown, neither could we get any results if the conditions were at all changed.

M.W.G.

Mediumship.

SIR,—As you kindly favoured me in the past, permit me to express my thanks to Mr. James Coates for coming to the rescue of mediumship, and defending it from Mr. J. T. Campbell, who in referring to my name and letter has quite overlooked the stress I laid on the necessity for good conditions.

I am glad there is another voice, speaking from experience other than mine, wishing to defend sensitives, whose greatest error lies in the zeal they feel in imparting the precious boon to others (without due discrimination), and I know, from experience, it is not well to yield under the strongest solicitations, unless you are well protected by your guides and you first seek their counsel; so that I admit, from my standpoint, mediumship is a precious gift, to be used only from the purest motives, and under the direction and protection of the loftiest power and even then you are safest when clairvoyante and can perceive the motive power of seekers.

"Public" mediums therefore do sometimes become martyrs, and, if prompted by monetary considerations, lower their gifts to mercenary influences, and I feel they should be guarded from this by those who value them. I find the sanctity of home is safest and best for the exercise of these powers.

Cheltenham.

SARAH JANE WHITAKER.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

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

In the Pronaos of the Temple of Wisdom; Containing the History of the True and the False Rosicrucians. By FRANZ HART MANN, M.D. (Theosophical Publishing Company, 7, Duke street, Adelphi, W.C.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any opinions expressed by his Correspondents. He declines respectfully to enter into correspondence as to rejected MSS., or to answer private letters except where he is able to give specific information. He further begs to say that he cannot undertake to prepare MSS. for the press. Communication sent should be written on one side of the paper and be without interlineations and underlining of words. It is essential that they should be brief in order to secure insertion. Matter previously published can be received only for the information of the Editor. MSS. cannot be returned. All matter for publication and no business letters should be addressed to the Editor at the office of "LIGHT," and not to any other address. Communications for the Manager should be addressed separately. Short records of facts without comment are always welcome.

IN the letter signed "V. de F." a misprint occurs. For "the universe is unthinkable" read "the reverse is unthinkable."

J.T.A.—Declined with thanks.

H.B.—Too long, and of too little general interest. Declined with thanks.

W.S.—All such works as you want are to be found in the library at 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C.

W.J.C.—There is nothing in the case you mention that we can advise about. All depends on the conditions under which the phenomena occurred.

M.R.S.—No. We are not disposed to start any such petition, being quite undecided as to the wisdom of so doing. Before we took any such line of action we should need to have a conviction which we have not got.

"BERYL"—No thank you. There is no good end to be served by such discussion, and though we may have "neither the mind nor the purity of heart" to comprehend this matter, we are faintly conscious that we know more about the man than you do.

SOCIETY WORK.

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

CARDIFF PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Last Sunday evening a well-attended meeting was addressed by the President, Dr. Charles Williams, on the subject of "The Coming Religion." The address was most instructive and interesting.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH, 14, ORCHARD-ROAD.—Last Sunday, at a very full meeting, the control of Mrs. Mason took subjects from the audience and dealt with them in a very satisfactory manner. After we had had some good clairvoyance, Mr. Mason gave an address. Next Sunday we shall have Mr. and Mrs. Mason, at 7 p.m.; Tuesday, Mr. Vango, at 7.45 p.m.—J. H. BANGS.

KING'S CROSS SOCIETY, CLAREMONT HALL.—Last Sunday morning Mr. Selley read a very interesting paper upon Astrology. These meetings are devoted to discussion chiefly upon Spiritualism and kindred subjects, to which all are cordially invited. Our prospective arrangements are:—July 13th, Mr. A. M. Rodger, "Should Spiritualists have a Creed?" 20th, closed for excursion to Epping Forest; 27th, Mr. Mackenzie.—A. M. RODGER, Sec.

MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION, 24, HARCOURT-STREET.—Last Sunday, at 11 a.m., Mr. Vango; afternoon, usual programme gone through with the Lyceum children, attendance good; evening, Mr. Towns gave many very clear and satisfactory psychometrical readings to the audience. Thursday evening, July 10th, at 7.45 p.m., séance, medium, Mrs. Wilkins; Saturday evening, July 12th, at 7.45 p.m., séance, medium, Mrs. Treadwell. Sunday mornings for the future will be devoted to healing and clairvoyance, medium, Mr. Vango.—C. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

KENSINGTON AND NOTTING HILL SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—Owing to the unfavourable weather last Sunday afternoon no meeting was held in Hyde Park; but if fine we hope to hold a good one on Sunday next at 3 p.m. Amongst the speakers will be included:—Messrs. Utter Goddard, Dever-Summers, Drake, and others. We shall be glad to see friends give us their support, and will be pleased to welcome willing workers. Spare Spiritualistic literature is in demand for free distribution, and we shall feel under obligation if anyone possessing any will kindly bring it with them, or send to honorary secretary, Percy Smyth, 68, Cornwall-road, Bayswater, W.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, CHEPSTOW HALL, 1, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—Mr. John Hopcroft was with us at both services. After addresses some clairvoyant descriptions were given from the platform. Attendance good. On Sunday next, July 13th, we are to have a visit from Mrs. J. M. Smith, of Leeds, who will give addresses and clairvoyance at 11.15 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Many of our friends will remember this lady's last visit to London, when she was able to give some astonishing evidences of spirit return to a large number of inquirers. We hope to have good audiences at the society's rooms, 30, Fenham-road, the usual séance for inquirers on Wednesday; also Healing, by Mr. R. J. Lees, on Friday, at 7.30 p.m., and a members' circle on Saturday evening.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., 36, Kemerton-road, S.E.

CLAREMONT HALL, PENTON-STREET, PENTONVILLE, N.—Last Sunday evening the usual meeting was conducted by Mr. W. O. Drake. Mr. A. F. Tindall read three cases of "Recognised Apparitions Occurring More than a Year After Death" from Mr. Myers's book bearing that title. Mr. F. W. Read, secretary of the Occult Society, delivered an address upon "Weak Points in Theosophy." The mysterious Mahatmas were made the subject of anxious inquiries by the lecturer. Did they really exist, and if so, where? The want of clear information about the Mahatmas constituted the principal "weak point" of the lecture. Attention was also directed to an astronomical blunder which occurs in the *Secret Doctrine*, attributing a knowledge of the Moons of Mars to La Place, which the astronomer could not have had as the existence of these satellites was not known until fifty years after his death. The proceedings were made much more attractive by the music provided by Mr. and Mrs. Tindall. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Messrs. Rodger, Emms, and several friends will occupy the platform.—S.T.R., pro U. W. GODDARD, Hon. Sec.

Do not destroy a man's idols, if he is incapable of reason.—F. B. DOWD.

NATURE is a good nurse; a very, very bad physician. If we come to her convalescent, or victims of some slow disease, she takes us into her arms, and sings to us the "lullabies of the universe." But woe to the man who comes to Nature for comfort while under the influence of some strong emotion, while swayed by passion. Our emotions, our passions are to her puny things, of which she cannot deign to take notice, any more than she vouchsafes to notice tempests and earthquakes. She works on just the same if waves have closed over a ship full of emigrants, and lava has covered a village.—*Captain Lobe*, p. 221, by JOHN LAW.

THE BODY ADDRESSING THE SOUL AFTER DISSOLUTION.

BY THE LATE DR. GEORGE WILSON.

Soul, I loved thee;
Thou wert beautiful:
Soul, I served thee;
I was dutiful:
We had been so long together,
In the fair and foul weather;
We had known such joys and tears,
That my love grew with the years.

I was not an enemy
Unto thy salvation;
If I sinned, I sinned with thee,
Yielding to temptation;
Thou wert wiser,
Thou wert stronger;
I was never thy despiser;
Wilfully I was no wronger—
Wronging thee I wronged myself.

I am but a broken cage,
And the eagle's fled;
Think you he will quell his rage,
Bend his high and haughty head,
Leave the air at one fell swoop,
And with folded pinions stoop
Underneath these bars; to droop
Once again, with sullen eye
Gazing at the far-off sky?
He has gone his way, and I
Grudge him not his liberty.

I was once a lamp of life,
Shining in upon the soul;
But I was a lamp of clay:
Death and I had bitter strife,
He hath pierced the golden bowl,
And he sent my soul astray.
It is an immortal thing,
Far beyond his venomous sting,
But my life was his to win,
And I must the forfeit pay;
So he poured the precious oil
Of my very life away.

If my soul should seek for me,
It would find me dark;
In my leaking cup would see
Death, the quencher's mark;
Angels could not light in me
Now the feeblest spark:
I am broken, empty, cold;
Oil of life I could not hold.

Soul and body cannot mate
Unless Life doth join their hands;
And the fell divorcer sweareth;
By the royal crown he weareth,
And the awful sword he beareth,
That a king's are his commands.
"Soul and body, Life shall never,
When my smiting sword doth sever,
Join again in wedlock's bands."

I was once the trusted casket
Of a priceless, wondrous gem:
With closed lid
I kept it hid,
Till God wanted
It for His own diadem.
Unto Death He gave the key,
But he stayed not to unlock it;
If the jewel were but free,
He, the fierce one, what cared he
For the casket, though he broke it?

Mortal throes and cruel pangs
Tore me open with their fangs,
And God took the gem to set:
But to put his mark on me
Death did not forget,
With his crushing, cruel heel,
He impressed on me his seal,
And on it these words were cut
"When I open, none may shut
Save the King whose key I bear."

If that gem again from Heaven,
Were entrusted to my care,
I could not enfold and keep it
From the chill, corrupting air;
Could not hide it out of sight
Of the peering, prying light:
Crushed and shattered, mean and vile,
I, only fit for funeral pile."

—FROM THE *Sleep of the Hyacinth*

SIN avenges itself, not so much by throwing the sinner into a circumstantial hell, as by pushing the elements of a still fiercer and deadlier hell into his heart.—H. GRIFFITH.