

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

The Magazines are interesting this month. The most noteworthy article has been noticed elsewhere. Mr. Fred. Myers appeals to a wide circle of readers in "The Nineteenth Century"; his name is sufficient to attract attention to a special phase of investigation that needs careful research and is not likely to get it from Spiritualists, and all students are indebted to him, even those who are more concerned with what does not yet concern him. We believe that appeals to men of science require to be made by persons of large leisure and much patience. They are not likely to attract immediate attention; and then only the fringe of a vast subject will be noticed. How long has it taken to hammer hypnotism into scientific heads? How many men of advanced knowledge have died while scientists blinked? And now that they have got it well into their consciousness they seem to ignore some of its most obvious bearings. They are disposed, it would seem, to treat it from the point of view of psychical vivisection. Nevertheless, if I want to get on a particular line of rail from one station to another, I must take the advertised train unless I can pay for a special. This is a stopping train and very slow, but it will get there sometime—unless there is an accident.

"The New Review" has a poem by Alfred Austin, smooth and pretty; some reminiscences of Ellen Terry, with an awesome picture printed at the office of that belated "Black and White," and bad at that; and an article that attracts me more on "Religion and Personal Insight." "Nothing can seem more strange than the evident good faith in which young thinkers eager for the fray, and intellectual veterans famous in other fields, are now attempting to prove one or other of these two things: either that, apart from Revelation, we can by seeking find out God in Nature; or that, apart from Revelation, there is in Nature no God to be found, because some of the greatest scientific minds of to-day cannot find Him either by the strongest microscope or the most profound natural philosophy." It is a tearing to pieces of the flower in a vain search for its beauty. God is to be found only by the temperament that responds to the secret voices not heard by all men, a dictum which seems perilously near to saying that a man finds what he brings with him. The still, small voice, heard alike by Socrates and Elijah, is superior to reason; the man endowed with it is "on the side of the angels." It raises a smile to think for a moment who it was that created for us that formula. Others, the Huxleys and Lankestons of the priesthood of Science, are conscious only of material facts; all to

them is atoms and germs; the music of the spheres is a delusion; evidence of the world of spirit a "hallucination," even though it be classed under the brand new Psychical Research use of the term. Then there is the large and increasing body of Agnostics—some, know nothing by preference; some, forced so to class themselves till light dawns. We may all add to these classes. We may all reason till we are forced to admit that by searching we cannot find out God, and content ourselves with the speculation that as Civilisation and Art are the incarnations of man's intelligence, the natural world may be a phenomenal manifestation of the Supreme. In it some men see God—"everyone that is born of the Spirit."

"Murray's Magazine" for the current month has a short article entitled "With a Clairvoyante." It is a brief record of an experience that will be familiar to my readers. It comes from Australia. The subject is a girl of twenty-one, the daughter of a working carpenter, intelligent and, for her station, fairly educated. Being hypnotised, she was given the foot of a Greek bronze, purchased in Alexandria shortly after the bombardment. The description given by the girl is said and seems to be beyond what her unaided imagination could picture, and the account given of the rooms is "nearly perfect." The séance is dated May 20th, 1886, and I give an abridged account. First she described the place from which the metal was got, then she continued:—

I see another place. There is a lot of ornamental things hanging up—the people are dark—dressed anyhow, loose things dragging round them. Seems like a house—funny place—big place—square built affair—strong—built of large stones—smooth in front. It has a grand entrance—a hall inside the front steps to go up—stone floor—light stone—it is ornamented about with figures—some people there—queer looking—they have something on without arms or legs. One is lying down on his face. There is something at the end of the hall towards the middle—there is something up there—I think that one is laying himself down to it. I don't know whether it is a man or an animal—it is not pretty—it is staring at me—it has a man's head—I don't like looking at it—it is big—upon something with a step up to it—it is meant for a man—it is brown. There is another room not so big as the other. It is daylight—light comes from the top—there is a lot of ugly things there, like cats; they look straight—they are queer. There are beads there also made of something, and long narrow jugs. There is another thing set upon something—the walls are not solid—there are pillars and curtains—the cats are like part cat and part cow—they have no notion of setting the brutes—they are all straight—they seem only to want the likeness. On the curtains they have drawn birds and cats and jugs and figures like triangles in columns. There is an ugly thing in front of the door, it has a sharp nose—eyes sticking out at the top; the rest is like a snake. Why do they make two animals into one? The head is like an alligator. There is something burning there in little vessels—three of them—it has a funny smell—some kind of herb burning. Three men have water in something—not buckets—an animal's skin—they are throwing it on the floor—they pull up part of the curtain and let the wind dry it—they are putting sand on it. It is a long time ago—two thousand years. Some of the ornaments they have there would be in that foundry—they are bronze—some are jugs—some are heads with horns. The vessels they burn the stuff in are made of that—some are birds—there is a stand in the middle of the floor with water—the feet are like claws—there are three legs—the top is ornamented with leaves of metal, and between is like cats' faces alternate with the leaves. No women are there. The men have long hair. The beards are square, like as they make the animals, straight down from the

chin. Three men are walking about swiŕging the vessels with the burning herbs. Are they drying the floors? They seem to have charge of the place.

I am looking at something just before you come into the other room—it is the figure of a man—a nice one—it is not three feet—it is standing on something—it looks about sixteen inches—it has something round the head and over the shoulder like a turban, like as if it were thrown over something—like a wreath—it is a wreath—the eyes are open—there is a dot there—the pupil—dark eyes—don't think them the same as the body, they are a kind of stone fitted in. It has no dress on—a nude figure.

At a subsequent séance the clairvoyante, after a very minute description of scenes which were presented to her, went on:—

I see the shop. Another man coming in there. A native has a red cloth on his head—he put his hand up like making a bow—said something—he wants that statue—he is not giving him money for it—he is giving him some stones and red cloth in exchange—he is going away with it—he has got a shop too, jetter than the other in a larger street, it is more like a shop. Seems to have a lot of rubbish there—has beads there—they look as if they were made of wood—they are dark, some look like seeds. Some old crockery there. Some stones with one side polished. He has put the bronze in the middle of the other things—has hung some beads round it. I feel as if I were in a train. I am looking at the people, different kind from those in the shop. Such a lot of dirty ragged looking folk all gone down the street. The people in the shop won't allow the passengers to go past—not the ragged lot—they want them to come and buy. I don't think they have been there before, by the way they are looking about. I think they are English people. What is that? It seems to be something built of stone, it is like a stone pillar, it is small at the top, it is carved over with figures of something, birds and things—it has a point at the top. The English people are looking at it. There seems to be a lot of things like pillars broken off—it is too hot there—a lot of donkeys there. There is a lady there. He tries to sell them cloths, he scarcely gives them time to look—he shows the figure—they like it, it is a nice one—they are going to have it—they want fans. The natives seem lazy people. I am looking at the beads and the other things. I am looking for these people again. I see them in some house not where they live. I am looking to see if they have the figure. I think they are in an hotel. It is in a box in a bag—it is a traveller's trunk. It seems as if I know one of them—it isn't a house—it moves. It seems like water out there—it must be a ship—a lot of people on deck, they seem to be looking back at some black things in the water. The gentleman who bought the figure is looking through a glass out to sea. I am going to see him come home. It is colder—they are getting near land. It seems like a port—they have been a long way by sea and land. I have seen the gentleman here, he does not look quite so old as when I have seen him. It is Mr. M. The statue did not come with him, it came after him. I see it now, it is on a table or sideboard. It is like a library—there are bookcases on one side—two windows on the other side. I think perhaps it is a drawing-room. I thought it was a library because it had such a lot of books—the room seems like two in one. The statue seems in a corner not out of sight—it is a nice room, there are a lot of ornaments. I would not like to dust them all. There is a large mirror over the mantelpiece—stone mantelpiece.

I see the figure, it is in a room—I think I have been there before. I am looking at the mantelshelf—has jars on it—is a dark colour. It seems to be one window, I can't say if it is green or brown—has venetians. There is a small table and a large one, two easy chairs—ten chairs—something standing across the corner—there are ornaments on it—a lot of curiosities—some kind of figures—I don't think they are china—look like terra-cotta work—the figure is on the stand like a table.

“Belgravia” has a curious paper on “Demonopathy Under the Second Empire.” When Napoleon III. added Savoy to the Empire, “the devil had taken up his residence in Morzine,” an isolated mountain village about thirty miles from Thonon, a commune of about 2,000 inhabitants, situated at the inaccessible extremity of the Aulph valley. The climate is s-vere, vegetation meagre, and fresh meat or vegetables almost unknown. Dr. Arthaud, an eminent specialist, went there in September, 1860, and reported rather favourably on the physique of the people. But Dr. Constans, Inspector-General of Lunatics, in 1862 reported that the predominant constitution of the inhabitants was “lymphatico-nerveuse.” The standard of morals was admittedly high. It was in the month of April, 1857, that two little girls of ten, while minding the flocks, were found clasped insensible in each other's arms. They were carried home, awoke in about an hour's time crying for food which they

were unable to swallow. The attack recurred on the following day, and, after that, five or six times in each day. By degrees the attacks became more intense. The children stood entranced with eyes uplifted, and declared that they had terrible messages from hell. Then they began to gyrate and gesticulate, to scream and curse things they held sacred. Their bodies were greatly convulsed. Then they commenced to prophesy, and their predictions were fulfilled. The seizure spread, and the father, while holding his little daughter, received from her a blow which knocked him backwards. He “visibly faded away, complained of sharp internal pain,” and died after two months' illness, reduced to a skeleton. From April to November there were twenty-seven serious cases, chiefly of girls from seventeen to twenty years of age. After May those seized complained of “the presence of another body within their own, at times moving softly, swayingly, at other times wriggling furiously up to their throats, choking and trying to strangle them.” Very like hysteria!

Remedies seemed useless; exorcism was resorted to in vain. The Bishop of Annecy wisely pronounced the disease to be contagious hysteria, and advised isolation, but the good people of Morzine were not lightly to be deprived of their devil, and would have it that the cases were explained by demoniacal possession. The authorities determined to have public exorcism, and, as might be expected, with disastrous results. “The clergy were assailed with the vilest abuse and blasphemies echoed through the church; it was pandemonium.” Baffled on all sides the poor villagers concluded that witchcraft was at the bottom of this dreadful state of affairs, and their remedies, directed against certain suspects, made matters worse. Then came the Spiritists.

Disciples of the new psychical development termed “Spiritisme,” the parent of table-turning, spirit-rapping, Planchette, and other such fashionable pastimes of a quarter of a century ago, eagerly began to make capital out of the Savoyard manifestation. The Editor of the “Revue Spirite,” the well-known Allan Kardec, visited Morzine, and published some very sensational results of his investigations. “Men of Science were interested in the facts, and writers of history, who have to explain the demonology of the past, caught at this reproduction of its phenomena.”

Then, in his turn, the new Bishop of Annecy (the old one, Mgr. Rendu, was dead) tried all the arts he knew of, and thus records the result:—

22nd of May, 1864.

DEAR FRIEND,—I went, after all, on the first of May, to see the celebrated “possessed” at Morzine; and I can assure you I have not lost my time. My imagination could never have conceived so horrible a sight. I was at Morzine at half-past six in the morning, and the ceremony began at seven. I had not been five minutes in the church when a poor young girl fell at my feet in horrible convulsions. Four men could not hold her. She struck the floor with her feet, her hands, and her head as fast as the roll of a drum. Then another was seized, and again another. The church became a perfect hell. Nothing was heard but cries, blows, oaths, and blasphemies, that made one's hair stand on end. It was the Bishop's entrance set them going. Blows with the fist, kicks, spitting, horrible convulsions, handfuls of hair and caps flung about, torn clothes, bleeding hands met everywhere my ears and eyes. The worst moments were at the Raising of the Host and the Benediction of the Holy Sacrament. The victims of the epidemic, above 100 in number, seemed to fall into almost simultaneous convulsions, and without any warning; the noise was perfectly infernal, and most of the spectators were in tears. Within a radius of two yards I counted eleven. The greater number were young girls and women from fifteen to thirty years old. There was a child of ten, five or six old women, and two men. The Bishop confirmed some of them whether they would or no. As soon as he came in front of them they were seized, but, by the help of gendarmes and some men who assisted, he put his hands on them, even in the midst of their fearful maledictions.

“D—d carrion of a Bishop,” they said, “why dost thou come to torment us?” They tried to strike and beat him and to tear off his episcopal ring (report says it was trampled under foot). They spit in his face, but it was remarkable, when he touched their heads in confirmation, they sank down and remained in a stupor that seemed like deep sleep. . . . Near me was a young and pretty woman of eighteen, married

last year, and a mother of two months. After being confirmed, lying in the arms of her father, husband, mother, who all wept bitterly, she cried out, "Ah, d—d carrion of a Bishop, thou makest me depart. I, who was so well in this woman's body. Now I must return to hell."

I stayed at Morzine until Monseigneur left, at half-past six in the evening. The poor Bishop was utterly dispirited. Two or three "possédées" were brought to him in the sacristy, but he could do nothing. On my return I found one by the side of the road; I questioned her in a foreign language, but she got angry and replied by a handful of gravel, which she flung in my face, telling me that I only went to Mass once a year, and that I was a busy-body.

Finally Dr. Constans returned, armed with plenary powers, accompanied by sixty soldiers, a brigade of gendarmerie. He isolated patients, used the most rigid measures, and stamped out the plague.

HADES; OR, SPIRITS IN PRISON.

AN EXPERIENCE IN MODERN DAYS.

In the early years of my mediumistic development, it fell to my experience to come in contact with the spirits of people who had lived near my home. I was accustomed to visit some poor people in cottages who lived by our tidal river, and after doing so, one evening, at our usual séance in the family, a spirit came, who told us there was a poor old man in the spirit-world who was very dense and ignorant, and who haunted the river bank in search of a daughter whom he loved, who had been drowned at that place. I was told "to go down to the place and speak out loud, and tell the poor man to arise and go from there, as the spirit of his daughter no longer haunted the spot, as she is now a happy spirit and risen from it; but that he, being ignorant, did not know he had even left the body." I did as directed, in company with a sister and a friend, on the Friday. Having done so, I did not think much more of him. On the next Sunday morning, during the beautiful voluntary played on the organ in our church, I felt a shock like that of an electric battery right through me, and after that a calm rapture, as if peace had come in the inspiring notes of the organ, which carried one's mind away from external surroundings.

We had our evening séance as usual, when, through another medium, my guardian told us that "The old man from the muddy shore had gone to church with me that morning, that the music had cracked his shell, and let his spirit free." He then came and spoke, and said, "He was a poor ignorant old man, who had never been taught in his youth; also that he had now seen his little daughter whom he had lost, and that she is now with ladies—that is spirits." The guardian then continued for him, "He is going to school there also. These ladies don't preach to him, but they show what they feel by their expression and he learns by their looks what they think. They look inside him, and then they turn their faces upwards to God, and worship Him, and reflect His light back on the poor man, and this light teaches him. Now when he goes to the shore, he sees new sets of people, some in and some out of the body, according as he and they think the same thoughts and feel the same love. 'Nell' (a freed spirit) can see whether people are in the body or out of it, even when they are united in the same sympathies with her or not, for those in the mortal body have a trail of light connecting the soul of each with its earth-body. Nell says the old man has still thick clothes on, but his love for his child has helped him forward."

A few days after this, when I had left my home, my sister clairvoyantly saw the old man of the shore in my home, seeking about, and trying to follow me like a dog who seeks his master. But being only very lately become a spirit he could not follow me to a house where I was then staying five miles off.

O. T. G.

CHRISTO-THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.—On Thursday, April 16th, Rev. G. W. Allen will read a paper on "What I Understand by Christo-Theosophy," at St. Nicholas Club, 81a, Queen Victoria-street, E.C., 4.15 p.m. All the meetings of the society are open to the public.

Beware of anyone who seeks Heaven only to escape from hell.

PSYCHICAL PROBLEMS.

Continuing our series we have first of all the four following cases communicated by our correspondent, "W.M.G.," who gives full names and particulars.

MENTAL IMPRESSIONS.

I hope I may not have the *jettatura*, or evil eye, but a singular coincidence happened to me in connection with the funerals of two church dignitaries which I will relate:—

Many years ago Archdeacon H. having died I had a ticket to attend his obsequies at St. Paul's Cathedral. As the mournful procession slowly passed up the aisle in front of me my eye rested on his son, W.H., much bowed down by grief, and I felt at once he was fast following his father to the grave in another sense. This premonition was shortly fulfilled. Years elapsed, and I then attended the funeral of Canon T., at Leckhampton Church. All, or nearly all, of the Canons of Gloucester Cathedral attended, and as they filed up and took their places allotted to them I thought which of those venerable heads will be the next to bow to the sceptre of the Iron King? In response to this unspoken question my eye fell on Canon F., conspicuous by his tall stature, and then in good health. He died a few months afterwards of rapid internal disease. I should add that I felt, especially on the last occasion, a deep impressional sort of consciousness impossible to describe.

I am a resident of Winchester, and some while ago, finding myself alone in my drawing-room one evening, I essayed to write a letter. I soon found, however, that it was impossible to collect my thoughts, for I was gradually taken possession of by an extraordinary sense of horror, as though I were in presence of some frightful tragedy. This sensation so overcame me that I felt quite ill, and rang the bell for my maid, who brought my husband from another room. He made me drink a glass of wine, but it was some time before I felt restored to my usual equanimity. Next day we heard that a barbarous murder had been committed in our close vicinity, and the murderer in escaping had passed under my window just at the hour when I suffered so unaccountably.

Once when staying at Clevedon with my mother and other friends a curious coincidence happened to me. We were all ladies, and had been very busy in working to make up a box to be sent to some foreign missionary station. When all was done my mother could not find the address to which the parcel was to be sent, and which had been told her in a letter from a friend. We searched diligently, but to no purpose, and feared the communication must have been destroyed. A few days after I went with a friend for a walk. It was very windy, but we found shelter in a pretty wood at the back of the town, noted as I am told as the spot where the lesser periwinkle grows wild in profusion. Amongst the dead leaves in this copse I observed quite a small fragment of torn printed paper, and after turning it over with my umbrella I felt strangely moved to pick it up, when to our surprise and joy the lost address was printed on it, probably in connection with some other missionary details.

CONSCIOUSNESS OF TIME.

There are some people who are conscious of the flight of time, while some are lacking in this faculty, hence, probably, the reason of punctuality and its opposite.

A cousin of mine, who never carried a watch, could, if appealed to under any circumstances, always tell the time within a quarter of an hour. Others I have known who have the power of waking at any hour they wish. This proves the inner consciousness of time must go on during sleep, a strong argument for some occult recording faculty of the soul.

Professor E. P. Thwing, M.D., contributes to the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" these

DEATH PREMONITIONS.

The night that President Lincoln was murdered, a neighbour of mine, writes a physician, declared that the President was killed and by an assassin. It was several hours before the news reached the town.

The wife of a New York clergyman made a similar statement just before the news arrived of the murder of

President Garfield, and said that she saw him in a railway station surrounded by ladies and others.

From the same source ("Religio-Philosophical Journal") we get these narratives:—

(Hartford, Conn., Correspondence "New Haven Register.") Relative to the death of Patrick Donnelly, a joiner, who was killed at Pratt and Whitney's shop on Tuesday morning by being struck in the abdomen with a piece of planking hurled from a circular saw, the "Post" tells the following story:—

For years Mr. Donnelly has been deeply engaged reading the works of many of the great authors, and frequently while at home of an evening he has read aloud for his wife. Monday night he took down from one of the shelves of his well-stocked library a poetical work. After reading several pretty selections he turned over the leaves, and at last the eyes became fixed on a poem on "Death." It struck his fancy and he began the reading of it to his wife. He had not progressed very far when she stopped him with an earnest gesture and begged him not to read any further. The poem oppressed her. He smiled at her fears and closed the book, remarking that he would do some writing before retiring. Bidding him good-night, Mrs. Donnelly left the room.

The moments followed each other until nearly an hour and a-half had passed. Mr. Donnelly had nearly completed his task when he heard the kitchen door open. Failing to hear the sound of its being closed, he came to the conclusion that it was his dog which had entered. Making a remark that he would have to teach the animal better manners, he started for the kitchen. He had barely entered the room when, lifting his eyes, he beheld something which caused him to come to a halt. There in the middle of the apartment was an old woman, clad in dark garments, and about her stooping shoulders there fell the folds of a black shawl. Her face was wan and pale and very sad. She lifted her gaunt hand and made a motion toward him, then turned, walked slowly across the floor, and out through the still open door. She disappeared in the gloom, and the door swung to and closed itself, leaving Mr. Donnelly standing awe-stricken at the other end of the room. In a moment he regained his usual presence of mind and hurried to his bedroom, where his wife, who was still awake, asked him what was the trouble.

"I have seen my mother" he said, in an affrighted manner.

She tried to persuade him that he was mistaken, but he rigidly adhered to his assertion.

"I thought I heard the kitchen door open," he said, "and thinking that it was the dog I went out to shut it. It was then I saw my mother. She was very pale and made a motion toward me with her uplifted hand."

He then related the facts as above given, and appeared very much depressed.

His wife endeavoured to cheer him, but all to no purpose. After a short time he retired, and, as before stated, arose on Tuesday morning, went to work, and fifteen minutes after commencing his labours received the injury which caused his death.

The case throughout is one of unusual interest, and will be viewed from various standpoints by many people, wholly on account of the circumstances which preceded the accident.

Auburn, Ind., December 22nd, 1888.

In March, 1884, I left the State of Ohio, and went to Nebraska. I received letters regularly from my mother in Ohio until February, 1885, but after that date I received no letters, nor heard from her in any way. I had taken up a homestead claim, had built a house, and was living alone. My father died in 1856, and my brother in the fall of 1884. My parents and brother and sisters belonged to the M. E. Church. June 12th, 1886, while alone on my "claim," I was startled by the appearance of a form that I recognised as my mother's, and with it came a conviction that she was dead. I wrote to parties at Ohio, making inquiries in regard to my mother and family, and about November 15th, 1886, I received a letter stating that my mother had died June 12th, at Evansville, Wis., at the residence of my oldest sister.

T. J. VAN D.

In connection with the terrible disaster of the "Kapunda," in which nearly 300 emigrants lost their lives, the following incident from the "Midland Advertiser" will

be read with deep interest:—A girl named Louisa Benn, living with her mother in Queen-street, Wednesbury, some time ago expressed a desire to go to America, and her friends ultimately yielded to her wishes. A suggestion was, however, made to her by an outsider at the last moment that she should go to Australia, and, despite her mother's remonstrances, she decided to go there. The family was poor, and great difficulty was experienced in collecting the necessary funds and in providing the girl with an outfit. Her box was forwarded to London, and she followed to join the ship there. Then occurred the most extraordinary part of the affair. The mother, who was prostrate with grief, began to have strange visions. Repeatedly she imagined she saw a large rock jutting out from the ocean, and that upon this rock there was always a large bird. Then she would see a ship, loaded with passengers, strike against the rock and sink. She fancied she could hear the shouts of the sailors and the shrieks of the women on board, and frequently, both at night and day, the strange hallucinations occupied her mind. On the day before the ship sailed she was in the kitchen at work, when a cry of "Oh, mother!" seemed to come from the cellar. Even now the woman affirms that it was Louisa who shouted, and that it was not the result of an excited and imaginative brain. Mrs. Benn was so alarmed that she at once telegraphed for her daughter to come back. The girl was at the time on board ship, and for a moment she hesitated to obey. The doctor on board the vessel advised her to stop, but the schoolmaster urged her to obey her mother. She decided to leave the ship and go home, but her luggage was not given to her as it could not be got at, and everything she possessed, excepting what she wore, had to be left in the ship. Until the news of the loss of the vessel was conveyed to her she regretted she had not remained on board. Several of her companions are included among the list of the drowned.

The following letter, published October 1st, 1881, is interesting, inasmuch as it throws light on a possible explanation of some puzzling facts:—

UNCONSCIOUS READING.

(To the Editor of the "Spectator.")

SIR,—A story which I have often heard from my father about his old college contemporary and intimate friend, Fearon Fallows, afterwards Astronomer-Royal at the Cape of Good Hope—"Herschel, Peacock, Fallows," will recur readily to ears familiar with the rhythm of old Cambridge triposes—shows strikingly how knowledge far more startling than that mentioned by Griffiths may be received by the waking mind, it should seem, unconsciously, and yet may afterwards work itself during sleep into most vivid consciousness.

One morning, Fallows—then a Johnian undergraduate, and working as Johnian candidates for the highest honours did, and doubtless do, work—was found in a state of the utmost excitement. He had "seen an apparition." An old friend and neighbour of his down in Cumberland had appeared to him in the night, dripping wet, and had told him that on such a day he had been drowned.

Undergraduate hearers received the story with incredulous laughter. In due course, however, letters from Cumberland came confirming it, and the laughs were silenced and confounded. But some weeks afterwards, a friend waiting in Fallows' rooms till their owner should be ready for a "constitutional," took up a newspaper which lay half hidden under a heap of mathematical papers, and exclaimed, "Why, Fallows, here's a full account in this newspaper of your friend's drowning." "Eh, what?" said Fallows; "I have seen no such newspaper." On examination it was found that the newspaper must have reached Mr. Fallows before the night of the apparition, and there was no doubt at all that, absorbed in working his mathematics, he had opened it unconsciously, and had read in it the startling intelligence of his friend's death unconsciously also.

Selby Vicarage.

F. W. HARPER.

[Unconscious reading, which with many persons is a confirmed habit, is the explanation of a good many strange tricks of memory, as well as of some dreams, and perhaps a great many plagiarisms. — ED. "Spectator."]

“The Harbinger of the Reaper.”

THE PRINCE OF SOLMS-BRAUNFELS.

The “Times” of April 6th contained the following announcement:—

Our Berlin correspondent telegraphs that the death is announced of Prince George Zu Solms-Braunfels.

We publish the sad news with great regret. The Prince was well known to us, and not better known than esteemed. He was, in the best sense, a noble man and his devotion to Spiritualism was great. He specially loved the teaching that came to him in its name, and was never afraid of showing that he had the courage of his opinions.

We are favoured by the following notice from a personal friend:—

George, Prince of Solms-Braunfels, better known to English society by his younger-brother designation of Prince George of that ilk, was the third son of William, Prince of Solms-Braunfels, by his marriage with the Countess Kinsky of the illustrious Austrian family of that name, and succeeded to the principedom in 1880 on the decease of his elder brother Ernest. Their father was the son of the marriage of the Prince of Solms of that day with the Princess Frederica of Mecklenburg Strelitz, sister of the beautiful and beloved Queen Louise of Prussia, niece of Queen Charlotte of England, and, by her second marriage with Ernest Duke of Cumberland, Queen of Hanover.

The deceased Prince passed his early years at the Court of Hanover until the events of 1866 obliged him to seek a home elsewhere, and he took up his residence at Baden Baden, in a beautiful villa which he built there, well known to tourists as Burg Solms. He married in 1878 the Princess de Trecaze, a Neapolitan Princess, and leaves issue one daughter and a son born at the close of last year, and having for Godmother the Empress Frederick of Germany.

The Solms family have ever been marked by hereditary liberality of opinion. Braunfels, their castle on the banks of the Lahn, one of the most magnificent castellated residences in the Prussian provinces, sustained a siege, in defence of the Protestant principles of the house in the Thirty Years' War; and it was a representative of that family, Count Solms, who was the first to cross the river at the battle of the Boyne in command of King William's Dutch Blues. He was one of the few officers of rank who perished in that engagement.

It was the same spirit of independence of thought and love of truth undefiled which led the deceased Prince at a comparatively early age to interest himself in Spiritualism, and this interest remained ardent and wholly unimpaired to his latest days. No one among its many votaries took more pains to examine the subject in all its details and from every point of view than he did. There was not a medium of the smallest note during the last thirty years whose gifts he had not witnessed and thoroughly investigated, and his studies on the subject were very far from confined to its mere phenomena. His correspondence and papers on this topic, which it is believed he always carefully preserved, must be of exceptional interest.

The writer may be permitted to add that the late Prince was personally a man of genuine simplicity and geniality of character, of a nature in which the intellectual and emotional qualities were very happily blended. Eminently sympathetic and of a very tender spirit, he was a constant and attached friend to those whom he honoured with his esteem. He did much to develop an interest in Spiritualism in the circles in which he especially moved, for he was a man of entire moral courage and never afraid of the truth that was in him. He will be remembered with warm regard and affectionate regret by many friends in this country in all ranks of society.

A.

DR. J. D. MORELL.

Yesterday we buried at Folkestone, in the same grave as his beloved wife (who died in 1881), the mortal remains of John Daniel Morell, one of the sweetest souls we have ever known.

His own grief in 1881 was memorised by the inscription which he had put upon her gravestone, “Desiderio quis sit pudor aut modus tam cari capitis,” which may be freely

translated, “Who can blush for or restrain the sorrow which he feels for such a beloved soul?” But now there were few symbols of grief, for had not the weary struggle of the spirit to get free prevailed? and was he not now with the angels, and with her whose departure had been a continual beckoning to him to enter the spirit world?

Several papers have chronicled a few phases of his busy and cultured life; but to the readers of “LIGHT” one little incident in his approach to the other life may be interesting.

On going to see him a few weeks before his departure, I was told by his affectionate niece, who nursed him like the adopted child she was, that he was “continually wandering in his mind,” and had the idea that his father (the late Rev. Stephen Morell) and his wife were about him, and he declared he often saw them near. I knew then that his clairvoyant sight was opening, and that the glimpse of spirit life, for which he had for years yearned, was being given.

It was only a short time before that I was with him in his study, when he took down my book from the book-shelf, and with the simplicity so sweet both in children and in age, he said: “I have read this through three times, and I like it because I know it is all true.” He then referred to the materialisation incident to which he signed his approval at the time, as recorded in p. 247.

At p. 245 there is a record of the materialisation of the sweet spirit form of his wife, whose antipathy to Spiritualism in life will explain probably the hindrance to her near approach to him which she evidently endeavoured then to accomplish.

But the union now is complete. A pair of the sweetest, saintliest spirits who ever walked together on this earth are now together in the joy of their Lord.

The great philosophical mind which accepted the phenomena, and was still puzzling over them, looking on with interest, yet as “through a glass darkly,” can see now the line of spiritual light, and the angels ascending and descending upon it.

O what a lonely path were ours,
Could we, O Father, see
No home or rest beyond it all,
No guide or help in Thee.

April 5th, 1891.

MORELL THEOBALD.

GEORGE H. ADSHEAD.

We have received the subjoined announcement, which we publish with regret at the news it conveys. Mr. George Adshead was one of the old Spiritualists whose faith was simple and his hold on it unwavering. One by one the Old Guard is “going home” and their trust—the “deposit of the faith”—is committed to younger, and, we trust, not unworthy hands. None the less, those of the present generation may learn a lesson of serenity and assured confidence in an established faith from these pioneers which may temper the rather fidgetty inclination to questioning and speculation which seems to some a note of the present age:—

We regret to announce the sudden and unexpected passing away of Mr. Geo. H. Adshead, of Belper. For about twenty-seven years he has been a thorough and consistent Spiritualist and has ever been ready to avow his convictions and render support to the efforts of the local Society. Many mediums have partaken of his generous hospitality and that of his devoted wife and loving daughter. During the last ten years he has suffered from paralysis and blindness, but in spite of these failings of the body preserved his strength and serenity of mind, and finally passed on peacefully. Indeed, in his case we may truly say “To die is gain” and so he felt. Numerous friends attended the funeral services, conducted by Mr. E. W. Wallis, Mr. John Lamont also saying a few sympathetic words. The coffin was covered with beautiful floral offerings and deep sympathy is felt for his relatives.

THE body which shall outlast time,
Unseen within the mortal body grows,
Taking its hue from all that we propose
And think, and work, and enterprise.

—J. C. EARLE.

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

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Annual Subscription for "LIGHT," post-free to any address within the United Kingdom, or to places comprised within the Postal Union, including all parts of Europe, the United States, and British North America, is 10s. 10d. per annum, forwarded to our office *in advance*. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, and should invariably be crossed " ——— & Co."

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

"LIGHT" may also be obtained from E. W. ALLEN, 4, Ave Maria-lane, London, and all Booksellers.

Light:

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 11th, 1891.

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.

4169 SCIENCE AND A FUTURE LIFE.

Mr. Frederic Myers contributes to the April number of "The Nineteenth Century" a noteworthy essay, under the above title. He sets himself to vindicate for Science the final word as to man's future. By the use of the scientific method, "the simple application of well-known methods of research to a group of phenomena which has hitherto been left outside the steady current of experiment and observation," he anticipates the best results for the inquiry into the great question of man's survival of death.

Science hitherto has had little to say on the subject. The affirmative answer has been held unproved: the negative, unprovable. As a consequence the "larger hope" of man has begun to dwindle, and is insensibly vanishing away. "The silence which surrounds the topic is almost more discouraging than overt attack.

At this juncture, during the last few years, discoveries have been made, especially in the realm of automatism and human personality, which already command scientific assent, and others are being added which must rank with them on a near to-morrow, discoveries that threaten to "revolutionise our whole attitude towards the question of an unseen world, and of our own past, present, or future existence therein. This step in advance is due to the application of the scientific method to psychical research.

Mr. Myers puts aside, not indeed as unimportant, but as irrelevant to his present purpose, all moral and emotional arguments, all support which the belief in a future life receives either from natural religion, philosophy, or revelation; he does not even insist on the evidence of man's resurrection which has been deduced from that of Jesus Christ—"Because I live ye shall live also"—and pins himself down to scientific investigation. We are still "in the morning of the times," though we be "ancients of the earth." "Still in the first moment of man's awakening intelligence, merely opening our eyes upon the universe around us." "The existence or nature of an unseen world has scarcely, thus far, been treated as a scientific question at all. Yet an unseen world, if it exists, 'cannot consist only of ideas and emotions, of theology and metaphysics, it must be a world of science too.'" There must be a domain of law in it, not moral laws alone, regulating all that goes on in it, and our communication with it.

This question, then, touches "the possible extension of our terrestrial science so as to embrace possible indications of a life lying beyond, yet conceivably touching the life and the conditions of earth." Until lately little has been done towards the solution of this problem. Not until the middle

of the present century "did men begin to realise the facts which John Stuart Mill could still treat as unproved—namely, that to every observable thought or emotion of man there probably corresponds some change or movement in the material substance of the brain"—though even now, exactly as these correspondences are demonstrated, "we do not know whether the mental energy precedes or follows on the cerebral change, nor whether the two are somehow but different aspects of the same fact."

During the last quarter of a century events have moved very rapidly. In 1865 J. S. Mill in his "Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy," affirmed that the question whether ideas can pass through the mind without forming any part of the normal consciousness was one *beyond the reach of experiment*. We all know that it is perfectly easy to decide this question by direct experiment in five minutes. "It is as clear as such a matter can reasonably be made that thoughts and emotions of almost any degree of strength and complexity may occupy a sane mind for hours together, and yet at no time enter into the current of ordinary waking consciousness"—that fragment of the activity going on in our brains. We know by experiment of a secondary consciousness. We can prove that a man may live alternately two lives with different chains of memory and even different characters. We even know of cases where this secondary consciousness has ousted the primary one, and the person possesses a different self from that with which earthly consciousness began.

So then "no form of human consciousness manifests, or comes near to manifesting, the total self. . . . We know not what fraction of ourselves it may be which till now we have taken for the whole."

Nor is this all. "Our notion of personality is being deepened as well as widened." We begin to discern profounder powers, connections between mind and mind outside of the normal channels of communication, which indicate something apart from any process of terrestrial evolution, something "which there seems no logical necessity that death should interrupt or abolish."

But, even so, there is nothing here, nothing in telepathy, which carries obvious proof of anything in man which the materialistic hypothesis might not cover: though the little knowledge we have gained is enough to show telepathy to be far more complex than any physical law can explain. We pass, for instance, to the fact that an experimenter can project an image of himself on to the mind of a person at a distance; and we are forced to note the frequent connection of such an image with the unconscious self. It is often during a time when the normal consciousness is in abeyance that such images are projected, and not as an effort of the waking will.

Furthermore, we pass to the wider range of inquiry whether any of these images can be directly connected with those who have overstepped the boundary of earthly existence. Here Mr. Myers gives publicity to a confession of personal faith which he has before made in the "Proceedings" of the Society of which he is so distinguished and prominent a member.

The study of cases of this type (many of which I have set forth elsewhere) has gradually convinced me that the least improbable hypothesis lies in the supposition that some influence on the minds of men on earth is occasionally exercised by the surviving personalities of men departed. I believe this influence to be, usually, of an indirect and dreamlike character, but I cannot explain the facts to myself without supposing that such an influence exists.

I am further strengthened in this belief by the study of the automatic phenomena briefly noticed above. I observe that in all the varieties of automatic action—of which automatic writing may be taken as a prominent type—the contents of the messages given seem to be derived from three sources. First of all comes the automatist's own mind. From that the vast bulk of the messages are undoubtedly drawn, even when they refer to matters which the automatist once knew, but has entirely forgotten. Whatever has gone into the mind may come out of the mind; although this automatism may be the only way of getting

at it. Secondly, there is a small percentage of messages apparently telepathic—containing, that is to say, facts probably unknown to the automatist, but known to some living person in his company, or connected with him. But, thirdly, there is a still smaller residuum of messages which I cannot thus explain—messages which contain facts apparently not known to the automatist nor to any living friend of his, but known to some deceased person, perhaps a total stranger to the living man whose hand is writing. I cannot avoid the conviction that in some way—however dreamlike and indirect—it is the departed personality which originates such messages as these.*

We have now got directly into the domain of pure Spiritualism: and it is impossible to avoid recognition of the skilful way in which phenomena that seemed to hook on to no previous knowledge of mankind have been correlated with the facts ascertained and admitted by exact Science. Nay more, it would be profoundly unjust to deny or to seek to hide the value of the service thus rendered to our cause. For it has been one of our greatest difficulties in the past that we have only presented isolated facts for acceptance, and have had no sufficient answer to the scientific objection that our phenomena "find no place among the copious store of verified and systematised facts and inferences" which Science claims as her assured possession.

Mr. Myers is careful not to claim too much. He is writing for an ignorant and necessarily somewhat prejudiced class, and he claims only for the facts so far established by scientific methods of research that they are such as would be likely to crop up at first, such as Science can assimilate most easily. This point is elaborated in a passage which, though beyond what we usually permit ourselves in the way of quotation, we append without an abridgement which would destroy its force.

We should expect that our first intimation of the true extra-terrene character of our evolution might be the accidental discovery of some faculty within us which was not traceable to the action of our terrene antecedents. Here, as elsewhere, we might expect that knowledge of the future might be attained by inference from the past. The comparison of man as he is to the caterpillar, and of man as he may be after death to the butterfly, is a tolerably old one. Let us suppose that some humble larvæ are dissecting each other, and speculating as to their destinies. At first they find themselves precisely suited to life and death on a cabbage-leaf. Then they begin to observe certain points in their construction which are useless to larval life. These are, in fact, what are called "imaginal characters"—points of structure which indicate that the larva has descended from an imago, or perfect insect, and is destined in his turn to become one himself. These characters are much overlaid by the secondary, or larval characters, which subserve larval, and not imaginal life, and they consequently may easily be overlooked or ignored. But our supposed caterpillar sticks to his point; he maintains that these characteristics indicate an aerial origin. And now a butterfly settles for a moment on the cabbage-leaf. The caterpillar points triumphantly to the morphological identity of some of the butterfly's conspicuous characters with some of his own latent characters; and while he is trying to persuade his fellow-caterpillars of this the butterfly flies away.

This is exactly what I hold to have happened in the history of human evolution. I will mention one or two great names alone. Plato was the first larva to insist upon the imaginal characters. His doctrine of Reminiscence asserted that our quasi-instinctive recognition of geometrical truths, &c., implied that we, in fact, remembered these truths; that geometrical capacity was a character carried into this world with us from some other stage of being. And the view thus pressed by Socrates and Plato, the very founders of science, is now renewed by the foremost of living naturalists. Mr. Wallace holds, as is well known, a modification of Plato's view. He considers that these sudden increments of faculty—mathematical, musical, and the like—which occur without apparent hereditary cause, indicate some access of energy outside the order of purely terrene evolution. Somewhat similarly I would suggest that telepathy and cognate faculties, now beginning to be recognised as inherent in the sub-conscious strata of the human intelligence, may be the results of an evolution other than that terrene or physical evolution whose successive steps and slowly-growing capacities we can in some rough way retrace.

I place together, then—as I claim that history gives me a *prima facie* right to do—certain experiments which have, so to say, gained general acceptance but yesterday, and certain cognate experiments which are on their way (as I think) to general acceptance on some not distant morrow; and I draw from all these a double line of argument in favour of human survival.

* See "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research," Part xvi. (Trübner.)

In the first place, I point to the great extension and deepening which experiment has given to our conception of the content and capacities of the sub-conscious human mind, amounting, perhaps, to a shifting of man's psychical centre of gravity from the conscious to the unconscious strata of his being—and accompanied by the manifestation of powers at least not obviously derivable from terrestrial evolution.

And, in the second place, I claim that there is, in fact, direct evidence for the exercise of some kind of influence by the surviving personalities of departed men. I claim that the analysis of phantasmal sights and sounds, treated by careful rules of evidence, indicates this influence. And I claim that it is indicated also by the analysis of those automatic messages which, in various manners, carry upwards to the threshold of consciousness the knowledge acquired from unknown sources by the sub-conscious mind.

I do not say that these are such facts as might be selected from the whole universe of facts to edify or to console us. But I say that they are such facts as we should have been likely, on any scientific method, to get hold of amongst the first, and to assimilate the most easily.

Yet one more point to complete the parallel which I have suggested between the man and the caterpillar. We have discovered (as I hold) that we men can occasionally communicate among ourselves in a fashion at once inexplicable and practically useless—a fashion for which no origin suggests itself in the history of terrene evolution. And we observe also, that information not attainable by ordinary methods is sometimes conveyed to us by this method. I argue, as the caterpillar argued about the butterfly, that here is a similarity of structure between our own intelligence and some unseen intelligence, and that what that unseen intelligence is we too may once have been, and may be destined again to be. And, addressing myself for a moment to the religious and philosophical side of man, I point out that our small, or even grotesque, cases of telepathic transmission between living men, or between the men called living and the men called dead, stand towards certain of the central beliefs of the Gospels and of some high philosophies in the same relation in which laboratory experiments stand to the vast operations of Nature. That same direct influence of mind on mind which we show *in minimis*, would, if supposed operative *in maximis*, be a form of stating the efficacy of prayer, the communion of saints, or even the operation of a Divine Spirit.

We have thought that those among our readers, and the number of such is steadily increasing, who are not content to neglect such investigations as those which Mr. F. W. H. Myers refers to throughout this paper, will welcome some account, however inadequate, of his position. It is not ours precisely. We occupy ground more advanced, an outpost in the field that he has not yet reached, or which, at least, he has not avowed himself as having occupied. We hold a middle position between the investigator who would refer all phenomena to the action, understood or as yet occult, of the human personality, and that more heroic but less wise observer—if a misuse of the term may be permitted—whose all-sufficient explanation for the whole range of psychical phenomena is found in the intervention of an external intelligence, loosely called "spirit," and assumed invariably to be the soul of a departed being who has once lived on this earth. Such beings, it seems to us proven, do at times communicate with earth, and on the fact of such communications we rest much of, but not the whole of, our claims as Spiritualists. The unexplored region, the *terra incognita* of our human personality, we have done little with. It is the happy hunting ground of the Society in whose name Mr. Myers has often written, though he expresses only his own conclusions here, and it would be unfair and churlish to deny the value of the work which has enabled him to put forward this present essay.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

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

"Hymns on the Celestial Country," revised and annotated. Price 5d.

"The Broad Church, or What is Coming." By the Rev. H. R. HAWES, M.A. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., Fetterlane, E.C.) [An important volume of 276 pp. dealing with burning questions, such as, Are the Broad Church dishonest? Are the Creeds credible? Is God Omnipotent? Was Jesus God Incarnate? Is the Holy Ghost a reality? Are the saints intelligible? Is the great hereafter a dream? To this sequence of sermons are added three on prayer: Spiritualism, Mesmerism, and Hypnotism; and John Stuart Mill's Religion. The two last appeared originally in "LIGHT."]

JOTTINGS.

It is a proof of the effect that the character of the late Charles Bradlaugh made on the minds of those who had little or no sympathy with some of his opinions that Mrs. Hardinge Britten, in the "Two Worlds," and J. Clegg Wright, in the "Religio-Philosophical Journal," bear warm testimony to his sterling worth. The eulogy in the "Journal" is temperate and true. It would be well for us if we had in our ranks many who would toil as he did for what he believed to be truth, who were as fearless in defending it and as able in presenting it.

Mr. Bundy tells this [story in the last number of his "Journal." Such work bears its own fruit and often passes without recognition:—

Only a few weeks ago, among other sorrowing seekers, there came to me a mourning mother, a devout member of an orthodox church. She had lost an only daughter in the bloom and promise of young womanhood, and her religious faith was not equal to the occasion. In this great trial her quickened intellect rejected the teachings of her pulpit, and the mother-heart longed for a ray of rational hope, a glimpse of that certainty which comes only when the gate of the Temple of Knowledge is ajar. In the midst of imperative duties, and crowded on every hand, I put all else aside and listened to the heartbroken seeker. I told her of our own great loss a score of years ago; that within a few weeks after he had left us the bright boy came back, and in his sweet and peculiarly gentle, loving ways proved to us that he still lived. I told her of other experiences; gave her advice as to how to conduct her researches; told her how distressing her grief was to her beautiful beloved who could not penetrate this wall of black despair; that she as a mother must dispel it if she wanted her darling to impress her presence upon her. Later on I saw this mother, but she was a changed woman; her face was radiant with joy; her doubts had all been swept away; she had received palpable evidence that her child still lived. She has not left her church, for to do so would break up the relations and social ties of a lifetime, but she no longer cares for the theology she hears, and in her quiet, discreet way is rapidly spreading a knowledge of what she has gained.

An unfortunate man has been telling fortunes by the stars, and has had to pay ten pounds for his rashness. James Pearson, of 44, Muschamp-road, East Dulwich, described as a jeweller, is the example made by the law. No doubt some maidservants and others did seek to pry into the future by means that the law forbids. Mr. Vaughan, the magistrate, was righteously indignant. Two blacks do not make one white. But this poor man is severely punished; and, having broken the law, we have nothing to say. There are other laws, however: gaming, for instance; and we are not aware that the upper ten thousand speculators on an unknown future are similarly dealt with. The world would go no worse if betting-books and baccarat were tabooed.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis sends us his sermon on "The Bible: Doctrine *versus* Dogma," preached to the undergraduates of Oxford, at the request of the Inter-Collegiate Christian Union, in the University Pulpit of St. Mary's Church. This is an authorised version (price 2d.) of the sermon which so shocked the vicar of St. Mary's that he stopped the course of which it formed one. Subsequently he reversed his decision very characteristically. His is a vacillating mind, and he has more than once reversed decisions that might be deemed momentous; as, for example, when he joined the Catholic Church and reverted to his old faith in the Church of England. No particular weight is to be attached to a hasty act, subsequently cancelled, nor to the personal discourtesy to Mr. Haweis, which has had the beneficial effect of calling marked attention to a sermon which eminently deserves it as containing "godly doctrine necessary for these times."

Another good discourse is that of Mr. Page Hopps's in "The Coming Day." (April.) From the text, "Quench not the Spirit," the preacher emphasises the need of recognition of something more than the material in a man's life. Absorption in material pursuits, however high the aim and fine the work, starves the higher part in man, atrophies the emotional and æsthetic, the moral and religious instincts in the mind, and develops that which alone is used. The case in point that is adduced is Darwin, an exceptionally instructive case in that he admittedly lived on a high plane

and did a mighty work for which all time will be incomparably the richer.

Yet what do we find? In youth Darwin delighted in natural scenery, was fond of music, and had a delight in good poetry. His religious instincts were developed to an extent which led him to contemplate devoting his life to the ministry of the Church. In his "Autobiography," Darwin describes the gradual decay of this love for the æsthetic, emotional, and religious. He gradually found Shakespeare "so intolerably dull that it nauseated him." He lost his love for scenery and sweet sounds. He says of himself that his "mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts." The other part of his brain was atrophied. He says that "with a mind more highly organised or better constituted" this might not have been so. It is, perhaps, more true to say that a mind possessed at first of less noble and elevated aspirations would have suffered more.

It is open to question also whether Darwin really suffered at all appreciably by the loss which he bemoans. He was never belittled by it. His interests in life were always fresh and vivid. His work was an absorbing devotion, almost a daily worship, certainly an expression in act of a very noble mind. The pursuit of it never left him less noble, never dwarfed or stunted his mind, never cramped his interests. He was at the end a more placid, temperate, kindly, courteous man, self-sacrificing and unselfish, than he had been before all his training. Therefore, he was the better for it in himself, and it may not be so far from truth to say that Darwin, pondering the origin of species, or observing his earth-worms, has not only left behind him an imperishable record of beneficent work, but has conceivably developed instincts and achieved results that might not have been got from the most passionate devotion to music, or even a profound acquaintance with poetry.

Did Darwin "quench the spirit" by so developing his analytical faculties as to bless the world beyond most of his fellows? We think not. There was "spirit," and plenty of it in all Darwin's works. There is no good work done without "spirit," and there is much bad work done under its name. The distinction between such "material" work as Darwin's and that usually characterised as "spiritual" is a distinction without essential difference; shall we say an antithesis as unreal as that popular conception of the opposition of matter to spirit?

As we are writing of "spirit" and derivatives of that word, it is not out of place to notice the curious misuses of such terms, from the ordinary one of "spiritual" for "spiritualistic" or (better, perhaps) "spiritualist," to Mr. Wetherbee's strange and curious "causerie spirituelle." There is nothing fitly described as "spiritual" in any so-called "physical phenomenon," though it is a phenomenon related to or connected with Spiritualism, and therefore rightly described as "Spiritualistic."

Again, we have much confusion between "Spiritualist" (the noun) and "Spiritist." But it has now become so far a matter of usage that it may be well to apply the exclusively "Spiritist" to Continental professors of a belief cognate but not identical with that of the "Spiritualist." The former is usually a follower of Allan Kardec; the latter belongs to English-speaking races. This is not the place to define differences of belief, but such use of the terms is convenient and usual.

When we come to the question of the establishment of a complete system of terminology the matter is too big for discussion here. Mr. F. W. Hayes sends us a list of words and definitions, not much under thirty in number, which could only have the effect, if adopted, of darkening counsel by words of wisdom. Even these thirty by no means give us all the terms we want to express our meaning compactly, nor do they include the vocabulary of the Society for Psychical Research.

If one of our correspondents should write to "LIGHT" describing his experience in *Psychodynamics*, and should report thus: "At a seance held on — at —, the manifestants (whether *non-carnate*, *ex-carnate* or *dis-carnate*) it was

difficult to say exactly) gave a good demonstration of *Pseudo-somatism*, the *pseudo-soma* holding a *lychnos* and being accompanied in movement by marked *crepitus*. This *pseudo-soma* resembled an *acti-soma* lately seen on a sensitised plate—we should have a bad time of it in attempts at translation. Yet all that is meant might be put in the bald form that “a materialised form with a John King lamp, its movements accompanied by a rustling noise, and similar in appearance to a recent spirit-photograph, was observed at a certain seance. Whether the materialisation was due to the action of spirits of the departed, the human double, or spirit never incarnated we do not know.” Assuredly Spiritualists will never learn this new language; enough that we try and use correctly what words we are accustomed to, adding rarely and with caution.

The name of Talleyrand is in men's mouths now. He was a man of presentiments and intuitions, on which he always acted. Late in life he delighted to refer to the Daimon of Socrates and relate how he had himself been guided in a mysterious way. He believed in this influence—because he knew and felt it—when he had ceased to believe in anything else.

From the “Religio-Philosophical Journal” we see the following instance mentioned in “Revelations of the Life of Prince Talleyrand,” by M. Colmache, his private secretary. When compromising documents, found after the sack of the Tuileries, caused the Prince's flight in '92 to the United States, he was accompanied by one Baumetz, with whom he proposed to enter into trade. A ship was freighted for Calcutta, and they only waited for a fair wind. Then Talleyrand had one of his presentiments, and to it he always declared that he owed his life. On the faith of it he charged Baumetz with intent to murder him. The poor man, whose brain had given way under his troubles, confessed that the hideous thought had haunted him day and night, and that such was his intention. He burst into a paroxysm of tears and his tottering reason resumed sway. Talleyrand was saved.

There are on record many cases of the intervention of unseen guardians such as this. Sometimes the warning is by impression; sometimes the voice within makes itself heard; sometimes it sounds imperatively as though to the natural ear. D. D. Home declared that on at least one occasion his life had been saved from destruction by a falling limb of a tree by this direct interposition of his guardian.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

“Light” for Reading Rooms.

SIR,—Will you allow me to ask your readers if they can suggest a “public reading-room” (for intelligent artisans preferably) where “LIGHT” and other progressive literature would be acceptable, as I think the inevitable waste of periodicals, where no definite place is found for their disposal after reading and private lending, is simply lamentable?

E. L. BOUCHER.

[We will keep a register of such public reading-rooms as may desire to respond to such offers as this. We have others on hand.—ED. “LIGHT.”]

What do Phenomena Mean?

SIR,—I am glad to see you have returned to the charge, by repeating in your “Notes by the Way,” in “LIGHT” of March 8th, the question already once before definitely put by you before your readers for solution, and reiterated by me in a subsequent letter. I was sorry to find the subject was, as it were, “elbowed out” by the discussion of the more exciting “Husk” case, and feared the query might become shelved, for I hold it of far greater importance than proof or disproof of séance trickery. Certain of your correspondents honoured my letter by notice, but none even suggested any formula for the desired “canon of evidence.” I would, therefore, with your leave, once more press the subject on the notice of Spiritualists, not to obtain tests to prove the operation of an *ab extra* intelligence, operating from another plane than the physical, but for a crucial test of spirit-identity, fulfilling the conditions you so ably define. In the “Léonie” case, of secondary (and even tertiary) personalities, of which an abstract has appeared in the “Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research,” we have

the *secondary*, causing Léonie in her normal state, but automatically (unconsciously), to loose her apron strings, and this was effected evidently at the instance of Léontine (the “secondary”) to whom alone the suggestion of such act had been made, during unconsciousness of the *normal* Léonie. Now, as Mr. Featherstonhaugh, in the case of the photograph (quoted from the “Religio-Philosophical Journal” in your “Notes by the Way,” of the 28th ult), was aware in his normal “ordinary consciousness” which of the photos was the likeness of the alleged intelligence manifesting, this might also have been known to his secondary self, who might have effected the operations of selecting and holding up the correct card, and, indeed, *better in total darkness*, because the stimulus of light on the external sensory organs of the normal Mr. Featherstonhaugh was in abeyance to facilitate the operations of the *inner sense* by which chiefly “the secondary” seems to act.

It seems to me that until some satisfactory test be formulated for proving spirit-identity there cannot be any justification for the assertion even that proof has been obtained of man's continued existence, after *somatic* death, much less *proof palpable* of his *immortality*, as Spiritualists are wont to assert.

20, Pimlico-road, S.W.

H. VENMAN.

P.S.—With regard to the very important case of “powers of the liberated spirit,” by Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, reprinted by you from the “Spiritualist” of 1875, it may interest your readers to know that I am acquainted with the Mr. Bishop, dentist (then of Blackheath), who is still living, and had previously heard from him the account. When it appeared in the “Spiritualist,” I showed it him. He remembered the incident, but declined to give any public support to it (as I had asked him to do at the instance of the editor of the “Spiritualist”), on the ground that his memory was not sufficiently clear *as to details* to be reliable. Mr. Bishop told me he had been acting as secretary to Dr. E. J. Lewis, the gentleman of colour (who was believed to hold some medical qualification), that the latter was a most powerful mesmerist, and had been killed shortly after the incident narrated, by being thrown from his horse.

Fatal Names.

SIR,—The subject of fatal names and fatal months having been broached in the columns of “LIGHT,” it would certainly prove very interesting to its readers if those who possess family records would search them carefully and give the result of their researches to their fellow subscribers, in order that the theories of “chance coincidence” or “some more occult cause” for the fact might be weighed and investigated by competent critics, and if *all* would help in the task we should soon have a solid foundation of facts to work upon. I have not the back numbers of “LIGHT” to refer to, but I am pretty sure it was “C. C. M.” who broached the subject of fatal names, and gave an illustration on the matter, which stimulated me to recall a family in which for two generations the name of Robert has been specially unfortunate.

The first of the name which I can trace lived early in the present century, and for the sake of clearness I will term him No. 1. He was a young man of peculiar personal attractions, and greatly beloved, especially by his elder brother. At the age of nineteen a fever carried him off in the very dawn of a promising career.

His elder brother named his only son after his favourite relative. He also possessed the charm of manner and appearance which had characterised his uncle, and had excellent prospects (far more so than the latter). At twenty-three (owing to adverse circumstances) a fit of wandering took him to the backwoods of America, where, after various journeyings, during which he kept up an affectionate intercourse with his family, all trace of him was suddenly lost, and it is supposed he fell a victim to the yellow fever which was raging on the Mississippi about the time he is said to have gone down that river.

A first cousin of No. 1 also gave a son the fatal name. Superior personal attractions again followed, but he, too, died in the very prime of early manhood.

Another first cousin of No. 1 also gave his son the name: he, too, was a great favourite with his patients (for, like his namesake No. 1, he had adopted the medical profession). Just in the height of his popularity he, too, was gathered by

the Great Reaper, and died unmarried. A second brother of No. 1 (a very successful merchant, whose children might have fairly expected a prosperous career) gave his younger son the family name. The latter has survived, unmarried, to early middle age, but his career has been a most unsuccessful and disastrous one, causing his family constant annoyance and anxiety.

The Editor of "LIGHT" some time since made a most suggestive and valuable remark (I cannot remember the exact words, but its purport was) that "this was the age for garnering facts and propounding theories," for which the next generation would crown us with its gratitude. Astrology is now reviving from its long sleep, and I do hope that parents will not fail, in the interest of science, to note the exact moment of the birth and death of their children. Monthly nurses, were it suggested to them, could do much in this way, and their records would be of the greatest value to future astrologers.

Hanover.

E. L. BOUCHER.

On the Coming Weather.

SIR,—I have noticed some time ago that a correspondent in "LIGHT," drawing his inspiration from the stars, ventured on a prediction fenced around by many provisos. Disbelieving in the stars, I submit the following unfenced and naked prediction drawn from symbolic dream vision, namely, that we may expect a very wet summer, with considerable heat, and a very dry autumn, extending late into the fall of the year.

W. S.

Faces in the Dark.

SIR,—The paragraphs on the above subject have interested me, for I have had considerable experience of a similar kind, with, however, one important variation, viz., the faces have been almost invariably pleasant. They come towards me in a sweeping curve, stay a moment just in front, smile, then pass on and vanish. I only remember one procession of distorted or threatening countenances, and could easily account for the unpleasant change. I have sometimes seen an undulating band of broken light and shade passing me, instead of distinct faces. These processions take place during physical weakness or weariness, and have a soothing, rather than an exciting, effect.

FRIEDA.

The Medical Profession and Hypnotism.

SIR,—I wish to call attention to the efforts of the medical profession to secure legislation confining the practice of hypnotism to their members. I take it that the law, if passed, will be made to embrace other phases of magnetic healing (when admitted), and therefore think that prompt action should be taken to prevent the consummation of such an injustice. The arguments against such selfish conservatism are so evident and so many, that it is unnecessary to repeat them in this letter, which is written with the object of starting some organised opposition to the project. All who knowingly possess and exercise these gifts should at once form themselves into a body, and use every effort to defeat the attempt. Odds are against us, and time is flying, so immediate action is necessary. Hoping to take part in such a movement, I am, yours &c.,

A. L. WARD.

Dimensions of Space.

SIR,—The letter which recently appeared in "LIGHT" giving a communication in automatic writing concerning the fourth dimension is, indeed, interesting to those who have read Mr. Hinton's "New Era of Thought." Guided by some curious psychical experiences, I had thought out a theory of my own on a kindred subject, but I must admit the difficulty of bringing these ideas to bear on the physical plane. We have often heard of the "disintegration of matter," of "changing the polarity of molecules," and so on. Supposing that a magician is reported to have passed through a closed door, the feat is explained either by the bystanders having been hypnotised, or by the magician's astral double having been projected through the door in a mysterious and unexplained way. We are as far off as ever from knowing "how it is done." This is where my theory comes in. In the door there must be for a short space of time an atom that is not wood, but an atom that is "magician." In other words, to get through that door the magician

must transform himself into an atom of it. It may be for only a second of our time, time being, of course, annihilated for him. This operation might possibly be performed by concentrating the mind on the one little grey spot in the brain which represents our thinking faculties, and imagining oneself to be that grey spot, as some cataleptic patients are said to do. Or, another way, as the cookery books say. Imagine yourself to be shrinking gradually smaller and smaller until you become microscopic; smaller still, until you are invisible to the strongest microscope. (This is, I believe, one of the practices of Yogi.) Think that you are a point within a circle. All the time it is necessary to remember that you are not really an atom, but only an infinitesimally small magician. Then you begin to expand, larger and larger. You are through the door—it is merely a matter of contraction and expansion. *Si non é vero é ben trovato!*

LEO.

An Unvarnished Tale.

SIR,—It may be of interest to the readers of "LIGHT" if I relate my experience in slate writing with Dr. Charles Wentforth.

Having during the few years of my investigations of the phenomena of Spiritualism witnessed many astounding things in connection therewith, including materialisations, moving of dining-table with three men on the top of it, spirit painting, spirit identity through clairvoyance, &c., yet never have I had the pleasure of witnessing the phenomena of slate writing until February 3rd last. All occurred in broad daylight. I have read with great interest Professor Zöllner's experiments with Dr. Slade, and hoped that at some time I might be allowed to see this phase of mediumship, which through the kindness of Dr. Charles Wentforth, who is on a visit here from America, I was privileged to see.

It was in January last that I first made the acquaintance of this gentleman whilst paying us a visit at our Lyceum. Some few days after this I paid the doctor an unexpected visit, when I found him at the garden gate with a parcel which he had just got from the store, consisting of half a dozen slates, which I saw untied and washed at the wash-basin in the room. He handed me some slips of paper (torn from a notebook) upon which I was to write the name of some deceased person along with a question, he retiring until I had finished writing and had folded the papers into small pellets, which I mixed in such a manner as I thought it was impossible for anyone to tell what was on those papers. We now sat at a small table in the centre of the room, the doctor and I opposite each other, the pellets all together in the centre of the table, and the six clean slates at my right.

I now took one of the pellets and placed my hand over it, he asking if a spirit so named was present, and receiving the answer in the affirmative (which answers were heard only by himself clairaudiently) he asked the name, which he always got in full (Christian and surname) before proceeding to answer the question; then he asked for an answer to the question under my hand; he became greatly agitated, and taking up a slate with his left hand and pencil with his right he wrote automatically and very rapidly the answer to the question under my hand, which I only knew after comparing the question and answer together. This was the mode of procedure in all the automatic answers.

I will now give some of these (full names in the hands of the editor):—

Q.: Lister S. "Have you found spirit return to be true?" A.: "More so than the Gospel; in fact, it is the only thing that is true. Fred." Lister S. (All answers were signed in full.)

This young man was a great friend of mine, but passed on very many years ago in the orthodox belief, and knew nothing of Spiritualism. We were both members of the same church when he passed on.

2. Q.: Mitchell B. "Do you ever come to visit me? if so, can you make yourself manifest?" A.: "I am often with you, and will manifest as you develop at home." Mitchell B.

3. Private.

4. Q.: John B. "Can you make a slate-writing medium of me?" A.: "John B. is not here, but I will answer before I have done." John Scott.

After seeing that this question was taken in hand by John Scott instead of John B., I said, "Who are you? I do not know anyone of your name who has passed on."

Immediately the doctor became agitated, and taking up the slate wrote: "Former President, Milton Rooms, John Scott." Up to now I had not once thought of John Scott, and only remember seeing him once just before his transit to the higher life. He was, however, the first president (I believe) of our society. I said, "I shall be much pleased if you can answer the question on the paper under my hand;" to which the doctor said, "Will you answer it automatically or between two slates?" The answer came, "Between two slates." Two slates were now placed in front of me, and after looking at them I was told to put one hand on each slate for about four seconds, after which they were placed together in book form and grasped by the edges in the doctor's left hand and held at arm's length right in front of my eyes, while I grasped his right hand with the hand I had at liberty (keeping the paper containing the question covered with my other hand). There was nothing put between the slates wherewith to write. After two or three spasmodic motions the slates were again placed on the table, when I was told to look inside, and, to my surprise, found the following message in colours, red and yellow: "Friend B., I am glad to meet you to-day, and to know of the progress you are making. Keep on, and you can develop slate writing. John Scott." My surprise can better be imagined than described, as I first looked at the slates, then at the doctor, then to see if I could find any material by which it was possible for it to have been written, as I knew nothing was put in before the slates were closed; then again, the time between the slates leaving the table and being replaced was so short that it could not have been written in the ordinary way.

I am sure we at our Lyceum and society are thankful for the kind manner in which Dr. Wentforth has come forward and given his services towards helping us. I am sorry that his physical condition is such as to debar him from doing the amount of work in the cause which he otherwise would do.

This is an unvarnished statement of part (not all by any means) of my experience with Dr. Charles Wentforth.

FRED. BAILEY.

Vice-President Milton Rooms Society.

292, Heaton-road, Manningham, Bradford, Yorks.

April 3rd, 1891.

[This is an "unvarnished tale," for we have not had time to "varnish" it. Will our correspondents have mercy and send MSS. legibly written and prepared for the press?—Ed. "LIGHT."]

Clairvoyant Experience.

SIR,—On looking back, I cannot think that the apparition of my uncle, mentioned in "LIGHT," of April 21st, 1890, portended either disaster or death, nor, indeed, anything whatever.

I have several times in the course of my life seen apparitions, but never again that of anyone whom I recognised as having known in the flesh. Perhaps the following "experience" may prove of some little interest:—

About a year or two after the time before alluded to, I was placed at a boarding-school in Regent's Park. One Sunday in church I was amazed suddenly to observe the figures of two nuns on the velvet-cushioned seat round the altar. I gazed in astonishment, for at that date (about 1830) not even a Sister of Mercy was ever to be seen in England. I looked around, expecting to find expressions of surprise on the faces of the congregation: not perceiving any, I thought, "Well, at least when the service is over, and they move, they *must* be observed," and so I sat waiting for that interesting moment, when behold, they were *no longer visible!* and I learnt on inquiry from my schoolfellows that I alone had seen them. It was not until many years afterwards that I became aware that the church, St. Catherine's, had been formerly attached to a convent founded by Queen Mand. I then felt that the mysterious appearance of the two nuns had received additional significance. The fact of their being seated with their backs to the altar, also certain modifications of the strict nun's dress, seemed to point to their having belonged to a period after the Reformation—probably to the time of one of the Georges.

The very small figure of which I had a distinct view, wore a châtelaine from her waist, and I especially remarked the shiny smooth whiteness of the whimple and the linen band under the chin (I am not aware of the correct name), but the sleeves were half short, terminating with a lace frill, and

on the hands were long kid mittens. The aged-looking, watery blue eyes seemed fixed in a dreamy way on the upper and opposite part of the church, and she held no book. By her side, but turning the round corner of the seat, was a taller figure in similar black cloak and hood, apparently a humble attendant upon the one who would appear to have been the head of a community; neither did she hold any book. At this period of time it is difficult to imagine the startling strangeness of such an appearance when nothing of the kind was ever seen in England.

I will not add to the length of this letter, but I should be happy at a future time to narrate other experiences, especially one or two which are, I think, of more rare occurrence than simple apparitions. It was about this time that lying awake at night I heard what sounded like the striding steps of a *giant* advancing and receding round the somewhat large garden which lay beneath the windows of the bedroom. I awoke a schoolfellow, but she could hear nothing.

I sign myself as before,

PLAIN FACT.

[Further experiences will be welcome.—ED. "LIGHT."]

Outbursts of Spiritualism.

SIR,—There have been grand outbursts of Spiritualism in Europe for the greater part of the last 400 years, to show us that the other side has not been asleep. It was by soul-hearing that Luther was called to his work. He was on the "Holy Stairs," at Rome, mounting them on his knees, when he clairaudiently heard a voice saying to him, "The just shall live by faith." He rose from his knees and ran till he was out of breath; and then he began to think and soon after to act.

Soon there came a great counterblast, in the person of Ignatius Loyola. He was a soldier of high family, unlike Luther, who had been educated by charity. He was lying in bed grievously wounded, after battle, when he was aroused by soul-seeing, the other phenomenon so common in Scripture. He thought he saw the Apostle Peter, who came to him and cured him of his wounds. Subsequently, when suffering from religious doubts, he had another vision, which he believed to be that of the Virgin Mary with the Holy Child in her arms, and this cured him of his doubts.

It was just about the time that controversy was at the highest, when a stupendous disclosure was published to the world; throwing in the minds of thoughtful men even religious controversy into the shade. This was nothing less than the demonstration of the Copernican system, which proved that this world of ours, instead of being the centre of the universe, was but a little planet, as a grain of dust in the immensity of space; and which, as modern experience daily shows, can be sailed round in a few months or weeks. Without such a revelation we never could have dared enunciate the following formulary of what are, I believe, sound words: "There is but one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts, or passions; of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness; the Maker and Preserver of all things both visible and invisible."

Copernicus was a Canon of the Church of Rome; and his grand system was propounded in about the year 1533. He was in favour with the enlightened Pope, Leo X. But new Popes arose who knew not Leo; and, in 1616, Galileo went to Rome to bear witness to the truth of the system, as demonstrated by his own telescopes. But the then Pope, Paul V., told Galileo that the system was both false and heretical.

It was during this sixteenth century that the great poet, Torquato Tasso, lived—we can hardly say flourished; for, less fortunate than Milton, who lived under a milder régime, Tasso spent much time in prison, because, like Milton, he was subject to soul-hearing, and that without the especial sanction of his Church. But that his soul-hearing was of a high order we learn from his friend Manso, Marquis de Villa. Manso was present at one of Tasso's conversations with his unseen monitor, and gives us the following account of it: "Tasso sometimes questioned and sometimes answered, and, by his answers, I guessed the meaning of what he had heard. The subject of this conversation was so elevated and the expressions so sublime that I myself fell into a sort of ecstasy. I dared neither to interrupt nor to importune him with questions, and his vision continued for a long time."

In entering on the seventeenth century we may give a history of Haddock, the sleeping preacher, at Oxford, in 1605, as

detailed in Lucy Aikin's "Court of James I.": "It was affirmed of this personage that he had the art of preaching very learned and excellent sermons in his sleep, though but a dull fellow in his waking hours, and known to be no great scholar. He would even speak exceedingly good Greek and Hebrew in these nocturnal discourses, being otherwise ignorant, it is said, of the languages. At Oxford, where this prodigy was first manifested, the fellows and scholars of his college went as regularly to hear Haddock preach in his sleep as to any other sermon. . . . On concluding, he would wake, stretch, and remember nothing that had been said." The King had a bed put up in his own drawing-room, and the preacher preached to his Majesty and the Court; and then "his Majesty, with infinite solemnity and precaution, proceeded with the business; and after much cross-examination by himself and his privy counsellors, actually prevailed with the man to confess his imposture." But still there were some things which his Majesty "out of the depth of his wonderful judgment required to have further cleared." Anyhow, Mr. Haddock saved his ears. As was sung in those days:—

"Now God preserve the King, the Queen, the peers;
And grant the culprit long may wear his ears."

The seventeenth century, in England, was an era of extremes; but it was then that Milton was endowed with soul-bearing. It was then that the Quakers were taught by George Fox to speak as the spirit moved them; because, as he told them, "There is a light shining in the darkness of your hearts, and you have not comprehended it. Oh, believe in that light, follow in that light," George Fox earnestly cried. The Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice makes the following observation in his "Kingdom of Christ" on these words of George Fox: "Dare I say that he was not taught this truth from above? Not till all the deepest convictions of my own heart have perished!"

Then there was Greatrakes, the great healer by touch, who lived in this century. But people will say, "We do not believe in Greatrakes, or other healers of his kind." Yes, as the Rev. H. R. Haweis remarked in his sermon the other day at St. Mary's, Oxford: "Say the healing touch is absurd, but medical rubbing and massage may be accepted. Vilify Mesmer and all his works for a century, and then accept all the phenomena which he suffered so much to prove. You have only to call it 'hypnotism,' and there is no difficulty." Faith healing during the seventeenth century was so prominent that many were notoriously cured of disease by the touch even of a reprobate king.

With regard to the eighteenth century, all I will say here is that England has lately celebrated the centenary of a great man, John Wesley, whose fervour and success may very probably have had their origin in the spirit manifestations, in his father's parsonage, during his youth. But, among the vast concourse of his followers, these were the only incidents of his eventful life which were stifled.

I have just come, unawares, upon an account of what was, perhaps, the origin of faith-healing in the present century, which I reserve for a future letter. It occurred quite early in this century. WILLIAM R. TOMLINSON.

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.]

No notice received later than the first post on Tuesday is secure of admission.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—Last Sunday Mr. A. M. Rodger gave an interesting address on "The Great Religions of the World" which was listened to with great attention. —GEO. E. GUNN, Hon. Sec.

24, HARCOURT-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—Mrs. Perrin delivered a trance address, on Sunday last, on the "Magnetic Links between the Embodied and Disembodied," exhorting all to aim to a higher knowledge and action thereon, so that like spirit friends may be intersphered with us to the uplifting of the masses. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., open service; at 7 p.m., Mr. T. Everitt, on "Form Manifestations." Thursday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Wilkins; Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell.—C. WHITE, Hon. Secretary.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM, S.E.—On Sunday morning last a good discussion took place upon the

much discussed subject of "Re-incarnation." Mr. Lees in the evening took the platform owing to the unavoidable absence of Mr. Symons. Good audiences were present on both occasions. Sunday, April 12th, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. Lees; Monday, 13th, at 8.15 p.m., open discussion; Friday, 17th, from 8 p.m., free healing.—J. VEITCH, Secretary, 19, The Crescent, Southampton-street, Camberwell, S.E.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—On Sunday last Mr. Selley gave us an interesting address on Astrology, which was much appreciated by all present. Mr. Hopcroft's controls commented upon the lecture, and also demonstrated spirit power by placing the medium's hand in the flame of a lighted candle while speaking, greatly to the astonishment of our secular friends, who are attending our meetings as a result of the recent debate at Hammersmith upon Spiritualism. Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., speaker wanted; Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Mason; Thursdays, at 8 p.m., Developing Circle.—J. H. B.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E. (a few doors from the "Green").—Sunday services, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m.; children's Lyceum, at 3 p.m. Public reception, Wednesdays, 8.15 p.m.; strangers welcome. Public healing on Thursdays, 8.15 p.m. Reading-room open on Monday, Thursday and Saturday evenings. Private séances (developing) on Monday, Thursday and Saturday evenings. Library, on Sunday evenings, at 8.15 p.m. Opening services on Sunday next; Mrs. Stanley and friends, at 7 p.m. prompt. Inaugural tea and entertainment on Monday, April 20th, at seven o'clock. Friends desirous of attending the tea or developing circles, should address the Secretary, Mr. W. E. LONG, 8, Orchard-row, Camberwell New-road, S.E.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IT having been repeatedly requested that all communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor of "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to any other address, it is now respectfully intimated that letters otherwise addressed will not be forwarded. Foreign correspondents are specially desired to note this request. It does not, of course, apply to proof sent from the printer and marked to be returned to 13, Whitefriars-street, E.C. So much expense and delay is caused by neglect to read the standing notices to correspondents that it is hoped attention may be paid to the plain directions therein laid down.

SEVERAL letters and some articles are crowded out this week. We hope to print most of these next week, but our correspondents are asked to be brief in their letters, and to send them ready for the press.

R.O.—The book is out of print, as many of our best works are. Most of these are to had from our library.

F.W.H.—Your letter was duly received, and we have noted it, but did not feel able to insert it in full. It is retained for future use, if such should appear desirable.

S.K.—Your disquisition is perilously near to the line we are forced to draw in respect of theology and allied subjects. But, as it does not assail any prejudices, we use it.

L.A.—Due notice of the meeting of the London Spiritualist Alliance in St. James's Hall, during the month of June, will be given. There will be the usual meeting, but the date is not yet fixed.

E.M.—We are not able to recommend any medium, healer, or hypnotiser other than those whose addresses will be found in our advertising columns. These are all good in their way, and you must find the most suitable by trying. For all sensitives are not equally successful with all inquirers.

C.J.B.—We have not before heard of anything exactly like what you describe. It would be well to wait and see if the experience recurs. We gather that you were aroused slowly from sleep, and that these sensations occurred between sleeping and waking. Under such circumstances it is very difficult to refer them to any cause; but if they recur it might be more easy. Watch any return carefully.

A GOOD CREED.—Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burthened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way.