

# 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.)"

There are some points in Camille Flammarion's article on "The Unknown" in the "Arena," noticed elsewhere, which touch on my personal experience, and some which seem to call for further remark. And first as to Automatic or Passive Writing. This is M. Flammarion's description of the process as known to him. "One rests one's hand, motionless but docile, on a sheet of paper and then waits. After a little while the hand begins to move and to form letters, words, and phrases. One does not create these sentences as in the normal state, but waits for them to produce themselves. Yet the mind is, nevertheless, associated therewith. The subject treated is in unison with one's ordinary ideas. The written language is one's own. If one is deficient in orthography, the composition will betray this fault. Moreover, the mind is so intimately connected with what is written that, if it ponders something else, if the thoughts are allowed to wander from the immediate subject, then the hand will pause or trace incoherent signs. . . . It is a sort of auto-suggestive state." Further on the writer admits that he is "assured that there are mediums who write so mechanically that they know not what they are writing, and record theses in strange tongues on subjects concerning which they are ignorant, but this I have never been able to verify with any certainty." *I have*: and in my own proper person. I have never written in "strange tongues," but I have written automatically precise statements of fact, subsequently verified and found to be exact, such facts being demonstrably outside of my own knowledge. This I have done also when the mind was occupied with a wholly different subject from that contained in the automatic writing, and sometimes with a subject that demanded close and sustained attention. I have published many examples of this in my "Spirit Teachings." I have never found the hand "pause or trace incoherent signs" under such circumstances. In all the books that contain these writings, five-and-twenty in number, there is no erasure or incoherent scribble. All was written without pause until the message was complete; all would bear printing as it stands without alteration or correction. Though the handwriting varies according to the intelligence that purports to communicate, it is always clear and well-written, the special character is preserved in each separate case without variation, and there is no sign of incoherence or aimless scribble throughout all these communications. I offer no opinion as to whether the style is similar to my own. There is ample opportunity for each reader of my book to form his own opinion. I add only that there is throughout no single

foolish, flippant, or unworthy sentence. A spirit of dignity and sobriety pervades the whole.

M. Flammarion tells us that it was Madame de Girardin who introduced Victor Hugo and Auguste Vacquerie to Planchette at the poet's Jersey home. M. Vacquerie experienced, according to his account in his "Les Miettes de l'Histoire" (Crumbs of History), the same exaltation in his investigations which was so conspicuous in my own case. "No longer (he writes) did I wait for evening. At midday I began my investigations, and forsook them only with the dawn. If I interrupted myself at all during that time it was only to dine." I remember well the difficulty that I had in dragging myself away from this engrossing inquiry. I was saved only by a stern sense of duty which made me resolve that my day's work should be done before I allowed myself to meddle with what filled my mind. It was a daily recurring fight. If I had had to do with an intelligence less noble and high-minded than his who then governed me, I should have been swept away by the impulse to sacrifice everything to an absorbing passion. I should have added one more to the long list of those unbalanced minds which have meddled with this thing to their ruin and have become, by the very licence that they have allowed themselves, the victims of an excess which has ended in delusion and the wreck of sanity. The maintenance of sobriety and moderation in the indulgence of the appetite for this intercourse with the unseen is as much a duty, as imperatively demanded for a healthy state of mind, as is the regulation and governance of the appetites of the body. The results of a debauch are similar in either case. M. Vacquerie did not escape. His day and night-long orgies bore their fruit. Planchette was too slow and was discarded. The disk with its alphabet and pointer followed the same way. He "talked fluently to the table (which) no longer responded by a few words merely, but by sentences and pages." He was carried off his feet, swept along on an irresistible tide, and his reason was mastered by his emotions. To one in such a plight sound judgment was first difficult, then impossible. "If now asked for my explanation of all this, I hesitate to reply. I should not have hesitated in Jersey. I should unhesitatingly have affirmed the presence of spirits. . . . Nine years, however, have passed away since all this occurred. I gave up my daily interviews after a few months for the sake of a friend whose insufficient mind could not bear these breaths from the unknown. I have never reperused the sheets whereon sleep the words which moved me so profoundly. I am no longer in Jersey upon that rock, lost among the waves, where the exile was torn from his native soil, away from life. Myself a living corpse, it did not astonish me to encounter the dead alive; and, so little is certainty natural to man, that one may doubt even the things seen with his eyes and touched with his hands." *Some men may*; but they are not the sanest and most trustworthy. The method has been at fault. It is the giddiness succeeding a crazy whirl; the nausea that waits on the debauch.

M. Flammarion incidentally makes mention of the peculiar character of some raps "apparently within the table." I have elsewhere described this remarkable sound as resembling a "disintegration of the fabric of the table." The rap is not on the surface; it is, so to say, a tearing asunder of the wood itself, as if some disruptive force were at work. It is a sound impossible to imitate; the table seems to be alive and moves hither and thither over the floor, or is raised by quick jerks into the air, or ascends slowly and is poised above the heads of the sitters. Its movements suggest conscious pain, and it seems to be trying to escape from the force that possesses it. I have repeatedly seen a table so comport itself as to convey an almost human utterance of pain. Creaking, groaning, shivering it would slide or jump from side to side, and finally leap into the air like a hunted thing which could find no way of escape. "These (says M. Flammarion) are physical effects which prove undeniably the existence of an unknown force." They do, indeed, beyond the possibility of a doubt. And to the evidence adduced by the writer of such movements while the hands of the observers are in contact with the upper surface of the table must be added the further fact that movements of the same kind and of an equally violent nature occur when the hands are removed and the table is untouched. I have seen such movements as I have described when a circle of three had drawn back their chairs, after having "charged" the table by contact of their hands for some time. There was a clear space of about two feet round the table. In this space it performed its extraordinary antics, and finally darted up into the air and remained suspended and quivering at a height of at least three feet from the floor. From this position it settled down again as gently as a falling leaf, oscillating with a shivering movement till it resumed its original place and was still. It is well to add to M. Flammarion's valuable evidence the fact, not within his own observation, that contact of the hands of the observers is not necessary in all cases. Where the force is freely developed and conditions are good, that possible source of error—unconscious muscular action—may be eliminated.

What, asks M. Flammarion, is the cause? "Is it within us, or is it outside of ourselves? Are we capable of doubling ourselves in some way, yet without knowing it—of unconsciously giving by mental suggestion the answers to our own questions, and of so producing certain physical effects without being aware of it? Again, is there around us an intelligent atmosphere, a sort of spiritual cosmos? or are there invisible beings, who are not human, but so many gnomes, hobgoblins, or imps?—for such an invisible world may exist around us. Finally, can these effects really come from the souls of the departed who are able to return from the other world? And where is this other world?" The double of the medium; a thought-atmosphere; sub-human beings; departed souls—these are the four suggested hypotheses. We shall probably hear more in the second part of M. Flammarion's paper, promised next month, of the conclusions at which he himself arrives. For myself I have long since discussed the questions propounded, and see no reason to vary from the conclusions at which I arrived. It is a common blunder to confound the force with the intelligence that uses it. M. Flammarion rightly dismisses the idea of an intelligent force. The force is provided by medium and sitters, the intelligence that wields it gives every indication of being that of a departed human being. The order of mind displayed is purely human, never anything else. It may be, it often is, low and undeveloped, such as we might hypothetically predicate of the hangers on about the boundary of the two worlds, the unprogressed and undeveloped whose acquaintance we may readily make even here and in

the body. But, such as it is, its traits and characteristics are human. It never pretends to be anything else. It never announces itself as a sub-human spirit, a puck, a gnome: rarely as a denizen of another planet. In the one or two rare cases where such pretence has been made the exposure of the false claim is ready to hand. The "Bernard Palissy in Jupiter," who professed, as such, to inform Victorien Sardou, displayed the same ideas respecting the state of the planet Jupiter as were then current—ideas long since exploded. The Bernard Palissy was one of the numerous posture-mongering spirits who will assume any character and take on any name. We are all familiar with them in and out of the body: they are sufficiently human. This is not the place to discuss the vexed question of the identity of spirits. M. Flammarion has yet to speak on that topic. Meantime the student who would approach the solution of the four hypothetical causes of the phenomena must keep an impartial eye on the potentialities of the incarnate human spirit equally with the possibility of the interference in mundane affairs of the departed spirits of humanity.

[Though very unwilling to obtrude my own personality, I know that many friends are anxious to know of my state, and say, therefore, that the bronchial symptoms are still present and that I am extremely weak. I fear perfect recovery is still far off.]

#### ANIMALS AS WITNESSES TO PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

BY ELIZA L. BOUCHER.

In a recent issue of "LIGHT," "M.A. (Oxon.)," after having forcibly pointed out the extreme value of well authenticated accounts of apparitions where animals are proved from their actions to have undoubtedly perceived such phenomena, and desiring to furnish his readers with one of the strongest arguments in favour of the objective reality of the latter, asks the help of those who can either supply such accounts from their own personal experience, or give authentic records of the same. Now, the two most striking cases of this class which I have met with (except the "dog in the Woolfridge Wood," transcribed from some well-known medical journal, by Dale Owen, in his "Debateable Land") are the following, which, not having my papers or books of reference by me, I venture to quote from a controversy with "Lex Naturæ," which I last year carried on in the columns of "The Agnostic," commencing at the end of February, and lasting on and off till the beginning of May, Saladin, with his usual justice, allowing "fair play and no favour" to both parties. I quote from my letter of February 15th, 1890:—

I will pass by for the present the facts of clairvoyance to give some striking cases in which increased power of action is shown by the Ego after its separation from the physical body. Take the following: I may premise that the clergyman whose name is attached to it gave me the account over twenty years ago, and on reading it in "Phantasms of the Living." I at once recognised both his name and narrative. Here it is slightly condensed (p. 510, Vol. II.) from the Rev. C. C. Wambay, now of Paragon House, Wilton-road, Salisbury.

My father, who was an Indian officer, retired from service early, owing to defect of sight, eventuating in total blindness. He was somewhat eccentric, sometimes sitting up all night, and retiring when the servants came down in the morning. We, my father, mother, and six children, lived at Crossway Green, in the parish of H. One morning, how well I remember it, I was but a young child then, a neighbouring farmer called at our house, requested to see Mrs. W., and was shown into the drawing-room, where my mother joined him. Closing the door he asked in an excited manner if all were well with the Captain. My mother replied, "Quite well, when her eldest son, who had been reading the newspaper to him, left him half an hour ago." The farmer shook his head incredulously, and took his departure. Shortly after, my mother having occasion to go into the room, took me with her, and entered. On opening

the door she started back in horror, saying to me, "My — here is your father." Stretched on the floor, his head against the bedstead, he lay dead. He was evidently in the act of preparing to dress (for a stocking was grasped in his hand) when he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, death having been apparently instantaneous.

After the funeral the farmer disclosed the following event, which, from motives of delicacy, he had not mentioned before. On the morning of his visit, he and his carter were with a waggon and team of horses crossing the common. Suddenly my father, his hand pointing to our house, appeared in front of the horses (which commenced snorting and plunging furiously) and as suddenly disappeared. When the horses had been calmed, the farmer, leaving them in charge of the carter, hastened to our house as above related, and requested to see my mother instantly.

The following may be found in the second volume of J. G. Wood's "Man and Beast—Here and Hereafter," and after having been scrupulously tested as usual by the Society for Psychical Research, was given in one of their journals. I have not the number by me, but it is precisely the same as given in the above work. I reproduce it from memory, and I believe the circumstance took place in the town from which I am writing (Boulogne-sur-Mer). The lady who related the occurrence was, at the time, living with her mother. She was one night sitting alone in her room, caressing a favourite cat, which presently, with raised fur and arched back, began spitting vehemently and showing every sign of terror. Her attention being thus attracted she looked up, and on the chair opposite saw the figure of a hideous old woman, looking at her with eyes of fearful malignity. At first she felt paralysed with horror, but the cat wildly springing from her lap roused her, and she rang the bell violently. Instantly the figure disappeared, and the cat, which had been wildly dashing itself against the panels of the two doors of entrance, on her mother entering literally sprang over her head, and for half an hour ran up and downstairs as if pursued. They afterwards ascertained that an old woman had committed suicide in that very room. This, though the most striking, was by no means the only apparition seen in the house. Well-authenticated facts of the same character are now pouring in by scores, I may say by hundreds. We need all we can get, but the special value of the above is the part animals play in them. Say Captain W.'s death was a coincidence, that the lady was hallucinated, that the woman having committed suicide in the room had nothing at all to do with it, how about the animals? For in the latter case, if the phenomena were not objective we must imagine that the rapport between the lady and her cat was so strong that the latter was the agent of a telepathic hallucinatory communication to the lady, for the cat saw the form first (this I think an important point to remember, as a rider, for instance, is said sometimes to communicate the sensation of panic to his steed). Say in the case of the Captain and the farmer, that all was due to a rapport between the two, was the dying or dead man *en rapport* with the team of horses also? And what immense energy must have existed in the Captain's brain at the supreme moment when all sensation and power are supposed to cease.

#### A REAL GOOD SHOCKER.\*

We are not about to betray the secrets of the prison-house. We can only say that the man who disposed of his shadow, and the man who sold his appetite and "stoked with cold boiled mutton" while the purchaser of that element of enjoyment revelled in luxury and visited the consequences on the unfortunate vendor, find a worthy counterpart in this man who disintegrated himself and—but there the reader must for himself find out the awful consequences. The man who thought he knew all about himself found that he did not; the submerged self proved quite a startling revelation, and literally "played the devil" with that respectable portion of the whole man which had been accustomed to pose as the whole. A clever idea well worked out, if one may except some mannerisms which become irritating before the little booklet is done with. A very antithetical stylist is Phineas Glenelg.

\* "The Devil and the Doctor." By PHINEAS GLENELG. 1s. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.)

#### COINCIDENCE OR WHAT?

An Adelaide correspondent sends the following cutting from "The Advertiser" of April 25th, 1891:—

The Ballarat correspondent of the Melbourne "Age" telegraphed on Wednesday: A few days ago an advertisement appeared in the "Age" from Mr. Cullmer, solicitor, of Chancery-lane, London, inquiring for the address or whereabouts of Henry Mottlee, as the sum of £17,000 was awaiting payment to him by the Court of Chancery. The man advertised for is, it seems, a resident of Ballarat, and to-day he became aware of his good luck in a somewhat singular manner. Mottlee, who together with his wife and family, occupies a small house on the Smithsdale-road, sent one of his children to-day to a neighbouring shop to purchase a tallow candle. The candle on being purchased was wrapped in a piece of the "Age," which contained the "missing friends" advertisements, and on the girl taking the candle home Mottlee picked up the wrapper after it had been thrown on the floor, and commenced to read it. It is almost needless to mention that he was surprised when he read that he had come into a fortune of £17,000. The bottle-gatherer, it appears, was aware that his relatives in bygone times had money in Chancery, and that originally it came from one Hawkins, who died in 1791, exactly 100 years ago. The advertisement mentions this fact, and a missing link in a certain chain of evidence having been supplied the £17,000 goes to Mottlee as the next of kin. The lucky man, who has been a resident of the colony for seventeen years, has to apply personally in London for the money before August 30th next.

#### ALICE AND PHÆBE GARY.

By "OBSERVER." MRS. (LOVE M.) WILLIS.

It was in the springtime of 1854 that a friend said cheerily, "Would you like to meet Alice Cary?" "Literary people" were clothed in a halo of light to us in those days. We set them apart as on a plane that no obtruders must step upon; so the summons was one of unusual import. Alice Cary was pictured in fancy as slight, small, delicate, in simple, spiritual attire, and looking as a priestess might who was conscious of a great mission. Why this fancy? Who can tell? Perhaps it was because this young woman, by the efforts of her pen, had won a place in the hearts of the people; because she claimed friendship with such men as Horace Greeley, Oliver Johnson, Bayard Taylor, Robert Dale Owen, and many others more or less distinguished; a woman who, by her pen, purchased a house and surrounded herself with beautiful objects, and called into that home the best liberal thought of New York and made for it a kind of centre of freedom and light.

But it was not to that home we went that spring evening, but to the house of the lamented Dr. Curtis: and when Alice, as everyone called her, came in, she was in bearing and manner almost the opposite of the picture of our fancy. She was tall, dressed fashionably, moved with a rustle, as if conscious of her physique. But her manner was most sweet and cordial. Her soul seemed to come out toward you; she put one at ease from the first. Her cheery, "I am glad to meet you," seemed not mere words. From her eyes there beamed forth an earnest, questioning look, as if to say, "What have you to tell me?"

This meeting was followed by others in her own home and at the women's club, Sorosis, of which she was chosen the first president; and these meetings resulted in a friendship of respect, if not of intimacy, for even then her health began to demand care. In her biography very little is said of her faith in Spiritualism. Mary Clemmer Ames says: "Many have inquired concerning her belief in Spiritualism. She was a Spiritualist, in the highest meaning of the much-abused term, as every spiritually-minded person must be in some sense, and would be if no such thing as professional Spiritualism had ever existed. No one can believe in the New Testament, in God Himself, and not be in this sense a Spiritualist. One cannot have faith in another and better world, and not feel often that its border lies very near to this; so near, indeed, that our lost who have gone thither may come back to us, unseen, unheard, to walk as 'ministering angels' by our sides. This is the Spiritualism of Jesus and His disciples, and of holy men and women in all ages."

But the faith of Alice and Phœbe Cary was more pronounced than that of the mere assenter. Alice's faith is uttered in these lines:—

"Laugh, ye who never had  
Your dead come back; but do not take from me  
The harmless comfort of my foolish dream  
That these our mortal eyes,  
Which outwardly reflect the earth and skies,  
Do introvert upon eternity;  
And that the shapes you deem  
Imaginations, just as clearly fall  
Each from its own divine original,  
And through some subtle element of light,  
Upon the inward spiritual eye,  
As do the things which round about them lie,  
Gross and material, on the external sight."

Elmina, her youngest sister, who married Mr. Alexander Swift, of Cincinnati, was one of the mediums through whom Judge Edmonds received those communications that expressed to him a new philosophy of the spirit. Her death in 1862 was a great grief to Alice.

"Low lying in her pallid pain,  
A flower that thirsts and dies for rain,  
I see her night and day:  
And every heart-beat is a cry,  
And every breath I breathe a sigh—  
Oh! for the May, the May."

It was in the visits of mediums to her home that she took especial delight. There was always the eagerness to gather about the table, and to seek for those *signs* that are by many considered crude and unnatural, but which to her spoke in tones as real and scientific as did the message she received at her door through the electric telegraph. Her poetic sense of the philosophy of Spiritualism did not satisfy the craving for knowledge of the hereafter. The mediumistic tendency of the whole family is shown in this quotation from Alice:—

"Almost every family has a ghost story; ours has more than one; but *the* one foreshadowed all the others. The new house was just finished. There had been a violent shower; father had come home from the field, and everybody had come in out of the rain. I think it was about four in the afternoon when the storm ceased and the sun shone out. The new house stood on the edge of a ravine, and the sun was shining full upon it, when someone in the family called out and asked how Rhoda and Lucy came to be over in the new house, and the door open. Upon this all the rest of the family rushed to the front door, and there across the ravine in the open door of the new house stood Rhoda with Lucy in her arms. Someone said, 'She must have come from the sugar camp, and has taken shelter there with Lucy from the rain.' Upon this another called out 'Rhoda!' but she did not answer. While we were gazing and talking and calling, Rhoda herself came downstairs, where she had left Lucy fast asleep, and stood with us while we all saw, in the full blaze of the sun, the woman with the child in her arms slowly sink, sink, sink into the ground, until she disappeared from sight. Then a great silence fell upon us all. In our hearts we all believed it to be a warning of sorrow—of what, we knew not. When Rhoda and Lucy both died, then we knew. Rhoda died the next autumn, November 11th. Lucy a month later, December 10th, 1833.

"Father went directly over to the house and out into the road, but no human being, and not even a track, could be seen. Lucy has been seen many times since by different members of the family, in the same house, always in a red frock, like one she was very fond of wearing—the last time by my brother Warren's little boy, who had never heard the story. He came running in saying he had seen 'a little girl upstairs in a red dress.' He is dead now, and was such a bright boy! Since the apparition in the door, never for one year has our family been free from the shadow of death. Ever since someone of us has been dying."

Phœbe has left more records of her faith in Spiritualism than Alice, for she had a more *literal* quality of mind. She had undoubting faith in spiritual communion. She would remark of some dear one who had died: "I think — has just come into the room. I feel her presence as distinctly as I do yours." She said she "knew the dead came back just as she knew that she thought, or saw, or knew anything else." It was simply a fact which she stated literally and unexcitedly, as she did any other. "It was not any more

wonderful to her," she said, "that she could see and perceive with her soul, than that she was able to discern objects with her eyeballs." The following quotation declares her constant feeling:—

"The veil of flesh that hid  
Is softly drawn aside;  
More clearly I behold them now  
Than those who never died."

She spoke constantly of sympathy and communion with those whom death had taken, precisely as she spoke of intercourse with the living. Her poem "Border Land" expresses her conviction:—

"I know you are always by my side,  
And I know you love me, Winifred dear;  
For I never called on you since you died  
But you answered tenderly, 'I am here!'

So come from the misty shadows, where  
You came last night and the night before;  
Put back the veil of your golden hair,  
And let me look in your face once more.

Ah! it is you; with that brow of truth,  
Ever too pure for the least disguise,  
With the same sweet smile on the loving mouth  
And the same sweet light in the tender eyes.

You are my own, my darling still,  
So do not vanish or turn aside;  
Wait till my eyes have had their fill,  
Wait till my heart is pacified!

You have left the light of your higher place,  
And ever thoughtful, and kind, and good,  
You come with your old, familiar face,  
And not with the look of your angelhood.

Still the touch of your hand is soft and light,  
And your voice is gentle and kind and low;  
And the very roses you wear to-night  
You wore in the summers long ago.

Oh, world! you may tell me I dream or rave,  
So long as my darling comes to prove  
That the feet of the spirit cross the grave,  
And the loving live, and the living love."

The intimate relationship of spirit between these sisters was always apparent. Before Alice died Phœbe said, "It seems to me that a cord stretches from Alice's heart to mine: nothing can hurt her that does not hurt me." After her death she said, "Alice, when she was here, always absorbed me, and she absorbs me still: I feel her constantly drawing me." And they were not long separated by even the thin veil of the flesh, for Phœbe soon followed Alice.

In looking over the notices of Alice's death in the prominent papers of that date, we find no allusion to her faith in the spiritual facts of the time. Perhaps this is not strange, but it seems at this day to be lamentable. When an earnest soul looks out with trusting faith into the world of spirits, and recognises the great fact of spiritual communion, the world would be helped could it lay firmly hold of that fact. Few people read biographies or know of the inner life of distinguished persons, and when they die their faith is placed within the sacred precincts of some church, and its deepest meaning hidden there.

Thus in writing this little memory of two strong, noble, true women, we have found it difficult to substantiate our memories by the recorded words of others. For to be a Spiritualist was supposed to take away the delicate edge of intellect, to shadow the light of faith, and to make an abnormal being. Phœbe says of Alice: "Though loving and prizing whatever is good and lovely here, and keeping firm and tender hold of the things that are seen, yet she always reached one hand to grasp the unseen and eternal. She believed that God is not far from any one of us, and that the sweet communion of friends who are only separated by the shadowy curtain of death might still remain unbroken."—Abridged from "Banner of Light."

OUR OLD HOMES.—The old home is never empty, but always full to me with people who are always happy and can never die. So are other houses of my friends. Thank God for Memory and Hope! When these earthly houses of our friends are discovered by us at last to be empty, and all our thoughts about them dreams, then at the same moment we shall discover that another home is inhabited by the same dear friends, and that our dreams cease only when we have awoke to and met with realities.—NORMAN MACLEOD.

### MR. JOHN AINSWORTH AND T. C. DAVIES.

In "LIGHT" (May 23rd) is printed a letter on "Mr. Ainsworth's Scientific Ghost," signed T. C. Davies, to which Mr. Ainsworth excepts. If we had not been incapacitated by dire illness, which made anything like careful work impossible, we should undoubtedly have cut out some expressions from that letter. They are not of a character that we are accustomed to employ, and we regret their appearance in our columns. Mr. Ainsworth requests us, in justice to himself, to reproduce the following letter. This we do, and thereby terminate the incident, having, as our practice is, given a hearing to both sides.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LIVERPOOL DAILY POST."

SIR,—The report of the "French Scientist's Discovery" I took from "Modern Society" of April 4th, 1891, and that was an alleged extract from a French journal. Mr. T. C. Davies asks a few of his characteristic questions, based upon his own assumption and presumption. He assumes that because he is not acquainted with any apparatus whereby two persons could look through it at the same time, no such instrument exists, or had been recently discovered. He presumes that it was impossible for the scientist and his friend to have alternate views, as is the case when some of our great astronomers watch the transit of Venus, or any other planetary phenomenon, and then give their experience in the plural tense. Mr. Davies substituted the word "seven" for "many," and out of this makes many scientific mistakes. For instance, he says, "Diameters would be a more correct term for magnified" in reference "to the particles of dust in the air," &c. I always understood that all atoms of matter are considered to be spherical; but Mr. Davies wants to convey the stupid idea that you can increase the diameter of an atom 7,000 times without in the least increasing its circumference or entire bulk. This is a specimen of his reasoning upon any subject when I have had to deal with him. His illogical and unscientific inference from this is "that if the particles of dust were magnified, so also would be the ghost (in exact ratio)." Here Mr. Davies has not the ghost of a chance of proving his assumptive position. He must, or ought to, know that there is a very wide difference in the particles, in specific gravity, &c., of matter in its various forms, and that this difference becomes greater as we approach what are termed the imponderables, such as magnetism, heat, electricity, &c. Take a few examples. "Every foot of wire (termed gold lace) is equal to the 4,000th part of an ounce, and the coating of gold which covers an inch of it will be the 8,640,000th part of an ounce. Again, this inch is divisible into 100 equal parts, every one of which will be distinctly visible without the aid of any microscope, and the portion of gold which covers it is the 864,000,000th part of an ounce." "Air at the freezing point expands 1-480th part of its bulk for every degree of heat, and, as compared with water, an equal volume of the latter weighs 815 times as much. That is, one cubic foot of water contains as much matter as 815 cubic feet of atmospheric air. Compared with mercury, the weights of equal volumes are in the ratio of one to 11,065." Mr. Davies could not, in the face of these facts, scientifically produce a ghost 42,000ft. high without ignoring the elementary principles of natural philosophy, setting at defiance all recognised scientific facts, and perverting the use of his own reason. If the most powerful microscope was applied to two different sized objects, they would appear to the beholder in far different dimensions; and as atoms vary in size, &c., their relative bulk must appear different even through a strong magnifying glass, and must present themselves as a piece of solid rock as compared with a grain of sand. The higher we ascend to matter in its more refined conditions of existence, the more difficult it is to cognise by the physical sight or the microscope; and if this be true of matter, as generally understood, what must it be of what we call spirit? This may be so rarified that a magnifying glass of 7,000 power, as applied to particles of dust, may be a mere fraction when applied to the particles of a so-called "spirit." However, before Mr. Davies can scientifically affirm that a ghost is magnified in the same ratio as the particles of dust in the atmosphere, he must prove that the atoms or particles composing the two are identical. Upon this point science is against him, his natural vision is against him, optical instruments contradict him, analogy does not support him, reason does not logically bear him out in his bare assumptions.

Now, a word or two in reference to his personal attack. True, I was secretary of the Liverpool Psychological Society; but Mr. Davies omits to add that it was during my term of office that, in order to preserve the harmony, &c., of the Society, the committee were necessitated to refuse him admission as a member thereof. I was not "ashamed" to sign my name to that resolution as secretary. I always viewed Mr. Davies as a very illogical debater—one who manifested too much malice, and who indulged in far too many personalities; and these disqualifications for debate he does not

appear to have improved upon, judging by his reply to me. I therefore feel it a humiliation in stooping to reply to such an unworthy opponent, and a personal attack; but self-defence compelled me.—Yours, &c.,

14, Clare-street, Blackpool.  
May 15th, 1891.

JOHN AINSWORTH.

### "EDNA LYALL" AND THE LATE CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

We are requested to give publicity to an appeal made by the well-known novelist, "Edna Lyall," on behalf of a fund that is being raised to free Mr. Bradlaugh's estate from debt, imposed upon him by the protracted litigation into which he was forced to secure his seat in Parliament. The House of Commons made the *amende* as Bradlaugh lay dying. Three thousand pounds is required to free his daughter from pecuniary liability. To this "Edna Lyall" contributes £50. It is a question of principle, not of opinions, and many will help who regard that principle solely. Mr. George Anderson, 35, Great George-street, Westminster, S.W., receives subscriptions which should be sent direct to him and not to any other address.

### THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH AND HUMAN SOCIETY.\*

It has been one of the problems that perplex onlookers who know somewhat of the *personnel* of the rulers of the Established Church that the Rev. Llewelyn Davies has not long since been put in a conspicuous position among them. By virtue of his erudition he would be an ideal Dean. A man who has heard the difficulties of many a thinker, and been of service in solving them; an organiser of marked capacity; a brave and fearless man of profound piety and wide range of thought, he should have been a typical Bishop. Perhaps it is his boldness and directness of thought that has been his disqualification. Wisdom, we believe, is justified of her children, which is more than can be said for the Church of England and the Prime Minister who may chance to administer its patronage. The present little volume is an enlargement of the Hulsean Lectures of last year. The views put forward on the nature of the Church and of justice are the equable product of a ripe and thoughtful mind. There are some words on Christian Socialism—if we may import that phrase—which should prove a real antidote to much crudity that usurps the style and title.

### "THE NEW REVIEW."

In the current number of "The New Review" Ellen Terry concludes her chatty memories, fresh, vivid, and very womanly. The Bishop of Ripon, Archdeacon Farrar, and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes—was there ever such a trinity?—discourse on "The Science of Preaching." We were not aware that there was or is any *science* of preaching. There is an *art*, which is apparently defunct. For people who still desire to be preached at there are men who can talk in the pulpit more or less well—chiefly the latter. But the old sermon, elaborately constructed on a plan, enunciating dogma and modelled on the antique, is as dead as the dodo. Teachers are too much astray in this transition age to venture on what still survives, we believe, across the border, in the Scots land where men still dispute as to Predestination and Election, and the weightier matters of the law, neglecting, as of ephemeral import, the usual matters of human interest such as those which the Rev. H. R. Haweis has so vividly presented to his people in his most recent volume. Grant Allen on "The Mystery of Birth"—that "standing miracle" is full of interest and instruction. But the paper is Professor Garner's on "The Simian Tongue." He has learned the monkeys' language, and we may yet have a first-class sensation in a London drawing-room—"To meet a monkey and learn his views upon his younger brother." Stanley eclipsed!

In the instructions of dreams wherein we often see ourselves in masquerade—the droll disguises only magnifying and enhancing a real element and forcing it on our distinct notice—we shall catch many hints that will broaden and lighten into knowledge of the secret of nature.—EMERSON.

\* "Order and Growth as involved in the Spiritual constitution of human society." REV. J. LLEWELYN DAVIES. (Macmillan.)

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

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## Light:

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

SATURDAY, JUNE 13th, 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.

### CAMILLE FLAMMARION ON SPIRITUALISM.

"The Arena" is publishing a series of articles from writers of repute on Spiritualism and kindred topics, which are deserving of all attention. In the January number Dr. Alfred R. Wallace wrote on "Are There Objective Apparitions?" followed in the February number by a paper on "What are Phantasms, and Why do they Appear?" In the April number Dr. R. Osgood Mason discoursed "Concerning a Psychic Medium in Hypnotism." In the May number Julian Hawthorne inquired "Is Spiritualism Worth Investigating?" and the Rev. Minot Savage told him and others that it is. And now in the June number we have the first part of a very powerful article by Camille Flammarion, the eminent French astronomer, on "The Unknown."

It is not easy, in our judgment, to over-estimate the importance of what is thus contributed to our material for forming a judgment on the mass of fact already accumulated. The method of procedure is the reverse of that adopted in reference to our subject by the Society for Psychical Research. We have so frequently formulated our dissatisfaction with the methods of that Society, so far as they affect the investigation of Spiritualism, that it is not necessary to traverse again the well-worn ground. The suggestion we have often made that competent minds—and not every able and well-equipped mind is competent—that competent minds should deal with the facts that lie ready to hand and tell us how they are impressed by them, seems likely to be met in the articles contributed to this most excellent magazine. We want minds of power, devoid of *a priori* presumptions. We must have names that will arrest the popular attention: men who have the courage of their opinions—opinions formed on careful study, if possible on personal experience. Above and beyond all we must have minds that can take a comprehensive grasp, that are not deceived and led astray by that which lies on the surface, analytical minds that will dive deep down to causes. It goes without saying that such minds must be free from the prejudice which will assume everything to be false or imperfectly recorded until the converse has been established by what is called scientific demonstration. The mind that will unlock this problem must be wholly free

from the prejudice engendered by long devotion to materialistic investigation: it must have in it aptitudes which are almost incompatible with what is known as scientific training. It will be none the less accurate that its view is less bounded: on the contrary, it will prove its accuracy of intuitive estimate and vindicate its claims to future respect by transcending the poor limits that it has pleased science to fix for the boundaries and methods of investigation.

It has seemed to us that the Society for Psychical Research has adopted methods which are fatal to its progress in the direction we have indicated. It has done, it will yet do, useful work of another kind. In the direction that chiefly concerns us, in the path that it might have trod with such advantage, it has itself erected a barrier which it is too much to hope that it will now overstep. As a contrast of methods we recommend to our readers a perusal of the articles in "The Arena" already enumerated. They are by no means one-sided, as a brief analysis of the article by Flammarion will show; but they deal intelligently with historic facts: they make a reasonable attempt to estimate their importance: they approach them without prejudice and prepossession. There is some grasp of the truth that a fact observed by multitudes of observers at various times and places and under various conditions comes at last to have some prepossession in its favour, and is not to be reasonably treated on each separate occasion as if it was an unknown intruder, then noted for the first time. There is also no approach to that most insulting supposition that all who are concerned in the investigation of these obscure phenomena, even in the privacy of their homes and in company only with their own families, are to be treated as conscious or unconscious impostors—and this, not infrequently, on the *ipse dixit* of some too confident tyro in psychics, who has not got so far as to discern the limits of his own ignorance. Such methods are radically bad and must defeat their own object, assuming that object to be the discovery and elucidation of truth.

M. Flammarion starts by avowing the conviction of his whole life—

*"Croire tout découvert est une erreur profonde:  
C'est prendre l'horizon pour les bornes du monde."*

In brief: it is a mistake to suppose that we know everything, and to confuse our own limited horizon with the boundary of the world. So he concerns himself with Spiritualism and kindred topics. He believes that "we know next to nothing of what may be known." He is not content with Agnosticism. He regards the problem of the soul's future as one of infinite importance. Yet he has not yet discovered "one fact which proves with certainty the existence of soul as separate from the body." If he could have penetrated the secrets of existence, he would "inevitably have abandoned the science of the firmament," by reason of the "prime and unequalled importance" of the other study. But short of this conclusive demonstration there are numberless indications "urging us to pursue every line of investigation having for its end a psychical acquaintance with human nature."

To begin at the beginning. M. Flammarion was attracted at the age of sixteen by Kardec's "Book of the Spirit." He devoured it at a sitting, and was soon immersed in Kardec's séances, filling for two years the exacting office of secretary to one of the circles. He became a writing medium, and in Kardec's "Genesis" may be read a whole chapter on Cosmogony, signed "Galilee," which he wrote mediumistically. In the circle of which Camille Flammarion was secretary all communications were received by automatic writing, a method which he distrusts, for this among other reasons: "If the mind ponders something else, if the thoughts are allowed to wander from the immediate subject, then the hand will pause or trace incoherent signs." More recent experience shows that this

conclusion is very wide of the mark. Some mediums have obtained convincing evidence that facts outside their minds have been conveyed by automatic writing while their brains have been occupied with another order of thought. This is certain: it is a question only of degree of development. One great cause of error in these obscure investigations is that they are too often conducted with imperfectly developed instruments. M. Flammarion has lately given us in "The Arena" a charming article on his new discoveries in Mars. He should have no difficulty in recognising that much depended on the perfection of his telescope, and that with an inferior instrument his discoveries would never have been made. So it is with the medium. The great source of error is want of sufficient development in the medium. When we are wise we shall train our mediums and use them with discrimination.

M. Flammarion mentions the experiences of his illustrious friend, Victorien Sardou. They include his drawing of Mozart's spirit-home, and are probably familiar to our readers. They were signed "Bernard Palissy in Jupiter," and reflect the existent opinion of the time respecting that planet; opinion that more recent investigation has modified and often reversed. So M. Flammarion concludes that writing-mediumship has taught us nothing about astronomy. "Such manifestations in no wise prove the intervention of spirits."

When he comes to deal with Planchette he refers to the experiences of Madame de Girardin—"Its communications soothed her last days and prepared her for a death fragrant with hope"—of Victor Hugo, Auguste Vacquerie and others. Madame de Girardin introduced Victor Hugo to the phenomena; the great man subsequently wrote ("Les Génies: Shakspeare") "The moving and speaking table has been greatly ridiculed. Let us speak plainly: the ridicule is misplaced. It is the bounden duty of science to sound the depths of all phenomena. To ignore Spiritualistic phenomena, to leave them bankrupt by inattention, is to make a bankrupt of truth itself."

M. Flammarion next goes on to discuss raps and table movements which he considers to "prove undeniably the existence of an unknown force—a physical force: the blows apparently struck inside the wooden substance of the table: the movements in response to questions put to invisible beings." Passing by the familiar discussion as to the source of these percussive noises, and the various frauds perpetrated by impostors—even at the Salpêtrière by hypnotic subjects—we come to some interesting specimens of messages given. "Suos imrap engèr" commences one paragraph, "Arevèlè nor nèib" another. These phrases must be spelt backwards to be intelligible. Another message began *Aimairè* on oo uu ssevt. Here alternate letters must be read. This discovered the four lines:—

Amie, nous vous aimons bien tous,  
Car vous êtes bons et fidèles.  
Soyez unis en Dieu: sur vous  
L'Esprit Saint étendra ses ailes.

Bad enough as verse—good as a test.

We cannot follow M. Flammarion into his further remarks. They are excellent in their way, but his knowledge is not quite abreast of that which more recent investigators have attained to. For example, he thinks that sitters may unconsciously influence the table by contact of their hands. Yes: but what of the elaborate messages conveying verifiable and verified truth which have been given without any contact at all between the table and sitters? It does not in any degree detract from the value of what M. Flammarion has written that more recent experimenters could add to his knowledge.

Man is damned even upon earth. Eternal punishment is not a question of the future only, it is a question of the immediate present. No sooner has man committed the great transgression than he enters into the darkness of perdition.—DR. PARKER.

## DREAMS.

## No. VII.

A Glasgow correspondent tells us that he has repeatedly been informed by dreams of vacillation in stocks and so been saved from loss. Also that he dreamed of the success of Common for the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby. He adduces cases, but they are not worth extended quotation. Such dealings with the occult are very risky.

"The Arena" gives some good cases:—

Some recent articles in various magazines concerning some strange events induce me to send you the following account of a marvellous dream:—

The gentleman who told it to me is an honoured lawyer of Portland, Me., the city of my residence. In reciting it he said, "If I had read of this in a book I should have found it very difficult to accept it, but know that it is true." He has recently conferred with the brother to whom reference is made, and the latter confirms the truthfulness of his narration. Captain F., the brother of my informant, was killed in the battle of Gettysburg. The night before his death he dreamed that he led his company into the battle, and that, early in the day, he was shot in the pit of the stomach and fell dead. He rose from sleep greatly depressed. The colonel of his regiment perceived his gloom, and, after much questioning, discovered the cause. "You are unwell," the colonel said, in kindest tones, "you must not go into the fight; I will have you sent to the rear; you are too valuable an officer for us to lose; I will have the doctor order you to report yourself on the sick list." "No," was the reply, "it shall never be said that Captain F. suffered his men to go into battle without leading them himself." No persuasion could induce him to keep out of the fight. He led his men calmly; early in the battle he was shot through the pit of the stomach and fell dead.

The news of his death was telegraphed to his brother in Portland. He started at once for Gettysburg, going by way of Baltimore. Arrived at the field, he saw some soldiers of his brother's company sitting near a rail fence. Pushing on he passed a brook, which had risen rapidly a day or two before, and had overflowed its western bank. The ground beyond was, therefore, very oozy, and my friend found it difficult to walk. He saw the board bearing his brother's name, and so marking the temporary grave. But he soon discovered that he could not raise the body without some assistance. Accordingly he returned to the group of soldiers, and asked them to load themselves with the rails of the fence. This they did, and all advanced to the grave. It was necessary to lay down some of the rails in order that they might walk and get closer to the grave. Then my friend requested two soldiers to put two rails, one on each side, down into the earth so as to reach below the knees of the body. The others placed rails below the waist. My friend bared his arms and placed them under the neck. At word of command all lifted, and the body was brought to the surface. Uncovering the face it was found to be discoloured by mud, and Mr. F. instinctively reached for his handkerchief, but found that he had removed his vest as well as coat. Remembering that his handkerchief was in one of the pockets of the vest, he laid the body down, went to a hillock near by, returned, wiped the face, and then, reverently covering it, had the body put in the coffin he had purchased at Baltimore. Leaving the field with his precious burden he reached Portland, and went to a neighbouring town, where his parents were awaiting him. A brother had come from the northern part of the State. After a brief interview in the house, this brother said he wished to have further conversation in the barn. Arrived there, he said, "John, when you arrived at the field of Gettysburg did you meet some soldiers of A.'s company sitting near a rail fence?" "I did," was the surprised reply. "Did you go on, pass a brook, find the ground oozy, and could not reach A.'s grave?" "I did." "Did you return to the soldiers, ask them to take rails, and go with you?" "I did; but in God's name, why do you ask these questions?" It seemed to him as if his hair was rising up all over his head. "I will tell you by-and-bye. Did you have rails put beneath the knees and waist? Did you raise the head yourself? Did you wish to wipe the face, go to a hillock for your vest, return, wipe away the discolouration caused by mud, and place the body in

a coffin you had brought with you?" "I did; but how do you know all these things?" In reply, the brother stated that a neighbour, a lady, had come to his house a few days before, crying out, "I have had such a horrible dream! A. is killed. John has gone on to get the body." Then she recited all the details given above.

How can these things be? may well be said. I send you the account, Mr. Editor, to be used as you may deem best. Mr. F., my informant, will confirm all I have written. Surely, this is a marvellous dream. Who will explain it?

"The Religio-Philosophical Journal" has many cases, some of which we transfer to our collection with grateful acknowledgment:—

James Freeman Clarke, in one of his sermons, reports the following:—

There was once a German nobleman who led a foolish and dissipated life; drinking, gambling, and neglecting his vassals, his family, and his affairs. He had a dream one night which vividly impressed him. He saw a figure looking at him with a serious face, and pointing to a dial where the hands marked the hour of four. The figure looked at him sadly, and said these words: "After four!" and disappeared. The nobleman awoke in great terror, and thought that vision foreboded his speedy death. "After four!" What could it mean? It must mean that he was to die after four days, so he determined to set his house in order. He sent for the priest, and confessed his sins and received absolution. He sent for his family, and begged their forgiveness for his offences against them. He sent for his man of business, and arranged his affairs as well as he could. He then waited for death. The four days passed, and he did not die. He then thought that, perhaps, the vision meant that he was to die after four weeks. He had a longer time for preparation; so he devoted these four weeks to making atonement for all the evil he had done in the world, and doing all the good he could. The four weeks passed and he was still alive. Then he thought it meant four months, and so he spent these four months in a more thorough repentance; he did all the good he could in that time on his estates; he found out all the poor and the sufferers, and he helped them. The four months passed, and he did not die. Then he said, "It is plain that the vision meant four years. I have four years to live; let me do all the good I can in that time." So, during that four years he gave all his thoughts and time to others; did all he could for his neighbours, his vassals, the poor; and also took useful and honourable part in public affairs. At the end of four years, instead of dying, he was chosen Emperor of Germany, and became one of the best Emperors that was ever elected. The expectation of death had taught him how to live.

Mr. Notcutt was a highly-respectable Independent minister in Ipswich, the ancestor of a succession of ministers of the same name, in the same town and church. Before he was married, the lady to whom he was engaged dreamed that she was, while going over a house which was unknown to her—and in a little room, a sort of linen-closet which she had never seen—seized with violent bleeding from the nose, and all attempts to stop it were quite unavailing. Shortly before her marriage the happy young girl was going over her future home with Mr. Notcutt; she began to recognise the house, and at last, coming upon a closet such as we have described, she exclaimed: "Why, this is the very closet where I was in my dream when my nose began to bleed!"

They were married; years passed along; she became a mother and a grandmother. Exactly forty years passed away, but the dream was not forgotten. One day, while in the very closet superintending the putting away of some linen, her nose began to bleed, and continued to do so without intermission. All efforts were, as in the dream, quite unavailing, and the old lady succumbed to the hemorrhage, and so death visited the manse.

A strange story is furnished from Dubuque, Iowa, the truth of which is vouched for by the city officials. About ten days ago Michael Conley died soon after being discovered in an outhouse on the Jefferson house premises. His body was taken to the morgue and the old clothes he wore when found were thrown aside. When his daughter in Chickasaw county heard of his death she fell into a

swoon. In her dreams she saw the clothes he wore when dying, and received from him a message saying he had sewed up a roll of bills in his shirt. On recovering she demanded that some one go to Dubuque and get the clothes. To quiet her mind her brother visited the city, received the clothes from the coroner, and found the money sewed on the shirt with a piece of her red dress exactly as she had described, though she knew nothing about the patch or the money until after her father's death.—"Connecticut Catholic."

Charles Clark, who lives out eight miles towards Morrison on a ranch, according to the "Denver News," started into Denver on Saturday with his wife in a light buggy to which was harnessed a newly-broken colt which was making his trial trip in single harness. Near Valverde the colt took sudden fright at something and made two or three plunges, overturning the gig and precipitating Clark into a patch of cactus by the side of the road. He was thrown with such force that his leg was broken below the knee so that the large bone pierced through the skin. His face was terribly lacerated by the cactus and some of it penetrated four thicknesses of clothing and lodged itself half an inch into the flesh. His wife was carried some distance further, when she, too, was hurled into the cactus and sustained several severe bruises in the face and chest. Beyond a thorough shaking up she was not badly injured. In the evening Mr. Clark was called upon by a "News" reporter, who found him laughing and joking over the mishap, although in intense pain. "This accident is a result of predestination," he said, "for several people say they have dreamed about this, and a fortune-teller told my wife before we were married that she would marry a man who would be all battered up by a horse. Mrs. Hidgeway told me on the road that she had dreamed of this, and she described the accident without having seen it. Then when Dr. Clark, who is my cousin, came in he said, 'Charlie, I dreamed you broke your leg night before last,' and then we told him about the other dreams."

A communication from Nyack, dated April 12th, and printed in the New York "Recorder" of the next day, relates a dream in which a death seems to have been foreseen. When, says the account, Mrs. Davis Loring, of Tappan, came down to breakfast yesterday she told the family that the night before she stood and watched a long funeral procession pass by the house. When she asked who was dead a bystander told her "Roe" Haddock, the name by which Roger Haddock was familiarly known. Her sister said:—

"You shouldn't tell that; Friday night's dream told on Saturday is sure to come true, be it ever so old."

"Well," responded Mrs. Loring, "I suppose it will come true some day, but I hope not very soon."

A few hours later the news of Mr. Haddock's suicide reached them.

In all the churches of Piermont and Sparkill touching references were made to the event, women sobbed aloud and tears trickled down the cheeks of strong men.

Saturday morning Mr. Haddock came as usual to his big store in Haddock Hall, apparently in the best of spirits. About 11.30 he went upstairs to the carpet department with a woman customer with whom he chatted cheerfully, even jocosely, as he sold her a roll of matting. She left him there alone. A few minutes later the clerks downstairs heard a heavy fall and supposed a roll of carpet had fallen. Miss Agnes Welner, a clerk, soon after went upstairs to see Mr. Haddock. He was dead. His right hand grasped a heavy revolver, one chamber of which was empty.

#### NOTICE.

From the advertisement on the first page it will be seen that my "Direct Writing by Supernormal Means" is now ready for distribution. I believe it to be such a compact record of the reality of that phenomenon as will be useful for circulation by societies and individuals who are willing to put it in the hands of the public. I have issued it at a price that should clear the edition at once, and I shall be glad to have this done if my wishes commend themselves to Spiritualists. All applications to be made at the office of "LIGHT."  
M.A. (Oxon.)

## LETTERS ON "LIGHT."\*

## SECOND SERIES.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

## VIII.

## BE TRUE TO THE BASIS OF EVOLUTION YOU CHOOSE.

*(Chiefly on Zodiacal Sign.)*

"How we come to be what we are," is my topic. "Never mind that; look to what we shall be in some next world," say the theologically-minded. By this they, most of them, try to turn attention from study of life's philosophy, an attempt which Spiritualists have been most useful in counteracting, by showing that people who die can come and testify, "Our condition is due to what we did on earth; and every effort should be made to improve earth. The life of the spirit is continuous; so is the law of righteousness." Certain teachers tell about Re-birth, and the harvest of action being continued through more than one life. I am endeavouring to show a little more than even this, by explaining the basis of life, the terms upon which birth occurs, seed is sown by action, and harvest reaped. What I am telling is neither the beginning nor the end, only "the middle." But here on earth we are in "the middle"; it is our vantage ground for study; while it is evident we are not, and cannot be, in the beginning or the end; of these we may have glimpses; I offer a few. To readers of "LIGHT" the question is ever interesting—"On what does psychic power depend?" For its exercise, "conditions" are necessary; for its possession, "natural gifts"; so saith the Spiritualist; while the ordinary Re-incarnationist adds: "Karma gives psychic as it does all power." I am extending the meaning of Karma when I say it includes those earliest choices which are the basis for all later ones: Lineage and Zodiacal sign. You may get hints or complete handbook to character and destiny from many popular exponents of handwriting, phrenology, palmistry, clairvoyance, &c. But after these have furnished their best, the questions remain unanswered: Why am I to have success, psychic ability, &c., while my brother or sister is not to have them? To the bare answers, "Providence so wills it," or "Karma yields it," I offer—"The basis of evolution and of each soul's undertaking about evolution must be known; what contract it has made, under what laws placed itself, which of these it has obeyed, which broken, by what motives been swayed in every case."

The basis of everyone's Evolution consists of sex, Lineage, and Zodiacal sign. How far does the element of choice enter? It appears to me that the Twin Souls do not choose each other as mates, or choose how they will complement each other in what we call sex, but that they are "created" so, and stand in this relation to each other before they are offered opportunity of entering upon the career of expression which we call Evolution, and whether they accept it or not; but that if they do, they have then submitted to them the choice of Lineage (IV., V.) and Zodiacal sign, or belts of life chances (VII.).

These are shown by means of twelve "pictures," which are full and vivid representations of the chances belonging to each sign of the Zodiac, and the series is shown three times. The Twin Souls may choose at any moment; but if they let the last go by, they have to wait until the choice is being offered to others on a future occasion. Books on Astrology say that the first six signs "rule," the latter "serve." While observation seems to support this idea, that of disgrace or inferiority in "serve" is due to the process described (IV., V., VI.) as the Free Fight, and known to us all practically as might *versus* right. This struggle has degraded the idea of service everywhere. Twinship recognised, Lineage chosen (IV., V.), Zodiacal sign selected (the psychical chances of each will be sketched in IX.), the basis of "Evolution" is furnished.

To what use can the souls put this? What is it to "Evolve"? How do you act? How do you go to work? And what is the object of the career called Evolution? You associate yourself first with one form, then another; you thus learn what it feels like to be so and so; how far you can select the right form to act through; how well you

\* The first series appeared on Jan. 24, 31; Feb. 14, 21; Mar. 7, 21, 28; where all terms were explained which are now used. Second series: May 30.

can act through the form; and often in spite of its blinding you to your intention by its being a limitation of power, as well as an engine for expressing it. All form is a limitation, in the sense that it is an expression of an idea, planned to express that idea. Now, if your idea of yourself changes, you naturally want your form of expression to follow as fast as possible. But we are so accustomed to being worsted in the attempt that we feel we have nothing to go upon in the discussion of form as following idea; that is, our only present experience of form is our human body, which appears unmanageable to most of us; it gets ill, if it likes, stiff, old, stout, thin, regardless of our wishes; and thus our form does not seem to be the expression of our ideas at all. But some of us have learnt to look deeper, to see the before and after; and in this larger view the body is a mirror or expression of our ideas. Daily life teaches that we are the wiser and better for acting in a sensible manner; while spasmodic actions, devoid of aim, inconsistent with each other, commonly give a person distorted views and embarrassing circumstances. This applies to the whole career of Evolution. Properly followed out, it acquaints you with the Cosmos; hence habituates you to act as knowing that all works by Law, and Good is the only lasting thing. The result is registered in the wisdom, breadth of view, justness of your decision on all matters, even where you might be described as "knowing nothing of the matter in hand"; showing that your spirit can see truly from a contact on the material plane, or at the particular moment, which might be deemed very slight.

Now, since every sign of the Zodiac means a belt of life-chances; since you had to choose a sign as part of the basis of your Evolution; since a bit of Evolutionary experience gained in any one sign brings its own consequences; since you are always the product of all you have done; and since each sign gives a different stamp or quality, it is evident you have to be true to the Zodiacal sign you chose, or be inharmonious, hence distracted, perhaps even to a point of madness which is unaccountable on any known theory of life. But is all this of any moment to the student of psychic life, *i.e.*, are there any appreciable number of such inharmonious souls, except perhaps among stupid, ill-developed people, who are clearly unfit for psychic study, and have contempt for it? Examples abound; but among would-be psychic students I first learnt by observation what I here record. Some souls go to work in such a haphazard way that the Karma they accumulate is heterogeneous indeed, thus rendering psychic life impossible until the soul has "transcended its Karma"; that is to say, the person has to see, "I am pulled in a dozen directions, by inclinations which seem imperative and prove not to be. However disagreeable, dull, and narrow it may be, I must adopt one sensible course and stick to it, till I find my will is firm and my power over myself is evident." This resolve is often made after some misfortune which opens the sufferer's eye to the danger in time; and until inharmony is conquered, no investigating the Unseen should be attempted; psychic activity is not for such disordered souls; and it is through such that the greatest disgraces have been brought upon attempts in psychic study. Thus, it is not enough for an astrologer to say, "Your horoscope gives you power" (psychic, military, financial, &c.). What is the history of the soul which now has that horoscope? Here it seems to me there is a widespread confusion as to how the laws of life work, *i.e.*, books and speakers seem to say, "Law prevents your getting into confusion; what looks like it is only apparent; all works in true order, since all works by Law." My view would be—"All works by Law; but we can choose what Law we will put ourselves under for the time being. If we choose continuously to follow one law (adopted basis of Evolution) there is no confusion. But choice is free." An obvious criticism upon exhortation to fidelity in Zodiacal sign is, that it can only be exhibited on preparing for incarnation. The mischief is done now, at any rate. This is, of course, true. My explanation may, however, clear up cases where a person has a fine or poor horoscope, and does not exactly resemble it; or where (astrology apart) gifts are all clashing and bring misery only.

Is it possible to incarnate in any but one's own sign with advantage? Yes; I have met cases where the person has done this; but has "leeway to make up" in consequence. Here motive has to be considered; and as to this we will

take the whole basis of Evolution, and not Zodiacal sign only. A "good motive" is "desire to learn by experience." Influenced hereby, you may find a soul incarnated out of its accepted, agreed upon, proper sex; out of its chosen sign; allied with the opposite Lineage to the one chosen; and yet neither mad nor wicked. But you will always find soul thus circumstanced is less than its own best, both an ideal and attainment. You cannot sound the full diapason of life on an instrument thus stopped off for experimental educational purposes of its own devising. How this works out is easy to see, if you consider that the soul says, "I know I am X, but I am going to dress up as Y, in order that . . ." here follows the motive, which may be a perfectly good one. But if, knowing yourself to be one thing, you deliberately enter upon an episode of passing yourself off as another, is not that deceit? Whom will it punish chiefly? Yourself, by veiling your own soul from itself all the time. Example—*Sex*: I have met the woman soul in man's form in order to play the part of statesman, patriot, judge, liberator of oppressed people, bread-winner for family in difficulties, and the part has been nobly played. But I always perceive some distinct veil, some disability under which the soul lies in consequence. *Sign*: He is a No Lineage man soul, belonging to Sagittarius, but indifferent to its psychic power, and knowing by experience how hard No Lineage commonly has to struggle, thought to gain money chances by incarnating in Capricornus. *Result*: In money, very poor; in psychic confusion, amounting to obsession, very marked. *Lineage*: She is a No Lineage woman soul, but, weary of the struggle fidelity to Sex and Lineage involved, has for several lives done her best to avoid it, by marrying a person of Correct Lineage and wealth. *Result*: Weariness of soul, reaching out for truth, inability to grasp it, invalidism, incurable dissatisfaction. *Sex and Sign*: She is a Correct Lineage man soul, inclined by gipsy and Spanish grandee Karma to desire maintenance without labour, and homage of some sort. Hence incarnated as a beautiful woman in wealthy middle-class England. Own Sign Virgo would have involved trend towards the Roman Catholic Church. No better opposite impulse existing than that of Aries, her mother's sign, she incarnated in it. *Result*: After forty years, no wisdom, no power to see how to live or what is worth living for; complex, yet blank; non-superstitious, but unprogressive.

Desertion of basis of Evolution brings a blindness on the soul, hence misfortunes; it may be in money or choice of friends; it is commonest in sadness about love-affairs; impossible expectations rendering a *modus vivendi* unattainable between itself and any companion.

#### A PECULIAR BIRTHMARK.

According to a communication from New York printed in the Indianapolis "Journal," a certain handsome girl has a peculiar birthmark and a romantic experience connected with it. She moves with the utmost deliberation, never hurrying under any circumstances, eats slowly and lightly, and drinks nothing but a small quantity of cool water with her meals. If it were not for her brilliant powers of conversation and her continuous sweetness of disposition she would not be interesting, for she is never ready to go anywhere or do anything requiring any exertion, and she passes the greater part of her time with her mother.

Only recently I learned of the cause of her lethargy, and her case is certainly a peculiarly unfortunate one. She is naturally of a white and pure complexion, but excitement or any undue exercise brings upon her face a blood-red mark of most significant formation. It is a perfect image of a small wineglass. Its slender stem runs straight down over the bridge of the nose, while upon the forehead the bell-shaped bowl spreads out with unmistakable vividness. There is no sign of this mark while she is in absolute repose, except beneath minute examination, when a thread-like outline of the glass is faintly visible. But the moment the blood is driven to the head it converges at this single spot.

The girl has had suitors, and one of them was favoured by her above the others. He made his declaration one day while sitting by her side on the piazza of a summer hotel, in the broad light of day. In the fashion of some timid men, he did not fix the girl with his eyes as he put the tender words to her, but as she made no reply to him, he

stole a look at her face. She had a handkerchief pressed close to her eyes. As no one was by to see, he reached towards her and gently drew her hands away. The red wineglass burned like fire. He was amazed, and the girl looked at him with a despairing gaze. He asked what it meant, and she told him. But she herself did not know the whole truth. Her father, who was a fast and reckless man, had fallen dead before her mother's eyes while holding a wineglass aloft at a dinner party. The lover was a true one. He will be married to the girl in a very few weeks.—"Religio-Philosophical Journal."

#### THE CAMERA AND THE FAKIR.

In "LIGHT" (May 30th, p. 261) appeared a letter from Mr. James Coates with the above heading, in the course of which he described Julian Hawthorne's story as "a smart bit of Yankee literary fudge." We appended an editorial query to his letter, "How does our correspondent know of this?" Mr Coates now replies from Combe Lodge, Rothesay, N.B., that the story originally appeared in the "Chicago Times" from the pen of John E. Wilkie, last autumn. Mr. Coates avers that Mr. Hawthorne has annexed it without any acknowledgment, and leaves us to infer that the narrative is a mere *jeu d'esprit*. If so, it is well that our readers should know, for it has been going the rounds of the Press in all seriousness.

#### LIFE AND ITS MANIFESTATIONS.

"Life and its Manifestations" is the first volume of "a series of revelations from angelic sources, containing a new system of spiritual science and philosophy." It is, in fact, a sequel to "Angelic Revelations" from the same source. The volume is printed for private circulation and is eminently worthy of study by those to whose attention it is confided. To criticise it would be out of place, as it would be beyond our power in any space that we can afford for the purpose. The teachings, suffice it to say, are of a very high order, instinct with a noble purpose. The medium of communication has been changed, but the animating and informing spirit is the same. It is a work that bears eloquent testimony to the slow process of evolution of which this age is realising the first-fruits. It is a book for the future rather than for the present; for the few in the *now* and for the many in the *then*. Whatever may have been the impulse that has caused a few individuals to confer this boon on the age in which they live, we cannot doubt that it is for good and that future generations will approve it. The records are issued in the interest of no clique; they will not, perhaps, commend themselves to a cursory reading; but they have in them a germ which will bear its fruit.

#### BARON DU PREL ON PSYCHOGRAPHY.

Baron Carl du Prel (Munich) in "Nord und Sud."—"One thing is clear; that is, that psychography must be ascribed to a transcendental origin. We shall find: 1. That the hypothesis of prepared slates is inadmissible. 2. The place on which the writing is found is quite inaccessible to the hands of the medium. In some cases the double slate is securely locked, leaving only room inside for the tiny morsel of slate pencil. 3. That the writing is actually done at the time. 4. That the medium is not writing. 5. The writing must be actually done with the morsel of slate or lead pencil. 6. The writing is done by an intelligent being, since the answers are exactly pertinent to the questions. 7. This being can read, write, and understand the language of human beings, frequently such as is unknown to the medium. 8. It strongly resembles a human being, as well in the degree of its intelligence as in the mistakes sometimes made. These beings are therefore, although invisible, of human nature or species. It is no use whatever to fight against this proposition. 9. If these beings speak, they do so in human language. 10. If they are asked who they are they answer that they are beings who have left this world. 11. When these appearances become partly visible, perhaps only their hands, the hands seen are of human forms. 12. When these things become entirely visible, they show the human form and countenance. . . . Spiritualism must be investigated by science. I should look upon myself as a coward if I did not openly express my convictions."—"Religio-Philosophical Journal."

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Madame Blavatsky.

SIR,—The following will probably be interesting to your numerous Theosophical readers.

Last night, accompanied by four ladies, I went to Mr. Husk for a private séance, the especial object being to give my lately deceased father a "chance of showing himself," as he had several times expressed this desire, through the mediumship of my wife. After several forms had appeared, there came one to my wife, and I anxiously awaited its advent to myself as I felt sure it was my father. But this was a woman, who looked into my face with such grave, earnest, wondrous eyes that I think anyone seeing them even once only, as I had in a recent little portrait in the "Illustrated London News," could never forget. So I said, "Are you H. P. B.?" upon which the figure again came to me nodding three times, and at my request Madame Blavatsky showed herself to each of the sitters. Then in a soft tone, but with a pleasant tinge of foreign accent, she remarked, "The furnace has not consumed me entirely, you see."

South Norwood.

GEORGE DAVIS.

June 7th, 1891.

Dr. Anna Kingsford.

SIR,—In response to "Eliza L. Boucher" I beg to say that Mrs. Kingsford's religious attitude was accurately represented in the following statement in the obituary notice of her in "LIGHT," March 10th, 1888, which was written, of course, before any question had arisen on the subject:—

Although formally received into the Church of Rome in 1870 by Cardinal Manning, Mrs. Kingsford was but nominally a Catholic. For she retained to the last complete independence of thought and action, declining any direction, although the prospect was more than once held before her of being made the head of a new order in the event of her submission. She was, however, too well aware that such compliance meant either total suppression, or the restriction of her sphere of action and influence to a section and a denomination; whereas she regarded her mission as a universal one, consisting in the interpretation to the world of the truth contained in the doctrines of religion. For "the Church," she maintained, "has all the truth, but the priests have materialised it, thus making themselves and their people idolaters—idolatry being the materialisation of things spiritual."

The controversy which arose will be found in the "Tablet," March 10th and 17th, and the "Weekly Register," February 25th, March 3rd and 10th—both Catholic organs—of the same year. It was cut short by the refusal of the editors to admit further confutation of the allegations made on their side. If your correspondent desires, for any serious purpose, an explanation of the conflict of testimony which may, at least in some measure, save the veracity (I don't say the accuracy) of the representatives of Catholicism in the matter, and will communicate with me, I shall be happy to furnish it.

Thurloe-square Studios, S. W.

EDWARD MAITLAND.

London Spiritualist Federation.

SIR,—I trust you will allow me to announce to your readers that the London Spiritualist Federation will hold two large meetings at the Athenæum Hall, Tottenham Court-road, on July 2nd and 3rd. The first will be a conference of all interested in Hypnotism, Mesmerism, Astrology, and Mediumship—to consider the state of the law on these subjects, and to protest against any enactment limiting the practice of Hypnotism, it having been suggested that it should be confined to the medical profession. It may be said that there is no immediate cause for alarm, but it has been enacted on the Continent, and the Federation think that it will be useless to attempt resistance if we wait till a Bill be brought in. What we want to do especially, in view of an early election, is to show politicians that the whole body of spiritual students, Spiritualists, Theosophists, Occultists and, I may add, Agnostics are united on this matter, and together form a body who are not to be despised. Let us not imagine that these laws are unlikely to be put in force. In view of the great wave of Puritanism now sweeping over us, all sorts of interferences with personal liberty may be expected.

At our second meeting Mrs. Annie Besant will deliver a lecture, entitled "Where Materialism Breaks Down."

We hope that this occasion will bring Spiritualists, Theosophists, and Agnostics together in unity. We cannot all think alike, but we can unite for common objects dear to us all, and we can look upon our differences not as causes for disunion, but rather as showing the different planes on which we stand in the light of Spiritual Evolution. We hope that all will help to make these meetings a success. They are a foretaste of what we trust to do in the autumn season.

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

Secretary London Spiritualist Federation.

4, Portland-terrace, N. W.

Should Hypnotism be Confined in Practice to Doctors?

SIR,—As several letters upon this subject have appeared in "LIGHT," the question has aroused the attention of the Council of the London Spiritualist Federation, and something will at last be attempted as an organised means of dealing with the matter. There are many who will acknowledge that the proposed limiting of the practice of these gifts to the medical profession should not be allowed, and will readily admit the benefits that have resulted at the hands of some of our tried and valued mediums and magnetisers. Those who have been thus benefited should at once communicate with the secretary of the Federation; and I trust now that a large and convenient central hall has been hired at the sole expense of the Federation, for the purpose of conferring upon the matter, that those interested will do something to help forward the movement by attending the meeting, to which I understand all are invited free, on July 2nd.

June 8th, 1891.

P. S.

GONE BEFORE.

Oh! tell me not that he is dead!  
It likes me not that cold word—Death!  
For, to his God his spirit sped  
When he had drawn his parting breath!  
*He is not dead! O Life! O Love!*  
He only grasps thy meaning now,  
Who has begun to live above,  
The light of love upon his brow.  
  
What is it, but that he has done  
With time for ever and for aye?  
The Soldier of the Cross has won  
The portals of Eternal Day;  
Across his pallid face there broke  
The glory of a sweet surprise,  
As from that dreamless sleep he woke  
Amid the groves of Paradise!

Oh! For the rapture that he knows!  
Oh! For the glory all his own!  
Oh! For the glassy sea that flows  
For evermore about God's Throne!  
All these are his where now he stands,  
Where all are sinless—all are fair—  
For him no more Time's fleeting sands—  
The mortal is immortal there!

Shall I his child make moan and sigh  
Because his soul has gone to rest,  
Because my head no more may lie  
Upon an earthly father's breast?  
"Yes," Nature says—Faith whispers "No!"  
Be patient for a little space—  
The dawn is breaking—thou shalt go  
Anon to meet him face to face!"

Exeter.

F. B. DOVETON.

TRUE GREATNESS.—Genuine greatness is marked by a simplicity, unostentatiousness, self-forgetfulness, a hearty interest in others, a feeling of brotherhood with the human family, and a respect for every intellectual and immortal being as capable of progress towards its own elevation. A superior mind, enlightened and kindled by just views of God and of the creation, regards its gifts and powers as so many bonds of union with other beings, as given it not to nourish self-elation, but to be employed for others, and still more to be communicated to others. Such greatness has no reserve, and especially no affected dignity of deportment. It is too conscious of its own power to need, and too benevolent to desire, to entrench itself behind forms and ceremonies; and when circumstances permit such a character to manifest itself to inferior beings, it is beyond all others the most winning, and most fitted to impart itself, or to call forth a kindred elevation of feeling.—DR. W. E. CHANNING.

## 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 sure of admission.]*

THE Sunderland Spiritual Evidence Society sends us a copy of their rules adopted April 26th. The statement of the objects of the society, and the rules for its regulation, are plain and unobjectionable, a decided contrast to some that we have seen elsewhere.

PADDINGTON.—The requested lecture at the Radical (late John Bright) Club, Paddington Green, will take place next Sunday, the 14th inst., at 8.30 p.m. Discussion invited. Speaker, Mr. Drake. It is hoped that Spiritualists will assemble, and good may be done (as with the Secularists at Hammersmith lately) by the free dissemination of literature.—PERCY SMYTH.

OPEN AIR SPIRITUAL MISSION, HYDE PARK (NEAR MARBLE ARCH).—Last Sunday a good meeting was addressed by Messrs. W. O. Drake, Hopcroft, and Bullock. Many of the listeners showed unusual interest, and were glad to obtain some of the small quantity of literature at disposal. When will Spiritualists awaken to their duty? Much literature is needed for distribution, and it only needs willing workers to sow this seed with good results. Next Sunday as usual, at 3.30 p.m. Several good speakers.—PERCY SMYTH.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday last Mr. R. J. Lees addressed a good audience on "The Orthodox View of the Atonement." Sunday next, open. Friday, healing. Mr. Duggen has received an acknowledgment from Mr. Caudlin, who has attended Friday night's healing: "I had thirteen weeks in bed with rheumatic fever sixteen years ago, and have suffered more or less pain ever since, until I submitted myself to your magnetic treatment, for which please accept the sincere thanks of yours, &c." He has many such testimonials.—J. T. AUDY.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—At our service on Sunday last the guides of Mr. Portman gave us an intellectual treat, taking the all-important subject, "Salvation," and explaining its spiritual meaning. We beg to acknowledge with thanks a large parcel of the "Two Worlds" for free distribution, eagerly sought after by the strangers attending our meetings. Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. Astbury. Tuesday and Saturday, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Mason. Sunday, June 21st, Mr. W. Walker.—J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

24, HARCOURT-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—Captain Pfoundes delivered a lecture on Sunday on "India; its Population, Valuable Literature, and Development from the Time of Queen Elizabeth, under a Charter to the East India Company, Down to the Present Time." After the lecture a provisional committee was formed to sustain spiritual work in this district. Sunday, at 11 a.m., Mr. T. Pursey, "Spirit Teachings"; at 7 p.m., Mr. W. Jeffery, "Spiritualism and Vegetarianism." Thursday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Hawkins. Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Spring.—C. WHITE.

PECKHAM RYE.—The subject of Mr. Lees' open-air lecture last Sunday was "Did Jesus Teach a Personal Devil?" He took up numbers of the passages of the New Testament containing the terms devil and Satan. He showed that Jesus defined the source of evil to be the heart of man, which definition, he contended, was supported and reiterated by Paul and James. The discussion which followed was supported by Christians, who defended Satan, and seemed to wish men to look upon him as equal to God, and by the Atheists, who conveniently ignored both God and Satan. Subject for next Sunday, at 3.30, "The Doctrine of the Fall."—J. HAWES, 36, Tyrrell-road, E. Dulwich.

FOREST HILL, 23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. G. D. Wyndo occupied our platform, and gave us an excellent address, taking as a subject: "Is Spiritualism Natural?" The speaker treated the matter in a very able manner, our friends all expressing themselves as delighted with what they had heard. Mr. Rogers, from the North of London, was present, and at the close of Mr. Wyndo's address spoke a few words, urging us to earnestness, also advising us to take up the out-door work. On Sunday next there will be an open-air meeting, at 3.30 p.m., at the top of George's-lane, Hithergreen-lane, Lewisham. At our rooms, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Bliss, trance medium. Thursday, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Bliss. Saturday, at 8 p.m., developing circle.—H. W. BRUNKE, Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E. (NEAR THE "GREEN").—"Education," from the standpoint of Spiritualism, was the theme of Mrs. Stanley's address on Sunday, and the discourse was much enjoyed, being full of practical interest to the spiritual student. The summer outing will take place on Monday, July 13th, by brakes to Knockholt, near Sevenoaks. Particulars may be had from the secretary. We wish to draw the members' attention to the half-yearly general meeting, to be held on Sunday, June 28th, after the evening service, when the reports of the work done will be laid before the meeting, officers elected, and the question of rules and affiliation with the Federation considered. Next Sunday, "Our Principles," at 11.15 a.m.; "Healers and the Law,"

at 7 p.m.; and address and healing on Thursday, at 8.15 p.m.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

COPENHAGEN HALL, 184, COPENHAGEN-STREET, CALEDONIAN-ROAD, KING'S CROSS.—Last Sunday evening Mr. T. Everitt delivered a lecture on the "Dual Nature of Man." Mr. Everitt holds a theory that consciousness is not suspended during sleep, but that the spirit visits the "other shore," and in some rare cases retains on its return a recollection of scenes and events taking place there in the company of disembodied spirits. The lecturer quoted some facts within his own knowledge which appeared to support the theory. A detailed account of these facts, with the corroborative testimony which we believe Mr. Everitt has in his possession, would be very interesting, and would probably lead to a profitable discussion, and in the end some much-needed light might be thrown on the subject of dreams. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mr. F. W. Read will lecture upon Hypnotism and Mesmerism.—S. T. RODGER.

CARDIFF PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The celebration of the first anniversary of the founding of this Society commenced on Sunday morning, June 7th, by a Festal service at eleven o'clock. The hall was beautifully decorated with flowers, sent by several members, the rostrum and the reading desk presenting a very charming appearance. In the course of the service the anthem, "How Beautiful upon the Mountains," was sung with effect by the choir, immediately after which Mrs. Edwin Adams, of Cardiff, came forward, for the first time before a public audience, to give the anniversary address. Her control delivered an eloquent and soul-stirring address, based upon the text, "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not," which was listened to with rapt attention. At the evening service Mr. Robert Scott (late of Leeds) delivered an admirable address. The audiences were large both morning and evening, and the bright services were marked by much earnestness on the part of the congregations. Mrs. Adams also addressed the children at the Lyceum session in the afternoon. It is earnestly hoped that this estimable lady will aid this Society by continuing the public work which she has commenced so auspiciously. A reunion of members and a picnic in the country will take place on the 8th and 10th inst. respectively, and the celebration will conclude with a festal service on Sunday evening next, the 14th inst., when an address will be delivered by the president, Dr. Charles Williams.—R. P.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICE.—The offer to societies of parcels of the book "Birth and Death" for distribution has exhausted the available stock, except a certain number reserved for the benefit of members of the London Spiritualist Alliance.

VEGA.—Thank you: but the book has been given out some time ago for review, and the notice has not yet come to hand. We will endeavour to use what you kindly send if it fits in hereafter.

T.C.D.—We have received a letter of complaint respecting some expressions used in your letter respecting Mr. Ainsworth, and have printed a letter from him. We cannot prolong the controversy now that both sides have been heard.

O! THOU Eternal One! Whose presence bright  
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;  
Unchanged through time's all devastating flight.  
Thou only God! there is no God beside!  
Being above all beings! Mighty One!  
Whom none can comprehend and none explore.  
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone:  
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er;  
Being Whom we call God, and know no more.

—DERZHAVIN.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE,  
2, DUKE STREET, ADELPHI, W.C.

## A CONVERSAZIONE

WILL BE HELD IN THE

BANQUETING HALL, ST. JAMES'S HALL  
(REGENT STREET ENTRANCE),

ON

THURSDAY, JUNE 25th, at 7 p.m.

AN ADDRESS WILL BE DELIVERED BY  
REV. J. PAGE HOPPS.

SUBJECT: "A STUDY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT JEHOVAH  
BY SPIRIT-LIGHT."

MUSIC AND REFRESHMENTS DURING THE EVENING.

Tickets of Admission may be had on application (with stamped addressed envelope) to Mr. B. D. GODFREY, 2, DUKE-STREET, ADELPHI, W.C.