

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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CONTENTS.

Spiritualism: Its Character and Results	573	"Miracles"	578
Colonel Olcott on Mr. Stainton Moses	574	Records of Private Seances	579
The Philosophy of Posthumous Apparitions	575	William Stainton Moses	580
A Psychological Case	576	A Dance with the Dead	580
Dream Books	577	Risks and Responsibilities of Hypnotism	582
		"Matter"	582
		Victor Hugo and Spiritualism	583
		Letters to the Editor	583-4

"SPIRITUALISM: ITS CHARACTER AND RESULTS."*

II.

Father Clarke, as we said last week, bases most of his argument in favour of the Satanic origin of spiritual communications on the discrepancy between these communications and the dogmatic teaching of the Church of Rome. He has read Florence Marryat's book "There is no Death," and he quotes her assertion that Spiritualists "have a revelation that teaches them that the works we do in the flesh must bear their fruit in the spirit, and that no tardy death-bed repentance, no crying out for mercy because justice is upon us, like an unruly child howling as the stick is produced for chastisement, will avail to wipe off the sins we have indulged in upon earth. They know their expiation will be bitter, yet as being not without hope, and that they will be helped, as well as help others, in the upward path that leads to ultimate perfection." On this he says:—

We therefore arrive on the ground of the doctrines taught by the spirits at the same conclusion at which we have already arrived above, that the spirits who are present at Spiritualistic séances and hold intercourse with mediums, by whatever means it be, are simply devils from hell, pretending to be the spirits of the dead, and using their preternatural knowledge and power to deceive men.

Father Clarke then quotes an account of a séance, at which Mr. Hain Friswell was present ("Dialectical Society's Report," p. 223), and which that gentleman described. The manifestations were very curious, and Mr. Friswell appears to have been frightened. He put his hand on the table and said: "Are you the spirit that imposed on Ananias the sorcerer?" He got "Yes" for his answer. He then said, "In the name of God depart—go away!" which the spirit did. Spiritualists do not deny the existence of evil spirits, nor their presence sometimes at their séances, but this is not only not evidence that all the communicating agencies are evil, but just the contrary, for the disturbance of peacefulness which they create is in marked contrast to the harmony produced by the purer kind. Mr. Hain Friswell's wicked spirit was, at any rate, quite honest.

Then Father Clarke diverges in a curious way. After having tried to demonstrate the wickedness of spirit communication, because of *what* those communications assert, he goes out of his way to talk of the *trash* conveyed by the messages. We do not deny the vast amount of nonsense that is poured forth by trance mediums and others when under spirit influence. But if these agencies were all such wise serpents, surely the very last thing they would

do would be to spoil their own game by bringing ridicule upon it. It is possible that many, very many, of these communications are not perfect from a literary point of view. Why should they be? But that is no argument that they are Satanic; once again it is just the contrary. So clever a worker as Father Clarke's devil would know better than to disgust his audience by meanness of style or by the flowers of a grandiloquent rhetoric.

We leave the arguments that are purely from the side of the Romish Church, and come to those drawn from the Mosaic dispensation and the Hebrew sequel of it. The writer quotes Deut. xviii. 9-12, where the Jews are warned against certain abominations practised by the nations of Palestine. Among other abominations that of "seeking the truth from the dead" is mentioned—that is, of practising the art of necromancy, which, says Father Clarke, is the "essential feature of Spiritualism":—

Now, if these practices were specially forbidden to the Jews as being God's chosen people, if they were merely unlawful by reason of Divine or ecclesiastical enactment, they would not be brought forward as the reason why the heathen nations were dispossessed. God would not have punished the heathen for any except crimes against the natural law. To seek the truth from the dead is accordingly an offence against right reason, and cannot be excused even in a Pagan nation.

Now, supposing we have here quite the correct history—and for argument's sake we will admit that this is so—Father Clarke's intromission into the mind of the Eternal is a wonderful piece of gratuitous arrogance. "If," he says, "these practices were specially forbidden to the Jews as being God's chosen people, *if* they were merely unlawful by reason of Divine or ecclesiastical enactment"—it is instructive to note the equalising of these two authorities—"they would not be brought forward as the reason why the heathen nations were dispossessed." How does Father Clarke know this? And how does he know, moreover, what are the *reasons* for God's punishment of the heathen? This is an amazing assumption, and "so to seek the truth from the dead is accordingly an offence against right reason, and cannot be excused even in a Pagan nation." Even supposing that the Pagan necromancy was the same as modern Spiritualism, in its purest forms—which is not the case—there is still the interpretation of all this, that the Jewish priesthood hated all other priesthoods with as perfect a hatred as the priesthood of one Church hates the priesthood of another Church at the present day. Here is another passage which contains an entirely false assertion, as anyone who has read, for instance, "Spirit Teachings" will see at once:—

The Spiritualist, whether the Pagan magician or the modern medium, does not invoke the spirits of the dead simply and solely as intercessors with God or emissaries from Him, and channels of His Divine power. *There is no recognition of God in the whole process.* He is ignored, and to ignore God is worse than to forget Him, and deserves a more severe punishment.

Father Clarke does not italicise the words we have italicised, but they contain the gist of the whole paragraph, and the assertion is not true. And witness the

* "Spiritualism: Its Character and Results." By RICHARD F. CLARKE, B.J. (London: 18, West-square, S.E.)

umble between the Spiritualist and the medium; it were as wise to confound the physicist with his galvanometers or bi-prisms.

So by the assertion of dogmas, which may be doubted; by the interpretation of Old Testament history according to his own wishes; and by the upholding of the infallibility of his Church, but by no valid argument, Father Clarke finds that:—

The spirits who appear to those on earth when invoked by them are not what they profess to be, nor the spirits of departed friends, but the ministers of Satan who assume the character and even the appearance of the deceased, and manifest secrets known only to them, in order to deceive the living and bring them into their power. All commerce with them is therefore a direct dealing with Satan and the devils who serve him.

Truly, "a most lame and impotent conclusion."

COLONEL OLCOTT ON MR. STANTON MOSES.

The following, with the well-known signature "H.S.O.," appears in the "Theosophist" for November. Colonel Olcott and Mr. Stainton Moses were indeed very close friends:—

One of the best of men, most cultured of scholars, and truest of friends left the world on the 5th September last, when W. Stainton Moses, M.A., died. In my "Old Diary Leaves" I have mentioned the close friendship that existed between us since 1875, when the late Epes Sargent made us mutually acquainted, and my high regard for his talents, integrity, and scholarship. He was seven years my junior and would have stopped, no doubt, to write my obituary notice but for that terrible influenza that carried him off, as it did H.P.B. and thousands more. Last summer I went to see him at Canterbury, and we passed a delightful day together; visiting the Cathedral, sauntering through the streets, enjoying the society of friends, and talking by the hour about those spiritual questions that most interested each of us. He was then suffering from the *sequelæ* of the disease, and said he should not be surprised if he had to succumb in the long run. His only anxiety was lest he might not live to finish two or three books he had planned out in his mind. I tried my best to persuade him to fly from the horrible winter climate of London and come and work up his materials into books at Adyar: a favourite project that he and Massey and I had discussed for years. But he could not see his way to it, for he had his work cut out for him at the West, in the Spiritualist movement, and he said he must die at his post. Our parting was like that of brothers, and as if each had had a presentiment of its being the last, we shook hands and said good-bye a dozen times at the railway station, and waved farewells until the train took me out of sight. He was a man to love, respect, and trust; a friend that one would ever count upon at any distance and in all emergencies. He had a commanding influence among Spiritualists, one due to the elevation of his personal character quite as much as to his ripe scholarship and his thorough acquaintance with the literature and different aspects of psychical science. His views were broad and catholic upon those subjects, and but for the bigotry of the majority of Spiritualists, he and I would have gone far towards establishing those friendly relations between our two parties that in reason should subsist. We both knew that it was a suicidal policy for the two bodies to be wrangling and mutually hating, when a common foe—Materialistic Agnosticism—was undermining the foundations of spiritual belief—our mutual belief—and hence of religious conviction. In 1888 he proposed to me that, if I would manage to keep H.P.B. in a gentle mood towards Spiritualists, he would use his best influence with the latter to come to a more brotherly understanding with the Theosophists. I did my part easily; H.P.B. agreeing to spike her cannon for the term of the experiment; and he began writing benevolently about us in "LIGHT." We used to see each other often that season in London and compare notes.

We have hanging in the Adyar Library an excellent portrait, on satin, of Stainton Moses, as he looked in the years 1876-7. It was phenomenally produced by H.P.B., in my presence, in a moment of time. Later, when I come to record in my "Old Diary Leaves" the interior life of our first headquarters residence, I shall describe this picture and

its method of precipitation. For the moment it suffices to say that I sent it to Stainton Moses with H.P.B.'s consent, and he gave it me back for the Adyar Library, at my request, when we met in 1888. Its chief peculiarity is that it depicts him as he then appeared in the astral, while he was making powerful exertions to "project" himself in the "double." We were in constant correspondence then, he asking a multitude of questions about all sorts of psychical subjects, and trying to come and see us in his astral shape. One evening, when H.P.B. and I were hard at work on the MSS. of "Isis Unveiled," we both, as by a single impulse, turned our heads towards the folding-doors, and caught an instant's glimpse of Stainton Moses. It was but for a flash and then was gone. On the table before me lay a card, giving the differences of time between New York and other cities of the world. This suggested looking at it and at my watch and noting the hour. By the next post I wrote him the facts, and by the next incoming steamer received from him a letter telling me that, at such an hour on such a day, he thought he had succeeded in getting a sight of us. The dates corresponded and our letters crossed each other in mid-ocean: so we may write that down as a valid phenomenon.

I write this at Adyar, and my boxes of letters are at Ooty, so I cannot show, as I otherwise might, his sweet spirit and eager yearning after basic spiritual truth. But that will keep. I recollect the interesting fact that one of the alleged spirits who taught him called himself "Magus," that he usually brought to his medium the sense of a peculiar Eastern perfume, and a vision of three balls, or points, of light, grouped in a triangle. Now this latter is a symbol of the Brotherhood of our Adepts, and used by them in many ways. (My readers may recollect that in the flower-borning H.P.B. made for me, the three little diamonds were similarly disposed.) Among H.P.B.'s frequent phenomena was her power to cause an oily attar of a great fragrance to exude from the palm of her hand. She told me that "M.A. (Oxon.)"—Stainton Moses' pseudonym—was receiving help from our Adepts, and it seemed to me that this "Magus," with his light-symbol, his Eastern odour, and the tone of his teachings, as my friend reported them to me, might very well be one of the Brotherhood. As a matter of curiosity, I, one day, got H.P.B. to cause the attar to exude from her hand and impregnate a flock of fine cotton wool; which I did up in silk, wrapped in oiled silk, packed and sealed in a little box, and sent to Stainton Moses. He wrote me back that the perfume was identical with that which was so familiar to him. I leave the fact without further comment, stating only what passed between us two. Massey says, in a nobly phrased biographical notice in "LIGHT" for September 17th, that our friend took for a time a warm interest in the development of the Theosophical Society, "but never got over the distrust excited by an attempt" to persuade him that "Imperator was a Mahatma." The discussion (with H.P.B. mainly) about the identity of his high intelligence caused friction at times, but never the least interruption of our pleasant relations.

It is hard to forecast what English-speaking Spiritualists will do without this most worthy leader; the loss would seem irreparable; yet it may be that Nature will put some new unsuspected, yet equally great worker in the vacant place. We constantly deceive ourselves into believing that chaos is come when great men die, for the world's wheels roll on as they did before. None of us is indispensable, not one; it is only the intimate friends, the closest associates of the departed who have no hope of repairing their loss and who mourn inconsolably. Yet to those who believe in a life hereafter and in the survival of thought and consciousness, death is, neither to the one gone ahead nor to those left behind, a catastrophe. I have no details yet about Stainton Moses' last hours, but I am sure he must have met the change without a tremour. For many years he had been in close intercourse with that other plane of life, and to pass into it must have been to him like a happy home-coming. From what I know of the systematic way in which some controlling powers ordered his ways, I should be surprised if he had not known the time of his demise; if he had not been able, long in advance, to say:—

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay,
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF POSTHUMOUS APPARITIONS.

By THOMAS WILLIAMS, F.T.S.

The difference of opinion which exists between Spiritualists and Theosophists as to the value and the meaning of Spiritualistic phenomena is most regrettable, and, as I believe it to be in a great measure due to a misunderstanding of the philosophy underlying the Theosophical tenets, I propose to present these post-mortem manifestations from a purely philosophical point of view, hoping thereby to offer a basis for investigation acceptable to all. The philosophy of apparitions is, I think, to be found in the conclusion arrived at by the British Associationists and formulated by Professor Bain, LL.D., as follows: "The most pervading fact at the basis of our intelligence is that of Association of Ideas, Actions and Emotions." From the existence of the power of association in man, Professor Bain draws the following conclusion: That it necessitates the existence in him of a plastic medium pervading the physical body capable of retaining and reproducing sequentially, ideas, actions, and sensations which have previously been acquired. As a necessary result we see that at death the mental life which man has led is fixed in this plastic medium by the power of association, and we find that by the inherent nature which we have observed to be characteristic of this medium, these thoughts are capable of reproduction supposing the substance which retains them to be irritated into activity. As the same must be said for the association of physiological activities of the body and for their corresponding sensations we have at the moment of death the physical body plus an ethereal or astral body which is the exact representation of the thoughts, activities, and feelings of the man when he was alive.

The next question, then, which requires solution is this: Does the astral body or plastic medium (as Professor Bain calls it), which life has differentiated into a replica of a man's mental career, persist after death? This question may be answered in more than one way according to our beliefs, but its solution is very simple for Spiritualists, because for them the recognisable apparition of a departed friend or relative is an accepted fact. Therefore, since the physical body is dead this apparition must be due to the posthumous persistence of the only thing which has during life learnt to represent and reproduce the distinguishing characteristics of the personality, namely, the astral body formed by the power of association active in a plastic substance according to the definition of Professor Bain. This point being settled we must next inquire into the nature of these apparitions, and to do so we must follow out the necessary operation of metaphysical laws as exhibited under the influence of association. We know that during life each human being possesses a higher and a lower nature. The former is recognisable in that it transcends earthly and personal attractions; the latter, on the other hand, centres itself entirely on the objects and desires of earth-life. While the former is characterised by spiritual association the latter directs its attention entirely to earthly things. Kant, in his Ethics, has proved that even virtues, if they are motivated by earthly considerations, are but a part of the same nature which is capable of enjoying the most degrading vices; so that we may characterise the lower nature by worldliness and the higher by spirituality. Now, the action of association on each of these is very evident. All thoughts, emotions, and activities, which belong to the earth's attraction are drawn together; while all spiritual thoughts, emotions, and activities are also associated into a plastic unity. During life both separate bundles of association are kept together by the physical body which is their common medium of manifestation. After death, however, this compelling power is withdrawn, and that plastic model in which inheres the acquired characteristics of the worldly minded man must, by its very nature of association, be attracted to the sphere of its former existence; while that other plastic model of the spiritual associations acquired by him during life will follow the nature of its associations and winged by its aspirations will leave the sphere of earthly attraction. Now, the actual effect of this separation of the dual nature of man is to deprive the former of its spiritual entity which has been carried away from it by the associations of its spiritual nature. Here, then, we have an astral shell infesting the earth's atmosphere, and a spiritual counterpart or human

soul freed from all earthly influences, and, therefore, carried outside and away from the world.

We have now arrived at the possibility of giving a rational explanation of the method by which apparitions of departed souls are called into objective existence and of estimating the effect of the influence which these posthumous relics of humanity may have on the living. That which I have called a shell is, according to foregoing demonstration, a plastic bundle of thoughts and emotions together with their corresponding activities which are made of a substance whose characteristic it is to be able to hold them and reproduce them on demand, and I venture to think that this description of the astral shell will be as acceptable to Theosophists as to Spiritualists. Naturally this substantial form or astral body represents the human personality. It is, therefore, a sensitive instrument fashioned by earth-life and able to reproduce the ideal tendencies and emotions which motivated the living man, but it is unable to originate new ones. What, then, is the force which sets this instrument in motion if it has lost its own capacity for taking the initiative? Surely it is to be found in that power of association which death has not destroyed. The astral body of a living man must be able to associate with that of a dead one in order to produce the required result. All Thought and Passion may be translated into common terms of Vibration, so that association assumes the guise of synchronous vibration when viewed as a scientific operation. If, therefore, a living being's lower nature is tuned to a key-note similar to that of any given shell, or if by the exercise of Will and Thought we can bring ourselves into harmony with it, then the latter should communicate with the former, and their mutual association will be roused into active operation by induction.

If we only think a thought whose vibration vibrates synchronously with any similar vibration in one of these shells, the result must inevitably be a strengthening or intensifying of our own original idea, desire, or passion, while, having set this dead instrument in motion, we may find ourselves vibrating to a train of ideas, &c., foreign to ourselves but of like nature, thereby not only intensifying the activity of our lower life, but enriching it with the acquired disposition of some dead being whose life may or may not have been purer than our own. To guard our thoughts is, therefore, the only way to avoid those deadly perils which infest our atmosphere. Of their actual presence the newspapers furnish us with daily reports; now it is a man seized suddenly with homicidal mania; again it is some sudden epidemic of suicide, &c.; or if we go nearer home we find our own ambitions often unaccountably enlarging of themselves and developing our original nature into possibilities hitherto quite foreign to it. Religion degenerates into fanaticism under the intensifying influence of associating shells, while all our natural proclivities may similarly be attacked.

A similar train of reasoning requires that there should be communication between spirits and the spiritual nature of a living man. By meditation on spiritual things, by noble thoughts and deeds, we must arouse similar vibrations in the spirit-world so attracting into our daily life angelic influences. Thus man may fortify his nature, may elevate his mind, by the aid of departed souls; nor can I help believing that this interchange of thought and emotion, this spiritual association, must prove as beneficial to those gone before as to those left behind on earth. In judging of the manifestations of the séance-room we cannot be too careful to apply the test of goodness and spirituality to these apparitions, and we may be assured that the more they resemble the personality which we knew in life the more surely are they shells and not the spirits of men and women. For it stands to reason that the beauty of the aspirations of a human life hidden and overlaid as they mostly are by worldliness will scarcely be recognisable in the ethereal purity of a posthumous being. This concludes what I believe to be the philosophy of post-mortem apparitions, and by expanding the fact of association by means of an application of the science of vibration we shall, I think, be able to explain many of the peculiarities which characterise some of these apparitions.

THERE is nothing so true that the damps of error have not warped; nothing so false that a sparkle of truth is not in it.

[November 26, 1892.]

A PSYCHICAL CASE.

The following, by the Rev. Minot J. Savage, appears in the "Religio Philosophical Journal" for November 5th. The experience was a very satisfactory one, though one would have liked a little further information as to the method of the medium:

In the eyes of those who are only students of psychical phenomena, and are not yet provided with an accepted theory, a small fact is worth more than bushels of speculation. And when this fact passes the boundaries of the normal, it makes little difference whether the fact is a small one or a large one. A small fact that transcends accepted theories may as imperatively demand a reconstruction of those theories as though it were a thousand times more wonderful.

The case I propose to lay before the readers of "The Journal" is not a great case, but it and like cases find no place in the generally accepted theories of the universe. But, since it is true, it will prove itself stronger than theories that allow no room for it. For facts are not made for theories, but theories for facts. In time a rational world will demand that our thoughts about things be made big enough for the things.

The case concerns a friend of mine. He is a clergyman and is not known as being interested in these things.

A friend of his called on him one day on a matter of business. After this was over, he said to him that he had heard that he used to be interested in psychical matters and had some power in that direction; so he asked him if he would be willing to make a trial of it at that time. The friend replied that it had been a long while since he had attempted anything of the kind but he would try. The clergyman then gave him the name of a sister some time deceased, and a not very successful effort was made to get something concerning her. While engaged in this effort, he suddenly looked up and towards an open door, and said "I cannot go on with the other case, because here is a young lady who insists on making herself known to you. She says you are the only person in the family through whom she can establish communication with her friends. She is very anxious to satisfy you, and she will now give you her name."

But before giving the name he described her as "a blonde, with blue eyes, light hair not fastened tight (as the custom was at the time of the sitting), but with some flowing curls. Her face is full, but with a more pointed chin than you would expect to see on so full a face."

Then he added, "She is very anxious to convince you, and she will now give you a test that will make you sure who she is. She is showing me a large pond or lake, and on it are floating very large pond lilies." On this he added, "Then there is another thing. She tells me there was something very peculiar about her funeral. I did not make out clearly just what it was, but she says you will understand."

The last name was given correctly, the psychic saying that she seemed to be writing it; but he did not get the first name.

Now the points to be noted here are these:—

- 1st. The young lady was one that my friend, the clergyman, had known some years before when at school. But he had not been consciously thinking of her at all, and was hoping for some communication concerning his sister. The conditions, therefore, for ordinary mind-reading were not present.
- 2nd. The business man, the psychic for the time being, not only had not known the young lady, but did not know that there ever was any such person.
- 3rd. The description was so accurate that she was recognised before the name was given. But a peculiarity of this description was that the clergyman was surprised as to the statement of her chin being more pointed than one would expect to see on so full a face, and did not feel sure about it until he had looked the matter up. This makes the mind-reading theory still more difficult to accept.
- 4th. The lake or pond was one that the young people used to visit. Excursions were made to it and picnics held there. The lilies were so remarkable that Professor Gray has made particular mention of them in his Botany. Only a few such are found in the country.
- 5th. The peculiar thing about the funeral which she said her friend the clergyman would understand proved to be that, at the time of the service, the body was not in a casket, but was laid upon a sofa, one hand being under her cheek, so that she looked as if lying asleep.

In conclusion let the reader note that the psychic was not a professional; that he did not know that any such person as the young lady had ever lived; and that her clerical friend was not thinking of her, but did have his mind intent upon another person. I will only add that the business man I do not know, though I have his own independent account of the occurrence. The clergyman is an old and valued friend, and one of the truest men I have ever known.

TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT.

The following, which appears in the daily papers, was received through Reuter's Agency, and emphasises what "LIGHT" has been saying recently as to the occult knowledge claimed by the Church of Rome. It also shows that "civilisation" has not quite stamped out "superstition," even in some parts of enlightened Germany:—

BERLIN, November 20th. The court of Eichstaett in Bavaria has just given judgment in the action for slander arising out of the extraordinary case of exorcism which occurred some months ago in Bavaria, when a certain Father Aurelian exorcised a boy named Zilk in his parish, who was said to be possessed of a devil.

Father Aurelian declared that the evil spirit entered the boy's body through the witchcraft of a Protestant woman named Herz, and the latter accordingly instituted proceedings against him for slander. The ceremony of exorcism was performed in the presence of a Capuchin friar, named Wolf, and other persons, and Father Aurelian, in the report which he drew up of the case, declared that the devil only quitted the boy after long resistance.

Friar Wolf, who was one of a long list of witnesses called for the defence, confirmed the correctness of the defendant's report as to the circumstances under which the exorcism had been performed.

Father Pruner, the Provost of the Cathedral, who was called to give evidence as to the theological aspects of the matter, testified that, according to the teaching of the Church, the possibility of demoniac possession was indisputable; and he gave an account of the doctrine concerning demons and evil spirits. He declared that Father Aurelian had recognised the signs of possession as taught by the schools, and had acted as he ought to have done under the circumstances. After pointing out that even the Civil Law recognised the possibility of covenants between mankind and the devil, he went on to affirm that the Church could compel the devil to speak the truth. This was to support the line of defence set up by Father Aurelian that before quitting the body of the boy the devil himself, speaking through the possessed, had informed him that Frau Herz had bewitched the boy by means of some fruit which she had given him.

Prior Schneider, who was summoned as an expert in demonology, also explained his views on the spirit world.

A report was put in, in which it was certified by the district superintendent of Donauwörth that the boy Zilk had no recollection whatever of having been exorcised. Herr Straub, the Public Prosecutor, thereupon observed that it was satisfactory that the court was thus relieved from the necessity of pronouncing upon the efficacy of the exorcism. The question before the court was not whether Father Aurelian had transgressed the law in exorcising the boy, but whether he had slandered the plaintiff. This, he maintained, the defendant had done, and he demanded damages to the extent of fifty marks, asking this small sum because it was not contended that Frau Herz had suffered any material loss through the allegations made against her.

Frau Herz, in evidence, denied having bewitched the boy, and declared that the fruit had not been given to Zilk by her, but by a maidservant. Her own children had also partaken of the fruit without suffering any ill effects. Ever since the slander spread by Father Aurelian, however, she had been called "a witch" by the whole neighbourhood, and her children had been called "Witch-children" by their comrades in school.

Ultimately the court gave judgment in accordance with the public prosecutor's demand, finding that Father Aurelian had uttered the slander, and imposing upon him a fine of 50 marks with costs, or five days' imprisonment.

In consequence of this decision proceedings are to be taken against the *Kölnische Zeitung*, which published Father Aurelian's report on the exorcism. This case will be heard at the Cologne District Court on the 29th inst.

DREAM BOOKS.

The "Literary Digest" does very valuable work in cul-ling, not only from English and American papers articles of merit, but also from the journals of Germany, Norway, and other countries of the world. The extracts given below show the opinions of a German writer named Rudolf Kleinpaul, of Liepzig, about dreams. It is another illustration of what we said recently as to the general interest that the subject of dreams has aroused in the world:

The tendency to murmur at fate, to see in the thousand accidents of life the shadow of coming events, to regard things as messages of impending destiny, to trace direct harmony and reciprocal action between phenomena and un-related occurrences, is an inborn tendency of the multitude, and, generally speaking, the outcome of mingled piety and vanity. They experience a living consciousness that they are under the protection of their God, subject to divine warning for their guidance, and to revelations of the future, especially when evil is impending. In the movement of a comet, in a rainbow, a flood, the stranding of a whale, in an eclipse, the flight of ominous birds; in the passing a pig, a wolf, an army of worms, an old woman; in trifling personal occurrences, if involuntary, as sneezing; in all these things they see the finger and hear the voice of God signalling, calling, or imparting a warning.

The spirits which visit us in our sleep, like the ominous birds and beasts encountered during the day, are, in the eyes of the populace, God's messengers and divine revelations, needing only to be interpreted aright. People accustomed to regard their moods and sicknesses as something apart from themselves, who have no idea of the secret activity of the soul, and know only that everything must have a cause, naturally regard the visions of the night as objective realities, approaching them from without like apparitions of the souls of the dead, real, though intangible. Who can always distinguish between realities and the unsubstantial fabric of a dream? Who knows surely whether the visions conjured up by memory are of actual occurrences or of visions of the night? Who knows whether life itself may not be all a dream—a long, mysterious dream, as full of faces which come and go as a dream of the night, as full of poetic analogies as a dream-book? That to dream of a tooth being drawn signifies a death in the family is asserted in every dream-book: the mouth signifies the house, the teeth the family, the male on the right, the female on the left. Tears, in dreams, are usually indicated by pearls, as was well known to Emilia Galotti. She could be angry with her jewels, for three times had she dreamed that every stone was changed into a pearl: "But pearls, mother, pearls signify tears." That is quite poetic. Tears and teeth are both described by the poets as "pearly." Emilia Galotti was an Italian, a countrywoman of Maria de Medici, to whom the historians ascribe a similar dream. In a May night of the year 1610, before the murder of Henry IV., she is said to have dreamed that the two great diamonds she had given the jeweller to set in her crown had been changed into pearls. As a matter of fact, it is not seldom that the historians dream the dreams after the event, and ascribe them to their heroines.

But whatever doubts may be thrown on the so-called historical dreams, it would be going too far to stamp all dreams as idle inventions; an intelligent belief in dreams is perfectly consistent with a scientific view of the subject. Although dreams are no more special messengers from God than ominous birds, or lightning, but fabrications of the workshop of the brain, animal as well as human—for dogs dream—dream-visions are nevertheless so far deserving of our study, that they indicate activities of the soul which have not yet been investigated, and which, in some cases, appear to involve the gift of prophecy. The predictions can, of course, only be accidental, they are not reasoned conclusions, their relation with after occurrences is a mere matter of imagination. Speaking generally, dream-visions are only accidental, disorderly after-effects of the impressions and events of the day. They are for the most part closely related to the conceptions on which the dreamer dwells most forcibly during waking hours. There are cases, however, in which the nervous system, suffering from undue strain or temporarily disordered from any cause, produces pictures which can only be regarded as the original creations of a distempered

imagination temporarily freed from the restraints of reason and understanding. Not only are dream-visions sometimes in advance of all past imaginings, but occasionally they reproduce a long-forgotten past; that is of a past which, although not obliterated from memory, was so overlaid by stronger and more recent impressions that it might never have been recalled in waking hours. This is a matter of very general experience. In dreams men cast a penetrating glance into themselves, and interpret what they see poetically.

All predicative events, omens as well as dreams, were reduced to system by the ancients who studied them as a learned profession. Astrologers and augurs held official positions of distinction, and were, in fact, the chief counselors of kings; and now, in this age of printing, the "wisdom of the ages" has been summarised and printed. So that at a trifling outlay anyone may be guided to the interpretation of his own dreams and omens. Dreams especially have been so classified and arranged that the student may find what he wants in the dream-book as readily as he could look up a hard word in the dictionary. These books constitute a distinct branch of literature for which the demand, among Jews, Christians, and Mohamedans, is as great now as it was centuries ago.

The oldest dream-book known was found in fragments in the brick archives of Nineveh; and in classic antiquity who is not familiar with the name of Artemidorus the Ephesian, whose fame as an authority on dreams and their interpretation has been handed down through the ages? In A.D. 1653 a Latin dream-book was published in Basle; following it dream-books in the European vernacular sprang up like mushrooms, and popular legendary dream-lore at once yielded to the pretensions of printed authority. To this day dream-books are consulted by millions as the safest guides of life, especially in the matter of lotteries and games of chance.

THE ARTIST'S POWER.

As dreams of the night bring us home to ourselves and discover hidden fountain heads of passion, so this indefinite illimitable desire, which art excites, creates for those who feel it lasting habits of emotion. The recurrent vibrations of that desire, the persistent images with which it is connected, the mode in which we have been touched to fine pervasive spiritual issues, remain with us for good or evil, abiding witnesses to art's controlling power.

But how is art enabled to do all this? Not by rivalling the draughtsmanship of the sun and the accuracy of a mechanical process. Nay, rather by the exercise of human faculties alone: purged insight, fiery yet patient imagination, earnest thought, love of the best things, ever-eager selection of the highest man can rise to, strong planning and strenuous application to the execution of the plan. The whole macrocosm and all creatures of God, from the cedar of Libanus to the hyssop upon the wall, from Priam among the burning palaces of Troy-town to the boors of a Dutch tavern, from an Olympian athlete to an idle apprentice, from Achilles and St. Francis to Tom Jones and Parson Andrews, lie open to artistic representation.

The artist at any hour calls up scenes we cannot see with our own eyes. He transports us from Camberwell to Athens, from Baker-street to the great Pyramid, from a ball in Belgravia to the dances of Titania's elves. Yet the magic wand of this Prospero is nothing else but the artist's own mind, which stirs our mind and puts before our eyes the vision. Try as he may do to escape from the conditions under which he labours, he will find that he does not make things as they are, but as they exist for his consciousness; and all his realistic skill must finally subserve the expression of the thought and the emotion which himself contains.

—J. A. SYMONDS.

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION.—Mr. J. R. Digglo writes on behalf of the "Poor Children's Aid Branch of this Union." We gladly support his appeal. He says: "The special need at this season is warm clothing and boots, together with medical attendance for destitute sick children. The union would be grateful for gifts of clothing or for donations to buy suitable clothing and boots for those children who either are attending or ought to be attending school, but who stand in need of this help. In order to obviate the risk of wrongful use, these garments and boots are not given, but lent, and the plan adopted has been found to work well. Donations and gifts of clothing may be sent to Mr. John Kirk, 37, Norfolk-street, Strand, W.C."

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

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Annual Subscription for "LIGHT," post free to any address, is 10s. 10d. per annum, forwarded to our office in advance.
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"LIGHT" may also be obtained from E. W. ALLEN, 1, Ave Maria Lane, London, and all Booksellers.

Light:

EDITED BY "M. A., LOND."

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th, 1892.

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.

"MIRACLES." *

Dr. Wyld essays in this *brochure* to show that miracles "are not contrary to nature, but due to the accentuation of natural force through the direct action of spiritual power." His position is that the invisible as well as the visible universe, being only the reflection of the Divine will, the natural and supernatural are not contrary to one another, but are only two degrees of one force. Dr. Wyld thus takes a course midway between the assertions of the theologians who say that "Miracles are acts directly performed by the interference of the Creator," and the sceptics who say that miracles are impossible.

The author thus approaches the question from the standpoint of the action of mind on matter, and therefore sees no difficulty in accepting what are called miracles, as simply manifesting greater spiritual powers than are usually in the possession of the non-worker of miracles. He says:—

Again, there are those who question or deny the facts of miracle, who yet believe that man is a spiritual being, and as such survives the death of his body.

If so, then man, as a spirit, must be a continual worker of miracles, for he must think, and communicate, and move, and act, on and in a world external to himself, and independently of an organisation visible to the eye of sense.

If so, then it becomes easy of comprehension, how this invisible spirit may, from time to time and under peculiar conditions, interfere in the affairs of man on this earth.

Quite so; but the question involves the whole of the connection between what is called mind and what is called matter, and the results of modern investigations are beginning to point pretty steadily in the direction of the subjectivity of matter, so that after all the so-called action of spirit on matter possibly, nay probably, is the action of spirit on spirit; or, perhaps better, of one form of spirit on another form. In the light of such results there is not so much difficulty about the explanation of the fact "that spiritual beings can move, dissolve, and recombine material substances," for, as Dr. Wyld very well says, "when a man lifts a book from the table he does so by his will operating on his brain, and his brain transmitting its message to the nerves and muscles of his arm and hand." In other words, spiritual action is somehow transformed into material action every time a man moves any part of his body. Man is a continuous miracle.

Speaking of the miracles of Jesus, Dr. Wyld says, quite logically, that they were not contrary to nature. Whether he is logical in saying that they were acts of creation may

be questioned. That they were "accentuations of the powers of nature by the spiritual will of Christ" is another matter.

If Dr. Wyld could get rid of matter as matter and regard it simply as an expression of the spirit, the miracle difficulty would either disappear or become simply the outcome of a fairly easy expression of natural law. It is mainly because matter has been always considered to be matter as such, a certain something quite differentiated from spirit, that all the difficulty has come about. That one development of spirit should be able to influence another development of spirit is an easy postulate compared with that in which spirit is supposed to act on something which is absolutely different in all its essential properties. The action of spirit on spirit is one thing; that of spirit on so-called matter is another. Science is rapidly dissipating the idea of matter as such, and placing miracle in its proper place. But that science is doing so in no way detracts from, but rather enhances, the position of Jesus, and all who have worked *miracles*. They were the vanguard of the army, the vanguard of the army of God.

There are some things one would like to get rid of. Vibrations trouble the ordinary man a good deal, and "magnetic influences" are almost as bad. Dr. Wyld talks of "evil spirits, idle or purgatorial spirits, and magnetic influences." One feels so grateful to Dr. Wyld for his pamphlet that it seems unkind to carp; but what is a "magnetic influence"?

With regard to insanity, Dr. Wyld speaks out boldly and well:—

I have already spoken of demons or disembodied human souls, as infesting human beings, and causing epilepsy and insanity. That insanity, to a large extent, is caused by demon possession, Jesus teaches, and modern experience confirms that teaching; and that these demons can be exorcised, and driven out, has always been the doctrine and practice of the Church, and also the doctrine and practice of mesmerists, and a belief in this is easy to the experimental psychologist.

Would that the chief officials of our lunatic asylums would understand this. How often do they hear a delicately-nurtured but insane woman pour out torrents of filthy invective—a stream of words which, under ordinary circumstances, would have nearly killed her in her purity had she understood them, and these officials calmly put it all down to unconscious memory. Of all reforms that of our madhouses is one of the most crying. As to the religious significance of Christ's miracles we do not speak here. Enough that Dr. Wyld has shown that miracles are not a subversion, but a fulfilment, of the laws of nature—a fulfilment which can only come about when one like the Christ knows those laws more profoundly than His fellows—One, indeed, who is a partaker of the essence of God. Dr. Wyld thus concludes:—

It is quite true, as often objected, that the spiritual significance of Christ's life and teaching are of higher significance than are the historic facts. But the miracles of Christ have an infinite significance, for with Him, the curing of diseases and the forgiveness of sins were synonymous, while they demonstrated that the fundamental substance of matter is spirit, and that "all power belongeth unto God."

If so, then all the doubts and Agnosticism and Materialism and Atheism of this age of self-styled scientific culture, are only a passing phase, the result of surface knowledge, which is doomed, I fully believe at no distant day, to give place to that fundamental knowledge, with entire belief, in Science, as nothing less than that holy thing which is the mind and Will of God, made manifest in the universe of mind and matter. In this light, to attempt to show that the miracles of Jesus Christ admit of a scientific analysis, cannot be irreverent; while on the other hand, it may help towards a demonstration, that the natural and the supernatural are not, as has heretofore been said, contrary the one to the other, but are only *two degrees* of the Will of God; and that thus considered, revelation and true science are not opposed, but are only the deductive and inductive methods of Divine Reason.

* "Miracles." By GEORGE WYLD, M.D. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Limited.)

RECORDS OF PRIVATE SEANCES FROM NOTES TAKEN
AT THE TIME OF EACH SITTING.

No. XXXI.

FROM THE RECORDS OF MRS. S.

February 10th, 1874. This evening the circle sat alone. The room was quickly scented, and we heard on the table a peculiar triple rap, fresh to the circle. It became clear, and rapped for alphabet. The name of "Bertie Henry D. Jones" was then given; "died December 31st, 1873, aged one year and seven months; passed away at Umballah." Then the name of "Edward George Nigel Jones, died January 3rd, 1874, aged two years and nine months," was given through raps. Message came: "We had another brother joined us January 5th, named Chomeley. Father still living in India." Name? "Nigel Jones." The children answered other questions, and then departed. We have since verified these facts from the newspapers. The circle had never heard of the children until they gave their names. In the papers only the initials appeared, but friends who knew the family told us the names were correct, also dates of death.

February 12th. Circle met under usual conditions. Scent very abundant. G. manifested, producing remarkable musical sounds of every description, playing octaves, intervals, and chords by request. G.'s sounds this evening were so deep, resembling a drum, that we remarked they were almost as loud as the sounds Dr. Dee produced. Instantly he came, and made a tremendous rap between me and Mr. S.M. H.'s light was then visible, and answered questions as usual.

February 14th. We again met in our séance-room, which was soon filled with spirit-light, large masses floating about in every direction. G. quickly manifested, playing sweetly. We heard the music, very soft, outside the circle; then it sounded in the corners of the room, and came behind the medium, floating over his head. The sounds were more beautiful than usual—pure, and sweet, and harp-like, the table not acting as a sounding-board as on previous occasions. Octaves, chords, and intervals were instantly sounded by request, as on the previous evening. The spirit known to us as the Welsh Harper also answered questions on the strings of his spirit-harp. A fresh musical sound came, made by another spirit. Name not given. We heard an unknown rap on the table, soft and muffled, something like Imperator's. On asking who it was, "Vates" was given through the alphabet, also "Break." On returning to the room many sounds were made around the medium. H.'s light flashed, and the medium tried to speak. The voice was quite unlike Imperator's. The spirit tried to control the medium three different times, but failed. Imperator then spoke, saying the voice was new. Vates was trying to communicate, and as he wished it to have its own peculiar identity it was more difficult. He said the spirit had taken the name of "Vates" as they did not wish great names to be brought before the public. H., who was an exalted spirit, would help in giving information.

February 15th. Sat as usual. The room was soon filled with light. Table moved backwards and forwards, and scent and cool air were abundant. H. showed his light, and the dropping sounds were heard. G. played round the medium very sweetly. I asked for H.'s light to come near me, which it did, coming quite close. Imperator controlled for a short time, speaking again on God. He said if we would be very quiet for a few minutes we should have some direct spirit writing. I had, after the control had been established, asked for some signatures of the band to put into a book. After a short time had elapsed the alphabet was asked for. Message given through raps: "We have written with care and pains. Keep and value it." We found, on turning up the gas, a sheet of paper we had marked before commencing the séance, and placed under the table. It had been removed near to Dr. S. On it we found eleven signatures of the band, most beautifully and clearly written. Some day, I hope this piece of direct spirit-writing will be printed, with many others that have been produced in the same remarkable manner.

February 21st. This evening Mr. S.M., Dr. S., Mr. Percival, and myself dined at Mrs. Macdougall Gregory's, to meet the Baron du Pôtet, the great French mesmerist, and others. During dinner I felt a cold and very disagreeable influence in the room, and was so uncomfortable, that I longed for the repast to be over. The Baron and Mr. S.M. said they felt the presence of a troubled spirit in the room,

one that had very recently left the body. I noticed, when the gentlemen joined the ladies after dinner, Mr. S.M. looked very strange and altogether unlike himself. He said he felt an inclination to write, and asked for paper and a pencil. He sat down and his hand wandered over the paper without any result being obtained; he then requested the Baron to help by putting his hand over his. This he did, and Mr. S.M.'s hand was then violently controlled, and his face became very flushed. After drawing something on the paper (we could not recognise what it was) his hand wrote: "I killed myself to-day in Baker-street. I threw myself under the steam-roller." It then struck us that the drawing was intended to represent the figure of the brass horse sometimes placed on the front of a steam roller. The spirit appeared in the greatest trouble and asked for our prayers. Mrs. Gregory came and offered a prayer over the medium. This influence remained with him for some time, making him feel ill and uncomfortable. He was visiting at our house, and when he went out in the morning he was right and well; but I noticed on his return that his mood had quite changed, and that he was depressed and restless, and this lasted during our drive to and from Mrs. Gregory's. The next morning inquiries were made, and we found that a man had been killed the previous day in Baker-street by the steam-roller passing over him. Mr. S.M. had passed over the place on an omnibus soon after the occurrence, when the spirit attached himself to him.

The following evening, Sunday, we held a short séance, but the conditions were disturbed, owing to the unnatural control of the previous evening. Scent was showered over us very abundantly, and there was much spirit-light in the room. H. answered questions with his light. The medium was withdrawn from the table; we were told to keep very quiet and wait, but he was still restless and uncomfortable, and would talk. They tried to control him, but found it, in his restless state, impossible. After waiting some time Theolosophus rapped, "We will write; join hands." Soon after light was asked for, and we found on one piece of paper we had placed under the table, some Egyptian writing, and on the other, "Hail, we greet you. × THEOLOPHUS. † T.S.D."

[In No. XXX. of these Records, the date of Thomas Wilson's appointment to a curacy was given as St. Peter's Day, January 29th. It should be June 29th.—Ed. "LIGHT."]

COINCIDENCE—OR WHAT?

"An Englishman in Paris," in that delightful book which is just now engaging so much attention, tells a very curious story. The younger Dumas founded his reputation by writing a book called "La Dame aux Camélias." Of the morality or immorality of that book we have nothing to say here; the story took its name from the habit of a certain Alphonsine (or Maria) Plesis, an Aspasia of the day, had of wearing white camélias all the year round. Now, there was about the same time a certain M. Lautour-Mézerai, who was nicknamed "L'Homme au Camélia" from his singular habit of never appearing in public without that flower in his button-hole. An expensive taste, seeing that at that time such flowers were dear, five francs apiece in the thirties and the forties, and that the flower was often changed twice in the day. Dr. Veron, the well-known Paris gourmet and whilom Editor of the "Constitutionnel," did not remember seeing M. Lautour-Mézerai without the flower, and the friendship of the two men began in 1831.

Of this M. Lautour-Mézerai the "Englishman" says:—He was a most charming companion, exceedingly generous, but he would not have parted with the flower in his buttonhole for any consideration, not even to oblige his greatest friend, male or female. It was more than an ornament to him; he looked upon it as a talisman. He always occupied the same place at the opera in the balcony, or what we call the "dress circle," and many a covetous glance from the brightest eyes was cast on the dazzling white camélia standing out in bold relief against the dark blue coat, but neither glances nor direct request had any effect upon him. He became absolutely savage in his refusal when too hardly pressed, because, by his own admission, he was superstitious enough to believe that, if he went home without it, something terrible would happen to him during the night.

Now comes the strange part of this story. An editorial footnote says:—Curiously enough, he belonged to the same department, and died almost on the very spot where Maria Plesis was born!

In Memoriam.

WILLIAM STAINTON MOSES.

Mrs. Stanhope Speer has placed the following first instalment of extracts from her correspondence with Mr. Stainton Moses at the disposal of "LIGHT." Of their interest to our readers there can be no question. The letters began in the year 1872:—

University College, September 30th, 1872.

Miss K.'s letter is interesting. She is right enough. I am less and less inclined to proselytise. My knowledge is increasing very rapidly and I wonder more and more at the vastness of the subject. It is utterly hopeless to keep you posted in my doings. I am reading, writing, talking Spiritualism by the yard, and seeing Spiritualists by the dozen. Every post brings me letters in comment on mine: many on the "Liverpool Mercury" letters. A long letter from Dr. J. the other day. Very much struck indeed. His letter is full of expressions of wonder. He finally gets frightened, and advises me to be very careful. He can't decide as to the right or wrong of meddling with spirits. I sent him a long answer; he is worth it. I am in correspondence with seven inquirers. I have had no private manifestations since my return. The band have not disturbed me, at my own request. I want to read and think. But the other day I was inquiring of one of the masters as we walked along touching the Irvingite gift of tongues. He took me into one of the churches and all over loud raps sounded as I walked along. It was very striking.

I must tell you about a private seance which I attended last Wednesday evening at H. and W.'s. We had four spirits walking about and talking. One came to me so plain that I could see every feature and bit of drapery. It was heavily draped, face very clear—clearer than any I have yet seen. "I am your guardian angel appointed to guide you." "Are you my spirit-guide?" "No. Guardian angel always with you." "Can you keep me from evil and guide me to good?" "Yes." "What shall I do to help you?" "Do as you are doing. Continue, and God will bless you." All this in a very clear undertone, above a whisper. It was very singular. I put out my hand to grasp the figure and met a semi-materialised figure with most distinct drapery of the kind worn by Katie. The face was completely distinct from Katie's; quite unlike it. At the same time three other spirits were in the room, one of whom brought me my umbrella, opened it (not easy) and carried it round the circle drawing attention to it.

You are at full liberty to make any use you like of my letters. You will know, of course, whether there is any private matter in them. But they are utterly inadequate to convey the notions which I should wish to convey: written hurriedly and amid the buzz of boys. My work here is very pleasant, English composition, which is my delight. I have little else, and find my course easy and pleasant, and work well within my power.

The band have not all left you: but you forget the means of communication has. They evidently cannot reach you now; the bridge is gone, that is all. I will sit and ask about you.

October, 1872.

I am getting wonderful messages written, and altogether am having remarkable experiences. I have also had the voice speaking to me very plainly. I must write and give you an account when we meet.

I have little or no tapping now: but at night since I have been ill I have heard a whispered voice speaking to me. When I first heard it I thought it was my own fancy, but after sponging my face and going into the next room I heard it still. It directed me what to do for my throat and generally took care of me. I inquired if it were the voice of my guardian, and was told yes. I also asked if it were looking after me, and was told always. I remarked that it was a very nice arrangement. I asked for something to convince me that this writing and voice were not merely subjective. I was told that I should have a sign given me to confirm me, but that I was to ask no more. Accordingly I was directed to empty my desk (the same used in the formation of the cross) of everything but paper, pen, ink and pencil. I did so, putting into it only a large envelope cut down the sides so as to open out. The desk I closed, placed it in its

cover, and then inside my cupboard in which I kept papers. I was told to leave it twenty-four hours. On opening it I found direct writing of the most beautiful description. In the centre of the paper was a cross, as usual, and two messages—one in Latin and another in Greek. The Latin was:—

In hoc signo vinces.

(With this symbol thou shalt conquer.)

The Greek was an adaptation of the salutation to the Virgin, but the gender changed and adapted. The whole was beautifully written in ink. Of course, the paper must have been taken out of the desk, for matter is no bar at all to spirits. It is altogether the most astounding evidence. It seems as though they would heap together evidence of the unreality of matter and of their power to overcome its bar. Doubtless they could write as well on a sheet of paper in the heart of a stone wall or inside a fire-proof chest.

A DANCE WITH THE DEAD.

Dr. Franz Hartmann tells the following story in "Lucifer." He says that it was told to him by one of his friends, for whose reliability he is responsible. The reason the narrator gives for his long delay in publishing it is that he finds recent Theosophical teachings throw a new light on such subjects, and explain them in a rational way. However that may be, the story is very interesting:—

In the year 1860 my parents and I, with my two sisters Bertha and Johanna, were living in a large and commodious house, a kind of chateau on the top of a hill near the town of G—, in Southern Bavaria. The name of the house was Hannstein, and it was formerly the residence of one of the bishops that ruled over the country in the last century. These bishops had large retinues and were lovers of comfort, consequently the house was provided with many rooms and corridors, connected by a labyrinth of staircases and private passages. My own room was adjoining a large dining-hall on the second floor, and the hall opened upon a gallery at the end of which was the principal staircase.

My elder sister, Bertha, was a sedate girl, not very attractive, but very kind-hearted. She did not care for amusements, but loved books and poetry and painting—in fact, she was a little artist herself; but Johanna, the younger sister, was very beautiful, full of fun and merriment; especially she was passionately fond of dancing, and in her exuberance of spirits she often took hold of me and made me dance with her round the room, to my great vexation, because I never knew how to dance well, and would become giddy; and then when I stumbled about trying to regain my equilibrium she would laugh at my clumsiness until the tears ran down her cheeks—all of which, however, only amused me, for she was my favourite sister and the pet of the family.

Unfortunately during one cold winter night, and while attending a ball in a neighbouring town, Johanna contracted a severe cold, which developed rapidly into pulmonary consumption. At that time I was at the university at Munich, studying medicine. The letters which I received from home still informed me that Johanna's health was improving, and it was expected that she would recover; but when I came home during vacation I saw a bright red spot upon one of her cheeks that told me about the progress of her disease. Nevertheless, Johanna had lost none of the gaiety of her temperament; she was not visibly depressed in spirit, and bore her sufferings with great fortitude.

After vacation was over I returned to Munich, and the news from home in regard to Johanna's health became gradually worse, until one morning, when I returned home at day-break, after having spent, as I am now bound to confess, the whole night in singing and drinking with my comrades, I found a telegram upon my desk, informing me that if I wanted to see Johanna alive once more I must come home without a moment's delay.

Here I must interpolate a word in defence of my character. Let not the reader hold up his hands in holy horror for having been unblushingly told that I spent a night in carousal. The German student is held under great restraint until he comes to the university. He is then at once liberated and left to do what he pleases, and it is only natural that he should commit occasional excesses in enjoying his liberty and give vent to inclinations that grow strong, because they were suppressed.

The dispatch had arrived the previous evening, and there was no time to be lost; but, unfortunately, the fast train, the only one connecting with the stage at K—, did not leave until four p.m., so I had to restrain my impatience and wait, and I passed the time in cursing my folly for not having returned home sooner, in which case I could have taken the midnight train.

Slowly as the hours passed the torture of waiting at last came to an end, and we started, arriving at K— at eight p.m., which was then the nearest point of the railway to G—, and left me still three hours to travel by stage. It was a dismal night in November; dark clouds hovered upon the sky, rain and sleet were falling, and the roads were in a deplorable condition. With an air of resignation to the unavoidable, the driver mounted the box, while I vainly tried to find some way for stretching my limbs in the inside of the coach. Off we went in good style, which continued as long as the paved street lasted; but when we were once outside the town the road became very bad, and the poor horses could pull the heavy coach only at a slow pace, which in some places for a short time improved into a trot.

What I suffered during that trip would be difficult to describe. Impatience and remorse, the desire to see my sister once more, the fear of being too late, together with the physical discomfort occasioned by cold and moisture, and the shaking, thumping, and bouncing of the coach, rendered my position altogether unenviable. In addition to that I experienced fatigue from having had no sleep on the previous night. I was so exhausted, that I must have fallen into a doze, for my recollection of the latter part of my journey is very indistinct. I only know that I was aroused by a sudden rattling of wheels over cobble-stones, and then the carriage came to a stop with a jerk that threw me down from my seat. I crawled out of the coach, and found that we were at the inn called the "Goldenes Kreuz," and by the aid of the lamps at the corner I looked at my watch and found that it was nearly midnight.

Hastily I walked on up the hill to Hannstein, and arrived at the old mansion. Impatiently I rang the bell at the door, and after a while our old deaf porter opened and stared at me with a vacant look. I did not stop to ask questions, but hurried upstairs to the great hall that led to my room, for the purpose of divesting myself of my great coat. I lighted the candle upon the table, then pulled off my coat, and as I turned round I faced my sister Johanna, standing before me with a pleasant smile upon her lips.

I now remember well that I was a little startled by seeing her dressed in white muslin, with a wreath of white roses upon her brow, while her long dark brown hair fell in ringlets over her shoulders; but I was too much surprised at seeing her well and alive, and at such an unusual hour before me, to reflect upon the peculiarity of her dress. She looked somewhat pale, but the bright red spot upon her cheek had departed, and her eyes seemed to me brighter than usual, although there was in them a somewhat dreamy expression.

"Why, Johanna!" I exclaimed, grasping both her hands, "did you hear me come? How glad I am to see you so well; I thought you were very sick."

"I am perfectly well," answered my sister, and in fact there was nothing about her appearance or manner indicating anything to the contrary, unless perhaps that her voice seemed to have a peculiar sound, as of coming from afar; but this I attributed to the condition of the large hall, in which every sound seemed to be echoed back from vacant space. She was the same gay and beautiful girl I had known before I went to Munich; there was about her beauty even something more ethereal than before; which may have been due to the contrast which her dark tresses formed with her white apparel.

"I can hardly believe my eyes," I said, patting her caressingly upon the cheek; "I expected to find you unable to move, and now you look as if you were ready to go to a ball!"

Johanna smiled, and as if desirous of proving to me that she could move, she swiftly turned several times round with graceful motions, and then taking hold of me made me waltz with her round the hall, just as she had done in former times, and without listening to my protest that I could not dance in my heavy boots. Her steps were inaudible, and she seemed to have no weight; but my nailed boots made a great clatter that sounded dismally through the hall. At last I became so giddy that I begged her to stop. I disengaged myself from her grasp and stood still, and as the walls

seemed to turn round me in swift motion, I held my hands over my eyes. When I opened my eyes again Johanna had gone; I was alone in the hall.

Hastily I opened the door to run after her, and as I did so I found Sister Alfonsa in the gallery, holding a lighted candle. Now Sister Alfonsa was well known to me and I to her; she was a nun from a neighbouring convent, and used to wait upon the sick and hold vigils with the bodies of the dead.

Small and emaciated she was and herself near the grave; nevertheless, she was a courageous little woman, and as she stood there with her black gown and white veil, holding the lighted candle in one hand and a rosary in the other, she showed no fear; there was rather a look of defiance about her; which changed into astonishment as she recognised me.

"What is the matter, Sister Alfonsa?" I asked. "Did you see Johanna?"

"It is for me to ask you, sir, what is the matter," she answered. "I came to see what is the cause of this unearthly noise and trampling of feet over the chamber of the dead."

"Who is dead?" I asked in surprise. "Johanna was here and made me dance with her, to show me that she was well. Where is she? Did you not meet her in the gallery?"

The nun crossed herself and looked at me inquiringly, as if to see whether I was drunk or insane. At last she said, "The Lord have mercy! Your sister Johanna died at six o'clock last evening. I have been sitting up with the corpse."

I listened no longer, but hurried downstairs; and true enough, in the room below the great hall, there was the body of Johanna laid out upon the bier, dressed in white muslin, with a wreath of white roses in her unloosened hair. The red spot was gone, her hands were folded as if in prayer, and a sweet peaceful smile rested upon her lips. My sister Bertha also made her appearance and confirmed the tale that Johanna had died at six p.m., and added that the last wish which the dying girl had expressed was that she should see me once more.

Now, everyone may explain this occurrence to his or her own satisfaction. I do not believe in a return of the spirits of the dead that have gone to Heaven, but I believe that the astral form of a person on becoming separated from the body by death may do many strange things, according to the instincts dwelling therein.

FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

MR. CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

A correspondent writes:—A large gathering of friends, especially invited by Mr. Alfred J. Sutton, Woburn House, 12, Upper Woburn-place, W.C., took place on Wednesday evening, November 16th, to meet Mr. C. Petersilea, the eminent musician-author, of Boston, America. Mr. Petersilea gave a choice selection from the favourite composers, Chopin, Beethoven, and Mozart, an impromptu programme which was listened to with marked attention and appreciation. Miss Alice Everitt and Miss Gardiner, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Sutton contributed songs and duets. Madame de Broc gave a pianoforte solo of her own composition with great precision, and the Countess de Castelvechio also assisted with a recitation from Bret Harte. So altogether the evening was a most enjoyable one. Unfortunately the weather was most unpropitious, which prevented many suburban friends from attending the reception. The assembled guests included the Vicountess de Panama, Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. M. Maitland King, Madame de Broc, the Countess de Castelvechio, Miss Rowan Vincent, Mrs. Scott Morrison, Mrs. Russell Davies, Mrs. and Miss Gardiner, Mrs. Kreuger, Mrs. and Miss Everitt, the Misses Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Ward, Colonel Remfrey, Captain Morris, Mr. Grove, Mr. Francis F. Berkeley, Mr. Cox, Mr. Jones, &c., &c. Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, who is a true and earnest Spiritualist, is now giving a series of recitals at the Steinway Hall, Seymour-street, Portman-square. The next will take place on Tuesday evening, the 29th inst., and the succeeding one on Tuesday evening, December 6th, at eight o'clock. The programme is a good one, and musical friends should take this opportunity of hearing him.

METAMORPHOSIS.—The caterpillar, transformed into the gorgeous butterfly, living no longer on leaves, but on the nectar of flowers, seems a fitting emblem of the change we call death. Casting off its gross and carnal covering, the spirit-body rises Phoenix-like out of the ashes, and, in its new clothing, the spirit gravitates to its spirit-home; there to enjoy the sunshine of a new-born existence in harmony with its moral and intellectual fitness.—W. W. C.

THE RISKS AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF HYPNOTISM.

In reference to the experiments carried on at La Charité Hospital at Paris, especially that which caused so much sensation recently, namely, the transference of sensibility to a glass of water, "Lucifer" makes these observations:—

It may be suggested, in passing, that this human vivisection entails very serious responsibilities on those who are blindly investigating forces they do not understand at the risk of their unfortunate patients. It is all very well to talk of "an extraordinarily sensitive subject," on whom experiments are tried several times "with considerable success"! But suppose the experiment is so successful that the patient dies? The result of one experiment was that "the patient falls into a deadly swoon"! And if the patient passes from the deadly swoon into death, what then? Does the law permit experiments dangerous to human life to be made upon men and women for the increase of scientific knowledge? May a physician try how much of a poison a human being can swallow with impunity? If yes, vivisection is legal applied to human beings, using the word vivisection in the extended sense in which it is now applied to experiments made on the living body. In one of the experiments given above, there is literal cutting, so that the patient shrieked with pain and the injury inflicted appeared on the skin. It is more than likely that death will befall the patient in one of these experiments, as well as swoon, and it is a serious public question whether the investigations carried on in some of the Paris hospitals are not passing beyond all legitimate bounds. To all who know anything of the physical nature of man, legitimate bounds have long ago been passed, and H. P. Blavatsky very bluntly said, while she was with us last, that hypnotism, as practised, was neither more nor less than black magic. Of course, the very word "magic" sounds absurd in the ears of our modern materialism, and she was roundly laughed at for the warning. May be when physical death results from one of these experiments, people may begin to understand that astral and psychic forces can be used to bring about results that the law punishes heavily when they are caused by physical forces, and that this use of hitherto occult forces is that which has always been described as black magic.

Every student of history will be struck with the extraordinary resemblance of the results obtained at La Charité with those borne witness to in the witch trials of the past. Physical injuries inflicted by wizards and witches on persons at a distance were among the commonest crimes brought before the courts. Thus in 1324 Master John of Nottingham was tried for making images of wax for mischievous purposes:—

And first to try the potency of the charm, Master John took a long leaden pin, and struck it two inches deep into the forehead of the image representing Richard de Lowe; on which Richard was found writhing and in great pain, screaming "Harrow"! and having no knowledge of any man, and so he languished for some days.*

Master John was lucky, for he was acquitted for want of evidence—a noteworthy point for those who fancy that the mere accusation of sorcery in those days meant condemnation.

The explanation of all this is easy enough. Man possesses an astral or ethereal body as well as a physical one, and the two are most intimately related. The astral body can slip out of the physical without any great difficulty, and when a person is thrown into a trance state this escape follows as a matter of course. Any injury inflicted on the astral body is transmitted to the physical, the two being joined together by a slender cord. This transmission from the astral to the physical has long been termed "repercussion," and Colonel Roche and Dr. Luys have stumbled on repercussion phenomena. The danger—beyond the temporary injury inflicted—lies in the fact that if the connecting cord between the astral and the physical body is snapped, the astral cannot re-enter the physical, and lethargy must become death. The life of the subject during all these experiments literally "hangs on a thread."

The glass of water, sensitive plate, or other object, is perfectly unnecessary. It is useful only as offering an object for the fixation of the operator's will. If he be ignorant of the force he is using, the object assists concentration, and thus facilitates the impulsion of the astral body to the given spot. But if he selects a spot in the "empty air," his

experiment will be equally successful. If a clairvoyant were present at a session like the one described, he would be able to see the emergence of the astral body, and its impulsion at the will of the operator. Perhaps in this way it might be possible to convince the Parisian doctors of the extreme danger to life and sanity involved in the course they are pursuing.

"MATTER."

B. F. UNDERWOOD IN THE "RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL."

In his little work recently published, "First Steps of Philosophy," Mr. Salter quotes the words of Spencer that "what we are conscious of as properties of matter, even down to its weight and resistance, are but objective affections produced by objective agencies which are unknown and unknowable"—a sentence which Mr. Salter says contains in brief what he has tried to say on this subject.

The majority of people think they know a great deal about matter. They name its so-called properties and qualities, never doubting that they are describing an external substance as it exists *per se*, instead of the different ways in which their consciousness is affected by a reality of whose ultimate nature they know nothing. They imagine that outward things are directly mirrored by the senses, and that they are exactly what they seem to be. Tell them that to us matter is a congeries of qualities—weight, resistance, extension, &c.; that these words imply and describe our own conscious states, and the effects on us of an external reality rather than the reality itself—and they are utterly unable to comprehend what you mean.

It is none the less true that mind and matter form a synthesis, and neither can be conceived without the other. We are compelled to think of mind in terms of matter, and matter in terms of mind. The hardness and softness (resistance), for example, which we ascribe to matter are sensations: the substantial form in which we are compelled to represent mind is necessarily material. Every perception, every sensation, implies a sensitive organism and an external reality acting upon the organism; in other words, two factors, without either of which sensation is inconceivable. This is what Aristotle meant when he described sensation as "the common act of the feeling and the felt." Without the living organism what are sound, colour, fragrance, hardness, softness, light, and darkness, or any of the so-called secondary, not to speak here of the so-called primary, qualities of matter? Can there be sound without an ear to collect and transmit the aerial vibrations to the acoustic nerve where, to use a materialistic terminology, they can be assimilated and transformed by some mysterious process into sensation, or where they can be so modified that the motion in its subjective aspect becomes the sensation we call sound? Without an eye can there be luminous effects?

There must be both vibrations of the air and an acoustic nerve to have sound, undulations of ether and retinal sensibility to have light, emanations of particles and an olfactory nerve to have fragrance, and external objects and nervous sensibility to have hardness or softness. Vibrations of the air, undulations of æther, emanations of particles, and external objects may all exist in the absence of a living organism; but what are sound and luminousness, fragrance and hardness, but sensations? And, of the external factors mentioned, what do we know, except in connection with the subjective factor? We need not pursue these reflections far, to become convinced of the truth of Tyndall's remark, that "matter is essentially transcendental in its nature." By psychological analysis, our conceptions of matter are reducible to sensation, "the common act of the feeling and the felt"; and this is what Fénelon meant, when he said of matter, "It is a *je ne sais quoi*, which melts within my hands as soon as I press it."

These facts give no support to the theory that there is no objective reality and that everything resolves itself into the various states of the conscious subject. The doctrine of the relativity of knowledge leads logically to the conclusion, in accord with the universal reason and common-sense of mankind, that there is something beyond consciousness that, in co-operation with the organism, produces the sensations of which we are conscious. What is the externality? What can be affirmed of it? We turn to the great philosopher Kant, and he tells us that knowledge of the object unmodified by the subject can never be known, since subject and

* "Witch Stories," Mrs. LYNN LINTON, p. 148.

object co-operate in every act of cognition; and that, "though the existence of an external world is a necessary postulate, its existence is only logically affirmed." "As well might the bird, when feeling the resistance of the air, wish that it were in vacuo, thinking that then it might fly with the greatest of ease." And Spencer says, "The antithesis of subject and object, never to be transcended while consciousness lasts, renders impossible all knowledge of that ultimate reality in which subject and object unite." Mr. Fiske declares that we cannot identify it with mind, "since what we know as mind is a series of phenomenal manifestations," nor with matter, "since what we know as matter is a series of phenomenal manifestations. Thus is materialism included in the same condemnation with idealism." What is the ultimate reality that produces in us co-existent or sequent states of consciousness, that appears to us under the forms and appearances of space, matter, force, time, and motion? Who shall tell? The whole tendency of scientific and philosophic thought to-day is towards the conception that the ultimate basis and cause of phenomena is psychical in its nature.

VICTOR HUGO AND SPIRITUALISM.

It is strange to the unthinking and everyday folk of the world that so many great men are *superstitious*. Is it not, however, this very *superstition* which in part differentiates them from their fellows, and helps to make them great? Incredulity and lack of superstition, as it is called, are not necessarily marks of strength: they are often just the opposite. The following is from the "Review of Reviews" for November:—

One of the best articles in the magazines this month is the paper by Octave Uzanne, entitled, "Conversations and Opinions of Victor Hugo," which is published in "Scribner" for November. It is made up from unpublished papers found at Guerusey.

It seems that papers in some bundles, accompanied with old books, were thrown out of Victor Hugo's work-room after his death, and offered in vain to any visitor who came for a few shillings. At last some unknown person paid ten shillings for the lot, and the son of Mr. Davy, Great Russell-street, hearing about it, bought them for a couple of pounds. The most important find is a journal of Victor Hugo's exile in three heavy volumes, which was kept by his son François Victor. The son seems to have spent every evening in noting down the conversations of his father. In these volumes, therefore, there is a heretofore unworked mine of table-talk. Mr. Uzanne has been looking through them, and, in consequence, has compiled this article for "Scribner's Magazine." There is a good deal that is characteristic and interesting of Victor Hugo, but the newest, in some ways, is the account given of Victor Hugo and Spiritualism.

During his exile an apparition called the White Lady haunted the strand and the approaches to Marine-terrace. The ghost used to wander on the terrace every night; a large black cross was therefore placed on the wall which separated the terrace from the sea. The writer of the journal says:—

Credulous minds believe blindly all mysteries; sceptical minds deny them all; great minds are serious in the presence of mystery, in presence of the night, in presence of the unknown. They do not say absolutely, yes; they do not say absolutely, no. Great minds do not affirm as the credulous do, but they do not deny as do the sceptical.

Victor Hugo used to hear in his chamber strange sounds. Sometimes papers would move all by themselves when there was no wind; sometimes he heard blows struck upon the wall; Charles Hugo and François Hugo, in the neighbouring chamber, heard the same sound. One evening Madame Hugo had gone to sleep, having forgotten to blow out her candle. Madame Hugo awoke in darkness; who would have blown out her candle?

In the night of February 22nd, Victor Hugo, by chance, entered the *salon*, the two windows of which looked out upon the street. He saw neither fire in the chimney nor light upon the table; the servants were sleeping. Victor Hugo goes up to his chamber and goes to bed. At two o'clock in the morning Charles and François Hugo return. They see the windows of the *salon* illuminated, not only as if there were a great fire, but lighted caelabra. The two young men enter astonished, so astonished that, to clear up the thing—so luminous and so obscure at once—they try to open the door of the *salon*. It is locked.

At this passage in the "Journal de l'Exil" the table-tipping appears. Charles Hugo is surprised by these unaccus-

tomed facts, and interrogates the table. The spirit present in that piece of furniture declares that her name is the White Lady, and she cannot say any more unless in the street, at three o'clock in the morning. Victor Hugo, to whom the thing was told, was not very brave; he found the hour and the place of rendezvous badly chosen. He preferred to remain at the house, and everybody else did the same. During the night, as often happened, Victor Hugo was still working when the bell rang violently. The poet instantly thought of the White Lady. He looked at his watch: it was just three o'clock in the morning. "Ghosts are punctual," he said.

After a time Victor Hugo became uncomfortable:—

"Formerly I used to sleep like a tranquil man. Now I never lie down without a certain terror, and when I awake in the night I awake with a shudder. I hear rapping spirits in my room, and this sound (Victor Hugo taps upon the table). Two months ago, before the White Lady had sketched her portrait, I did not have this terror, but now, I confess it, I experience an accursed horror."

Madame Victor Hugo:—"Why, good heavens! you always had that disposition. When Saxe-Coburg died, and his mother entered your room, the sight of that great woman in despair, weeping for her dead son, cost you such a fright that for a fortnight you could not stay alone after nightfall. It was the same with the vision you have told as being the dream of the last day of a condemned man. The apparition of that old woman pursued you for a long while."

Auguste Vacquerie:—"All this upsets my ideas. I believed that we were in the epoch of the majority, and I see with vexation that we must still have ruts and religions!"

Victor Hugo:—"The world is still in its infancy. It does require ruts and religions. It is doubtful if the average human being has arrived at even a modest degree of reason. Yes, I believe that at some time, in thousands of millions of years, perhaps, every man will have no other religion than his own philosophy. At the present hour man still has need of religion and of written revelation. The truths that man finds must be confirmed by God. Those which are developed from the phenomenon of the tables—I discovered them fifteen years ago; I made a book upon these very truths. It is the book that my daughter urges me so much to publish. This book is confirmed by the phenomena. For that matter, all great men have had revelations—all superior minds. Socrates had his familiar genius; Zoroaster, so he said, distinctly perceived good and evil; Shakespeare saw phantoms. Very well, a hundred years from now it will be said that this book about the tables was inspired by the familiar demon of Marine-terrace."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

[The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents, and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.]

Bogus Seances.

SIR,—As an inquirer into the truth of Spiritualism, I wish to know if the higher minds among you cannot discountenance the very clumsy exhibitions of so-called clairvoyance that take place every week. I have been to several séances lately, and the impression left on my mind was that the so-called clairvoyants or mediums were no more under control than I was.

At a hall in Marylebone last week the lady clairvoyant was so utterly wrong in all her guesses that the inquirers present broke up the circle in disgust.

As a reader of "LIGHT" I became favourably impressed towards Spiritualism; but if these manifestations are the principal things to rest one's faith upon, I for one cannot do it.

A. CLARKE.

[We print this letter, but we can assure our correspondent that "these manifestations" are not what he has to rest his faith upon.—ED. "LIGHT."]

Re-Incarnation.

SIR,—I greatly sympathise with the letter of "Lily" in a recent number of "LIGHT." The doctrine of Re-incarnation was one of the first things that attracted me to Spiritualism. Spiritualism alone, whilst presenting a most noble and satisfactory idea of our life in the spirit state, does not seem fully to explain many puzzling facts, does not give us the reason why things are as they are in this perplexing world, does not give us the clue to the mystery why sin and evil are permitted at all. If it tells us where we are going, it does not answer the almost as important question of where we come from, and of how we came to be. That spirit is born of matter I cannot believe. Now, Alan Kardec's theory of Re-incarnation answers all this clearly, fully, and

satisfactorily—it fits all the facts. Beautifully simple and luminous it harmonises well with some of the Theosophist teachings without their complexity.

No theory I ever heard of satisfies one so completely with the idea it gives of the perfect justice and wisdom of God and the order and beauty of His universe. We know that "somehow good will be the final goal of ill." Kardec takes one by the hand, and shows what we want to know—how that "goal" is reached, and the beautiful simplicity of the idea is one of its chief recommendations. G.M.C.

Looking Ahead.

SIR.—The admirable article in your issue of November 12th on "Looking Ahead" points out the foe with whom we have to join issue. That foe is not disbelief but priestliness. Unbelief is formidable only in so far as it is an adjunct to (what is essentially) priestliness, open or disguised. For where there are no priests, the spirit-world asserts itself. To be the conductor through which the Unseen communicates with another human person is very pleasant. This pleasure, like all others, should be taken with temperance, in subordination to the laws of utility. We take it lawfully, only when we take it with the honest intention of creating a new spiritual life which shall presently be independent of the conductor; of putting the person we assist into a communication with the Unseen which shall soon become direct and independent of us. This simple law of spiritual purity cannot be too strongly insisted on. Where this law is observed, the occasions on which any individual can perform the priestly act are necessarily rare; the priest desires to make them more frequent.

As long as superstitious fear of "devils" suffices to keep men from seeking the Unseen for themselves, the priest has recourse to that. But when fear fails, "unbelief" is resorted to. Many a materialistic scientist teacher is simply a magnet of very high power, through whom some sort of spirits address the pupils. The process is pleasant to all parties, especially to the magnet; physical science is the excuse and occasion for indulgence (just as theology is in other circles). And in order that no one may disturb the magnetic orgies, or ask how far they are unwholesome and unsafe, the priest of "science" (!) persuades himself and his audience that nothing is going on except what their eyes see; and that it is "superstitious" to suppose there is anything else to go on.

We hear a great deal about the "dangers" of ill-conducted séances, and no doubt they are great. But I doubt if any séance ever more deserved the title of a magnetic orgie than I have witnessed sometimes, when a teacher who professed to believe neither in God nor ghosts has been expounding the principles of "science" to an adoring audience, who, had they possessed a little occultist knowledge, would have known how unholy was their delight in him. Had the subject been religion, and the teacher a priest explaining the danger of holding converse with the Unseen except through priests, the phraseology would have been different, but the magnetic vice would have been much the same. MARY E. BOOLE.

SOCIETY WORK.

PECKHAM SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WINCHESTER HALL, 23, HIGH-STREET.—On Sunday evening the Rev. Rowland Young gave an able address on "The Dream of Pilate's Wife." On Sunday next, Mr. R. J. Lees will give an inspirational address.—J. T. AUDY.

18, CLARENDON-ROAD, WALTHAMSTOW.—The number attending our meetings has greatly increased. The subject taken by Mr. Brailey's guides on Sunday was, "God Requires an Undivided Love." We had a very encouraging time on Wednesday, the 16th, when the Rev. Dr. Young gave a very able lecture, "Why I Became a Spiritualist and Why I Remain One."—COMMUNICATED.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—Sunday's service was well attended, and Mr. Hoperoff's guides delivered an excellent address upon "Angel's Footprints," referring principally to ancient forms of religion. Numerous questions answered at the close. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Dever Summers; Tuesday, at 8 p.m., séance, Mrs. Mason. December 4th, Mr. Horatio Hunt's séance; tickets, 1s.—J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION, FEDERATION HALL, 359, EDGWARE-ROAD.—Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., the Rev. Rowland Young will lecture on "Agnosticism." On December 4th and 11th, Mr. Campbell (pupil of Madame Blavatsky) on "Astrology." Before each lecture a musical spiritual service will be performed. I am forming a "Psychic Guild" of

mediums, for mutual help. All wishing to join should address me, at the Hall. No subscription, only voluntary donations.—A. F. TINDALL, A.T.C.L., Hon. Sec.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUAL HALL, 26, HIGH-STREET, W.—Mr. T. Everitt (president of this association) gave a lecture last Sunday on "Spirit-form Manifestations." It is well known that Mr. and Mrs. Everitt have long laboured, in season and out of season, in the good cause they love so well, and their experiences have been exceptional, principally on account of the splendid gifts of Mrs. Everitt, as a medium. Mr. Everitt's attestation to facts on the subject was abundant and clearly stated. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., "The Gospel of Spiritualism," Mr. A. J. Sutton; Sunday next, at 7 p.m., "Has the Age of Miracles Passed?" Mrs. Arthur; Thursday and Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Spring, séances.—C. I. HUNT.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., spirit circle; at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. Long, address; Wednesday at 8.30 p.m., spirit circle. A profitable meeting was held on Sunday morning, the visitors representing various shades of opinions in the religious world, and an animated and interesting discussion took place. On Sunday evening Mr. Long addressed a good audience on "A Spiritualist Creed," maintaining that, although the word creed is objectionable to a great many persons, what an individual believes is his creed; therefore Spiritualism should have clearly defined teachings for the guidance of inquirers.—W. G. COOTE, Hon. Sec.

THE STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, STRATFORD, E.—Spiritual services each Sunday at 7 p.m. Speaker for next Sunday, Mr. C. Hardingham, "Is there any Evidence for a Belief in a Future Life?" The half-yearly meeting of the society will take place on Sunday evening, December 4th, after the usual service, to receive the secretary's report, &c., &c. The minute-book and accounts can be inspected by members on committee meeting nights, held monthly. Propositions, duly seconded, likely to assist in the progress of the work, are invited and handed to the secretary previous to the meeting. Spiritualists living in the locality or surrounding districts are invited to join and assist the cause of progress. Particulars of membership, &c., can be obtained at the hall, or from Mr. J. RAINBOW, Hon. Sec., 1, Winifred-road, Manor Park, Essex.

CARDIFF.—On the 14th inst., at the Town Hall, Mr. J. J. Morse gave a trance oration upon "The Use of Spiritualism." The subject was treated in a masterly manner, the many uses of Spiritualism being summarised at the conclusion in a way at once powerful and eloquent. Twelve written questions from the audience were afterwards replied to in good style. Hearty applause was accorded to Mr. Morse at the finish. On the 20th Mr. Richard Phillips continued his recital of personal experiences in Algeria, which was exceedingly interesting. He followed with a very able address on "What we Believe," setting forth in a very cogent way the points of agreement and difference between the philosophy of Spiritualism and other religious beliefs. There was a good attendance. The after séance, which was well attended and of an interesting character, was led by Miss F. Dunn, followed by Mr. J. Holleyhead, Mr. W. Bucker, and Mrs. Billingsley.—E. A.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.—Information and assistance given to inquirers into Spiritualism. Literature on the subject and list of members will be sent on receipt of stamped envelope by any of the following International Committee:—America, Mrs. M. Palmer, 3161, North Broad-street, Philadelphia; Australia, Mr. Webster, 5, Peckville-street, North Melbourne; Canada, Mr. Woodcock, "Waterniche," Brookville; France, P. G. Leymarie, 1, Rue Chabanais, Paris; Holland, F. W. H. Van Straaten, Apeldoorn, Middellaan, 682; India, Mr. Thomas Hatton, Ahmedabad; New Zealand, Mr. Graham, Huntley, Waikato; Sweden, B. Fortenson, Ade, Christiania; England, J. Allen, Hon. Sec., 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex; or W. C. Robson, French Correspondent, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor Park branch will hold the following meetings at 14, Berkley-terrace: On Sunday, 11.30 a.m., students' meeting, and the last Sunday in each month, at 7.15 p.m., reception for inquirers. Friday, at 8.15 p.m., for Spiritualists only, the Study of Mediumship. And at 1, Winifred-road, the first Sunday in each month, at 7.15 p.m., for reception of inquirers. Tuesday, at 8.15 p.m., inquirers' meeting.—J. A.

BEAUTY, GOODNESS, TRUTH.—The more we reflect, the more are we led to the conviction that art cannot neglect the correspondences between beauty and truth, beauty and goodness, beauty and use. The more we drive issues to their ultimate conclusion, the more clear will it appear that beauty, which deserves that name, cannot exist without truth, goodness, serviceable quality. In proportion as beauty includes these elements, it is vigorous, enduring, vital, universal, for all times and nations. In proportion as it excludes them, it is illusory, phantasmal, perishable, partial to a race or moment.—J. A. SYMONDS.