

# Light:

*A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.*

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

No. 980.—VOL. XIX.

[Registered as]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1899.

[a Newspaper.]

PRICE TWOPENCE.

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

Sir Wm. Gairdner is an able man, but, like most Professors of Medicine, especially of the older school and a bygone time, he moves in a purely physical groove and almost resents anything psychical. But few men can look more ways than one. Sir William Gairdner's Inaugural address at Mason University College is an instance of this. Taking for his subject Faraday, he could not resist a lunge at 'the crude impostures of table-turning, spirit rapping, and other quasi-supernatural manifestations,' some of which, we are told, Faraday completely exposed. 'But still,' he mournfully adds, 'the great world and the fashionable world of Society went on believing, and furnishing converts to wholly exploded fallacies.' Probably it never occurred to this Sir William that another Sir William is entitled to a hearing, and even to say: 'Softly, brother; even Faraday, with his prejudices and his little experiments, did not settle this matter.' But does Sir William Gairdner really think it reasonable to assume that multitudes, of all classes, still go on believing in 'wholly exploded fallacies' and 'crude impostures'? We say 'to assume' because, in regard to this subject, we venture to say that he knows little or nothing about it at first-hand.

Sir William's Address was a clever discourse on the value of experiment. Why, in relation to this subject, does he not experiment? Faraday's small trials and arbitrary *a-prioris*, in this field, have long been swept away. We have gone far beyond anything he ever imagined. And 'still it moves!'

A sermon by E. M. Wheelock, a minister in Texas, has just reached us. The subject is 'Religious authority.' Its good sense, its refreshing sweetness, its bright modernness, may be inferred from the following brilliant passage:—

Wherever we may be and however situated, we are dwelling in the fathomless element of divine being, which is the only absolute life in the universe. Wherever that life of God manifests itself, there is authority: be it in the songs of the Salvation Army, in the prayers of a good Jesuit, or the devout silence of the Quaker. Every church has just as much authority as it has truth—not an atom more. There is no authority higher than truth.

It is the life of God within us that gives us power, and the life is as wide and deep as the needs of man. It cannot be patented, or shut up in the keeping of any churchly corporation or bench of bishops, nor can it be squeezed into any sacrament, rite, catechism or creed. God is the God of the living, and we must nourish our spiritual life on the words He is speaking to us now, not vainly try to live on the echo of words He spoke to men dead centuries ago. If we cannot find God in the present—cannot find Him in the struggles and efforts and aspirations of this modern world in the man or woman who is bravely bearing the heat and burden of the day at our side and striving to live a clean, honest,

unselfish, humble, Christlike life—if we cannot find God right here in our homes and on our streets, then we shall never find Him on any dim Sinai or on distant Calvary. The pentecostal tongue of fire must rest on our heads, and we must have the witness of the spirit in our own souls. Without this inward witness, the records of past revelations are only puzzles for dogmatists, texts for priests, and material for endless and fruitless theological dispute. The surest way to find God is to find ourselves.

It has been noticed of late that what is called 'the secular Press' is more ready than the so-called 'religious newspapers' to hold up great rascals to exposure and reprobation. The 'religious papers' appear to be too absorbed with incense and candles and man-millinery and controversy about words to notice such a minor matter as the scoundrelisms of envied millionaires. This is also being remarked in America. Thus, 'Unity' says:—

Another case of vigorous religious writing in the secular Press and proof of our contention in a recent number, that many of the most stimulating influences in the field of morals and religion come to-day from the so-called secular Press, is found in an editorial in the Chicago 'Tribune,' of the 7th inst., entitled 'Ethics and Aims,' in which the death of John Y. McKane, the exemplary church member and Sunday-school superintendent and manager of 'some of the most scandalous election frauds ever practised in this country,' was used to illustrate 'the moral conflict and capitulation which often takes place in energetic natures.' But the 'Tribune' boldly says, what our professional moralists and preachers of religion seem seldom to apprehend, that 'the contradictions of McKane and Croker in New York politics are by no means the most colossal of such confusions now before the public.' It adds: 'The most colossal instance of this obtuseness is that of the Standard Oil Company, whose church and Sunday-school connections and whose benefactions stand over against a career of business iniquity and legislative corruption probably unparalleled in the civic life of our country.'

The explanation is not as easy as some may think. There is a spiritual problem here of a profoundly subtle kind. It is a problem akin to that presented by the old-fashioned Neapolitan brigand and cut-throat who would have been wretched if he had passed a crucifix without due recognition and devotion.

'The Logic of Vegetarianism, Essays and Dialogues,' by Henry S. Salt (London: The Ideal Publishing Union), is, of course, a thoughtful work, as anything by Mr. Salt is bound to be. Whether it is a converting and convincing book is another matter. Our sympathies go a long way with him in his verdict against animal killing and meat eating, but his 'logic' is not always as convincing as his sentiment. When he says that 'the Vegetarian has just ground for suspecting that beefy meals are not infrequently the precursors of beefy morals,' we have many thoughts. We suspect extravagance, and illogical crevasses.

At the same time we entirely admit that the appeal to spiritually-minded people is a valid one, and we may even admit the probability of Thoreau's prediction: 'It is part of the destiny of the human race, in its gradual improvement, to leave off eating animals, as surely as the savage tribes left off eating each other when they came into contact with the more civilised.'

The little book contains twenty-one short chapters, covering pretty nearly the whole ground.

Every now and then we get a glimpse of the under-current which is bearing us all on, to all the needed explanations and meeting-places. One such glimpse gladdened us a few days ago. It bears upon the old controversy concerning miracles. The rejection of miracles came in with the modern discovery of the reign of Law: but the discoverers, or some of their small followers, overdid it; failing to note that 'Law' was one thing, and that their poor glimpse of Law was quite another thing. The reconciling thought is to be found in the recognition of Law as the manifestation of God. We find the germ of this truth in a somewhat notable discourse lately delivered in America by the Rev. Bishop J. H. Vincent, who asks: 'Can God do with His own resources what man can do with God's resources?' Here is part of his answer:—

Why should there not be action in the realm of human history that is not simply a product either of nature or of man? And why may we not encounter in the records of human history marvels of which we are compelled to say, 'Lo! God hath wrought this'? I believe in nature, but I believe in nature as the perpetual expression of divine power and wisdom; and I believe in other manifestations of the same power and wisdom.

I once listened to a rendition of a concerto by Rubinstein where Rubinstein himself took part. Before the artist himself appeared, Thomas's orchestra delighted the great audience with Rubinstein's music. Although I did not see him, I heard his music. After a little while he came in and took his place at the piano, while his own music was going on. After a while he touched the keys himself; and, accompanying his own music rendered by other performers, he swept from the instrument strains of exquisite harmony that held the multitude spellbound. The same artist produced indirectly the music he had composed through the orchestra that rendered it, and directly through the instrument under his fingers. Can God do such things with His universe? Through all the ages His purposes have gone rolling on in harmony with His wisdom, in display of His power, in manifestation of His goodness.

It is not always easy to see that, either in relation to separate lives or to the life of the tremendous whole, but somehow the splendid truth persists in its all-conquering path, and compels belief.

The 'Christian Register' has been quietly printing a series of very beautiful short prayers. The following will come home to many a sensitive heart. It is as profound as it is simple:—

Dear heavenly Father, I am not strong; and the burdens of my life weigh heavily. I am tired, and sometimes it seems easier to die than to live. Therefore, I turn to thee with my shamed confession of weakness, asking thy forgiveness for my cowardice. I seek from thee strength to bear the results of my own folly and blundering, that I may go on more bravely to the duties that await me. Thou alone art my refuge. Comfort me, and sustain me. Let me learn something of the loving patience, made perfect in thy saints and heroes; and may I, even if it must be through suffering, enter into the fellowship of true, undaunted souls. Amen.

THE noted slate-writing and painting mediums of America, the Campbell Brothers, are advertised in the 'Sunflower,' published at Lily Dale, New York, as being in Europe, fulfilling engagements, at the present time. If this be so we shall probably soon see them in London, and we shall, of course, announce their arrival when we receive definite information regarding their movements.

'MODERN ASTROLOGY' for October is hardly an average number. Some of the contents would seem to be mere 'make-weight.' Of the noticeable contributions 'Rapt Parallels,' by Heinrich Däath, is a clever exposition, with examples, of the effects of this important position or aspect, which, perhaps, does not receive from astrologers the full attention it deserves. Mr. Green has a thoughtful paper upon 'Numbers,' in which their higher meaning and symbology are somewhat mystically set forth. 'Charabel' writes *intuitively* of 'The Earth and the Moon.' Other articles deal with 'October as a Birth-month,' 'Types of Character,' and a 'Physiognomic Sketch of the Editor.' Further instalments of 'Astrology for All' and 'The Student's Ephemeris' are given, together with a table of fortunate and unfortunate days, a lunar calendar, and a list of aspects for the month. —A.B.

### 'PSYCHIC PHILOSOPHY.'

In 'LIGHT,' of September 30th, we published an appreciative review—by our able correspondent, 'H. A. D.'—of the very valuable work entitled 'Psychic Philosophy,' by V. C. Desertis, and as a result we have received the following interesting letter from the author:—

SIR,—That a book should be found really helpful is the highest reward that its writer can look for, and I trust you will permit me to express my thanks to 'H. A. D.' for his (or her) notice of 'Psychic Philosophy.' It was one purpose of that little book to defend Spiritualism from the charge (alas! so often well-deserved) of being essentially unspiritual—of dragging down even the phenomena of the incorporeal world and the knowledge of those who have passed into the beyond, to minister to the personal aims and petty satisfaction of individuals here in their earth lives. In the time of Moses, as now, this was its great danger, and it is not hard to see that the great leader who received from spirit intercourse both the moral code which was the foundation of the Jewish ceremonial, and the plans of the Tabernacle in which it was visibly carried out, was fully aware of this danger. For, admitting that all came 'from God,' none the less does St. Paul, who, as a strict Jew, was of all others an authority in the matter, distinctly state that this Jewish Law was ordained by angels and given by an intermediary. Although the Mosaic books teem with accounts of communion between visitants from the spirit world and men (the Greek 'angel' means simply a messenger and does not mean a class of spirits), nevertheless Moses found it necessary to guard by strong denunciation against the practice of wizardry. This is essentially the turning aside of the spirit-power which is rightly used for lifting men above their petty personal interests into the purer atmosphere of impersonal effort for the greater advancement of the human soul, thus superseding the normal development of a healthy judgment, a trained intelligence, and a brave trust in the Divine Father of our spirits.

How far later transcription by priests who should have been the guardians, but were too often the opponents, alike of the prophets and of their message, may have unwittingly confused the issues confided to sacerdotal keeping; and how far the present books of the Bible faithfully preserve the great moral distinction, is not now under discussion. To all but extreme literalists, whose understanding is by the letter killed, the distinction is clear; and the danger that we may by Spiritualism evade those duties of daily life which religion and science alike show to be the means whereby reason, judgment, courage, and patience are developed and trained, is as real to-day as it was three thousand years ago. The danger is one which proceeds from the conditions of incarnate spirits—the apathy which would have all things done for it, and the base utilitarianism which would use the spirit world, not as a great brotherhood to help us poor weak ones to the wise living which shall make us strong and understanding and kindly, but as an easy, and, worst of all, a *cheap* method of curing the results of past and present misdeeds which we neither resolve nor desire to forsake in order to enter the paths of light.

The Reviewer's foot-note on prayer is quite just. It, like all human activities, is the reflection of the mind which exerts those activities. And no prayer which seeks to a Higher Power can be separated by a hard and fast line of definition from the very best that human hearts can know. *Nihil humanum a me alienum puto.* But the passage in question meant that in this present life we must have some higher level to aspire to than mere petition, and that as we are now constituted we must seek, in that conscious outgoing to God, not for satisfaction of our short-sighted and often base desires, but for the calm and strength which can obey and endure, and yet more for the love which is the one great reality. That which may indeed be worthily called prayer is that which ennobles and uplifts. An exact definition was not intended; if it were I should gladly 'lay the theory alongside of experience,' and should even more gladly welcome experimental data on this subject. They are, however, very difficult to obtain. One experience is summed up in the treatment given; the experience which leads a man to seek for no more than strength, courage, and light enough for the next step; and to feel that, and conscious reliance on guidance from the Divine Spirit, the one source of human strength, understanding, and love.

V. C. DESERTIS.

## A GHOST IN MODERN ALGIERS.

Madame La Générale Noël, of Algiers, has kindly sent us the following record of interesting experiences. As will be seen, she has given to her narrative a very dramatic form, but she assures us that it may be relied upon for perfect accuracy in every particular.

October, three years ago.

Time, eight o'clock in the evening.

*Scene.*—The front drawing-room of a Moorish villa, Boulevard des Salmiers, Algiers; a long room, upheld at each end by an arch and elegant pillars. The walls painted a pale pink, the furniture a mixture of Oriental and modern. French windows (opening on a large verandah) afford a lovely view of the sea, for, rising in the sky, escorted by the fair stars, her daughters, a silvery moon sends a stream of light over the quiet waves.

One of the doors leading from the inner court is thrown open.

'Monsieur Armand EISEN—CH—CH—TE—TE—TER,' cries an orderly, getting out EISEN loud and clear. Then stammering, he sneezes opportunely, and retires in despair and confusion—such a name being quite beyond his linguistic capacity!

Monsieur ARMAND EISENCHTETER advances into the lighted drawing-room. It is empty. He therefore sits down in a comfortable arm-chair and falls into a deep reverie.

Let us look at him.

This is what we see: A fair man of about forty-five years of age, mustachod, of middle height and middle stoutness.

His face shows the pure type of a Hungarian Jew; he really is an Algerian Jew, having lived all his life in Africa, first in the province of Constantine, and lately in Algiers. By profession he is a merchant in Oriental silks and Oriental wares.

His education is purely commercial, yet he is neither grasping, avaricious, nor particularly clever in money matters. He is very shy and retiring, speaks but little, and often finds considerable difficulty in expressing his ideas. He is ever ready to oblige and help his neighbours, as will be shown further on. Very few people know him for what he really is, a fervent Spiritualist and one of the best mediums in Algiers.

Yes! He hears the spirits, he sees them, and is influenced by them.

When quite a young man, living in Philippeville, the spirits wished to make use of him for writing a romance in trance. He strongly objected to it, and kept telling them that he had not yet found the large-sized paper they wanted him to use. One afternoon, an enormous parcel was deposited at his lodgings by the carrier of the mail coach, for Algerian railways were as yet in the land of dreams. It was carefully directed to himself and there was nothing to pay. He opened it, and was terrified at finding reams and reams of the very same paper he had objected to buy. He interviewed the carrier, who declared that the parcel had been mysteriously found in the mail coach a little while after it had left Constantine. It was properly booked, but the whole thing remained a mystery, as the guard was perfectly sure it was not there when they left town!

The poor medium was obliged, for several months, to spend every evening in trance, controlled by a spirit, who evidently vastly enjoyed composing a grand historical novel! But our Armand was so disgusted with it that, when he had got through the work, he shut it up at the bottom of an old trunk and never allowed it to come to light. I have often wished to read it, and he has promised and promised to hunt for it. But I am still awaiting it.

His invisible friends often converse with him or call his name aloud. For instance, when strolling with a friend, after business hours, up and down our well-known commercial street, Rue de la Lyre, a voice calls behind them like a silver clarion, 'Armand, Armand!'

I must here mention that the German Eisenchteter, not

being pronounceable by French lips, everyone calls our medium by his baptismal appellation, 'Armand.'

The friend starts, looks back, looks around. 'Good gracious! who on earth is calling? I can see no one!'

Monsieur Eisenchteter smiles. 'Oh, some mistake, perhaps,' he says carelessly.

They stroll further on; again it comes, 'Armand, Armand!'

The perplexed friend stares all round, even peeping into the queer Jewish and Arabian shops which line the street. Nobody seems to want his Eisenchteter!

'Armand, Armand!' again cries the invisible one, apparently this time close to them!

We may here observe that our medium does not like these tricks, for he has become rather nervous since the Jewish riots, and is averse to anything that may direct public attention to himself or family.

At private séances Monsieur Eisenchteter can be controlled by several spirits. His guide and principal control has decided that he shall attend no more meetings, and that he shall be only influenced by himself. This is done through the best of motives. This control was a military doctor under Napoleon the First, and has never given up his favourite studies. He delights in sending poor Monsieur Eisenchteter's soul out of his body, while taking possession of it himself, and in attending on Monsieur Eisenchteter's sick friends: and this he does with great zeal, devotion, and skill.

The doctor orders poor Monsieur Eisenchteter about in the coolest fashion. For instance, he informed him that he ought to attend on Madame la Générale Noël, as the spirit considered that she was in delicate health, and would be greatly benefited by his (the spirit's) care and attention.

This is how the invisible one sets to work. He makes his medium sit down before a small table on which paper and pencils have been deposited. Monsieur Eisenchteter then seizes a pencil, dashes off a few dots or lines, or even a few words, then suddenly he falls asleep. A few minutes more and he starts up awake, but face, voice, manner are altered! everything is changed. Monsieur Eisenchteter is gone! and in his place we have 'Doctor Vinti,' a Corsican. Instead of the gentle, shy, amiable merchant, we have a rough, decidedly bluff, talkative military surgeon, who can be very disagreeable when he chooses!

Three years ago 'Doctor Vinti' was kind enough to attend on me for weeks and weeks, generally calling on me every five or six days, and it was by his order that Monsieur Eisenchteter had come on a medical visit the very same evening on which our story opens.

Monsieur Eisenchteter, as we mentioned, was calmly waiting to be summoned to my bedroom. For a few minutes (six or eight perhaps) he had been thinking quietly, when on turning slightly round he was astonished at perceiving that he was *not alone* in the drawing-room! Lying on a couch at the further end of the apartment was an elderly gentleman, appearing quite at home! Suddenly Monsieur Eisenchteter saw a younger man appear behind the sofa. This person wore the uniform of an artillery officer. He was of middle age, rather bald, with only a remnant of very black hair. He stooped down and affectionately embraced the other gentleman. Monsieur Eisenchteter's thoughts (he told us afterwards) ran thus: 'How very strange! Visitors, no doubt! Then they must have been there when I came in! Why did they not notice me? and why don't they pay any attention to me now?'

His curiosity being thus excited, he kept gazing and gazing on the two strangers; when suddenly his blood seemed to freeze in his veins! All at once he understood the truth. 'They are not living men! They are spirits!' howled the poor man, making a dash for the verandah. Luckily the nearest door stood open. He rushed through it and sank on a bamboo arm-chair.

Here my son Maurice, when he came to fetch him, found our medium white with fear. Monsieur Eisenchteter, though accustomed to spirits, through seeing them daily (or rather nightly, for he sees them directly he is in bed), yet felt quite overcome at having taken them for men still living in the flesh!

When at last he was deposited safely by Maurice in my own room, we had a long chat on the delightful subject of our ghostly visitors, and we solemnly promised to ask 'Doctor Vinti' *who they were?*

But 'Vinti' that evening was particularly bluff and soldierly, we could get nothing out of him. He kept saying, 'Vous le saurez plus tard' ('You will know it later on'). 'A nos affaires, et la santé, et la santé, madame.' ('Let us get to business; your health! your health, madame').

Our curiosity had, however, been deeply aroused. My husband looked over his military papers, those at least which concerned the house we were living in (which was military property), but nowhere was a ghost mentioned as having put in an appearance within its sacred precincts.

General Noël discreetly asked a few questions, but the answers were invariably unsatisfactory, so he and Monsieur Eisenchteter at last gave it up.

As says Prentice Mulford, 'When you find yourself in a position in which you don't know what to do, when you are puzzled and undecided, then do nothing—*Wait*. Your spiritual sense or power will soon go out and do for you. It will bring at some unexpected moment a plan, or a person, or an impulse to move with the physical sense and body in some direction.\*'

Eight days went by. At last one evening, at half-past seven, General Noël, after having kept dinner waiting for at least half-an-hour, was heard rushing upstairs in a most juvenile fashion. He literally burst into my room, and hastily removing his hat, exclaimed, '*We know who he is! We have found out his name!*'

'Who? Who? What is the matter?' exclaimed Madame la Générale and Maurice both at once.

'Why, the ghost!'

'Oh, how lovely!' said Madame.

'Tell us about it! Never mind the dinner,' cried Maurice.

'Well, dear people, allow me at least to sit down. Now for it. I knew I was late this evening, and I was walking quickly when suddenly a strong hand arrested me, and there was Armand Eisenchteter standing before me—very unlike himself—red, heated, agitated. "General Noël!" he cried, "the very person I wished to see! I was going to call on you or write to you, having a most interesting story to tell. *I know who the ghost is.* If you will allow me to walk part of the way home with you I will tell you all about it." "My dear sir, I shall be quite too delighted. *And so the dead do really come back!*"

"Oh, you must allow me to begin at the beginning and to tell the tale in my own words. Yesterday, Madame Eisenchteter and myself got ready as usual for our weekly trip to St. Eugène, for every Sunday we visit there two young friends who are educated at a school for young ladies. These poor things have lost their mother, and their father does not even pretend to care for them; so we are obliged to look after them and their young brother. It is a sad history."

'Monsieur Eisenchteter said this quite simply, without appearing to know he had acted benevolently.

'He went on: "A lady friend had joined us. We therefore started by the three o'clock tram which runs from Algiers to St. Eugène. I had taken out my purse to pay the guard when my wife suddenly said, "Don't take the tickets for St. Eugène, take them for the cemetery. We will get down there and have a nice walk."

The General here interrupted the narrative and remarked: 'St. Eugène's Cemetery, as you know, is beautifully kept. The trees, shrubs and flowers are magnificent. Strangers enjoy seeing the Italian, Spanish, and Algerian women gardening there in their light-coloured gowns and in their gaudy foulards!† No one seems particularly lugubrious. Indeed, it is looked upon as a sort of garden or park—the influence of the East, no doubt. Therefore, Madame Eisenchteter's caprice did not astonish her husband, but having none of their own family buried there, he would have preferred calling on his young friends. He mildly inquired why she had changed her mind. She answered ingenuously

that she did not herself know why, but she persisted in getting down at the cemetery gate, and pushing her way through the crowd of mourners (?), tourists, flower-girls, buyers, &c., she walked up the central alley accompanied by her friend, and dutifully followed by her lord and master.'

The General continued, using Monsieur Armand's own words: "I was a few yards behind the ladies, walking quietly, and looking neither to the right nor to the left, when suddenly I felt as paralysed, as rooted to a particular spot; and quite clearly I became aware of this assertion: '*I am he who lately appeared to you.*' Those words were impressed on my brain. Then I felt as if an iron-clad hand thrust me to the right, and I found myself gazing fixedly on a tomb. It had a large grey flat stone, surrounded by heavy chains, which formed a square and were upheld at each corner by a large cannon. These words were engraved on the stone. They are now also engraved on my heart for ever:\*

Pierre François Caron  
né à Soissons  
Général de Brigade  
Commandant Supérieur  
de l'Artillerie  
en Algérie  
Officier  
de la Légion d'Honneur  
29 Janvier 1796  
† 20 Mars 1855.

Priez Dieu pour lui.

"General! Do you know this General Caron?"

"Good gracious, man! think of the date! Of course not! Why, I never even heard his name mentioned; but I might perhaps find out something about him. Is that all?"

"Nearly all. I was, of course, terrified; and when I recovered the use of my limbs I rushed after my wife, but I did not tell her what had happened. The ladies walked up the central alley, and on leaving the cemetery they again chose this favourite but crowded avenue. When we approached the spot, the same feeling again over-mastered me. I lost all power over myself and felt constrained to examine the spot attentively. I now observed that the grave was neglected, dirty, forsaken; the stone wanted cleansing; not a wreath, not a flower-pot, not a shrub marked the last resting-place of the remains of one of France's glorious children."

My husband next day looked over his military records, and, having waded through a lot of dusty papers, he at last found what he wanted. Monsieur Eisenchteter's tale was not a chimera. There it was properly set down, 'General Caron, in command of the artillery of Algeria, &c., &c.'

Next evening I was lying in bed, and 'Doctor Vinti,' seated near me, in control of the medium, was feeling my pulse when curiosity got the better of discretion, and I exclaimed: 'Oh, dear doctor! we know who the old ghost is, but tell us all about him, and do tell us the name of the other military ghost. Of course you know it!'

'Dr. Vinti' replied: 'Madame la Générale, your wish is law; but General Caron is here! He wishes to call on you, and I am going away so as to allow him to come to you. *Au revoir.*'

Monsieur Eisenchteter suddenly fell back in his chair, to all appearance in a dead faint. Several minutes went by, during which we were almost breathless. All at once the medium's body jumped up, the eyes opened, the features changed, and a most courteous gentleman bowed right and left. Monsieur Eisenchteter's voice (but with another pronunciation and with another accent) spoke thus: 'Madame! (a bow). My dear colleague! (another bow). Pray excuse me for intruding thus on you. I have often wished to be properly presented to both of you. The other evening, hovering near you, I saw this good man quietly seated in your drawing-room. I found out that he was a powerful medium quite suited to my purpose, and I could not resist the temptation of making use of him. He was rather startled when he caught sight of me; but really I could not help it! Also I wished very much to materialise at the cemetery, but I did not dare to risk it in public! But I must not waste our

\* 'The Gift of the Spirit,' page 84.

† A 'foulard' is a silk handkerchief used as a headdress by women of the humbler class.

\* Unconsciously the medium here used words closely resembling Bloody Queen Mary's well-known declaration.

precious time. I wish you to be quite sure of my identity. General Noël, my dear friend, ask me any question you please. I shall be too happy to answer any number of queries. Pride has no place here.'

My husband, nothing loath, immediately plunged into a military interrogatory, and got out of our ghostly visitor an account of the artillery force stationed in Algeria from 1850 to 1855. Of course, everything is now absolutely changed; a great many items given by the spirit were not even known to my husband, but he carefully verified them afterwards and found that all was quite true.

General Caron then gave us the history of his military career. As Colonel Director of Artillery in Algiers, he had lived in the very same Moorish house which my husband and myself had also occupied during our first stay in Africa. When promoted to the rank of General, our visitor had been fortunate enough to obtain the command of the artillery at Algeria, and he then resided in another beautiful villa—in days gone by the dwelling-place of an Arabian corsair! This villa, the same in which he was now comfortably talking away with my spouse, had been transformed since he reigned there, and he did not fail to notice it. 'Why!' he exclaimed, 'there was no verandah in my time; no marble staircase. Your predecessors and yourself have improved it wonderfully.'

He then went on to speak of his home life, of his daughter married to a planter;\* and after several private revelations he proceeded to say that one day, on coming home from a ride, he had taken a chill and had died from the illness it had brought on. His wife had his remains buried in the cemetery of St. Eugène. She left afterwards for France, where she died, and where her body was deposited in the family vault.

The spirit, we must not omit to say, was most careful in always using the terms 'body' or 'remains,' for he maintains that not only is he living, but that he is living in a much higher sense than we poor things, who are still chained in slavery on mother earth.

Was not Saint Paul right in saying 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'

On being questioned as to the other military ghost, General Caron answered that the other spirit was his nephew, Major Caron.

'Good gracious!' cried General Noël, 'Major Caron, of the Artillery? Why, I knew him! I lost sight of him after '70. What has become of him?'

'Oh! He died long ago.'

And now we come to the motive of this most extraordinary visitation.

The spirit hesitated, stammered, and at last owned that he must confess to a pet weakness. Though having passed over so long ago (when his medium was a mere infant), yet he still clung to our earth—or, at least, to *one particular spot*. He could not forget *his grave*, and he was deeply wounded at seeing it *forsaken* by his family. Long and long had he wished to seek the help of some noble-hearted brother officer, but how could he enter into communication with such a one! Imagine his joy on finding a medium, and so great a medium, intimate with General and Madame Noël. The difficulty was overcome, the enigma was solved. He had a great favour to ask of them, an act of love and charity. Would they take pity on a poor spirit? Would they go and pray for him at his grave? November the 1st, the Feast of All Saints, and November the 2nd, the day consecrated to the dead, were approaching. Was his tomb to be still forsaken? Would they go on either of these days and deposit some flowers on his tombstone? A few violets, a few marguerites, would be quite sufficient to make him perfectly happy!

The poor spirit here sighed heavily and spoke with such emotion that we were deeply affected and solemnly promised to do as he wished. He thanked us again and again, and said he would be our friend for ever.

At last, after a long conversation, he informed us that

'Vinti' was impatient to come back, and after shaking hands warmly with us and after calling on us the blessing of the Most High, he left us.

Of course 'Doctor Vinti' and his medium were both told the whole story. 'Doctor Vinti' joked over it. He said General Caron was a silly old ghost to care for his dirty old remains, though otherwise he might be a good and high-minded spirit. As for himself ('Vinti'), little did he care what befell that disgusting, worm-eaten, cast-off garment—his earthly body. What would it matter since he was provided with a comfortable new body—not to mention *his rented house* (meaning, of course, Monsieur Eisenchteter's body)!

We could not keep this wonderful adventure from our circle of spiritualistic friends. They were all deeply interested in it, and thus it came to pass that on the 1st and 2nd of November, General Caron's forsaken tomb gleamed white and pure through a complete bower of flowers, for the grave had been perfectly arranged. Lovely roses and perfumed violets lay on the soldier's epitaph, and flowers still more beautiful, the prayers of his spiritualistic brothers and sisters, were showered freely over it.

#### EPILOGUE.

Your readers may remember a short narrative of mine published in 'LIGHT' of September 17th, 1898, under the title of 'A Memorable Séance.' This article attracted very wide attention. Numerous French and foreign papers reviewed it, and some of the latter translated it—more or less faithfully, alas! Imagine my feelings on reading in an Italian review a lively discussion between some unknown persons, as to whether General Noël, Major Humblot, and Captain Terré really did exist in the French army!

Well! dear readers, allow me to inform you that Captain Terré is not a myth! He belongs to the 24th Regiment of Artillery, stationed at Tarbes, and he is a great favourite with all his brother officers, his devotion to his military duties, his amiable character, and his kindness of heart having endeared him to all who know him. For ten years he resided in Tunisia and Algeria. Here, in Algiers, many people remember him as captain of the well-known troop called the 'Pontonniers.' He himself delights in everything that reminds him of his Algerian life. We keep up a regular correspondence, and need I say that he was duly informed of the story of our ghost? He wrote back that this romantic tale presented a curious coincidence with an episode of his own past life. When captain of the Pontonniers he had visited St. Eugène's Cemetery, and had found there a neglected and forsaken grave. He felt a pang at his heart as he read the words carved on the stone, the words which told him this was the tomb of a French soldier and gunner—*General Caron*. Obeying the impulses of his nature, he resolved that this shame should not last, and gallantly he set to work. The chains and cannon were soon bright and clean, the stone white and pure; whilst dark green African shrubs overshadowed the spot which his own soldiers had tended so carefully.

And now for a last observation. Our task of love was rewarded. In fair France General Caron's family must have heard of it, for when our little band of Spiritualists went again on their pious pilgrimage they found the grave properly cared for. And this grave, made where the beat of drum and the ring of the trumpet-call and the noise of the passing batteries can be heard; this grave, made close to the beautiful city over which floats the blood-stained tricolour flag; this grave yet speaks of faith, hope, and joy, for *we know* that the French soldier whose body rests there, *though dead, is alive!*

MADAME LA GÉNÉRALE CARMENCITA NOEL.

MR. W. J. COLVILLE.—As will be seen in another column, Mr. W. J. Colville is expected to address the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance on the evening of November 3rd. We believe that Mr. Colville is now on his journey across the Atlantic, and we are confident that on his arrival he will receive a very hearty welcome. Mr. Colville, during his stay in London, will give a course of lectures and lessons on 'The Science of Health and Healing' at 99, Gower-street, W.C.

\*What the French call a 'Colon.'

OFFICE OF 'LIGHT,' 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,  
LONDON, W.C.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21st, 1899.

EDITOR ... .. E. DAWSON ROGERS.

*Assisted by a Staff of able Contributors.*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES — 'LIGHT' may be had free by post on the following terms:—Twelve months, 10s. 10d.; six months, 5s. 5d. Payments to be made in advance. To United States, 2dol. 70c.

## Light,

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PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of 'LIGHT,' 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. E. W. Wallis, Office of 'LIGHT,' and not to the Editor. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to Mr. E. W. Wallis, and should invariably be crossed '— & Co.'

APPLICATIONS by Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, Ltd., for the loan of books from the Alliance Library should be addressed to the Librarian, Mr. B. D. Godfrey, Office of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane W.C.

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

### IMMORTALITY AND THOSE WHO DO NOT BELIEVE IN IT.

We have just finished a quiet re-perusal of Stopford Brooke's sermon on disbelief in Immortality, and we feel moved to give our readers the results of our meditation upon it. To begin with, we wonder how far it is true that belief in Immortality has been sapped by the breaking away of tender spirits from unworthy ideas of God. The old thoughts of God were often very hard or even very terrible thoughts. He was represented as arbitrary and pitiless, and, above all, unjust to His poor 'fallen creatures,' especially in relation to the future life; and many simply *had* to revolt in self-defence. How far, then, did belief in a future life follow the fate of belief in an unlovely and unjust God? Dr. Stopford Brooke thinks that this has been general: at all events, his statement is a sweeping one.

He says that the harsh thoughts of God to which we refer have been 'accepted by many who either do not possess a strong and individual sense of morality, or who do not think, or prefer not to think on the matter, lest they should shake the fabric of their easy faith or spoil their religious sentiment. But those who do, and whose moral feeling of right and wrong is sane and strong, turn away revolted from a God of this character, believe that to be immortally connected with Him would be degradation, even the very horror of hell.' That is a strong sentiment, but there is at least some truth in it, and it does something to account for disbelief in Immortality; and we cannot deny that such a disbelief, however unfortunate, is not altogether blameworthy. It has indeed a moral and religious value, by no means to be despised; and it shows us the task before us, because, 'in order to restore to such men a belief in Immortality, we must restore to them a true conception of God.' 'This is, this ought to be, the main work of the preachers and teachers of this time.' 'For it is impossible for any man to clearly see and believe in the Father as revealed in Christ and not passionately desire to draw nearer and nearer to Him forever, and not feel that he must live and continue to live forever.'

Another reason given by Dr. Stopford Brooke for disbelief in Immortality is 'the selfish theory of religious life.' That is a fast decaying idea, but it still lingers, and we cannot say that we think it very influential in this

matter. The old mean appeal to fear of punishment or hope of reward was once exceedingly powerful, and no doubt it helped the revolt against the lurid pictures of the Dark Ages. Honest men and women, ethically minded and spiritually minded men and women, turned from the contemptible appeal; 'Above all things, save, O save, your soul!' They said; 'Let us, rather, live for truth for its own sake: and do right for its own sake: and face the fight nobly and bravely: and give up this fear or hope.' They said; 'Live, hating and fighting with evil, because evil is degradation, not because it is punished. You cannot do this if you accept the Christian doctrine of immortal life. For it nourishes selfishness. It locks a man up in care for his own safety. On the highest religious grounds, we deny the doctrine of immortality as prejudicial to a noble and pious life.' But we question whether many ever gave up belief in Immortality on that score alone, though it may very often have entered into a general survey of the whole position, and may frequently have braced up and heartened disbelief on other grounds. Dr. Stopford Brooke, however, indignantly denies that Christianity is really responsible for this mean appeal to fear of punishment or hope of reward. He says:—

Christianity takes us out of self, and makes our life consist in living in God, and, because He lives in all the race, in living through Him in the interests and lives of all our brother-men. That is not a selfish doctrine. Its reward is not a selfish reward; it is the reward of being made unselfish, because made like to God. 'Your reward,' said Christ, 'shall be great, for ye shall be the children of your Father; that is, resembling your Father in character. Nor does Christianity appeal to fear of punishment, but to the feeling of love. It does not say menacingly, 'Thou shalt not kill, or steal, or be an idolater'; it says, 'Love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, and thy neighbour as thyself,' for then, since thou lovest, thou canst not injure thy neighbour, or sin against God. It rejects fear as having torment, as belonging to a spirit of bondage, not a spirit of life.

But, when all is said,—and we admit to the full the possible selfishness and cowardice lurking behind fear of punishment and hope of reward—we cannot help thinking that repugnance to misery and love of joy are perfectly legitimate emotions, when kept in due bounds. Fear of punishment and hope of reward may quite easily be, not mere vulgar love of pleasure, but shrinking from degradation and longing to rise: and no one could then deny their propriety or their value. In truth, this terror on the one hand, and this yearning for bliss on the other hand, may be most precious educators of the human race, not only to prevent grovelling content but to serve as the first guides or urgers to aspiration on the path of spiritual life.

Another point arises here. Is it, then, a noble thing or a good thing to separate one's self from so potent a spiritual force? or have we any right to do it? Dr. Stopford Brooke says wisely here:—

There are some things we have no right to give up. It is not self-sacrifice to surrender our conscience, though we might save a whole nation by doing so. It is not self-sacrifice to cast aside immortality, that it may not vitiate by a taint of self your doing good. It is spiritual suicide; nay, more, there is a hidden selfishness in it, for he who does this is endeavouring to secure his own ideal at the expense of a race of men whom he deprives of the hope which more than all else has cheered and strengthened them in the battle against evil.

We must deal tenderly with honest doubters and disbelievers, when we can, but they must be more than tender to us, for, after all, the faith we cherish may be the hope of the world, and there are many signs which suggest that it is.

A final cause of unbelief in Immortality is what we can only call the frequent crude foolishness of those who teach it. The Heaven and Hell of Christendom have become, for the most part, not only unbelievable but nonsensical. They have transformed men and women into demons and angels: and the result is—moonshine or night-

mare. Dr. Stopford Brooke does not put it as plainly as that, but he puts it well when he says:—

We have too much transferred to our northern Christianity and our active existence of thought the Oriental conceptions of heaven drawn from the book of the Revelation.

Literally taken, they are wholly unsuitable to our Teutonic nature. They make the future life seem to our minds a lazy, dreamy existence, in which all that is quickest and most vital in us would stagnate, in which all that makes life interesting, dramatic, active, would perish.

I have met active-minded working-people, and cultivated men, who looked forward with dislike to death, because they dreaded the dulness of the next world.

We have not met that man, but we doubt not that he exists. What we feel the want of is—*naturalness*. Next to that—*justice*. And next to that—*simplicity*. If death does not end all, why should it end anything? Why should not the man, the woman, the child, pass on for the education of the next great experiment of living? The monstrous and utterly silly notion of the eternal fixedness of fate at death has done more to promote unbelief than all other causes. We are God's children, and we are told to call Him 'Father,' and surely, 'the highest work of a father is education.' 'I go to prepare a place for you,' said Jesus to his brethren: and 'a place,' says Dr. Stopford Brooke, 'is prepared for each one of us; a place fitted to our distinct character, a separate work fitted to develop that character into perfection, and in the doing of which we shall have the continual delight of feeling that we are growing; a place not only for us, but for all our peculiar powers. Our ideals shall become more beautiful, and minister continually to fresh aspiration, so that stagnation will be impossible.'

It is this that we, above all others, have to testify to the world: and this we will testify, God and the angels helping us, to the end.

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## LEAVING THE BODY.

### SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

Our readers will no doubt remember an exceedingly interesting communication which appeared in 'LIGHT' of September 16th, over the signature of 'Phygia,' in which the writer (a lady in private life) spoke of her 'power of leaving her body at will and of manifesting her presence to earth friends at great distances across land and sea,' and also of her being sometimes 'permitted to join her spirit friends and see the beauties of their land.' Having the pleasure and privilege of a personal acquaintance with 'Phygia,' we took the liberty of addressing a few questions to her in relation to her experiences, and she has kindly given us permission to print the following extracts from her replies:—

You ask whether my ability to leave the body is normal or induced. Because of certain experiences before I knew anything concerning Spiritualism or mediumship, I think it normal, but the power of controlling another organism is only a result of slight mediumistic powers recently developed. But the latter is interesting and should have practical psychical results.

I have been more or less conscious of leaving the body—during sleep—for six or seven years. I will tell you of my first recollection of doing so, as it may perhaps be of interest in some way or other. When about eighteen years of age I was ill and near to death. The nurses, the doctors who had hastily met in consultation, and my mother and another dear friend were by my side. I had been in no pain during the day, only very sleepy. By-and-bye I heard someone in the room whisper: 'Nothing can be done, she is dying.' I was too sleepy to open my eyes, to speak, or to move; I only longed with all my heart that someone would gently stroke my brow; but I was too tired to give expression to the wish. I was dying, and I knew it; and I was glad, I think; but oh! the strange longing, almost amounting to pain, for the soothing effect of a hand on my forehead! I remember trying to subdue the feeling in the thought that only a little while longer and I should be at peace. Suddenly I felt a soft hand on my brow, and heard the gentlest of whispers—'Do not be afraid!' and I felt myself lifted up and carried away. On, on, we seemed to go—always with the soothing stroke of the hand on my brow that I had so craved for. And then somehow weariness appeared to leave me, and opening my eyes I found myself in a world I had not seen before, and with one who had passed from earth-life more than twenty years previously, but whose memory I had reason to cherish most dearly. I remember the intense joy I felt when I realised that I, too, had finished with earth.

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unrest seems to disappear, giving way to a calmness and joy which may be a reflection of the same attributes in the pure Presence with me a moment before.

Since that illness, leaving the body during sleep has been more or less conscious and natural.

Maybe another incident may be worthy of mention as showing that before Spiritualism had come my way, the spirit enjoyed conscious freedom at times. For more than two years circumstances have made it imperative that I should be in Europe, away from my husband; but though he for the present is obliged to remain in Australia, he has frequently corroborated what I, in spirit, seem to have seen in his midst. He knows nothing of Spiritualism, but scarcely a letter arrives from him in which some reference is not made to the 'uncanniness,' as he terms it, of the sensation that I am in the home; and this is heightened by the fact that, should he require something from Europe, I apparently—he says—read his thought and wish, and obtain the desired thing. This may be but a case of telepathy, but the following incident is something more, I think.

On one occasion—of which I have fortunately kept the dates and corroboration—I felt myself (in spirit) enter my little daughter's room, stoop over her and kiss her, and, as if in her sleep, she put her arms around my neck, calling: 'Mother, mother!' The sudden action and speech of the little one seemed to cause a certain indistinctness to arise, everything became bleared and misty, and finally the scene quickly disappeared. The mail of this date, five weeks ago, brought me a letter describing the sudden awakening from sleep of my daughter, calling: 'Mother, mother,' and her insistence on the fact that 'Mother had really come into her room and kissed her'; 'it needed' said the letter, 'bright lights and a good half hour to persuade her it was only a dream.'

Of incidents such as these, I like to cherish the accounts. More often, and particularly of late, I seem to pass the sleeping hours of the body with the unseen, as though for purposes of instruction; but from a practical standpoint, and as evidence to others, these doings of the spirit are not valuable, as there is no 'other end' to obtain corroboration from; and so I speak to you, not of what I think passes with me in the beyond, but have confined this somewhat lengthy answer to your letter to two incidents which seem to me proof of the conscious existence of the spirit during sleep.

#### NOTEWORTHY INCIDENTS.

The following narratives are taken from 'Annales des Sciences Psychiques':—

Mademoiselle Aster states that her friend, Madame Macris, related to her the following occurrence. Her husband was one day resting on a sofa, smoking, when he suddenly saw in a corner of the room the image of one of his brothers who had died some years previously. Disturbed by the vision, he closed his eyes for an instant, in order to see if it would vanish, and when he had re-opened them he saw another of his brothers who had also died. Much disquieted, he got up at once to tell his wife what he had seen; she tried to persuade him that he was dreaming, which he emphatically denied. Three weeks afterwards he himself died.

Madame Bourges relates that when a child of nine years of age she was preparing to take her little brother for a walk, and was looking at the clock to see the hour, when, upon turning round, she perceived a black catafalque surrounded with candles, and upon it was stretched a corpse. Everything in the room appeared also to have become black. She rushed to her mother in the next room, exclaiming: 'Mother, someone is dead!' The vision so impressed her that she felt ill. Three days afterwards her father died quite suddenly in the night. Madame Bourges adds that she has never had another similar experience, but she has had presentiments. When a letter arrived on one occasion she exclaimed: 'Mother, don't open that letter! there is sorrow for us.' The letter contained no ill news, but three days afterwards a telegram announced the death of the writer.

These experiences are well authenticated and corroborated.

The same number of 'Annales des Sciences Psychiques' has an article on Colour-Hearing, and quotes an account given by Mr. Galton of a family in whom this intimate connection between colour and sound appeared to be hereditary; among the various members of the family the same sounds were not associated with the same colours, but differed for each member of the family; whilst one maintained that a certain word is green, another called it blue or red. It would be interesting to have the experience of readers of 'LIGHT' on this subject.

## SPIRIT TEACHINGS.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF W. STANTON MOSES.

*A question having been asked in regard to certain manifestations, the answer came as follows:—*

No; they are not genuine, and we say again that you should not deal with the undeveloped spirit agency which produces unworthy results. It is not necessary to describe such phenomena. Since it is necessary to be plain, we tell you that the phenomena were false, and that it is wise for you to refrain from intercourse with such spirits.

*Are such always spurious?*

By no means. We only speak of what we know, and we say no more. You are warned, and must exercise your own judgment.

*Some manifestations surely must be genuine?*

Yes; many are genuine and true; but we have already told you that in circles where the deceiving spirits operate, you can never be sure of what is done. The spirits who so operate are able to cast a glamour over you, and there is no immunity from evil, save in circles into which evil has not been able to penetrate. When once the evil has gained an entrance, you bid farewell to security. This is part of what we have always striven to impress on you; the only safety is in avoiding the evil, and circles where it dwells. The spirits who operate at such are not on any moral plane such as will enable you to trust them and their pretensions. Nay, you cannot even rely that you are at different times conversing with the same spirit, for they will assume names and forms, and will take pleasure, or at least feel no compunction, in deceit. Such are not voluntarily bad, but on a very low plane of development, and know no better. It is you, who are higher and wiser than they, who must rouse them if it be your work so to do.

*Then it seems to me that one has absolutely no guarantee as regards public manifestations. Far better that they should cease, surely?*

It is so. You can have no safety in dealing with such a class of spirits for the reasons we have told you before. But such will not cease. It is part of the training through which man must go before the full measure of the movement is developed. We have no power to spare you, but we have power to show you the real and the true, of which the false is but a poor copy. You little know how, scattered up and down throughout your world, there are pure souls who commune with the spheres, and who know naught of fraud in their communion, nor of deceit, nor of the grovelling and foolish manifestations which so shock and hurt us. But they who evoke physical marvels to please wonder-seekers, who dream not of the import of such, these are the sport too frequently of spirits who are morally and intellectually on a low plane. All the manifestations which are in process, and which we have told you will be placed in time before the world, are copied and simulated and forced on by these deceivers, and so discredit is thrown on us and on our mission. In due time all that now is so dark and mysterious will be elucidated and shown in the light of day, and in due relation to the cause of its production. For that you must wait. We have no power nor inclination to alter the course of events. In orderly sequence they will be evolved, and each will be explained and manifested in its bearings. You must wait in patience for that time, and help it on by labour and by prayer. You do but lose by attempts to hurry on these wonders.

When deceit and fraud have once made their way into a circle, that circle is useless to us. We have produced for you truth. When that truth is adulterated, if it ever is, it will not be by our means. We should not trouble any further to deal with that which is untruthful. You are to

believe in us and in our work according to the Divine law which binds on you the obligation of judging righteously. We are of truth and of God, and as such you must judge us and receive us. We have warned you sufficiently of the existence of deceit, and of repeated attempts to insinuate it into our circle. We have successfully resisted such and shall be able to do so with the co-operation of you, our friends in the body, and of our spirit friends who never cease to labour in the cause of truth.

We have never been able to make you see on how different a basis we and our work rest from any other which you know of. We do not say from all other, but from all with which you are acquainted. And our energetic warnings against deceit have sprung from the awful fear that our work may be undone, and our influence ruined by the thoughtless act of a moment.

*Yes; I can see it. It is, of course, a grave danger. One distinct proof of untruthfulness would go far to imperil what has been done. And it is quite evident that your work must be carried on a good deal privately, and independently, at any rate. But you cannot tell people that. It is hard to make them understand without exposing oneself to the charge of egotism.*

There is no necessity; our work is not intended to come before the eyes of the world, save as we direct from time to time. It is secret as yet and slow, not of the gaudy, showy sort which man loves to gaze upon. All publicity is to be avoided, save and except what we direct, and that is but little.

We do not desire publicity at present. The time is not yet come, and the attempt to force upon an unprepared world that which is in itself frequently foolish is most unwise. Quietness is that which is demanded, and careful, prayerful progression, not the blatant proclaiming of barren facts to those who know not of the question; nor the propounding of vague theories to those who will only receive them with laughter or a scornful sneer. It is not wisdom which counsels such a proceeding. We have always warned you against it.

*Do you object to association?*

No, friend. You have been in error in thinking that all association is unwise. Not so. We are glad that our friends should band themselves together for mutual counsel, and they may derive comfort and enjoyment from intercourse among themselves, so that they may take courage from the mutual record of progress, or warning from a story of failure. Nor do we see that aught but good can come from the mutual intercourse of the friends. Private conference and conversation would bring wisdom and knowledge with them. But this is very different from those who unwisely agitate, before the public, questions which are premature, and which they themselves but little understand, and of which they who understand would be the last to speak dogmatically and before the world.

It is the silent workers whom no platform knows, and who do not cry with strident iteration, it is they who learn and labour and grow in knowledge, who see most clearly that the present cannot be wisely used as a time of proselytism. But we are far from counselling loneliness. Mutual comfort in intercourse is wise and desirable; beyond that all is unwise. Neither the times themselves, nor the state of the outside world, nor the condition of Spiritualists themselves, nor the amount of actual knowledge among them, warrant any such movements.

Let facts be recorded, and let deductions be drawn from them, and let those who work with us strive to penetrate into truth. This is good and profitable. There is much done that is useful by such means. And let the friends meet and converse, and elicit truth by mutual intercourse; beyond that they will be well advised not to go. If they do they will but draw down on themselves ridicule, and hinder the cause which they seek ignorantly to serve. Quietness and careful watching and patient learning of the truth must precede its promulgation. Cease now.

— IMPERATOR.

## SPIRIT IDENTITY.

BY 'AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.'

### IV.

On the evening of September 25th I was informed by my clairvoyant relative that her control, the ex-Lancashire doctor, had told her that he was to assist my late colleague, Mr. S., who was drowned some weeks ago, to write me a message, and on the evening of the 26th of that month she came and asked for a sheet of notepaper. She was then controlled, and in about half an hour afterwards handed me a letter purporting to be from Mr. S. The caligraphy was of the same character as that of the deceased—small and neat, although not a reproduction of the earthly script. Indeed, as I have occasion to notice, out of a very large number of automatically written messages in my possession, penned by the same medium, in only five or six cases has there been a reproduction of the earthly script.

The message extends to four pages of notepaper, and is headed 'Spirit Land.' The writer addresses me as in earth-life he used to do, 'Dear ——' (my surname), and in the signature at the end his middle (Christian) name is omitted. Apart from this defect the contents are such as to leave not the faintest shadow of doubt on my mind that the writer is my late lamented colleague. The contents as a whole are too sacred and affecting for publication, but I have made a copy of it for the *private* perusal of the Editor of 'LIGHT,' to whom I verbally had previously given the outlines of the case after my sitting with Mrs. Treadwell. But this much may be said, that the writer bewailed his folly in bathing at low tide, which led to his getting among a mass of seaweed and stones, and a big wave then came over him and led to his death. This was entirely in accordance with his statement to the clairvoyant a few nights previously, and with the facts as learned by me from his relatives on my return to town. No one, however, had seen the fatal occurrence; but as he could not swim, the probabilities are all in favour of the story as now given, and also in view of the position in which the body was found. The remaining internal evidence, as I have said, is of such a kind that it cannot be given; names, circumstances and events are recorded which could only emanate from himself. He knew nothing of Spiritualism when in earth life, but in the communication just received he says he is sure Spiritualism would 'soothe his poor distracted wife,' but he then puts the pertinent query, 'How could it be explained?' It is a pitiable thing to me that I should meet daily, socially and in business, people who are lamenting 'their dead' and wondering where they are or if they exist 'anywhere,' and I dare not say to such 'I know all about them.' That has been my position scores of times; but after two humiliating experiences my mouth has ever since been closed, and it must be so on the present occasion.

At the same time the reappearance of my colleague at Mrs. Treadwell's and the subsequent events I have recorded are, in my judgment, so convincing that I have been impelled to send them to the Editor of 'LIGHT' for publication. To me the letter just received is inexpressibly comforting, as I know my friend and colleague is only 'behind the veil,' and will in all probability communicate with me again. Surely, in an age when materialism is rampant, when the clergy can give us nothing but platitudes and preach on immortality as a 'great perhaps,' it is a blessed thing to know the absolute certainty which Spiritualism often gives that death 'does not end all,' but is only the portico to a higher and fairer world where every earnest soul will find his or her true haven amongst the spirits of 'the just made perfect.'

I have only to add that my connection with Mr. S. was purely a business one; he never was in my house, and in particular the clairvoyant knew nothing of him till he came to me at Mrs. Treadwell's as before described.

(To be concluded.)

THE following maxims, which are attributed to the late Master of Balliol, Professor Jowett, are not only worth remembering, but worthy of adoption in daily life:—'Never quarrel. Never explain. Never hate. Never fret. Never disappoint. Never fail. Never fear. Never drudge. Never spare. Never detract. Never tell.'

## HOW DO CLAIRVOYANTS SEE ?

In reply to your question in 'LIGHT' of September 30th, p. 466, 'How do Clairvoyants See?' allow me to say that though I am one of the many who do see, the task of explaining how or why is extremely difficult.

I see spirits in many ways—in a normal condition; during ordinary sleep; and when in trance. Often when controlled I am quite unconscious of anything, just as in a dreamless sleep; at other times when I pass into trance I seem to leave my body entirely and to be amongst spirits in a glorious heavenly sphere. Time after time I have been to one particular sphere and recognised the same spirits, but I have not *always* been to the same place. I may add, however, that when I wake up from trance and realise that I am still of earth, I seem to retain the bright and happy feeling and look forward to my trances as a great and glorious blessing. I have in my normal state seen people in their homes doing certain things at certain times. But this is a very unusual thing with me normally, though not unusual for one of my controls to do.

The 'appearances' I see, and the voices I hear, seem generally objective and are often of people in the flesh as well as out of it. For instance, I was in a railway carriage and at a certain station several people alighted. I distinctly saw a lady, dressed in widow's mourning, get into the compartment where I was. I moved to make room for her and gathered up my parcels, which I had put down when the other people got out. I felt very foolish when I discovered that there was no such person, and the widow had been—my imagination? I replaced my parcels on the seat. But at the very next station the door was again opened and I saw the same widow lady. I thought I would not be deceived this time; so did not move until the lady politely asked me to make room for her!

I have seen spirits of departed friends, looking and dressed just like ordinary living persons. I have crossed the road to speak with them and only discovered that they were 'dead' when they have not taken my proffered hand but faded away.

Occasionally I get these visions subjectively. Then I do not see, but 'sense' the person, and get very vivid impressions; especially if I sit in a subdued light and become very passive. I then hear names, dates, messages, and details quite outside my own consciousness, often not in the least agreeing with my own recollections or ideas of the things referred to.

I have found in my own case that the statements made when I have been in trance, or the clairvoyant visions got with the aid of a small glass or crystal ball, have been of more real value and better evidence as tests than phenomena obtained in other ways.

I do not know whether the spirits hypnotise, or in some way cause my spirit to sleep, whilst they control me, but I have always been told that whilst another spirit is using my brain, voice, &c., my own is quite inactive, and very often—more often than not—away in an entirely different place. But this seems to me a matter which is very difficult to prove.

With regard to your question as to 'thought-transference' or 'actual sight,' I personally believe, and my spirit controls say, that they never use telepathy. I am well aware, and I quite agree, that thought-transference may account for much, but (as our friends the Society for Psychical Research have so ably demonstrated by publishing the accounts of the phenomena obtained through Mrs. Piper) thought-transference does not account for all. Then why not call the part which is unexplained clairvoyance?

A CLAIRVOYANT.

My attention has been called to your article in 'LIGHT' of September 30th, entitled: 'How do Clairvoyants See?'

Having had many years' experience in what I believe to be an unique form of clairvoyance, may I ask you to insert the following, which, I trust, will interest your readers?

1. I always see in a perfectly normal condition, and very often induce the clairvoyant state by the use of 'will force.'
2. I have seen, and have described accurately, places in various parts of the world and at great distances; also, I

have seen and heard living individual persons, groups, and crowds, so apparently real as to be able to describe their dress and general appearance. Their tones of voice and the different noises and motions peculiar to their various vocations are all recognisable.

3. I am inclined to think my visions are 'objective,' rather than 'subjective'; but when tired, or it may be by way of a change (spirits use the power in a variety of ways), I certainly get very vivid 'impressions.'

4. I get names in two ways—by sound and by symbol. At times I hear them spoken sufficiently loud to startle me; and on other occasions I see them written in letters of a bright white colour.

5. The next question is a very broad one, and to my mind difficult, but I must maintain that there is a clairvoyant condition quite independent of telepathy or thought-transference from either spirit or material planes.

From psychological experiments with various sitters at different times, we have been convinced of the existence of a force *under the control and direction of the experimenter.*

Another of my psychic experiences is the following: I made so many visits clairvoyantly to a coal mine in South Wales that I acquired a thorough knowledge of its working, its topography, and the personal appearance of many of the colliers.

Conditions do not interfere with me as a rule, though there are exceptions. I can see clairvoyantly when travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour by train, or while walking or riding in the street.

I trust these remarks may be useful to inquirers; and should investigators desire anything further, either privately or through the columns of your valuable paper, I shall be pleased to assist them to the best of my ability.

ELLEN GRADDON.

52, Adelaide-road, South Hampstead.

## 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*

## The Subjective Mind.

SIR,—In your issue of September 16th was a report by Dr. Rizzi of two remarkable cures by spiritual healing. After giving the account he says: 'I challenge anyone not to be astonished at the presence of this mediumistic force'; which force he concludes by ascribing, not to a departed spirit (although this claim was made by the 'force' itself, and which manifested under a personal name), but to 'an emanation from the ego of the medium.' This reminds me of Dr. Hudson's theory of the objective and subjective mind, and of the teachings of Theosophists regarding the higher self.

I would like to have Dr. Rizzi, Dr. Hudson, or some well-informed Theosophist explain to us why it is that 'an emanation from the ego of the medium' of Dr. Rizzi, 'the subjective mind' of Dr. Hudson, and the 'higher self' of the Theosophist persist in such unnecessary falsehoods, claiming to be such and such personalities, going into particulars for their identification, and professing to be spirits of the departed. Surely 'subjective minds' or 'emanations' ought to have some good reason for this course, and since they are intelligent enough to philosophise, and beneficent enough to heal, and ethical enough to give high spiritual teaching, they ought to be able to give a good reason for lying about it.

Moreover, I would like to have Dr. Rizzi state what evidence there is that such healing is caused by 'an emanation from the ego of the medium.' Indeed, what evidence is there that healing influence proceeds from, instead of through, the medium?

Trusting that we may have some further light on this subject,—I am, very truly yours,

HELEN DENSMORE.

Dyker Heights, Borough of Brooklyn, New York.  
October 6th, 1899.

Dr. Paul Edwards and M. Camille Flammarion.

SIR,—I have been greatly interested by the reading of your article entitled, 'M. Camille Flammarion,' in 'LIGHT' of the 7th inst., from which it appeared that the great astronomer is being tormented by doubts upon Spiritualism.

While in Paris during the present year, there was considerable speculation about the forces I employed in making my cures, and, amongst the investigators was Professor

Flammarion, who must have attributed those forces to magnetism, for he came to me apparently with that theory, and asked me to submit myself to a scientific test at his hands. I consented, and at the next reception I attended (at a friend's house) I again met M. Flammarion, who, to my surprise, proceeded to apply the test. This was done by means of a highly sensitive little scientific instrument which would detect and register the slightest traces of magnetism. The test was made, and when not a trace of magnetism was registered the honest professor exclaimed, 'There is no magnetism in you, Dr. Edwards,' and fled. I was astonished at the manifest disappointment of M. Flammarion and it struck me then that his preconceived beliefs were shaken, for I had understood him to have associated magnetism with Spiritism (indirectly) and the two with my cures. However, the great man did not rest there but requested that I should submit myself to a photographic process, and gave instructions for the test to a leading Paris photographer (Professor Stebbing). This was duly tried and again a failure was recorded in the search for electrical forces by which to account for my healing powers.

I was much interested in the remarks of a speaker at the Roentgen Rays lecture. I believe the gentleman to whom I refer was the Rev. J. Page Hopps, and he described the experience of a doctor who had a medium to diagnose diseases for him, and sent his medium on various missions. I had the same experience in America. While curing in Tucson, Arizona, a highly sensitive lady applied for treatment for a nervous disorder, and brought with her a lady friend who had lately separated from her husband. As soon as the patient sat down for treatment the friend began asking me to 'divine' the whereabouts of her little girl, who had been kidnapped by the husband. I promptly told the friend of my patient that I could not undertake to divine anything, either about her case in court or the hiding-place of her child. But just at this moment my patient fell into a sleep, and it struck me to use her subliminal mind to find the missing child, which I had supposed was with its father somewhere in that State. I asked the sleeper to find the father and report to me within *two minutes*, which she did, but there was *no child* with him. I said to my patient, 'Look at the house where the father lives, and see if the child's clothing is there.' She said there was no child's clothing to be seen. I then told her to describe the scene of the stealing of the child from its mother. She did so most *minutely*. I then told her to trace the child in its flight. I will here add that the mother, who was present, knew absolutely nothing up to this time as to how the child had been stolen. My patient then entered upon every detail of the kidnapping, and traced the child to the possession of a strange woman, who took it to the railway at midnight. On further instruction from me, the patient still pressed her search, and finally said she found the strange woman and child living far away in a city of many great hills, near a very large river, but could not give me the name of the city or river.

In the following week the case of the husband and wife was called up in the Divorce Court of Tucson, and these facts were all placed in the hands of the wife's lawyer, who put them so strongly before the husband in the witness box that he confessed to stealing the child and giving it to his sister, who had come from Kansas City, Missouri, to receive it. The confirmation was absolute on all points—Kansas City being a very hilly city and stands on the banks of the Missouri River.

So striking and astounding was this evidence in court that the lawyers were dumbfounded, and it nearly resulted in my being examined in the case.

The explanation is natural and short. My patient was a somnambulist. Her name was Mrs. Professor Castillo, wife of Professor Castillo and a Catholic; while her friend was Protestant, and myself—well, I will not say what I was.

Now I ask, are not these the *same* phenomena as are often obtained through sittings of mediums? I am only seeking light and do not wish to obstruct *truth*. It is my belief that such cases as the above are what are attracting such minds as that of the great Flammarion. Whatever may be the truth, let us have it. I am anxious for progress but I find most satisfaction in the exploration of the powers of the *mind*. I am willing to be won by any other set of thoughts or tenets when they are convincingly presented.

Yours for Truth,

(DR.) PAUL EDWARDS.

64, Baker-street, London, W.

In Memoriam—Mrs. Hardinge Britten.

SIR,—Your sketch of this good woman's public career in 'LIGHT' for October 7th was both lucid and touching, and as but a unit in the ranks of the spiritual forces, may I obtrude upon your columns a few thoughts of sacred sympathy which I am certain will at least be endorsed by most of your readers? Since enjoying the foregleams of immortal light afforded by my spiritual studies, I, for one, consider

that death is, to a ripened and useful life, a rich reward—not by any means an evil or a theological curse. For why should any of us mourn the departing friends when their exalted homes are ready for their reception and welcome? Rather let us sing, on our sister's natal transition, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into Heaven's eternal joy.' I am sure that while earth is poorer, Heaven will be richer for this good woman's presence, since now she has reached

'A world of spirits bright,  
Who reap the pleasure there;  
Arrayed with them in garbs of white,  
While palms of love they bear.'

From the year 1886 to 1896, Mrs. Britten's ten years' lectures constituted an educational era to Novocastrians, and to many in neighbouring towns and villages. We can all record such a decade as most helpful to our spiritual culture and progress. Her eloquent word-paintings must be imaged in many memories. None of us will ever forget her picturesque figure upon the lecture rostrum. Her lucid and vivid exhibitions of soul-stirring truths must be ever memorable to thousands who, in successive years, crowded the public halls. Those potent and earnest appeals in many instances, to our certain knowledge, fathomed the springs of moral consciousness, and started souls on a spiritual pilgrimage, with permanent results. While her contributions of facts, experimentally learned, were of immense educational interest to the scientific explorer, her public influence as a teacher will be remembered as the happy medium betwixt educated mysticism and sensational methods. Her influence was essentially that of a 'terror to evil-doers and a praise to those who do well.' Denunciations of known superstitions, when necessary, were ever uttered with consummate ability, and were always supplemented and buttressed by admirable consistency and constructiveness, which left no rankling sore behind. In concluding this brief tribute to our late esteemed teacher, I would also state that her queenliness on the platform was but a clearer reflection of her genial womanly soul, as can be attested by hosts of inquiring friends who often sought her guidance in the mysterious labyrinths of life.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

W. H. ROBINSON.

#### The Power to Heal.

SIR,—Seeing your article in reference to the healing work of Dr. Paul Edwards, I should like to let your readers know what has been going on with us for a period of thirteen or fourteen years. We have never made ourselves known, as we preferred to go on quietly in our own way and, if we could do good, to do it. My wife is a clairvoyant, and can see the disease in the body and locate it. I myself do not see but can tell where the disease is by drawing my hand over the body. As I do so I feel that more or less heat comes from the body, or that part of the body where the disease is located, so that I am able to put my hands upon the part that is affected. But I find that my wife's gift is more searching. I have often taken pains away simply by magnetising the body all over, or by local passes over the part affected, either with or without contact. Such troubles as toothache, pains in the head, back, legs, or arms, in fact in any part of the body, readily yield to treatment. My wife sits near and watches the disease come away. It frequently appears to her like thick black clouds, as of coal dust, or heavy black flakes. She also watches the different changes in the magnetism that flows from my hands. These changes of colour correspond to the character of the complaint. But the strangest part of the whole thing is that the pains go, people are cured, and are surprised at the short time it takes to either remove the pain away altogether, or, if it is a bad case, give relief and make the sleepless sleep, and by degrees cure them. I have many times cured my fellow-workmen, and while they have been glad and surprised I have simply wondered why others do not try to heal the sick and suffering in the same way. But I find it is not possible; the healer must be born, and the friends in spirit life must use his or her natural powers. Of course I have to use my will and put my heart into the work, and then greater good is accomplished, and in a shorter space of time than would otherwise be the case. We have many friends and strangers here who can testify to our work, and it makes us feel sorry that so many people suffer pain and agony when a little manipulation and healing power would cure them, and often save life itself. Another great blessing is the fact that people who come under such treatment can often be cured mentally as well as physically, as the healing force seems to act mostly on the mind. I earnestly wish all healers success, as there is a good work to be done, even if it is only in one's own family. We use no medicine, and are glad to do good as far as it lies in our power, and often cure people to show to others that it can be done, and to prove the good Spiritualism can do.

W. LEE

Newhall, Burton-on-Trent.

## Theosophical Idea of Heaven.

SIR,—Mr. Arthur Lovell, in his article contained in your last issue, incidentally remarks that 'the theosophical idea of heaven, at all events as described in some of the theosophical text-books, is very little, if any, in advance upon the old theological heaven of never-ending psalm-singing, &c.' Now according to theosophical teaching, the Christian's heaven corresponds to the Devachanic plane (not the Nirvanic), which will, it is true, be for Christians very much as they imagined it would. And it is easily understood why more space should be given in theosophical text-books intended for the general reader, to descriptions of this plane and the one below it—the astral—seeing that human language is *utterly* inadequate to convey any idea to most of us of the states of existence on the higher ones—the Buddhic and Nirvanic. These planes can only be described by negatives; whether it is possible even then to form any conception of them, depends upon the degree of spiritual development reached by the individual. As a matter of fact all the theosophical books I have read are perfectly explicit on this point, and I cannot understand how Mr. Lovell can make the statement he does. His ideas on this and one or two other subjects touched on in his article are, as near as can be, those of theosophical teaching. E. M. W.

Forest Hill.

'Honour to whom Honour is due.'

SIR,—In the obituary notices of Mrs. Hardinge Britten, I observe no mention of her Sunday evening lectures at the Polygraphic Hall, King William-street, Charing Cross, London, during the early months of 1866. I have not the handbill of the first series but enclose that of the second, by which it will be seen that the subjects were of an interesting and important character, viz., 'Martin Luther,' 'A Soul's Pilgrimage in Eternity,' 'The Philosophy of Visions,' 'The Prophet of Horeb,' 'Christ and the People,' 'The Spiritual Church—Valedictory.'

The Sunday Observance Society attempted to prevent the lectures being given, and I went to see the secretary, Mr. Gritton, on the subject, when I found that the difficulty could be got over by registering the hall as a 'Spiritual Church,' which was done in the name of myself, Mr. Shorter, and Mr. Slater.

When I was in Boston a claim was made in the 'Banner of Light' for Dr. Peebles being the first to give Sunday evening lectures in London. This was based upon a statement made by Mr. Burns in 'The Medium,' and I wrote a letter to the 'Banner' claiming for Mrs. Britten the credit, heading my letter: 'Honour to whom Honour is Due.' I think it well that the matter should be placed on record, and shall be obliged by your publishing this letter.

Eastbourne.

ROBERT COOPER.

P.S.—Dr. Peebles did not come to England till some years later.

## Cures by Dr. Paul Edwards.

SIR,—Having obtained the address of Dr. Paul Edwards from your office last Wednesday afternoon, I proceeded at once to 64, Baker-street, where I waited about two hours, suffering from an acute pain at the back of the head, which the doctor succeeded in removing in about ten minutes, and it has not since returned. This has induced me to attend daily for a chronic trouble of long standing, thus bringing me in contact with numbers of his patients, one of whom, a young woman from West Croydon, told me that she had suffered for a long time from bronchial asthma, and had been losing flesh for the past twelve months, until three weeks back she commenced with Dr. Edwards, since which she had gained 4lb. in weight and had now scarcely any cough, having travelled from West Croydon daily before 9 a.m., through the *fogs* of last week, without any great inconvenience from them. Another remarkable case was that of a young man discharged from the epileptic colony, Chalfont St. Giles, twelve months ago, as incurable. After five weeks' treatment by Dr. Edwards, he is now able to commence work.

If these cases will bear investigation (as I have no reason to doubt, as I gained my information direct from patients and their friends), then, indeed, they must be of vital interest to humanity. To anyone having the time every facility is afforded for investigation of methods and results.

GEORGE PEDDLE, SEN.

119, Albany-street, Regent's Park.

Mr. W. J. Colville.

SIR,—Mr. Colville, during his coming visit to London, will give a course of twelve lectures on 'The Science of Health and Healing,' at 99, Gower-street, at 3 p.m. and at 8 p.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, for four weeks, commencing on Monday, November 6th. The subjects for the first three lectures will be:—1. What is Health? The Problem Stated; 2. Our Two Selves, Higher and Lower;

3. Concentration of Thought: How Attained. The other subjects will be advertised next week. Tickets for the course: Afternoon, 21s., single lecture 2s.; evening course, 10s., single lecture 1s. Mr. Colville will be free to take engagements on other days, Sundays included. I shall be happy to give all information on application.

99, Gower-street, W.C.

(MRS.) A. BELL LEWIS.

## SOCIETY WORK.

24, UPPER MAUDLIN-STREET, BRISTOL.—On Sunday last, the controls of Mr. E. W. Oaten gave a good address upon 'Spiritualism: Its Message.' Miss Bessant followed with clairvoyance.—W. WEBBER.

33, GROVE-LANE, CAMBERWELL, S.E.—On Sunday last, the control of Mrs. Holgate spoke most eloquently on the words 'Spiritualism shall flourish like the Cedars of Lebanon.' Clairvoyant descriptions were also given and four out of six were recognised. At the after circle, which was a large one, clairvoyance was given by Mr. Lovett and other sitters.—F.S.G.

NORTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, 14, STROUD-GREEN-ROAD, FINSBURY PARK.—On Sunday morning last the subject of 'Revelation' was dealt with and will be continued next Sunday. At the evening service Mr. Brooks gave a reading on the 'Higher Aspects of Mediumship,' followed by an eloquent address from Mr. Banyard on the 'Spiritualism of the Bible,' Mr. Jones (presiding) and Messrs. Hewitt, Barrett and Willis also taking part.—T.B.

HACKNEY SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, MANOR ROOMS, KENMURE-ROAD, MARE-STREET, N.E.—On Sunday evening last, after a reading by the chairman, Mr. H. Boddington, of Battersea, delivered an earnest inspirational address, exhorting his hearers to share in the work of spreading the noble cause of Spiritualism. Next Sunday, Mr. J. A. White will give a short address and clairvoyance. On Wednesday, 25th inst., at 8 p.m., the annual general meeting of the society will be held at Clifton House, Richmond-road.—O.H.

STOKE NEWINGTON SPIRITUAL SOCIETY, BLANCHE HALL, 99, WIESBADEN-ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON-ROAD (Near Alexandra Theatre).—On Sunday evening last, 'The Value of Spiritualism, through its Phenomena' formed the theme of a convincing address delivered with sincerity and force by our good worker, Mr. D. J. Davis, of Canning Town. He claimed that if the phenomena proved conclusively only the continuity of life, that alone upset the old-fashioned dogmas and creeds, and classed Spiritualism as a natural religion, most closely allied to Bible teaching. Members and friends of all societies are invited to our social gathering, concert, and dance on Wednesday, October 25th, at 7.30 p.m. Bring a determination to enjoy yourself, a piece of silver for the collection, and admission is certain.—C.A.W.

CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT, SURREY MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—The morning circle on Sunday last was filled with an earnest audience. At the evening service the lofty preaching of Mr. W. E. Long's guide attracted a well filled room. With uplifting and beautiful, yet simple, phraseology he preached of 'Ministering Spirits,' with a fervour that held the complete attention of our members, as well as of many strangers, from the beginning to the end. It will give us great pleasure to answer any questions relating to this address or the work of the Church at the public circle, next Sunday morning; doors open at 11 a.m. and closed at 11.15 a.m. prompt. At 6.30 p.m., Mr. W. E. Long will deliver an address upon 'The Baptism of the Spirit'; at 8 p.m., members and associates' circle. We are glad to inform our friends that our social evening party was a success in every sense of the word.—J.C.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—Mr. G. H. Bibbings lectured on Sunday last at these rooms, on 'The Resurrection: When and where?' He set forth the old ideas of a material resurrection in all their absurd relationships, and then took advantage of the opportunity to show how those erroneous ideas were being gradually dissipated—a study of Spiritualism greatly facilitating their dismissal. This able discourse was much applauded, and the large audience were most appreciative. The singing of 'God is a Spirit' by the choir of the Marylebone Association, showed that the musical portion of these meetings is truly appreciated, the audience warmly acknowledging the efficient rendering of this composition. Mr. Mark Noble, a Spiritualist of much experience, who, with his wife, is a generous supporter of the Marylebone Association of Spiritualists, ably fulfilled the duties of chairman on this occasion. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., trance address, Mr. W. H. Phillips (Editor of 'The Two Worlds'); doors open at 6.30 p.m.—L. H.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—'LIGHT' is kept on sale by W. H. Robinson, 4, Nelson-street, and Book Market.