

# Light:

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

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

No. 453.—VOL. IX. [Registered as a Newspaper.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1889. [Registered as a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

## CONTENTS.

Spirit Teachings—Harmony of Religions.....	425	Tombstones and Memorial Cards.....	432
"Seraphita" (Review).....	420	Drawing Mediumship.....	433
Sir J. Crichton Browne on Psychology.....	427	Spiritualism versus Spiritism.....	434
Somnambule Clairvoyance.....	429	The Perfect Man and the Perfectible Man.....	434
True Gratitude (Poetry).....	429	Detection of Crime through Mediumship.....	435
"The Dragon-Fly" (Review).....	430	Society Work.....	435

## SPIRIT TEACHINGS.

NO. XLIX.

[In answer to some questions which I had put as to the distinctive differences between the old religions of India, I got only vague statement. Suddenly it was written, as though the needed facts had been obtained from another source. "M.A. (Oxon.)"]

### HARMONY OF RELIGIONS.

#### ANCIENT RELIGIONS OF INDIA.

We desire now to say somewhat to you of the primitive religion of India, from which have sprung most of the various forms of faith which have held sway in your world. We have already said somewhat to you of the religion of Brahma. We have shown you of its pure Spiritualism\* before it became degraded as a system of worship. It taught truth as to spirit, the absolute and indestructible substance that underlies all creations. Its greatest deficiency was that it centred all its aspirations on the spiritual and eternal, neglecting to observe that spirit is incarnated on this plane, and that in your present stage of existence you deal with time. It is extremely impersonal, and the infinite and impersonal cannot be comprehended by finite means. It was a system of ideal Pantheism, finding a God in all, instead of seeing, as we have said, that nothing existed without God. And so the originally pure system of spiritual Pantheism degenerated in many cases into a gross system of sensuality. The one unapproachable, inconceivable Essence, the Para Brahm, that interpenetrated all creation, was too impalpable to be an object of worship, and so these men fabricated their idea of spirit manifested in a number of illusory appearances, and personified and worshipped them, from the innate necessity in the human soul to worship something. They created their idols and became a nation of Polytheists. So readily does a Divine conception in the abstract degenerate into gross and carnal representation. The original sacred books, the Vedas, declare the unity of the Supreme, and rightly. As time goes on, the teachings of Manou prescribed rigid asceticism, meditation, and disinterested love of God. He recognised the need of something beyond an intangible ideal, and erred only when he elaborated a false system of transmigration, and, in the case of the virtuous, of immediate absorption into the Divinity. All systems of Hindoo philosophy regard existence as an evil, and are pure speculative idealism. The problem as to the origin of the universe is one that we do not trouble with. The practical ques-

\* The word was generally used at this time in the sense of influence of spirit, as opposed to Materialism. It was the fact that the word was used in various senses that caused me to attempt to frame a better term; but without success. The old word had got too firm a hold.—"M.A. (Oxon.)"

tion which underlies all, namely, how men may be delivered from the dominion of evil, the Vedantist answered by setting forth his argument thus:—All existence is evil, therefore in proportion as the spirit is emancipated from control of the body, it is delivered from evil. It is emancipated by meditation, by knowledge, until the body becomes nothing and the enfranchised spirit soars to Brahm, the great centre from which it was originally struck off. To this end he advocated retirement from the world, ascetic life, and perpetual meditation. The Sankya taught the truth as to the interior organisation, the spirit body. This philosophy was the source of Buddhism, and we shall deal with its peculiarities when we speak to you of the Buddha. The great tendency of Brahminism has been to present a subtle and impalpable Spiritualism which did not recognise the needs of human nature. And, therefore, it became a system of Polytheism. And as you Christians have worshipped many gods, and in particular have given Divine honour to the Christ, so the Hindû, starting with the worship of Brahm, ended by worshipping many Gods, among whom Crishna had a high place. Herein the defect of the two systems is the same, though it springs from divergent causes. It will not need to be pointed out that the great central truth of Brahminism is the central truth of all religions. We have proclaimed to you from the first the spiritual nature of the Supreme; the fact that He permeates all nature, and is revealed to you in countless ways. We have told you that man obtains his truest idea of Him by observing Him in His works, by meditating on His infinite perfection, by earnestly striving to grow into His likeness: but not by giving even to the best and noblest of men the worship which is due to God alone: not by exalting the pattern into the God Who sent it for man's imitation and elevation. This was to reproduce the error by which the pure spiritual idea of the Brahm in was reduced to polytheism and idolatry, to parallel the worship of Crishna with the worship of Christ. We teach the same truth as Manou, but we enlarge and extend it. We tell you indeed of spirit and of its destiny, but we teach, too, that it is now enshrined in an earth body to which on this plane your care must also be devoted. Spirit for you is incarnate, and through the avenue of the body you must approach your knowledge of it. For you the Supreme exists in His works, for you spirit is only objectively manifest by its operations. Not by ascetic life, but by the active discharge of duty; not by perpetual meditation, but by energetic work; not by aimless aspirations, but by zealous activity does the incarnated spirit gain progressive knowledge. By labour and by prayer, by active work and by passive contemplation, by energising love, as well as by theoretic virtue, man fits himself for the Heaven and for the society of the pure. We do not dwell on, but we do not ignore, the spiritual. We do not lay exclusive stress, but we insist, in your present phase of being, on the religion of the body and of daily life. To us God is the Brahm, but we dwell not in fruitless contemplation of the Great Spirit. Rather we have aimed by imitating the perfect bodily life of the Christ, whilst incarnated, to grow into His knowledge, and, ever since, we have followed in the same track of activity, of love, of progress onward and upward, to the great Creator of Light,

All praise to Him,

## SERAPHITA.\*

Fifty years ago there might be seen in Paris, if you were fortunate enough to gain admittance to his sanctum, a short, stout gentleman, attired in a sort of monk's dress of the finest white cashmere. He had round his waist a very massive gold chain, from which dangled a heavy gold paper-knife, gold scissors, and other dandyisms of literary work. His study was richly furnished, and to conceive his bedroom you must picture Mr. Maple called upon, regardless of cost, to furnish a bedroom for a bride, to be ready on Valentine's Day. Imagine what a wealth of white lace, white polished wood, white ivory looking glasses, &c., would be then conjured up. And if you judge from all this that this fantastic stranger was the greatest zany in France you would be much mistaken. He was the most astute painter of the great human comedy since Shakespeare.

Honoré de Balzac! The name at once conjures up a vast procession of titled French women, proud, corrupt, of exquisite manners; selfish male lovers, acute, analytical, reducing sensuality to a science; dukes, marchionesses, actresses, cheats, dupes, priests, buffoons, ambassadors, grocers. In the van of the procession is Mercadet, prince of Promoters; the Jew Baron de Nucingen, with his bad French and millions of good French Napoleons; Vautrin, half Mephistopheles, half Jack Sheppard; Grandet, captain of misers; Goriot, the King Lear of French low life. No lofty ambition or dream is too high for the great artist's appreciative sympathy, and, we must add, no infamy too low. These are pruriencies, say some, that even Beelzebub knows nothing of:—

“Et des vices peut-être inconnus aux enfers.”

But, as the readers of “LIGHT” are already aware, a second, a higher Balzac, has lately been revealed. Thanks to the careful translations of Miss Katharine Wormeley and the appreciative prefaces of Mr. George Frederic Parsons, three novels ignored by the contemporaries of the novelist have practically been resuscitated in America. By virtue of these the French genius is claimed by Mr. Parsons as a full-grown Theosophist. After-life amelioration, it is proclaimed in *Seraphita*, is effected by re-births on earth, passing through three stages, the Natural, the Angelic, and the Divine. Also there are passages about “dual nature,” “inner being,” “spiritual marriage,” and so on, which may be made to support the contention that the great doctrines of “Shells,” “inner brain,” “Higher Self,” “Sympneuma,” &c., were not altogether unknown to him. As an exposition of the higher mysticism, Mr. Parsons thinks that *Seraphita* is the most valuable of the three novels, and it is with this alone that we propose to deal to-day.

Writing to Madame Zulma Carraud, in 1834, the author said: “*Seraphita* is a work more severe than any other upon the writer—a work as much beyond *Louis Lambert* as *Louis Lambert* is beyond *Gaudissart*.”

I will give the plot of this novel, but I am not quite certain that it supports the large superstructure which Mr. Parsons has put upon it; or whether Balzac, like some other Theosophists, had very clear ideas of the meaning of the difficult words that he was using.

In Norway, shut off from the rest of the world by almost inaccessible mountains and dangerous skerries, is the village of Jarvis. In this spot the great Swedenborg determined to rear up a mighty Adept, in seclusion and in a pure aura. With this view he pitched upon his cousin, Baron Seraphitus, a highly spiritual person, the eyes of whose “inner man” the seer himself had opened. Swedenborg then looked around for an “angelic spirit” for him and found the daughter of a London shoemaker. She was quickly betrothed to the Baron, but before the marriage Sweden-

borg died. In due course of time the expected Adept was born. There was a great mystery about its sex, and not even a nurse was allowed to see it naked. As to the midwife, the accoucheur, the registrar of births, history tells us nothing of them. The little infant was called Seraphita, and its birth was attended by as many portents as the birth of Buddha. Miraculous harmonies came on the wings of the four winds, and dazzling coruscations. And in a “brown frieze coat with steel buttons,” a white cravat, and a “magisterial wig rolled and powdered,” appeared the materialised form of Swedenborg himself to bless the infant. What will the inner circle of Theosophists say to this?

The mystic child was brought up in the greatest seclusion. Once a year it went to church, but the worshippers were separated from it “by a visible space” for fear of deteriorating aura. At nine years of age it lost both parents simultaneously. They became mysteriously merged into its own being. It grew up and performed miracles, passing hours also in mystic contemplation like the Catholic saints. In this way, without opening a book, it knew the languages and history of every country, and all the secrets of modern science. There is a curious mixture of psychic knowledge and psychic ignorance all through the story.

A beautiful face inspires love. A girl, Minna, fell in love with Seraphita, believing it to be a young man. One Wilfrid fell in love with it, believing it to be a woman. Seraphita is a fusion of two angels, but this makes the story rather hopeless as a novel. Seraphita soon dies.

Mr. Parsons seems to value the story simply as a peg on which the French genius has contrived to hang the doctrine of after-life amelioration by re-births, subtleties about the dual nature of man, &c., but it might be claimed that Seraphita owed more to heredity and environment than to these re-births, and most of all to the spiritual knowledge of Swedenborg, which knowledge was directly derived from the denizens of the unseen world. And her nature, instead of being dual when the Baron and his wife were somewhat mysteriously tacked on to it, was at least quadruple. She was a sort of double Sympneumata. It may also be noted that in the flesh Seraphita quite fails in the main object of her life, which seems to be to spiritualise Minna and Wilfrid and bring about an angelic or Swedenborgian marriage between them. But after death, as a spirit, she effects this in a moment, and without any apparatus of re-births. This, considering that Wilfrid is depicted as a bad style of French lover, was rather a big achievement.

Whilst the young man and the young woman are grieving over their loss, their spiritual eyes suddenly open and they perceive a radiant spirit advancing to the gates of Heaven.

“What wilt thou?” sang the Choir within.

“To go to God.”

“Hast thou conquered?”

“I have conquered flesh through abstinence. I have conquered false knowledge by humility. I have conquered pride by charity. I have conquered the earth by love. I have paid my dues by suffering. I am purified in the fires of faith.”

A short time after this in the sanctuary Seraphita prays to God “face to face” that he may vouchsafe to illuminate Wilfrid and Minna. The prayer is granted.

The reprint of *Seraphita* may not do all that Mr. Parsons expects. Nevertheless, we are very thankful both to him and to Miss Katharine Wormeley for drawing fresh attention to it. In its dialogues we get copious and interesting speculations about the unseen world written by a man of vast ability, and, as it now seems, of exceptional earnestness. Considering the low state of psychic knowledge in Balzac's day these are especially remarkable. And we have a higher word of praise. *Seraphita* deserves to be on the pet shelf of every reader of “LIGHT,” if only for the masterly analysis of Swedenborg's life and doctrines which the French genius has inserted into the story. ALIF.

\* *Seraphita*. By HONORE DE BALZAC. (Boston; Roberts Brothers.)

**SIR JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE ON PSYCHOLOGY.**

From the *Scotsman* we reproduce the following condensed report of an address delivered before the British Medical Association at Leeds by Sir J. Crichton Browne, Lord Chancellor's Visitor in Lunacy. The subject is one that has usually escaped attention at such meetings, and it is a sign of the times that it should have been treated at all, and further with such comparatively open-minded candour. To Spiritualists it goes without saying that the psychical study and treatment of disease, mental and bodily, is one of the grave questions that must shortly engage the attention of the enlightened practitioner. The various efforts made to deal with the ills that our flesh is heir to, by enthusiasts who have generally more zeal than discretion, demand attention, if only for repression. We commend to the careful attention of our readers this address, the first we have seen that even attempts to deal with a subject of overwhelming importance, without necessarily giving our approval to all the statements contained in it.

After some introductory remarks Sir James went on to say:—

It is incontestably true that many cases of insanity are arrested in an incipient stage, and that many are conducted through their whole course to a favourable issue by the skilful efforts of general practitioners. I am not from my own associations likely to under-estimate the value of special experience in the treatment of diseases of the mind, but I am bound to acknowledge that I have known many instances in which medical men, without such special experience, but guided by the general principles of pathology and medicine, and by sympathetic insight, have treated such diseases with admirable judgment and success. And yet again, and on still wider grounds, I would maintain that medical psychology is inextricably interwoven with the general science of medicine, for there is no bodily disease without its concomitant mental variations, which may have a diagnostic and prognostic value, and react on the morbid conditions in which they originated. But the general medical practitioner in the performance of his daily duty must have regard, not only to the physical symptoms of corporeal disease, but to the psychical conditions and experiences out of which corporeal diseases grow, and by which their course may be beneficially or injuriously affected. He has to determine the part played by mental overstrain and worry in the production of degenerative changes in old and young. He has to watch the destructive ravages of violent passion and emotion, and he has to endeavour to abrogate the cause of mental agitation or failure, and impart a healthy tone to the system by instilling confidence and hope. And he is, perhaps, never more a medical psychologist than when he is practising what is called "moral treatment," and is, by his manner, demeanour, and well-chosen words, driving out fear, calming turbulent feeling, and encouraging self-control. His success or failure as a practitioner will, indeed, often depend as much on his expertness in this moral treatment—that is to say, on his acumen as a medical psychologist—as on his manual dexterity or skill in simples. He thought such an address might tend to emphasise the psychical element in the conjunction of mind with matter, for at present the brilliant discoveries made in connection with the brain had tended, amongst the less reflective, to encourage a materialistic philosophy, and to sanction the notion that mind is merely brain function. He held that mind still remains to us an impenetrable mystery, "having neither beginning of days nor end of life," and to speak of it as if it were an exhalation of brain matter, and of brain as if it were a solidification of mind, is to fall into the grossest error. Materialism is simply a logical error springing out of indiscrimination between the objective and subjective matter, which signifies what is the object of our knowledge; for that which can be known can never by gradual transition become subjective and knowing, stripping itself of its essential attributes and assuming those of its opposite; and materialism is therefore founded on a fundamental blunder. At first it was assumed all was matter or object, and in the fulness of time matter came to know itself, and object by division gave origin to subject. But

object cannot exist without subject, and matter minus spirit is nonentity; and therefore materialism and idealism, in the ordinary acceptation of these terms, are equally self-contradictory. Matter, which means the cause of our perceptions, can never be justly made to mean that which perceives, and what is conceived must not be confounded with what is conscious. To describe consciousness as a function of the brain is to misapprehend the meaning of the word function, which, as a physiological term, is applicable only to physical changes. But although the real nature of the relation between mind and brain is unthinkable it is convenient to have a working hypothesis on the subject, and hence several metaphysical versions of it have been advanced and more or less widely accepted. To three of these, which may be called the intersectional, the identical, and the parallel theories, I may briefly allude. It has been suggested that the brain is an internal periphery, as it were, upon which psychical forces impinge, just as physical forces impinge on the external periphery of the sensory nerves and nerves of special sense. It has been suggested, again, that the activities of the mind and brain are the obverse and reverse aspects of one and the same thing, so that there is nothing to explain. And it has been suggested, also, that there is a parallelism between mental and cerebral activities, which, although entirely different and never interfering with each other, yet invariably occur in correlation. This last theory of parallelism, or of concomitance as it is also called, which supposes that mental states arise during functional states of the brain, from which, however, they are totally dissimilar, is that which has been adopted by Herbert Spencer, Max Müller, Tyndall, Jackson, and many others of our foremost thinkers; and the first theory, the theory that the mind acts through the nervous system, has been pronounced the least tenable, because by it an immaterial agency is supposed to produce physical effects. For my own part, I do not see greater difficulty in this supposition, with its correlative supposition that physical agencies produce effects on the immaterial mind, than in the supposition that, by virtue of some pre-established harmony, mental and cerebral states invariably correspond, and yet never communicate, and through incessant changes preserve a parallelism for which they are equally irresponsibly. But the kind of provisional theory embraced as to the connection between mind and brain is not of so much consequence if we firmly grasp the truth that mind is still enthroned apart, inaccessible except to itself, to be studied by methods different from those employed by science in investigating the laws of matter, that it has in no sense been evolved from matter, and that it is altogether different from the liberations of energy of the highest sensory-motor centres. After contending that psychical function was almost certainly not confined to one part of the brain, and even if a sharp delineation could be established between specially endowed centres in the brain, he wished to direct attention more particularly to a mental faculty that had certainly no narrow habitation in the brain—namely, imagination, and to dwell upon the fact that this psychical power had hygienic uses which must not be neglected. The essence of imagination lies not only in the superior brightness and clearness of its representations when compared with those of recollection, but in the novelty and supersensuous suggestiveness of the combinations by which they are made up. Its images, in which are brought together in harmonious blending things new and old, are not reached by elaborate composition, but by a flash of intuitive perception. They are not built up, and do not even grow by slow, silent increments, but spring into being fully formed. Its elements in the brain, it might be said, like stellar masses in illimitable space, rush together under laws which we cannot formulate. New and penetrative light is evolved. Imagination might be spoken of as a pioneer opening up new pathways in the brain, or as a mode of transit between its territories. The brain that is without imagination is like a country without roads or railways, in which locomotion is laborious and slow; and the brain richly gifted with it is like one in which steam and electricity have established easy and rapid communication. Primitive imagination was simple and direct, but the imagination of highly-civilised races is intricate and circuitous. In looking for the anatomical substratum of this complex and ever widening faculty, which, as I have said, can have no local habitation in the brain, but must wander throughout its richest expanses, we should seek it, not so much in the cells of the third layer of the cortex, which, with their distinct processes and definite connections, cannot readily undergo structural alterations in adult life, as amongst the embryonic budding and

still imperfectly linked cells of the first and second layers, which are capable of being forced into new kinds of activity, and which are still undergoing evolutionary changes. It is probably upon excitation in groups of these cells, propagated along lines of least resistance, and overcoming resistance on lines hitherto blocked, that imagination attends. Could we have graphically depicted to us the lines of movement of some higher imaginative effort, we should in all likelihood have a figure excelling the geometrical spider's web in filamentous complication and be-knottedness. But in attempting in imagination to figure the movements of imagination, and to fix on its anatomical substratum, we must not beguile ourselves into believing that we are approaching any explanation of it. It contains elements which must ever defy scientific analysis and be proof against even its own subtle alchemy. Its semblances are not mere transcripts of external creation, but come steeped in a "light that never was on sea or shore." Its offspring are not the results of fortuitous combinations but of unions that prescience has planned and determined. I do not propose to say anything to-day about the operation and the influence of the imagination when, resting on intuitive beliefs and historical facts, and stirred by the most earnest cravings of our nature, it mounts into faith and reveals to us "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Distinguished by religiosity from the beasts that perish, man ceaselessly strives to realise the supernatural, expatiates in regions of mystery, and gains momentary glimpses of that invisible and eternal world over which Carlyle tells us this world of time flutters as a fantastic shadow; and it would be strange indeed if his excursions into such inspiring altitudes, which far transcended the heights of science, did not leave their stamp on his being. As a matter of fact, faith has an overpowering influence on individuals and nations—influence that is essential to their health and well-being, for, whatever disasters perversions of faith may have entailed, its normal action is wholesome and hygienic. By affording support under sorrow and misfortune, maintaining mental equilibrium in agitating times, and supplying lofty motives to conduct, and so cleansing and controlling life, it makes for sanity. He went on to refer to those excrescences on faith known as faith healing, and said that a perusal of its literature created a painful impression. Their Professors, like empirics of all sorts, have wrought modern miracles on hypochondriacal men who have fallen into drivelling egotism, on hysterical girls who have entertained demons not unawares, and on a few sincere but highly sensitive persons who can pass at a touch out of one allotropic state of the nervous system into another. Would it not be well that those benevolent busybodies, who, with an audacity commensurate with their ignorance, assail the unimpeachable scientific conclusions of Pasteur, should transfer their attentions to a class of persons who are really performing painful experiments on living animals—to those faith-healers who, by their well-meant but futile functions, protract sufferings which in many instances medical aid would speedily relieve? But the scientific use of the imagination has its hygienic uses. Indeed, all true science rests on imaginings, and is, strictly speaking, a body of established truths which imagination has built up. Sensible phenomena are not rightly discerned until illuminated with ultra-sensible light, and our knowledge remains a heap of sequences and co-existences until imagination steps in and, by combining, adding, subtracting, and arranging, determines how these were brought about, and how they stand related to each other. All the greatest truths in science were at first provisional guesses furnished by imagination. "Without imagination," says Tindall, "Newton would never have invented fluxions, or Davy have decomposed the earths and alkalies." Faraday's discoveries must be ascribed to the amazing fertility of his imagination. Through imagination Harvey beheld the circulation of the blood. Darwin has transformed biology to an hypothesis. Pasteur's passage from the facts of fermentation to the prevention of hydrophobia has been a brilliant flight of speculation, and Lister's advance from Pasteur's earlier experiments to the triumphs of antiseptic surgery has been a chain of admirably conceived hypotheses. The cultivation of the imagination was thus of high importance to the medical man. To turn from the fatigue and anxieties of practice into realms where rivalry is no more and night bells never ring is to plunge into one of the most soothing and depurative of "tired nature's baths." Members of our profession are, I suspect, generally aware of this, and resort to imaginative literature, music, and art more than any other class of professional men, except, of course, artists and

men of letters, and to an extent that is remarkable, considering the engrossing claims made on their time and the scant leisure they enjoy. He then referred to the contributions of medical men to the departments of imaginative works, saying that four living medical men were artists, and that the list of medical poets was a long and goodly one. Sydenham, when asked by Sir Richard Blackmore what course of study he would recommend for a medical student, replied, "Let him read *Don Quixote*. It is a very good book. I read it still." Connally, the apostle of that absolute non-restraint system to which we owe everything that is most admirable in the treatment of the insane in this country, told me in his latter years that he took ever renewed delight in *Gulliver's Travels*. I know hard-working doctors in town and country who hold habitual converse with some of our great imaginative writers. Two of the most distinguished and busiest physicians of this day are to my knowledge inveterate novel readers. I have heard one of our great surgeons deliver an address betraying a deep study of the poetry of Keats; and another of our great surgeons present at this meeting told me recently that on his way to and from every serious operation he dips into Shelley. A vulgar error as to the nature of insanity has, perhaps, conduced to exaggeration as to the dangers of imagination. Visitors to asylums invariably arrive expecting to find growths of morbid invention and belief, wild, tangled, and luxuriant as the tropical forest, and leave much disappointed by the barrenness of the land, for the insane are the least imaginative of beings. At rare intervals a madman is encountered—a Blake or a Swedenborg—whom two intrepid doctors have certified, who dazzles all around him by the meteoric brilliancy of his conceptions; but, as a rule, the lunatic is as dull as a stone. He is the victim of a fixed idea, or his delusions pursue a treadmill round, or occur in gaps so unvarying that if you have ascertained one of them you can predict all the rest. His mind is a blank, or a blurred and unreadable page, or his fancies, if they come thick in the tumult of mania, are so disjointed or huddled together as to defy recognition. Idiocy is the absolute negation of imagination, and insanity undermines and destroys or enfeebles it more or less; and when we wish to drive out insanity the first thing we do is to invoke imagination's aid, for moral treatment consists mainly in appeals to this faculty, and fully acknowledges its hygienic uses. The first recorded cure of melancholia was by the harp of David, and to-day in every lunatic hospital worth the name persistent efforts are being made by music, by pictures, by poetry, and the drama to stimulate imagination and thus "cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart"; but, like every good gift, it may be prostituted and abused. It would be in vain to attempt to shut out from the masses of the people a knowledge of the tragic events and horrid turpitude of life, but everything depends on the way in which it is treated. Passing through the brain of a Walter Scott or a Dickens such knowledge becomes purified and protective, and has nothing but a wholesome effect when sown broadcast; but passing through the brain of an Aflra Behn or a Zola it grows infective and deadly, and disseminates a moral plague around. The profitable and hygienic uses of imagination are daily more and widely realised, for in every country in Europe there is an increasing demand for what may be called imaginative aliments and stimulants. Picture galleries and exhibitions are thronged by ever-swelling crowds, concerts and musical performances enjoy an increasing popularity, imaginative literature advances by leaps and bounds. After giving statistics showing the number of novels issued to readers by the free libraries of Birmingham, he said that in sober-minded Scotland, too, the thirst for imaginative literature has become generally prevalent. When the most important circulating library there was established fifty years ago, it was stated in the prospectus that novels were, with rare exceptions, to be excluded, and now novels constitute 63 per cent. of the whole issue of that library. It is not merely the child who builds castles in the air. Each of us, the most matter-of-fact as well as the most romantic, has "cloud-capped palaces and gorgeous towers" known to himself alone, to which in hours of solitude and reverie, or sadness and chagrin, he retires with ever-renewed wonder and exultation, and from which he scatters benefits all around; and the great faculty that out of thin air constructs these cities of refuge for us, and enables us in a sense to shape our own environment, that is the handmaid of science, the giver of insight, the harmoniser of discords, must always receive primary consideration in a study of mental hygiene.

## SOMNAMBULIC CLAIRVOYANCE.

BY DR. CARL DU PREL.

FROM *Sphinx*.

(TRANSLATED BY "V.")

Anyone who has to defend some paradox, such, for instance, as that of somnambulist clairvoyance (*Fernsehen*), is usually obliged to refer to old narratives, and it may seem strange, even to himself, that the present time should be so barren of such events. This circumstance appears suspicious to sceptics, and they account for it by the fact that wonderful events or miracles no longer happen when a healthy scepticism prevails.

The fact is not, however, suspicious, but quite natural. The stars are only seen at rare points in space; but when at an immense distance they become massed together, they appear as the unbroken glimmer of the milky way, while in the zenith but comparatively few stars are seen at all. So wonders in the present time are always relatively rare, but, looking back at them through the perspective of the past, they appear together in considerable numbers. In sceptical times the paradox, or the wondrous event, is witnessed only by those who take care not to make it known, because they lack the courage to subject themselves to the jeers of public stupidity, called euphemistically "public opinion." Sceptics are, therefore, exposed to a sort of optical delusion. They first are themselves the cause of the strange events being kept concealed, and then they declare that the stage is empty, that the present time is barren of such occurrences, that the present generation is enlightened! But if, later on, a time comes less fettered by prejudice, then those who have witnessed wonderful or strange things dare to come forward to break their former silence, and bear witness to the fact that there is never any lack of miracles.

Thoughts like these crossed my mind when I read the February number of Ribot's *Revue Philosophique*.

What is narrated therein by Dr. Dufay, concerning somnambulist clairvoyance, would a few years ago have been accepted by no philosophical journal. The existence of such facts has only quite recently been allowed and now they are gradually coming forward to the light. When the sceptical prejudices of our age shall have entirely disappeared, we may expect that through the open sluice-gates a perfect cataract of wonderful events will burst out upon us, which have been hitherto kept back by a timorous reserve.

In the above-mentioned journal we find narrated a multitude of facts which the contributor—as he himself confesses—had not previously the courage to bring forward, but which he now no longer wishes to withhold. For instance, he mentions a somnambulist who during a consultation suddenly cried out that a neighbour's son, who was with the army in the Crimea, was dead. When she awoke she had no remembrance of her clairvoyance; but the news soon after arrived of the death of the young man at Constantinople, on the very day of the vision. Another instance occurred in the prison of Blois. There, an object wrapped in paper was put into the hands of a somnambulist. She threw it from her with horror, crying out that it had belonged to a suicide, and that it was the very cravat with which he had hanged himself. Being further questioned, she said that he had been condemned for murder, and described the act, which she said he had committed with a pruning knife. All was correct, and was known to those who questioned her. Thought-transference, of course! will our sceptics triumphantly exclaim, the very same sceptics who a few years back repudiated the idea of thought-transference with as much contempt as they would have thrown away the suicide's cravat; but who, forced by us mystics to make some concessions, now attribute everything due to clairvoyance to thought-transference. But in this case clairvoyance really did take place, for the *corpus delicti*, the pruning-knife, had not then been discovered, the murderer having—as the somnambulist said—thrown it into a certain bog. An officer was sent to this bog or pool, and the instrument was found at the bottom of the water.

We find further, in this *Review*, an instance given of auto-somnambulism in a lad at school. In one of his fits of sleep-walking he entered his master's room and told him that his little boy, then in Vendôme, had cut his fourth tooth, which fact was confirmed a few days after in a letter from his father-in-law. Later on the same young sleep-walker came again and said that a misfortune had happened to the infant but that

it would have no ill result. The child, as they afterwards learned, was indeed in great danger and had been given up by the doctor. His wet nurse had got intoxicated, and while in this state had suckled him, which had brought on violent sickness, from which, however, he recovered. The same somnambulist, one night suddenly jumping up, blamed one of his school-fellows for leaving the study-door open, as he said the cat had got in and thrown down a plate, which was lying on the floor, broken in five pieces. They went to see, and found his statement was quite true. The following night he spoke of the corpse of a man who had been drowned, lying in the street of Gleny. The fact was confirmed the next morning. The *Review* likewise mentions the writing of a letter by one of these somnambulists, evenly and without a mistake in the dark; the letter filled one side of a sheet of a paper, and was written with inconceivable rapidity in from four to five minutes.

Several times this boy was found in bed, with a book in his hand, from which he read his task out aloud. When it was taken from him, he would repeat the lesson of five or six pages without omitting a word. On awaking, however, he remembered nothing whatever of it.

I will content myself with giving these short extracts from the somewhat lengthy article of Dr. Dufay. In the latter we find instances of magnetic rapport, healing prescriptions given during somnambulism, clairvoyance, seeing at a distance both of time and space, &c., &c., all testified to by persons who hitherto have not dared to expose themselves to the ridicule they feared to encounter, but who now venture to make the truth public.

## TRUE GRATITUDE.

Darkness had touched his eyes, the seal of silence  
Was on his lips, and on their sister sense  
The waves of sound, full-freighted, beat with  
Pathetic impotence.

With other stricken ones on whom the burden  
Of blindness lay, he lived; through speech and sound  
They reached their unseen world; by narrowest limit  
His life was bound.

But skill and kindness, clasping hands with science,  
Within his barren life had made a rift,  
And the barred senses to his slender fingers  
Had brought their gift.

Though dwelling in a realm so strange and lonely,  
He had learned something, through their simple art,  
Of the great world in whose wide joy and beauty  
He had no part.

Standing amidst them on one happy morning,  
For generous hands the glad ambassador,  
I cried, "Dear God, what have these hapless children  
To give thanks for?"

"Ask them," the teacher said; so in that language  
That blind eyes read I asked, and so they wrote;  
One thanked God for his friends, his health, another  
For a new cap and coat.

This one was grateful for his teacher's patience,  
And others, sitting in their ceaseless night,  
Gave thanks for speech and for the joy of hearing,  
And song's delight.

Then he, the deepest stricken, laid his answer  
Within my palm in sad humility;  
"I," so it read, "thank God 'tis not with others  
As it is with me."

Rebuked, I bowed my head before the grandeur  
Of that so sadly-smitten shut-in soul.  
Ashamed, I said, "Was e'er such sweetness born of  
Such dearth and dole?"

I wondered much if any from his bounty  
Had ever brought, or ever yet would bring  
Unto God's altar, such a strangely precious  
Thank-offering.

I wondered if from any life all freedom  
A breath of gratitude had ever risen,  
So sweet, so pure, as that in silence lifted  
From such a prison.

"Into what life," I cried, "through all its portals,  
Did Christ's own teachings e'er more closely press?  
Out of what richest life e'er come diviner  
Unselfishness?"

CARLOTTA PERRY.

"As for spirits, I am so far from denying their existence that I could easily believe that not only whole countries but particular persons, have their tutelary and guardian angels . . . this serves as a hypothesis to solve many doubts whereof common philosophy affordeth no solution."—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

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

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Annual Subscription for "LIGHT," post-free to any address within the United Kingdom, or to places comprised within the Postal Union, including all parts of Europe, the United States, and British North America, is 10s. 10d. per annum, forwarded to our office in advance.  
The Annual Subscription, post-free, to South America, South Africa, the West Indies, Australia, and New Zealand, is 18s. prepaid.  
The Annual Subscription to India, Ceylon, China, Japan, is 15s. 2d. prepaid.  
Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, and should invariably be crossed "\_\_\_\_\_ & Co."  
All orders for papers and for advertisements, and all remittances, should be addressed to "The Manager" and not to the Editor.

ADVERTISEMENT CHARGES.

Five lines and under, 3s. One inch, 4s. 6d. Column, £2 2s. Page, £4. A reduction made for a series of insertions.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

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

**Light :**

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th, 1889.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi W.C., and not to the Editor.

THE DRAGON-FLY.\*

A NOVELTY IN MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE.

The author of this book is an American gentleman of attainments in the science of mechanics. Although his name is not disclosed on the title-page, the initials with which the preface is signed can be identified as belonging to the narrator of some remarkable psychical experiences, communicated, through the present writer, to the Psychological Society in the year 1877 or 1878. And while some attempt will be made here to give a conception, in brief, of Mr. Thaddeus Hyatt's thoughts on the problem with which his book is concerned, it may be said at once that, for those who are interested in the greater mysteries of nature, the gem of this publication is the preface. Mr. Hyatt's discovery—if the exposition of a new principle not yet successfully applied can be termed a discovery—might, perhaps, have obtained greater recognition, had the author been less communicative as to the extraordinary incidents which led to it. But for those who believe that Nature (not to beg any question with regard to particular agencies) sometimes responds, by a mysterious sympathy, to intense quests or passions of the human soul, the marvellous narrative in the preface will afford some presumption that Mr. Hyatt has, indeed, been thus guided to the discovery of a principle which may some day be turned to successful account in the solution of one of the oldest and most vexed problems that have engaged the practical intellect of man:—

In the year 1857-58 (says the author, in his preface) I offered a reward of 1,000 dollars to any inventor able to produce an actual flying machine. This offer was made through the columns of a leading scientific journal in America, but failed of its object. Some time after this, while living abroad, in an old city on the Continent, situated by the sea, famed for its ancient history and modern brandies, I set myself seriously to the task of carefully watching the motion of birds in the air, with the view of ascertaining, by actual observation of their wing-movements, in what the secret of flying consisted. These observations were kept up by me for many years—for fully ten or eleven—with little or no interruption, when they were suddenly discontinued. Why my work was recommenced

and why these pages have been written, I will now proceed to tell, though fully aware of the ridicule it must necessarily expose me to from that class of remarkable people in our world who understand the whole mechanism of material nature, and the spiritual and effluent laws of the universe, so much better than their more ignorant and to-be-pitied fellow-creatures do.

Mr. Hyatt having, like all his predecessors in this inquiry, conceived the problem of aerial navigation by man as one "the very gist of which relates wholly to *weight*," at first confined his observations to birds, not supposing that insects of comparatively no weight could offer any instruction in relation to it:—

But, in the daily rambles I was accustomed to take around the ruined ramparts of the old historic city, one creature of the insect world singled me out for his attentions, and, in a sense, became my companion for years, following me from city to city, and from continent to continent, making itself known to me under circumstances and in ways so peculiar that I was at length compelled to notice and consider it. I observed the creature at first from something strange in the way it flew about me. I cannot say that at the time I actually thought it was trying to attract my attention, but it flew near me and around me in circles that were significant enough to make me look at it with a perception of some observable difference from its ordinary flying; and this took place usually at moments of deep thought. Walking as one does with one's eyes wide open and looking at objects about him, the phenomenon never happened. The insect, indeed, might have been as much about me then as at other times; but, if so, it was following its own pursuits in its ordinary manner and doing nothing to specially call my attention to it. Its peculiar movements, and those that forced me to look at it, invariably took place during certain conditions of my own mind and thought—the condition being one of intense and profound abstraction—with the whole natural world shut out from view; such moments of existence as one lives in a speculative world, a world where "subjective-objectives" are paramount. It was at these times, when the mind, strained to its utmost in the effort to extract from previously observed phenomena in Nature their secret principles: to detect, as it were, the hair-spring of some spiritual mechanism coiled up within the world of things: it was, I say, at such moments of abstraction that I would suddenly be brought back to the consciousness of a natural world and material things by the *feeling* of a material presence about me; and one object invariably, and *always* the one object, at such times met my abstracted gaze—*A Dragon-Fly!*

And here this reviewer paused, with the query which would doubtless rise to the lips of every "Psychical Researcher,"—was he indeed at such moments "brought back to the consciousness of a natural world and material things"? or had he not rather, having regard to the subjective condition described, sunk into the deeper stage of abstraction, at which the constructions of the soul are indistinguishable from objective "realities"? But some personal experience, akin to Mr. Hyatt's, and a recollection of what Iamblichus has written concerning the statues of the gods, facilitated the prompt dismissal of a hypothesis which becomes wholly untenable in the light of what follows, except on a supposition—which will perhaps be made in some quarters—that the author was habitually in abnormal states without being aware of it, and while supposing himself to be fully conversant with objective life and nature. Far wiser, it is submitted, is the recognition that we have hardly yet a conception of the vast science of the spiritual in Nature. "Spiritualists," especially, need to be reminded that a belief in spirits is a very small part of Spiritualism, and that there are mysteries which it is as absurd to attempt to solve by the simple formula, "a spirit did it," as it is to pinch and twist them into a shape adaptable to the few principles of explanation as yet held to be verified in the infant science of "Psychical Research." It would be well for all of us who are engaged in these inquiries were it considered indispensable to be furnished at the outset with certain large conceptions, never mind how indefinite at first, or how unverified; such, for example,

\* *The Dragon Fly, or Reactive Passive Locomotion; A Vacuum Theory of Aerial Navigation based on the Principle of the Fan-Blower.* (London: Whittingham & Co., Took's-court, Chancery-lane.

as may be got from Hinton's *Man and his Dwelling-place*, the best introduction, perhaps, to such a narrative as we are now considering, and to which we return from this digression.

The filling-up in Mr. Hyatt's account, his early neglect of the importunities of his little visitor, because its quick movements gave him at first no help in his inquiry—the mechanism of wing-action—and much besides, must be passed over in favour of the more salient points in this singularly interesting narrative.

Years passed, Mr. Hyatt not much heeding his constant attendant, when the following incident occurred. He had occasion to visit the grounds of the Washington Observatory, and the first object that met his eyes there was a dragon-fly (whether it was the same or different ones at the different times of appearance of course he does not undertake to say):—

The poor little fellow was helpless and a prisoner, caught in the web of an enormous spider, and struggling vainly to escape. It is scarcely necessary for me to say that I lost no time in setting him free. I not only took him out, but released him from every filament in which he was entangled; and had the satisfaction of seeing the flash of his beautiful wings as he sailed gracefully away through the air.

Mr. Hyatt failed in the apparent object of his visit to the Observatory—which was to see a so-called flying-machine—but those who have studied “coincidences” may hazard the conjecture that our consciously motivated actions are often governed by a truer purpose of which we know nothing at the time:—

In pursuit of a flying-machine and its inventor, I was again confronted by a dragon-fly! Can anyone wonder that I should now begin to think of the possibility that something in the nature of a principle and a discovery might be lying somewhere behind a dragon-fly? But the “manifestations” did not stop here. What had thus far taken place was as nothing to what I was yet to witness. And here I must pause for a moment to say that I shall have no word of condemnation for anyone (who does not personally know me) who, after reading what I am about to relate, may say, *I don't believe a word of it!* . . . . . After having released the little dragon-fly from the spider's web in the grounds of the Washington Observatory, I had occasion to go almost immediately to Philadelphia, a distance by rail of 140 miles . . . . . I had for years been in the habit of noting my observations of flying creatures, and this day was busily occupied in doing the same. I was alone in the room sitting before an open window, my whole attention occupied in writing, when the dragon-fly once more made his appearance, this time planting himself unceremoniously on the table alongside of my manuscript. I was both delighted and surprised, not to say a good deal struck. A large bell-shaped glass being at hand, I placed it over the creature as quickly as possible, but I might seemingly have been as deliberate as I liked, for the fly showed not the slightest inclination to stir. Doubters will say, “Oh, the poor creature was still because it was tired. Very likely it had just flown from a long distance.” Very likely, for it looked exactly like the little fellow released by me from the spider's web 140 miles away two days before! But mind! I don't say it was the same fly. . . . The fly is now under the bell-glass, and addressing it as if speaking to an intelligent being, the following took place: (To the fly) “My little friend, what has brought you here? Have you come to show me something about flying? Well, how is it done? What is the secret? Let me see you fly!” And the creature, until now quite still, at my bidding was up instantly in the air within the bell-glass, flitting about in all directions, and so continued until I said to it, “There, that will do, you may stop.” And the fly again settled upon the table within the glass. I now looked at the creature as scrutinisingly as possible. In the motion of its wings while flying I had been unable to discover anything. I now felt curious to have a look at them in repose, and were I to live a thousand years I could never forget my sensations, when, saying to it (but without really believing it would be done), “Now, let me see your wings; SPREAD THEM OUT!” instantly the four little gossamer wings trembled and spread themselves out on the table visibly before my eyes! But still I could see nothing to give me a single hint in the direction of my thought. I still

asked myself as vainly as before, what is the secret of flying? And, if possible, I felt more discouraged than ever, for here, with this flying creature before me, near to my very eyes, where I could see it, obedient seemingly to my will, and offering the mechanism of its wings to my inspection, still I did not get the clue to a single thing. I again told it to fly, and it did precisely as before, flying when I wished it to and ceasing to fly at my command, and yet all remained as dark to me as ever. The pursuit being fruitless, I put an end to the experiments by raising the bell-glass and saying to the obedient creature, “There, you may go now, my little fellow; I cannot understand what it all means, but I won't keep you a prisoner any longer. Go!” And, at the word, he darted out of the window. But, although I felt discouraged at the time and could see no meaning in the pertinacity with which the dragon-fly pursued me, I think I see it now.

And then follows an account of an experiment—an attempt to fly with wings constructed on the dragon-fly model—which failed. The disappointment disgusted Mr. Hyatt with his speculations, and—“from the hour when I gave up thinking about flying, I saw no more dragon-flies. From this hour, too, misfortunes began. The man known as ‘the lucky’ became the most unlucky of mortals,” &c. This lasted for seven years, until one day, in conversation with a friend, it occurred to him to connect the turn in his fortunes with the abandonment of his “mission.” He was a Jonah who had failed in obedience to what for genius is equivalent to the Divine command—its life-impulse:—

“I had a mission” (he exclaimed to his friend) “and should have gone ahead on the flying problem. I dropped it, and neglected it, and look what has happened to me! From this moment I will imitate Jonah, and foot post for Nineveh! I'll return to duty, I'll go to work again at the flying problem!” All which I began at once to do. A few nights after this I fell asleep with my last thoughts on flying, and before it was fairly light awoke the next morning with an ideal flying-machine in the shape of a dragon-fly sharply defined in the airy vision of my brain. While I was considering it, a loud noise was suddenly heard in my room, the sound of wings, and powerful ones, too, so powerful as to startle my wife, who exclaimed quickly, “What is that?” I listened for the sound again, and when it came, I replied, “It is the dragon-fly! I have not seen him for years, but he knows now that I have returned to duty, and has come again to encourage me!” In a short time the light of the morning became sufficient for me to see, and going over to the corner of the room from whence the sound had seemed to proceed, there uprose before me the largest and most beautiful creature (of the kind) I had ever seen; so majestic and graceful and grand as, without hyperbole, to be worthy of the title King of the Dragon-Flies! Addressing him, I said, “I know what you have come for! It's all right! Good-bye!” And, on my drawing aside the lace curtain from the open window, my visitor darted out and disappeared.

The author makes no large claim as a practical discoverer. He knows that he has not effectually solved his problem, but he believes that he has pointed out the direction of its solution, that he has announced the principle upon which future attempts, to be successful, must proceed.

The following remark on the history of great discoveries is worth quoting:—

No man can discover until it is given to him, until then the eyes of men are blinded. The building cannot be made until he foundation is laid. God prepares mankind for the events of His Providence. The history of the world shows that great events are preceded invariably by others of equal significance as pre-runners. Discoveries are like the links of a chain, like dependent parts of a machine. Invention is made up of discoveries precedent and discoveries consequent.

The body of the book is partly occupied with a review of previous speculations on the subject—though the Duke of Argyle's treatise on the mechanism of bird's wings is not noticed—leading up to the principle adopted by the author. There have been the bird theory of flying and the balloon theory. Both these had regard primarily to the specific gravity of the object to be floated, and have failed. In the third theory, propounded by Mr. Hyatt, there is the same

note of genius which distinguished the memorable new departures of Copernicus and Kant in astronomy and philosophy. In place of the old, ineffectual attempts to adapt the object to the atmosphere, we are now recommended to adapt the atmosphere to the object—to “change the specific gravity of the air” —

The Montgolfiers and men of Franklin's day attempted to solve the problem by changing the specific gravity of the machine or flying creature, with not a single analogue in Nature to justify them, and later experiments have dealt with the question as one of *projectiles*. The study of bird flotation and movements throws no light, or insufficient light, on the new condition of the problem, and fails to suggest it. But the insect world, represented by the dragon-fly, have an aerial locomotion of their own, based relatively on small wings driven at high velocities on the principle of the fan-blower, their movements through the air not being the re-active direct locomotion that results from the play of wings when employed in their combined dual capacity of fan-blowers and propellers—as is the case with birds—but the reactive, indirect, or *passive* locomotion resulting from the employment of wings in their single capacity of *fan-blowers*. This species of insect locomotion is analagous to the passive locomotion I have mentioned, where the bird is *impelled* by the action of combined wind-forces directed against the balanced body of the creature as a weighted inclined plane; the difference being that in the case of the insect the wind-force and pressures originate in the insect, but in the case of the bird the wind-force and pressures originate not in the bird, but in the vast magazines of external Nature. . . .

Birds propel themselves. The dragon-fly, holding itself on an even keel, travels as well backwards as forwards, being under the influence of a wind-pressure external to but created by itself, a wind-pressure that the creature by its own will controls at pleasure and can with the quickness of thought shift from one side to the other—to front, to rear, to up, to down—to any and every point within the hollow concaves of the domed sphere of which it is at once the centre and the animating soul; a sphere that goes with it, and that makes it independent of the internal forces that roll and surge through all the regions of the air. . . . The wind-force must be our own and independent of Nature. Aero-planes, and inclined planes, and twisted planes, are things for the winds of the firmament to disport themselves with and hurl into fragments and ruin. Man must not be the plaything of the tempests. He must be the master of a tempest of his own—that he can carry with him and about him, and, as it were, enwrap himself withal as with a vesture and a garment. . . . It is not wings that we want—but *wind-blasts, wind-power, wind-flotation*. . . . Mankind must for ever dismiss the thought of “wings,” or they will never navigate the air. . . . The bird-world holds a monopoly of the vacuum forces of the firmament; the insect-world (typified in the dragon-fly) rely upon the forces created by themselves. It remains for man to imitate the insect, regarded as an animated fan-blower. . . . All the flying machines ever made by man have failed, and these have all been direct action or propelling machines. Why not now try the opposite (do it the other way), and see what can be accomplished by confining the whole of the power, and all the fanning action of the machine, to the work of *communicating force to the air*?

It is to be hoped that the author's theory will find reviewers more competent than the present writer. The passages given above only convey the general idea, they cannot impress the reader with the sense of the knowledge of mechanics and deep acquaintance with the subject exhibited by this book. For all his mystical experience, Mr. Hyatt has a “level head” and a scientific mind, and his acknowledged antecedents as a successful inventor\* should secure him a respectful hearing. The book is of 83 quarto pages, admirably printed in fine, large type and with broad margins. C.C.M.

“I WOULD rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition than in air rarified to nothing by the air-pump of unbelief in which the panting breast expires, vainly and convulsively gasping for breath.”—J. PAUL RICHTER.

\* The inventions are in the department of Civil Engineering and Architecture. The writer is informed that Mr. Hyatt's work on *Portland Cement Concrete, combined with Iron as a Building Material* (which was extensively noticed in *The Builder*) has worked a complete revolution in fire-proof construction.

### TOMBSTONES AND MEMORIAL CARDS.

A correspondent, who has sustained a severe loss in the death of one very dear to him, writes us as follows:—

To the Editor of “LIGHT.”

SIR,—Can any reader suggest a text, or passage from a poet, which breathes of hope of meeting again, suitable for the tombstone of a dear one cut off in the prime of life? There are so many texts suitable otherwise than that they do not have the ring of hope about them, *e.g.*, “In the midst of life we are in death.” One feels that to a Spiritualist such a passage is cold, and does not speak a message. SORROW.

Our correspondent has our warmest sympathy in his bereavement, and in answer to his appeal we append a few mottoes and quotations which occur to us. We beg our readers, however, to help us to extend the list. The ordinary cemetery and churchyard mottoes are, for the most part, such utter rubbish that it is well to have a large collection of a better quality:—

#### MOTTOES FOR TOMBSTONES AND MEMORIAL CARDS.

Why should we weep when Heaven grows?

She is not lost, but gone before;  
And, standing on the other shore,  
She beckons us to follow.

They do not die,  
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,  
Nor change to us. —TENNYSON.

No sin, no grief, no pain;  
Safe in my happy home,  
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,  
My hour of triumph come!

Not gone from memory,  
Not gone from love,  
But to our Father's home above.

Pass on, pure spirit, to increase  
In every bright celestial grace,  
Till, in the land of light and peace,  
We meet thee, dear one, face to face.

There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;  
He bears our best loved things away,  
And then we call them dead!  
And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread;  
For all the boundless universe  
Is Life; there are no Dead!

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,  
A shadow on those features calm and thin;  
And softly from that hushed and darkened room  
Two angels issued where but one went in.  
Angels of life and death alike are His;  
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er.  
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,  
Against His messengers to shut the door?

The friends we mourn as lost have not departed;  
They have but laid aside earth's frail disguise;  
On your dark way they pour, O lonely hearted,  
The light of loving eyes. —T. L. HARRIS.

There is no death! What seems so is transition.  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death. —LONGFELLOW.

We bow our heads—  
At going out we think—and enter straight  
Another golden chamber of the King,  
Larger than this and lovelier!

Death  
Has only parted us a little while,  
And has not severed e'en the finest strand  
In the eternal cable of our love:  
The very strain has twined it closer still  
And added strength. —FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## Drawing Mediumship.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—If "Pencil" would kindly, with your permission, give me a little further enlightenment about "Drawing Mediumship," I shall be very glad. As a student of psychical philosophy and its kindred subjects I am necessarily always open to instruction.

I should be sorry to give any "sweeping condemnations," and the judgment of the late Mrs. Kingsford was far too admirable for her ever to assume that it was infallible. This is simply a misunderstanding on the part of "Pencil." However, without Mrs. Kingsford's judgment being infallible, I certainly yet have to find any living person whose judgment in these matters is drawn from so deep and large a knowledge.

Truth being always relative, if "Pencil" and others desire instruction from automatic drawing, I do not see why there should be any objection to their so doing. My objection to drawing mediumship lies almost entirely on this very ground, that there is to my mind a lack of real instruction, and also because, as far as I can see, the sentiment alone of a person is touched. For instance, true symbology means the inference of *basic ideas*, such as that a circle is the symbol of eternity, and so forth. Of course this symbology is *not* pictorial, and it appeals to the spiritual and intellectual side of man, as separate from sentimental symbology, which may touch his heart and feelings in various and valuable ways. A cross to a Catholic calls forth a sentiment which may be called religious; at all events emotions that bring forth feelings disconnected with the psychical plane. The same sight to a Jew, or an old-fashioned evangelical, calls forth emotions, perhaps, of anger and dislike. Such symbology, therefore, can only be sentimental to both persons, who do not see the deeper and more ulterior meaning, let us say of static and dynamic force.

Symbology, therefore, when divorced from its true source as emblematical of nature in its various forms and meanings, usually descends to its secondary use; and thereby, being understood according to sentiment and derivation only, it becomes a confused and variously read language. It is no longer genuinely instructive, and it is capable of being twisted and misunderstood, according as various minds depart from mother ideas. The science of symbology, or the history to which various symbols have been put by different nations and religions from prehistoric to modern times, is a very recondite one, and it would now be an extremely difficult matter to accurately read symbolism; so, if "Pencil" could give such reading to the symbolism of spirit drawings it would be very useful, such as "the beautiful little cross nestling in the heart." Merely a "sentimental" meaning is not what I should require; not but that I should value and admire such reading in its secondary place. Still, a cross nestling in a heart is such a very ordinary conception, and, so to say, "done to death" to such a degree that the vulgarising of a beautiful thought deprives it of all power for instruction, and I feel, therefore, that either some other meaning and reading of spirit drawings must be possible, or they are still devoid of true value, either in the pictorial or intellectual sense. If they only appeal to the eye, I consider that, save the extreme curiosity, from the intricacy and the abnormal delicacy of workmanship, they fail in their object, and that they only reflect as it were an earthly talent, without consummating it.

If they do in any way really yield instruction, not depending on sentiment, then I should willingly learn from them. I, however, still see grounds for belief that there is a distinct element of danger to the spirit of any person who may encourage without care such a faculty.

When I say danger, I do not mean that, because there is some danger in any pursuit, it must necessarily be at once abandoned! That would be cowardice, I merely mean to say that where there is danger there should be caution.

"Leo" gives a very wonderful solution of the fac-simile, and I will not for a moment say he may not be right, still the reading is so very metaphysical, and on such a completely difficult plane, that, though one may mentally have some vague intuitive perception of the connection between colour and sound, it is extremely difficult to connect mere lines with sound except in a sort of telephonic scientific manner, which entirely separates it from the pictorial.

But "Leo" may be right in his explanation; if so, then I

am also right in denying any true pictorial value, that not being intended even.

I consider then, still, that these drawings are extreme curiosities, and of value from their abnormal source, but that there is danger in their production, and that they convey as yet no instruction to us of any certain value; and the source intimates that they come from a plane, wherever it is or may be, which is universally taught by all mystics and occultists to be what is called astral, and inferior, therefore, to the celestial; the one teaches through the spirit of man inwardly, and the other through the senses. We surely must know which is the most reliable.

I have just now before me a pamphlet, *Le Spiritisme à Lyon*. It is dated 1862, and there are a number of these curious little drawings in it. The family likeness is so great that they point to a general source, and conclusively prove the impossibility of fraud in any way.

They have all what I call the same maddening characteristics, an appearance of symmetry and unity of purpose which utterly disappear as one attempts to decipher them, and, with all one's admiration for the fineness and delicacy of execution, there is I contend, a *mockery* of purpose which has to me something, I will not say astral, as that might be misunderstood, but they are distinctly not "innocent." Surely this is a simple matter, and can be discussed without any reference to Theosophy, or Spiritualism, or Occultism. It is very interesting, but my note of caution cannot be useless, for in the letter signed "Marie Gifford," in "LIGHT," August 10th, she distinctly describes the drawings as being produced by a "controlling influence," and says that this phase of mediumship "requires sound health and vitality!" "Personally speaking," she says, "the production of each picture, large or small, left me in a state of utter physical prostration for the few hours following." This speaks for itself. Celestial inspiration never depletes, it revives and fulfils. The inspiration or control that exhausts and depletes requires sincere prayer or meditation and calm, lest such a gift may be given as an Ordeal to pass through, and not as a Crown to wear.

Bedford Park,  
August 26th, 1889.

ISABEL DE STEIGNE.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—In reference to this interesting phase of mediumship, there is one explanation of the want of unity and completeness in the drawings which appears to me very simple and obvious, and which does away with any necessity of accounting for such defects by the theory of the intervention of "astrals," or even by symbolism, though there is no doubt many spirit drawings are either wholly or in part symbolical.

In automatic drawings, spirits have to make use of an organism not their own, and are largely dependent on the quantity and quality of the magnetism of the medium or circle at their disposal. This magnetism varies much at different times, and as all know who are familiar with séances, either with a circle or when sitting alone, the "power" is some time in getting up, and early manifestations of any kind are rarely so good as those which take place later on in the séance. This, I think, applies even to automatic writing, for I find, though the writing begins almost directly I take the pencil in my hand, the first sentences are usually, to a certain extent, trivial and often only a repetition of what I have had before, while they increase in importance and excellence of composition as the writing proceeds; the spirits are, I fancy, anxious to begin, and sometimes do not wait till the power is sufficiently concentrated. I have noticed this frequently also in other phases of mediumship, and doubt not that the same thing occurs in that of drawing. An elaborate picture like that of the bell-shaped flowers and trellis-work, recently reproduced in "LIGHT," was probably not executed at one sitting, and though the spirit in the first instance may have designed a perfectly harmonious picture, defective conditions afterwards may have forced him to do the best he could with the power at his disposal. I cannot agree with Madame de Steiger's sweeping condemnation of the composition; on the contrary, I am particularly pleased with the bell-shaped flowers and leaves, because in their transparency they agree with what is so frequently told me about objects in the spirit-world. These, though as *real* as those of our world, are, I am told, beautifully refined and *transparent*, and I can imagine the symmetrical, transparent, bell-shaped flowers, no doubt exquisitely tinted, swaying about in the light

breezes of that lovely region, as objects of great beauty, perhaps even sending forth fairy-like musical chimes!

A fac-simile of a picture through Mrs. A. M. H. Watts, given in "LIGHT" some time ago, called a "Light Bearer," is subject to none of these defects, and was probably completed at one sitting.

Direct writing and drawing are executed under somewhat different conditions; the spirit-operator, being able to hold the pencil *himself*, usually waits till the power is at its best, when the letter or drawing is finished with inconceivable rapidity. I have a direct spirit drawing in my possession, done in my presence, of a head and face, which in beauty of design and execution could not be surpassed by any mortal artist.

Vevey.

"V."

August 27th, 1889.

#### Spiritualism versus Spiritism.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—I have just concluded the perusal of a very excellent book, *D. D. Home: His Life and Mission*.

But I note at pp. 112, 113, assertions in regard to Spiritism which, being unfortunately an echo of the opinion of English Spiritualists in general, require to be contradicted.

Those who have carefully studied the works of Allan Kardec can only wonder that Spiritism is accused as anti-Christian, for, indeed, the very contrary is the truth. The third volume, *L'Évangile selon le Spiritisme*, is entirely devoted to the expounding of the admirable life and precepts of Christ, and not a single sentence can be found in any of the works to support such an assertion.

That French Spiritists imagine inanimate objects to be really intelligent, instead of mere vehicles of communication, is a supposition that can only cause a smile from every intelligent Spiritist.

The names of Victor Hugo, Flammarion, Pasteur, and many others are sufficient refutation of the statement that we cannot count men of education in our ranks; and so far from being confined to France, there are thousands in Brazil alone who profess Spiritism, amongst whom are men whose intelligent appreciation of its higher consequences cannot be depreciated by comparison with that of English Spiritualists.

Yet I am constantly remarking repetitions of these, and other equally erroneous assertions, notably from some most prominent Spiritualists.

The prejudice of nationality and sect is ever antagonistic to progress, and when so unjustly applied to those who, like the French and other nations, are our equals in all relating to art and science, and moreover in this instance, *brothers in faith*, cannot be too strongly condemned.

Spiritualists complain, and with good reason, of the injustice and intolerance manifested by Faraday, Huxley, &c., yet, strange to say, demonstrate an identical spirit towards us, and this in the name of the sublime doctrine of good-will and charity to all!

We never attempt to return these unkind, unmerited, and unfounded attacks, and so far from being exclusively devoted to the study of phenomena, as asserted, strive, though imperfectly, to understand and practise the lessons which teach resistance to evil and cultivation of the virtues which ennoble and purify, as the only sure means of emancipating and elevating our nature.

In reverence of the memory of Allan Kardec, who, perhaps, was second to none as a true missionary of progress, it is a duty to protest against such apparently wilful distortion of the truth, and I must be permitted to doubt that those who indulge in assertions contradicted by the most superficial examination have yet the happiness to comprehend the true nature of the doctrine they profess.

Indeed, such antagonism is a mystery to me, for, after many years' earnest study, I assert that, with the exception of "Reincarnation," our articles of faith are entirely identical with those of Spiritualists.

Rather than waste time and excite uncharitable sentiments by the discussion of unimportant or imaginary futilities, which expose us to the same danger hitherto so fatal to the integrity of religion, would it not be far better to concern ourselves with the essential requisites to spiritual advancement, individual efforts to become better, and consolidation of the general union?

Unhappily, fraternity is despised, and a dogmatic tone of assurance is now too frequently assumed, in discussing and analysing theories and facts which we should humbly confess to

be far beyond our *present* capacity, for, with all our boasted intelligence, we should never forget that the vast and grand horizon opened to our view is but a *perspective* whose details can only be clearly defined by those possessing spiritual perceptions far superior to ours, and that the designs of the Deity are not yet an open book to our comprehension.

Rio de Janeiro,

EXCELSIOR.

August 10th, 1889.

[No "most prominent Spiritualist" now takes the line that our correspondent deprecates. We, at any rate, disavow it altogether. We desire to acknowledge what is true and good in all our brethren of whatever camp. We deplore the failure of efforts at real organisation, and have not failed to inculcate the imperative necessity of individual efforts at spiritual advancement. But what benefit does our correspondent expect from the discussion of subjects "which we should humbly confess to be far beyond our present capacity"?—ED. OF "LIGHT."]

#### Astrology and Public Events.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—In "LIGHT" of August 24th is a letter from Signor. Fenzi, entitled "Prophecies Fulfilled," relating a prediction, by table tilting, of the death of Victor Emanuel before that of the then Pope. This prediction, however, was already "in the air." Zadkiel, in his *Almanac* for 1878 (published in the previous autumn) distinctly foretold danger to the King of Italy for the month (January) in which his rather sudden death occurred.

At the full moon of the 9th inst., Uranus is within 2deg. of the Meridian of London. At the same date, the place of Saturn at the entry of the Sun into Aries (March 20th last) comes to the London Meridian of that figure, by direction. Some sudden trouble to the Government, or fatality to some person in a great public position, may, perhaps, be looked for at or soon after the date given. Or it is possible that the signification may be of some sudden and evil development of events arising out of the great strike, should that continue.

September 1st, 1889.

C. C. M.

#### The Perfect Man and the Perfectible Man.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—In the fine *Spirit Teachings* concerning the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, given us by "M. A. (Oxon.)," we read: "The family idea prevails." This has been long the starting point of angels and enlightened men, however diversely they have emerged in details. There is the Diospiter of the East, the Zeu-pater of the Greeks, the Jupiter of the Latins. And now we learn, "It is the very kernel of Confucianism." Though, exoterically, the Chinese worship effects for the Cause, invoking their ancestors; yet, in fact, they are esoterically, unconsciously, perhaps, worshipping a Father and a Mother God.

The ancient Persians worshipped the sun, another great effect, for the Cause. So did the Aztecs of America. Both these worshipped the sun for its beneficent qualities, inasmuch as it gave them light, and heat, and food, and raiment, and warmed their hearts.

The Jews identified God with the sun in its more awful aspect. To them God was "a consuming fire," when He was not a slaughtering general, a "Lord of Hosts." Yet in their deeper and more nobly inspired moments, they too regarded God as a Father; Moses, in the inspiration of song, cries: "Is He not thy Father that bought thee, hath He not made thee?" And Isaiah: "Doubtless Thou art our Father."

Christians worship God as a Father and as a Brother. They worship Jesus as perfect God and perfect Man, and Jesus, on His side, tells man that he too may become perfect: "Be ye therefore perfect," He says, "even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." Further than that He surely could not go.

Assuming, then, as Christians, the perfectibility of man as being established, and the perfect man as being like Christ, there is, then, in consequence, no vital existence for man too extended, past or future; no quality, idiosyncrasy, or standard too high for him to assume and look for, or to which he may not attain; consequently, there is no dignity, no distinction, which he has not a right to appropriate to himself as a perfectible being. So, then, the highest assumptions which Christian men have conceived of Jesus Himself, are also the perfectible man's property. And further, for Christian

people, a better or more fitting epitome, depicting the whole career of perfectible man, as brother of Jesus, can hardly be found than that which is contained in the Nicene Creed of the Churches, for, almost word for word, it is as appropriate to the perfectible man as it is to the perfect Man. Here we read of the perfect Man's, therefore of the perfectible man's, pre-existence, His Incarnation, His Ascension, His re-incarnation, and His glory. We may use almost the same terms with regard to the perfectible man as are there used concerning the perfect Man. Like as Jesus did, we have a right to presume that the perfectible man *came down* from fluidic life, perchance primarily from Heaven (for we dare not utterly despise the doctrine that we may be fallen angels set to rise up again). Man's pre-existing soul was *incarnate* by the Father by *Whom all things were made*, and so by incarnation *he was made man*. He will *suffer and be buried*, but he will *rise again according to the Scriptures*. He will also, in all probability, *come again*, and, when perfect, as his Father is perfect, he will of necessity have *ascended into Heaven in glory, whose Kingdom shall have no end*.

As I said, we can scarcely have a better picture of the career of perfectible man than is contained in the Nicene Creed respecting the career of the perfect Man. And this career may now be considered as embodying the axioms and the hopes of the Universalists, or believers in universal Christianity, as the future religion and destiny of mankind.

T. W.

#### Detection of Crime Through Mediumship.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—May I be allowed a brief rejoinder to the criticism of Mr. Newton Crosland in your journal of August 31st?

I am the individual referred to by the London Press *re* Maybrick Memorial. The London news sheets, like the gift horse, must not be too closely scrutinised, and the wire, like many other "mediums," often transmits something more than truth.

In the present case the interests of the Press overshadowed the interests of Spiritualism or mediumship. On the Wednesday after the verdict was pronounced, my wife, who is a sensitive, and myself experienced an overmastering impression that if this sentence was completed it would rank as an historical crime. I at once drew up a "memorial," placed the same at my place of business, and within a brief space it was signed by an immense concourse of people, without invitation. The spirit impression was *not* that Mrs. Maybrick did not accelerate her husband's death, but that this clumsy verdict was the evolution of probabilities based on chance.

During many years' experience in the family these sudden impingements have occurred, and in our particular case warnings, protection, and prophecy have been inseparable results. From a lengthened spiritual observation, clairvoyantly, psychometricly, and otherwise, I am solemnly convinced that the intuitional method supersedes the ordinary means of inquiry.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

W. H. ROBINSON.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It will ensure despatch if all matter offered for publication is addressed to the Editor of "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to any other name or address. Communications for the Manager should be sent separately.

It seems desirable to make clear that any facts previously published in transactions of any Society or in any journal cannot be printed as original matter in "LIGHT," and should not be sent to us except for our private information. All records sent, moreover, must be accredited by the name and address of the sender, and will gain in value by the attestation of witnesses.

The Editor begs respectfully to intimate that he cannot undertake to return rejected MSS. If accompanied by stamps to pay postage in case of its being deemed unsuitable for publication, he will use reasonable care in reposting any MS.

He also begs respectfully to intimate that he cannot undertake prepare for the press communications that are not suitably written. He begs his correspondents to see that all articles and letters forwarded are written on one side of the paper, are ready for the printer, and are of moderate length. Those over a column in length are in danger of being crowded out.

"An empty vessel capable of holding water, if tightly corked, none can enter it, though water is poured upon it in great abundance; nay, it may be thrown into the sea, and still remain empty. So it is with our hearts: Unbelief closes them, so that the water of life cannot fill them, however abundantly it may be poured upon and around us. Unbelief hinders grace. This sin not only locks up the heart of a sinner, but also binds the hands of a Saviour."—BURKITT.

#### SOCIETY WORK.

ZEPHYR HALL, 9, BEDFORD-GARDENS, SILVER-STREET, NOTTING HILL GATE, W.—Last Sunday evening, Mr. A. M. Rodger gave an interesting discourse upon "The things that we should leave behind us and the things to which we should press forward," to a fair audience, who were much pleased with the address. Mr. Earl occupied the chair. Next Sunday evening at seven, Mr. W. E. Walker. On Sunday, September 22nd, a floral service will be held at the above hall.—W. O. DRAKE, Hon. Sec.

CLAPHAM JUNCTION, 295, LAVENDER-HILL.—On Sunday last an excellent address was given by Mr. J. Morgan Smith, on the previous work and teachings of the Endyonic Society, which had resulted in their meeting for the first time under the title of "The Truthseekers' Association," the basis being simply, "The Good of all." At the close of the meeting members were enrolled from nine or ten different districts. A provisional committee will shortly announce more particulars.—W. W. GODDARD.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—We ask Spiritualists to assemble on Peckham Rye, on Sunday afternoon next at three o'clock, near the band stand. The open-air meeting on Sunday was somewhat disturbed by opponents, but numbers of strangers visited our hall in the evening, and were much interested in the address given by Mr. Lees. We held a second open-air gathering in High-street after the evening service. On Sunday next at the Hall the platform will be sustained by lady members, at eleven. Mrs. Stanley will address us at 6.30, and Miss Bell will sing a solo.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

KING'S CROSS, 253, PENTONVILLE-HILL (ENTRANCE KING'S CROSS-ROAD.)—Last Sunday Mr. Houchin's paper was ably discussed by Messrs. Rodger, Battell, Reynolds, and Mackenzie. The most that can be said of it was that the intention was good. Mr. Houchin is an earnest, thoughtful man, who has recently got a glimpse of a few truths, which he thinks are equally new to others. In this he was shown to be mistaken. It is fair to say that he took the banter liberally showered on him with good humour. Friends will notice the change of habitation. It was felt that a more central position was required, and the premises over the Vegetarian Restaurant are now secured, close to where the trams stop. Mr. Mackenzie will read the next paper. The Society wish to record their regret for the accident which deprives them of Mr. Yates's services, and to thank him for the useful assistance he has given them in the past. The Sunday evening addresses are now resumed, the chairman, Mr. Rodger, supported by others, opening next.—J. BOWLES DALY, Hon. Sec., 53, Hartham-road, Holloway, N.

OPEN-AIR DEBATE IN HYDE PARK.—On Sunday afternoon last a debate took place between Mr. J. Veitch (Spiritualist) and Mr. N. Corbett (Atheist) on the question, "Is there a continuance of Life after Death, so-called?" Mr. Veitch's opening speech was a well-arranged and argumentative defence of the possibility of a conscious existence after death. The opinions of great thinkers upon the subject were quoted, and also historical evidence; and the phenomena of Spiritualism were adduced in support of the affirmative. Mr. N. Corbett ably opposed from a materialistic standpoint, but failed to overthrow the arguments of the opener. Each disputant made three speeches, and evidently the admirers on both sides were gratified by the way the subject was treated. Several hundreds of people listened with great attention for two hours. We made a collection for the dock labourers, amounting to 8s. 8½d. Next Sunday at 3.30 Mr. W. O. Drake will review the debate of last Sunday. Will friends kindly bring old numbers of Spiritual literature for distribution?—W. O. DRAKE, Chairman of the Meeting.

THE MEETINGS ON PECKHAM RYE.—Mr. John Theo. Audy, of 28, Gowlett-road, Peckham, writes:—I feel it my duty to proclaim the good work done on Peckham Rye by our valued friend, Mr. R. J. Lees. For three Sundays we have held meetings there, a few Spiritualists giving their support. The first Sunday much interest was shown by an attentive audience. The second was somewhat disturbed by the great number of dock labourers, and an over-zealous Christian giving away leaflets amongst the audience, in which we are named children of Satan and modern blasphemers, &c., &c. On Sunday last hundreds congregated to hear Mr. Lees. The Baptists, who also hold a meeting, seem to have caught sight of the danger signal, and by the stir in their ranks appear fearful for their faith. They were the instigators of a most brutal onslaught, as I noticed several respectably dressed men who, by their signalling and manner, proved that it was pre-arranged. We were followed by a crowd up and down streets; but, thank God, our unseen friends gave us the courage to keep the cowardly mob at bay. Brother and sister Spiritualists, it is your duty to rally round those who dare to proclaim the glorious truth, and I would appeal to you for your support, as it is intended to still continue the meetings at 3 p.m. on Sundays near the band stand.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 21, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

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

[The books herein enumerated represent the chief forms of thought respecting Spiritualism and kindred subjects. In recommending them for perusal I do not necessarily endorse the views set forth in them, as is apparent, indeed, from the obvious fact that these are heterogeneous and in some cases inconsistent. I say only that it is well to hear all sides, and that these books present the opinions of thoughtful persons in various times on various phases of a great subject. It is needless to add that I have attempted no classification. The order in which works are mentioned is purely arbitrary, nor do I pretend that my list is complete.]

"M.A. (OXON.)"

*Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.* R. DALE OWEN, 1860.  
*The Debatable Land between this World and the Next.* R. DALE OWEN, 1871.

[Two charming books, many years old, but always fresh and new.]

*Spiritualism in the Light of Modern Science.* W. CROOKES, F.R.S.  
[Science on Spiritualism: facts and no theories.]

*Miracles and Modern Spiritualism.* A. RUSSEL WALLACE.

*A Defence of Spiritualism.* A. RUSSEL WALLACE.

[Able and very cogent treatises, suitable for those who are making acquaintance with Spiritualism.]

*Experimental Investigations of the Spiritual Manifestations.* PROFESSOR HARE.  
[One of the earliest scientific works by the celebrated American Chemist.]

*On Spiritualism.* JUDGE EDMONDS and DEXTER.

[A record of personal experience. 2 Vols.]

*Zöllner's Transcendental Physics.* Translated by C. C. MASSEY.

[A record of personal investigation adapted to the scientific mind that is not afraid of metaphysics.]

*From Matter to Spirit.* MRS. DE MORGAN.

[An early work strongly to be recommended: with a most valuable preface by the late PROFESSOR DE MORGAN.]

*Planchette.* EPES SARGENT.

[Perhaps the best book to be read first of all by a student.]

*Proof Palpable of Immortality.* EPES SARGENT.

[On Materialisations. Perhaps a little out of date.]

*Scientific Basis of Spiritualism.* EPES SARGENT.

[Sargent's last and most elaborate work. All he says is worth attention.]

*Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism.* N. B. WOLFE, M.D.

[A record of phenomena of a very startling character, chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. Hollis Billing.]

*Spirit Teachings.* "M.A. (OXON.)"

[Personal evidence through automatic writing; bearing on identity, and an argument.]

*Spirit Identity.* "M.A. (OXON.)"

[An attempt to prove that the claim made by communicating spirits that they have once lived on this earth is borne out by facts.]

*Psychography* (2nd Edition). "M.A. (OXON.)"

[A record of phenomena of what is sometimes called "independent writing," occurring in the presence of Slade, Eglinton, &c.]

*Higher Aspects of Spiritualism.* "M.A. (OXON.)"

[Spiritualism from a religious point of view.]

*Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism.* EUGENE CROWELL, M.D.

[From a religious standpoint: compare with *Higher Aspects of Spiritualism*.]

*Spirit Workers in the Home Circle.* MORELL THEOBALD.

[A record of home experiences during many years with several mediums, some being children of the family, and all non-professional.]

*Phantasms of the Living.* (Society for Psychical Research.) E. GURNEY, F. W. H. MYERS, and F. PODMORE.

[Discussions and evidence respecting thought-transference, telepathy, &c., and much evidence of apparitions at or about the time of death. Not written from the Spiritualist point of view.]

*Hints; or the "Evidences of Spiritualism."* "M.P."

[A brief logical argument. "An application to Spiritualism of the arguments vulgarly held to be conclusive in the case of dogmatic Christianity."]

*Incidents in my Life.* (2 Vols.) D. D. HOME.

[Vol. I. contains facts in the life of a remarkable medium.]

*D. D. Home: His Life and Mission.* By his WIDOW.

[An account of a very strange life, with records of facts, and abundant testimony from well-known persons.]

*Modern American Spiritualism.* MRS. EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

[A history of spiritualism in its earliest home and during its first two decades.]

*Nineteenth Century Miracles.* MRS. EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

[A record of the phenomena of Spiritualism in modern days.]

*Art Magic; or Mundane, Sub-Mundane, and Super-Mundane Spiritualism.*

Edited by MRS. EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

*Ghostland.* Edited by MRS. EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

[Two weird books dealing with Occultism and Magic.]

*Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation.* MRS. HOWITT WATTS.

[Dr. Justus Kerner and William Howitt. By one of the best writers on Spiritualism.]

*The Perfect Way; or the Finding of Christ.*

Mystical, and very suggestive from the standpoint of the Christian Mystic: Edited by the late Dr. Anna Kingsford and Mr. Ed. Maitland.]

*Old Truths in a New Light.* COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS.

[From a Theosophical plane of thought. Worth attention.]

*Mystery of the Ages.* COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS.

[A study of Theosophy: the secret doctrine of all religions.]

*Theosophy and the Higher Life.* DR. G. WYLD.

A study of Theosophy as a religion by a former President of the London Theosophical Society.]

*Sympneumata; or Evolutionary Forces now Active in Man.* LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

[Mystical: for advanced thinkers and students.]

*Scientific Religion.* LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

[His latest work and most profound. On the lines of *Sympneumata*.]

*Nightside of Nature.* MRS. CROWE.

[One of the earliest books; with some good stories.]

*Arcana of Spiritualism.* HUDSON TUTTLE.

*Career of Religious Ideas.* HUDSON TUTTLE.

*Ethics of Spiritualism.* By HUDSON TUTTLE.

[Works of a robust thinker, whose personal experience as a psychic is great. From a free-thought plane.]

*Spiritualism Answered by Science.* SERJEANT COX.

[An early treatise from a scientific point of view.]

*What am I?* SERJEANT COX.

[Psychological: an inquiry into the constitution of man in relation to manifestations of spirit. A little out of date now.]

*Angelic Revelations concerning the Origin, Ultimatum, and Destiny of the Human Spirit.* Vol. I., 1875; Vol. II., 1877; Vol. III., 1878; Vol. IV., 1883; Vol. V., 1885.

[Communications of a mystical character given in a private circle. For advanced thinkers, and experienced Spiritualists.]

*The Soul of Things.* W. DENTON.

[Psychometry and Clairvoyance: very interesting.]

*History of the Supernatural.* W. HOWITT.

[Mr. Howitt's chief work on Spiritualism, a subject on which he was one of our best authorities.]

*Ennemoser's History of Magic.* W. HOWITT.

[A historical treatise.]

*Mysteries of Magic.* A. E. WATTE.

[For students only: deals with the Occult.]

*Birth and Death as a Change of Form of Perception or the Dual Nature of Man.* BARON HELLENBACH. Translated by "V."

[A translation of a profound philosophical treatise by a great philosopher. For students of metaphysical bias.]

*Isis Unveiled.* Vol. I., Science; Vol. II., Theology. MADAME H. P. BLAVATSKY.

[Madame Blavatsky's *Magnum opus*: two thick volumes full of argument and dissertation on occult subjects. Not from the Spiritualist point of view.]

*The Occult World.* A. P. SINNETT.

[A narrative of experience and speculation from the standpoint of a Theosophist. Very interesting.]

*Esoteric Buddhism.* A. P. SINNETT.

[An exposition of the Wisdom-religion of the East.]

*The Purpose of Theosophy.* MRS. A. P. SINNETT.

[A popular setting-forth of the chief tenets of Theosophy.]

*People from the Other World.* COLONEL OLCOTT.

[A personal narrative of experience in the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, principally Materialisation, with the celebrated Eddy mediums.]

*Posthumous Humanity.* Translated by COL. OLCOTT from the French of M. d'ASSIER.

[With an Appendix showing the popular beliefs in India respecting apparitions, &c.]

*Man: Fragments of Forgotten History.* By two Chelas.

[Theosophical in its point of view.]

*The Idyll of the White Lotus.* By M.C.

[A little work of great beauty.]

*Light on the Path.* By M.C.

[A Theosophical work of a devotional character.]

*Through the Gates of Gold.* By MABEL COLLINS.

[Mystical and beautiful.]

*A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen.* And its sequel,

*Old Lady Mary.*

[Two very charming books.]

*Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.*

*London Dialectical Society's Report on Spiritualism.*

[Worth study, perhaps, in connection with the *Seybert Commission's Report*.]

*Spiritual Magazine.* 1860—1877.

[A store-house of argument and fact.]

*Human Nature.* 1868—1877.

[Many interesting reviews and papers are contained in some volumes.]

*The Spiritualist Newspaper* 1869 to 1881.

[A full record of facts during those years with much philosophical disquisition.]

*Works of ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.*

[Experiences and revelations of a remarkable seer.]

*Works of THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.*

[Mystical.]

*Works of ALLAN KARDEC.*

[Re-incarnationist.]

*Works of SWEDENBORG.*

[Mystical and Philosophical and very illuminative.]

The following Works on Mesmerism, &c., are worth reading.

*Researches in Magnetism, Electricity, &c., &c.* BARON REICHENBACH.

*The Zoist.* March, 1843, to January, 1850.

[A magazine with much information on mesmerism, all of which is now fully accepted. Of historic interest.]

*Notes and Studies in the Philosophy of Animal Magnetism.* DR. ASHBURNER.

*Animal Magnetism.* DR. WM. GREGORY.

*Mesmerism, with Hints for Beginners.* CAPTAIN JAMES.

*Statuolism.* W. BAKER FAHNESTOCK, M.D.

*Animal Magnetism.* BINET and FERE.

[A recent work embodying results of research at Paris, under the direction of Dr. Charcot. Latest and best work.]

*Animal Magnetism.* DR. LEE.

The chief periodicals devoted to the subject are:—

<i>Light</i> (London).	<i>La Revue Spirite</i> (Paris).
<i>Medium and Daybreak</i> (London).	<i>Le Spiritisme</i> (Paris).
<i>Two Worlds</i> (Manchester).	<i>Le Messager</i> (Liège).
<i>Religio - Philosophical Journal</i> (Chicago).	<i>La Chaine Magnétique</i> (Paris).
<i>Banner of Light</i> (Boston).	<i>L'Aurore</i> (Paris).
<i>Golden Gate</i> (San Francisco).	<i>La Vie Posthume</i> (Marseilles).
<i>Harbinger of Light</i> (Melbourne).	<i>Psychische Studien</i> (Leipzig).
<i>The Theosophist</i> (Madras).	<i>Reformador</i> (Rio de Janeiro).
<i>Lucifer</i> (London).	<i>Constancia</i> (Buenos Ayres).
<i>The Path</i> (Boston).	<i>Carrier Dove</i> (San Francisco).
<i>The Soul</i> (Boston).	<i>World's Advance Thought</i> (Portland, Oregon).
<i>The Sphinx</i> (Leipzig).	

There are also some dozens of less important journals.