

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

No. 506.—VOL. X. [Registered as a Newspaper.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1890. [Registered as a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

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NOTICE.

The Editor is at present out of reach of postal communications. He begs the consideration of his contributors and correspondents during his absence. With the exception of his own personal contributions, the Journal will go on in its own orderly way.

COINCIDENCES.

No. IX.

The following records have been kindly furnished by a correspondent who has paid much attention to psychical matters:—

(1) In August, 1878, I was sitting out at about 10 p.m. one evening with some friends in front of the hotel at Tarbet, Loch Lomond, Scotland. We were much bothered by gnats, and this circumstance turned the conversation to insect bites generally. An old lady who was of the party related how in her youth she had been bitten by a sheep tick. I had never heard of a tick infesting the human body, and was much interested—almost fascinated—as one is sometimes fascinated by the repulsive or disgusting. It affected my imagination much as the actual sight of a large spider would have done. On the following morning, in getting out of bed, I discovered a sheep tick firmly imbedded in my leg.

(2) On Thursday, February 1st, 1883, I arranged with my friend K. to pay a call in Notting Hill. K. said he must pay a call elsewhere first. I at once bethought me of some people on whom I wanted to call, and said "So will I, I shall be calling at 26, L—road" (in another quarter of London). "Those are the people on whom I am going to call," replied K. Neither of us was aware of the other's acquaintance with these people: our acquaintance also had no common origin nor had we many friends in common. It has occurred to me on at least two other occasions—of which I have kept records—to hear of a complete stranger from two distinct quarters on the same day.

(3) I have suffered only two serious losses by theft in the course of my life, and that within the course of a few weeks, by agencies obviously independent. My watch was stolen from my pocket at the doors of a theatre in January, 1881, and early in March of the same year a despatch box, with money and other valuables, was stolen from my rooms.

On Saturday, February 24th, 1883, I looked for my umbrella, when leaving home in the morning, the day being overcast. I could not find it—and have never seen it since.

I took my stick instead, and placed it at lunch time in the same rack in the same restaurant where I had placed it for two years past. I never saw that again either.

As far as I can recollect I have never had a stick stolen on any other occasion, and only once an umbrella.

(4) One Monday in 1883, I took down to my office to read a letter, not addressed to myself, which had been lent to me to read a day or two before, and which I had left in my pocket unread. I read the letter at my desk at the office at 10.20 a.m. At 10.40 a.m. I found amongst my official correspondence a letter from the same person, on official matters, which had arrived that morning. The subject matter of the two letters

was entirely different, nor had the writer any knowledge of my existence.

This is from a correspondent of "LIGHT":—

The wife of a solicitor in a market town in the West of England lost an infant two and a-half years old, by scarlet fever. An elder boy, aged five, had been removed to the house of his father's parents as soon as infection was declared, but he also soon fell ill of the same malady, and on the death of the younger child, his mother went to nurse the sick one who lapsed into a comatose state, and became quite blind. The greatest care was taken to keep him ignorant of his brother's death, but as the funeral cortege passed the house he was seen by those in his room to kiss and wave his hand three times, as though to say farewell. The house was situate in the High-street, and wheels constantly passing, but he never repeated the action, and in a few days he joined his brother. M. W. G.

Another correspondent sends the following:—

At the close of July, having undertaken to find for an invalid friend lodgings in some place north of the London basin, I scoured St. Albans, but met with no success there, and gave it up as a bad job. On the following Friday, the 1st inst., I felt a strong impression that I ought to go to Hatfield, and without thinking whether that place was a town or village, and being unable to form an opinion as to its capability for supplying what I was seeking, I resolved to go. Walking up the street towards the church I saw a gentleman strolling the same way, and shortly after encountered him in the churchyard. Passing into the park further up, I soon came upon Lord Salisbury's mansion, and, understanding that the family being at home it was useless to apply for admission to view the state apartments, I turned back, and at the gateway stood still a minute, waiting for the lodge-porter, who might give me definite information. But instead of the porter the above-mentioned gentleman came through the archway, and seeing me standing with no apparent object, asked me if I had been at Cromer two or three years ago. "Yes, I was there in 1877." "Do you remember meeting me several times in our hunt for lodgings?" "Yes," I replied, and then recognised him. "Are you on your travels again?" I asked. "I am staying at St. Albans." "Indeed; are there lodgings to be had there?" "Yes, very comfortable," and he gave me an address. I took the next train to St. Albans, and on walking up the hill, keeping a lookout, I spied a lodging notice, and stopped. Just then a lady passed me, and, guessing my want, asked to be allowed to recommend rooms which she was about to quit, and had quite satisfied her. I went to both houses so recommended, and am glad to know that the thing I sought for has been found—found simply through the series of coincidences:—

1st. Of my taking the particular train to Hatfield.

2nd. The brief visit of my Cromer acquaintance, who had wandered up to the gate to while away a short time before his train came up.

3rd. The arrival of my train at St. Albans at the exact time to meet the lady whose recommendation led finally to the much-desired visit of my invalid friend. The salubrity of St. Albans, the surroundings and conditions generally were what I had sought for in vain. The work was done for me in the way described. London, August 31st. M. A. I.

On the night of July 1st last my wife dreamed that we were crossing a river on a narrow and very shaky bridge or plank, which was alarmingly unsteady, with water flowing rapidly underneath. She related the dream to me on waking in the morning. On that day we visited Dryburgh Abbey and in order to reach it we had to pass over a narrow suspension footbridge of so slender a

make that a notice is posted warning visitors not to venture on it in a greater number than ten at one time. The narrow and unsteady bridge crossing the rapid Tweed at a considerable height did realise in great part the dream of the night. I may add that neither of us had the most remote idea of the place or its surroundings and had never heard of the bridge.

August 31st.

M. A. I.

Mr. F. Haydn Williams, of Spring Vale, Whitby, supplies the following:—

When I was on a visit to the United States of America, in 1870, the following striking coincidence occurred. I was walking down Washington-street, Boston, Mass., one summer evening after an intensely hot day. A short man in a linen blouse was walking unsteadily before me, he having been indulging in alcoholic drink to some excess. When I was passing him the following dialogue occurred. The tipsy little man said to me, with an Irish accent, and in the thick voice of the fuddled drinker, "I say, what's the time?"

Answer: "Twenty minutes past eight."

Query: "Oh! twenty minutes past eight, is it? Where do you come from?"

Answer: "From England."

Query: "Oh! From England. From what part of England? From Northampton or Southampton, or where?"

Answer: "Oh! I come from Southampton."

Query: "From Southampton! Then p'raps you know my brother!"

Answer: "Perhaps I do. What's your name?"

Query: "My name? Why, ——" (I suppress the name.)

Answer: (Seeing immediately a strong family likeness to a gentlemanly little Irishman I had known for some years, while was engaged on the Ordnance Survey) "Yes, I know your brother. His name is ——" (giving his baptismal name) "and he is superintendent of the ——" department, in the Ordnance Survey Office at Southampton."

These accurate details sobered him. With a pallid and anxious face he stopped on the pavement and looked me up and down, with the most bewildered scrutiny. At length he said, "Ah! by St. Patrick, but that's all true! You know my brother!"

Answer: "Oh, yes, and he's a much-respected man, an active worker among the Wesleyans, and he never gets drunk!" (This with a reproachful smile and head-shake at the little man in the blouse.)

Query: "Oh, your honour, you must come and see my old father and my sisters!" &c., &c., accompanied by quite an enthusiastic demonstration of hand-shaking, stopping in the street to look at me again, to make sure he was not bewitched. I begged him not to draw public attention in this manner, and promised to call at his residence on the following Sunday, if he would tell me where he lived, which he at once did. I called and found an excited group of warm-hearted Irish people, from whose impulsive demonstrations I thankfully escaped in half an hour to my quiet lodgings at 109, Harrison-avenue.

On returning to England, in a few months, I had the pleasure of reporting my casual meeting with (but not the intoxication of) the little Irishman to his worthy brother, who was almost as much surprised and excited at the coincidence as my quondam acquaintance in Boston.

"Neptune" sends these:—

Being on board H.M.S. *London*, a two-decker ninety-gun ship, the day of the bombardment of Sebastopol, during the Russian war, I heard, prior to the engagement, the captain of the fore-top order an Irishman aloft to do something. He replied, "I don't care whether I do it or no, I shall be the first man killed to-day," and sure enough he was, during the engagement behind me, unrecognisable, being headless, afterwards recognised by name upon his clothes.

At another time, on board same ship, a Swedish Finn, when dying, said to the doctor, "I'm going to hell, three days after you will be there, and I'll give you an extra shovel of coals, you old —, I will." The doctor died three days after.

On board H.M. despatch gunboat *Nimrod*, before the first taking of the Taku Forts in China, I was bowman of the second gig. The afternoon prior to the engagement we went away with the master to take bearings and distances from the position we should occupy. After doing so, the master surveying the position, and seeing that the guns of a certain fort were directed

accurately for that very spot, exclaimed, "The man that lives to come out of this to-morrow will be a lucky man," at which I laughed. But I shall never forget the look, and the words of poor Harry Love, of the Isle of Wight, in response to my laugh. He said, "Don't laugh, Dick, some of us will be missing to-morrow," and sure enough a great and visible change came over him, and he was the first killed that day.

At the same time a fellow-townsmen from another ship asked me if I had any news from home. He had seen his mother, and was sure she was dead. It proved true. We were neighbours.

A few months ago, whilst in our ship talking with two lads, I was shaken by some spirit influence behind me; at the same time I could hear a "who who who." It seemed to be in some manner as if some one would say, "I'll give it to you." I said, "What's the matter, someone has gone wrong." The two lads looked at me. I asked if they saw anything, or heard anything. They replied no. I told them I did, and told them to note the time. I thought it was one of two women that had died, as it was evidently a woman that influenced me. My boy, whom I had not seen for sixteen years, died suddenly at that time, and to me it was evidently his spirit grandmother that influenced me, for it was just her way of acting when alive. I know of another case where was given the exact time, place, and posture of the head of a man which was shot clean off at Sebastopol in the trenches, and it took place exactly as was said.

I also remember a man foretelling, in an American bark, a storm in his dog-watch whilst at the wheel." We did mistake a waterspout for a white squall, had studding sails lower and aloft, and had a very narrow escape of contact, in the confusion of shortening sail under such circumstances.

August 11th, 1890.

This is from the *St. James's Gazette*:—

Did you ever have the curiosity (a correspondent writes) to count up the coincidences which came under your notice in a single month? Here are a few that I have experienced in a much shorter time. At a bookstall I took up an old magazine in which occurred a quotation—new to me—from Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Half-an-hour later I came across it in a new magazine just issued. Then I found a remark of Wendell Holmes in *Tea Cups* about nobody having detected an error of his about a giant's tale. I immediately find the original in *All the Year Round*. In conversation with an American about railway bridges I hear much about trestle bridges, and he tells me that he used to feel fairly afraid in crossing one at Cleveland, Ohio. Two days after the newspapers give an account of the fall of a bridge at Cleveland, Ohio. A man asks me about Montaigne and his opinions. Quite accidentally the very same day I stumble upon an article on Montaigne. And so on; for these are only a few instances among many.

In the year 1871 I was at Grahamstown, Cape of Good Hope, anxiously expecting the return of my husband from the diamond fields. I knew that he would bring with him a large quantity of valuable diamonds, and I could not help thinking of the risks he would run, as there had been some bold robberies. As the day drew near when he would leave the fields by the Vaal river, I became very anxious and troubled, and with a prayer in my heart for a little comfort, I opened the Bible and my eyes fell on the 31st verse of the 8th chapter of Ezra.

"Then we departed from the river of Ahava on the twelfth day of the first month, to go unto Jerusalem; and the hand of our God was upon us, and He delivered us from the hand of the enemy, and of such as lay in wait by the way."

I had no more fear, and felt sure that my husband would arrive safely, as he did. I had never consulted the Bible before, should have called the doing so superstitious, and have not done it since, but I believe that the answer was mercifully sent to meet my need.

W. G.

My friend M. E. tells me she has a very dear correspondent whose husband has been invalided for years, who writes frequently to her, mainly on the subject of his condition. On three or four occasions M. E. has had a vision of her own address in the handwriting of her friend, shortly before grave news arrived of the sufferer. She sees no postmark, stamp, nor even the outline of the envelope, but simply the writing as if on paper, and this perception has happened in different rooms and at different hours. As far as she can ascertain, it coincides,

not with the writing of the letter, but with the writer's first determination to write. Here, again, the telepathy does not depend on the object, but on the thought of the object not yet existent. Truly thought is a potent spell. The same M. E. says she dreamt of the death of an uncle, and told her mother at breakfast time, who made light of it, as her kinsman was not in years, and was of robust habit, but before the day was out tidings came that he had died in a fit. M. E. is very sympathetic, but not imaginative. M. W. G.

A THREEFOLD DREAM.

A. M. WRIGHT, M.D., IN THE *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

The following story brings out the power of sympathy between two souls that are in harmony with each other. We cannot measure its extent when it exists in those who have the soul-power developed. We imagine that this transference of vitality is akin to transference of thought which the scientific world now largely accepts as true. There is probably no psychical power that is not capable of being so transferred, from a thought to the double which intense effort of will or anxious love enables a psychic to project. We need not say that many such cases are on record, and in all may be traced some disturbance of the soul, which causes it to think earnestly of some beloved one who is in sickness or distress, or to desire earnestly to gain some wished-for end, or to remedy some wrong done, or to watch over and protect some friend. This liberated energy of the soul has the power of causing these phenomena the more forcibly when the *rapport*, as in the case here narrated, is strong between two sympathetic persons, who were probably the unconscious possessors of psychical gifts which were set in action by the potent magician that is responsible for many of these unfamiliar occurrences. A dying mother in India thinks of her children in London, and her double is seen bending over their cots and kissing them. There are many such cases. Here we have reciprocal affection between two lovers, one of whom is stricken for death. His enfeebled body has little hold on the agitated soul, and he impresses himself and his state on the lady with whom he is in close *rapport*. She, in turn, desires earnestly to give him of her store of strength, and actually does so. It is within our knowledge in one case (among many less familiar by personal experience) that an aged person has long been kept alive by the vitality of one whose care for her seemed to give a new lease of life. It was a manifest case of transference of vital energy. The subject is interesting as a study, and there must be many similar cases on record:—

This singular story, says Dr. Wright, came to my knowledge some years ago, and I believe it will be worth repeating here.

A young teacher in one of the Western institutions of learning by the name of Lambert became attached to one of his pupils called Ferson, a young lady of a peculiarly sensitive temperament. When the season of vacation arrived he requested that she enter into a correspondence with him; this being acquiesced in they left for their respective homes. Soon after Lambert arrived at his destination he wrote to her and she answered the letter; another letter came from him which she answered as before, but to this one there was no reply. After waiting a considerable time Miss Ferson spoke of this matter to her father, who expressed his surprise at this silence, for he himself had received no word from the young man; he having been in correspondence with him previous to his acquaintance with his daughter.

Time passed on. The young lady not being of that order of female who prefers an unwilling conquest to none at all, did not write again or in any way remind her delinquent correspondent of his duty. About this time she with a party of young friends went to a picnic. Returning late she retired to her room, and too weary to think of disrobing, threw herself on a lounge to rest. Whether she fell asleep or not is not known, but she seemed suddenly to feel the presence of another person in the room; looking up and raising herself upon her elbow she beheld young Lambert standing in

the middle of the room, smiling upon her. She struggled to speak, but could not, and he, with another smile, took up his overcoat and hat—which she then saw had been lying upon a chair—and turning, bowed, put on his overcoat, waved his hand and left the room. There came no apparent awakening to her, she was on her feet as quickly as the form disappeared and, rushing to the door, found it fastened on the inside as she had left it.

Persuading herself that she had only experienced a very vivid dream, she retired for the night. The next night the dream was repeated and again the third night, but this time upon seeing the form again in her room, she remembered that she had twice before dreamed the same dream and was filled with a nameless fear as she argued to herself that this also was a dream like the others; she noticed each detail as in the previous dreams, lying there terrified, feeling that she could not move from her bed for horror, long after the "thing" was gone.

The following morning she told of her threefold dream and begged of her father to write to the address given her, as she was filled with apprehension. This he did; soon after a letter was received, stating that the young man inquired for was lying dangerously ill at the place named. Two weeks after a letter was received from him, telling of his great sickness and present weak state, but possible recovery. The father wrote at once asking him what his condition was upon such and such nights, giving the dates. He answered wondering why those dates were selected as he was at that time in a perfectly unconscious condition, it being the crisis of his illness.

He finally recovered sufficiently to come to the home of the young lady, where he remained for some months. Quick consumption had seized him as a victim, however, and rapidly accomplished its work. At last, believing that the home of his boyhood would restore him, he determined to take the journey to that place; his extreme weakness made this a terrible undertaking. When he was about departing the young lady said to him, with great earnestness and emotion—

"Oh, if I could but lend you my strength for your journey, I would give it willingly, all of it."

He turned and smiled as he answered: "I do believe you would do it, if you could."

Then came the time for leaving, she saw him take up his overcoat, put it on, but this time with her assistance, and smiling, bow, wave his hand at the door, and go out of the room to the cab that awaited him. Her dream was realised.

After his departure Miss Ferson complained of giddiness, became strangely pallid and was compelled to lie down, becoming so prostrated with weakness that she could not raise herself from her pillow. This continued until about eleven o'clock the next day, when she resumed her usual physical condition as suddenly as she had lost it. Two days after a letter came from the home of Lambert. He had arrived safely and was stronger than when he started, felt almost well; later letters told how his strength failed him and that he was able to sit up but once after reaching home. Then came the news of his death and burial.

This recital of strange circumstances opens up a peculiar avenue of thought to me, and for that reason I give it to the readers of the *Journal*, hoping that some one will form a correct hypothesis, explaining the nature of the agency producing the phenomena.

A HALL FOR SPIRITUALISTIC WORK IN LONDON.

We are asked to notify the desire of the South London Spiritualists to provide themselves with a plot of land, and to build a hall suitable for Sunday services, public and private circles, and meetings. It is proposed, also, to have facilities for the relief of the afflicted poor by healing mediumship. A meeting will be held at Chepstow Hall on Sunday, September 14th, at 8 p.m., to advance this project. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. J. Thomas Fovargue, 30, Grosvenor Park, S.E., or to the Hon. Sec., Mr. W. E. Long, 36, Kemerton-road, Loughboro' Junction, S.E.

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER.—In addition to the contributions announced last week, to enable Miss Lottie Fowler to return to America, we have to acknowledge the receipt of £3 from Mr. Fabyan Dawe, of £2 from Mr. J. Swinburne, of Brighton, an anonymous gift of £1 from Dorking, and 2s. from J. E. G.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF A. E. CARPENTER.

(FROM THE *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.)

The writer of the subjoined records is well known as a successful mesmerist in the United States. We abridge somewhat a rather long paper, but what we print below is unaltered from his narrative as it appears in the *Journal*.—

One night in my early manhood, I had a strange experience, whether it was a dream, phantasm, or what not, I cannot tell. I found myself seemingly floating in the air above the bed on which I was lying. I looked down upon my body which I saw plainly lying on the bed, and from which I seemed to be separated. My sensations for a moment were painful, but directly became more pleasant as I seemed to be rapidly rising, and I gradually became conscious of surroundings that were all new and strange to me. A light different from anything I had ever before known seemed to surround me. A calm and blissful peace filled my whole being. I did not hear music and yet there was an indescribable harmony which thrilled and filled my soul with ecstatic delight. I soon became aware that I was not alone. Directly I recognised my mother clothed with the radiance of immortality. Soon my father appeared, and then many others that had departed this life. They all gathered around me and gave me hearty greeting into the world of souls. I thought that I was a spirit freed from my body as the others, and I was supremely happy. I was glad that I was there, and I wanted always to remain. And when my mother came to me and said that I must return to earth, I wept and pleaded to be permitted to remain, for it seemed to me I could not bear to return to the cold and dreary world again. Gradually the light vanished and I felt myself sinking, and in an agony of despair I awoke to find myself bathed in cold perspiration, weak and trembling all over, with a distinct and vivid recollection of all I had seen and heard. I hear someone say "nightmare." All right, call it what you please, it made an impression on me that I have never forgotten.

Again, one night I had gone to bed quite early in my room alone. The moon was nearly full and was shining brightly in at the windows. I had gotten quiet, but had not yet gone to sleep when directly I became conscious that there was some one in the room. It seemed to me that I detected what seemed like shadows at the foot of the bed. At first I thought I could not be awake, but was dreaming. So I looked about the room. There was the furniture all right, the lifted curtains at the windows, and yet the shadows remained. Suddenly one of them became more distinct, until I saw plainly before me as I ever saw her, my mother. I arose in bed, and stretching out my arms towards her, I said, "Oh, mother, I am so glad to see you." Behold she was gone, and I found myself alone gazing about in the quiet moonlight, wondering what had happened and how I could be so deceived, and yet somehow I could not rid myself of the idea that my mother had been with me. Was it pure hallucination or was it perception? I do not know. This vision occurred two years later than the first experience alluded to.

I will now speak of experiences of my wife who almost every day and sometimes several times a day is having these "percepts," but unlike those I have related they are verified in many instances as perceptions of actual facts. On the night of July 4th she had a very vivid dream. She was so impressed that it was not really a dream that on rising she wrote down what she saw and said to me, "Now when the *Boston Herald* comes this morning you see if you do not find an account of the circumstance as I write it." So she wrote, "I saw a man shoot a woman. He walked up to her and shot her and she fell over. He then walked away. The people thought she was killed, but she is still alive and may get well. It was not in Boston, but very near there." She wrote this about six in the morning. The *Herald* boy gets to our cottage where we are staying in East Gloucester about 10 a.m. The *Herald* came at the usual time and contained this account. I will not copy it in full, but only the part relating to the shooting. By-the-way, I said to her that her saying the woman fell over was not much of a test as a woman would be pretty likely to fall over if she was shot to any purpose. However, the sequel shows that it was an important part of the statement. "Shot down by her husband.—About ten o'clock last evening Mrs. Conners was sitting on the steps of her brother-in-law Timothy Hanly's house, 46, Girard-

street, Roxbury, when her husband came up and emptied a revolver, aiming it at her head. The woman fell back and before an alarm could be roused the man walked away. She was removed to the city hospital. She is in a very critical condition with very slight hopes of her recovery." The coincidence, if it can be called such, is certainly remarkable.

Mr. Myers says we can produce hallucinations at will with a person in a hypnotic state. This is true, and it is also true that persons in the hypnotic state are liable to have verified percepts also. Several years ago I was giving exhibitions in hypnotism accompanied by my wife in New Haven, Conn. Quite an interest was created and several of the leading citizens of the town called upon us at our hotel, the Tontine. In their presence I hypnotised my wife and she demonstrated her power to see with her eyes securely blindfolded. Dr. Gallagher, a leading physician, Professor Lyman, of Yale College, the Mayor of the city, and several others were present. After proving her power to see while perfectly blindfolded, and in the midst of the experiments, she suddenly stopped and seemed to have her attention entirely distracted from the work in hand. Gazing apparently into the distance, she exclaimed, "I see a dreadful sight; don't let me look, it is horrible." I said, "Do not be alarmed, but tell us what you see." She replied, "I see a gallows and a man upon it, whom they are about to hang. There are people gathered around, oh! it is dreadful, but I must look." She was trembling all over with agitation. "There he drops," and she covered her eyes as though to shut out the scene. Again she looks, and says, "What makes it so much the worse he did not commit the crime. He is innocent." Then she smiled and said, "They did not kill him after all. He is moving away with those people who are his friends that have been waiting for him. That is his spirit and those are his spirit friends. They are taking down his body and putting it in a coffin. I cannot look any longer." I awoke her. We talked it over, but none of us had any idea what it all meant. The next forenoon we met again to make further experiments, the same people being present. After we had proceeded awhile she again became abstracted, and commenced to see as before. She exclaimed, "I see a man that has something to do with the execution that I saw yesterday." I asked, "Is it the man that was hung?" "No," she said, "it is the man that was murdered, for killing whom the other man was hung. He wants something. Give me a paper and pencil." I laid them on the table. Her hand became violently agitated, she seized the pencil and wrote these words: "You have hanged an innocent man," signed with three initials. We were all intensely interested to know what this was about. Dr. Gallagher said, "We will get the *New York Herald* which has just come and see if there is any account of an execution yesterday." He went out and obtained the paper and behold there was a column account of an execution that occurred in Watertown, N.Y., at the very time we were having our séance the previous day. By-the-way, she described the personal appearance of the man that was murdered as well as the man that was hanged. The description in the paper tallied exactly with hers, and the article went on to review the murder, giving the name of the murdered man in full, and there were the very initials that she had just written on the paper. Besides, the paper went on to state that it was the opinion of a large portion of the community that the man hung was innocent of the crime. I am perfectly certain that my wife had no personal knowledge of any of the circumstances, and the whole thing was as much of a surprise and marvel to her as the rest of us. The account was written up at the time, and published in the *Newhaven Palladium*, verified by at least a half dozen witnesses, among whom were the gentlemen I have mentioned.

Notice the points in the case. The sensitive was first hypnotised. She was perfectly blindfolded and yet read cards and books that were placed in her hands, proving her power to see without eyes. Directly she commences to see something entirely unknown to her or unthought of by any person present. What she saw took place in a remote town in Northern New York, hundreds of miles from New Haven. She sees the man being hung. She sees his spirit and spirit friends after he was hung. She declares him innocent. The next day she sees the spirit of the murdered man and is moved to write a message signing the initials of his name correctly.

A MAN once offered to teach a philosopher the art of memory, for five talents. "I will give you ten talents," was the reply, "if you teach me the art of forgetting."

A STORY OF PRESENTIMENT.

On July 8th, at Norwich, Conn., Carl Hildebrand, eleven years old, son of John Hildebrand, of that city, went in bathing with the other boys in the afternoon, and was drowned at 3.30 o'clock. The father was working on a farm at Brewsters Neck, three miles south of Norwich. During the forenoon of the day on which the boy was drowned, the father, a stout German labourer who speaks English brokenly, felt strangely. He said, "I felt mighty funny; I don't know what's the matter with me. There is something wrong." He trembled as though suffering from an attack of ague. The other workmen told him that he must be affected by the heat, and advised him to go to the house near by where he was boarding and to lie down. "No, no, no," positively declared Hildebrand. "I am not sick, I feel all right; I feel funny. I never felt so before in my life. I am well, but there is something wrong." He went to the house, but soon returned and resumed work. At intervals he stopped, leaned on his farm implement, trembled, and said repeatedly, "I can't see what this means. It's a very funny feeling," but in each instance he resolutely declared that, as to health, he never felt better in his life. He worked vigorously, but at times trembled as though something frightful was approaching and near at hand. The day wore away with these intermittent experiences.

At three o'clock Hildebrand's excitement visibly increased, and the strong man shuddered. At about half-past three he suddenly stopped working, as though smitten by a blow, and he shook like a poplar leaf in the wind. Then he straightened himself up, called to his companion in the field, faced the north toward Norwich, and apparently in a state of exaltation, while gazing searchingly into the air, exclaimed, "Over yonder," pointing in the same direction above the green billows of forest verdure misty in the white glare of quivering heat. "Something," he cried, "came to me from over yonder, over yonder, and it hit me here," striking his left breast with his clenched hand. Soon Mr. Gottschalk, owner of the farm, came from the city and said to his wife that he had bad news for Hildebrand.

"Well, that is singular," interposed Mrs. Gottschalk, "he has been feeling strange all day—said he felt funny, and couldn't account for it"; and then, without waiting to hear Gottschalk's tale of bad news, she related all Hildebrand's experiences of the day. At the end of the story Gottschalk commented: "Well, here is the meaning of it all; his boy was drowned at 3.30 this afternoon."

Then, according to this narrative, which is condensed from a long statement in the *New York Sun*, the sad news was communicated to Hildebrand immediately, but the great shock of the affliction had been felt in the afternoon and the stout labourer evinced little surprise. He changed his clothes and started for Norwich at once and found the body of his boy laid out in the little parlour of his home, which is 18, High-street. This story is declared by the writer of the article in the *Sun* to be "exactly true in every particular, whatever may be the plausible explanation of the incident."

Assuming this narrative to be true, it is only one of a multitude of cases which show that minds under favourable conditions receive premonitions and impressions of scenes and events beyond the range of the physical senses and independently of the ordinary means of communication. These impressions are of all degrees of vividness and intensity. They may be but a vague feeling that something is wrong, faint, or violent and culminating in a shock like that received by the Norwich father when the son was drowning, or it may be clear and definite, the whole scene or occurrence appearing to the mind with lifelike distinctness. When the import of facts like these shall be understood, the crude materialistic interpretation of mental phenomena so satisfactory to many for a while after they have broken away from their old theological moorings, will be seen to be without any basis whatever. The Society for Psychical Research by investigating such narratives as the one given above, and collecting facts verified and established, to be used as data on which to base scientific conclusion, is doing as valuable a work for mental science as the British and American Scientific Associations are doing for physical science. The investigation needs to be conducted with great care, with rigid impartiality, and with that religious love of truth, whether it makes for or against preconceived theories, which inspires the true man of science.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

TELEPATHY, OR SPIRIT-ACTION?

Mr. W. H. Miller, of Cairo, N.Y., records the following experience which is suggestive. Is there in it anything more than telepathy? We must not import into the explanation of such occurrences any external agency until we have exhausted the possibilities of our own souls. The case is recorded in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.—

Many years ago, in the early times of modern spirit phenomena, my attention was drawn to one of my children, a boy about twelve years old, who had shown a faculty of writing mediumship in a remarkable degree. Being at that time doubtful of its spiritual origin, I attempted to test it in the following manner:—

I placed him at a table with paper and pencil before him in one corner of a room about twelve feet square, and seating myself at another table in the corner diagonally opposite to him, I said, "If a spirit can control the boy's hand to write, will he tell me what I have drawn on this paper before me?" (I had just made a small sketch of a rabbit not more than an inch in size.) Before I had completed the question the boy's hand wrote rapidly. I crossed the room to see, and found that he had written the word "rabbit." We were entirely alone in the room. I then made several small sketches of animals and other objects, and with one exception the result was the same. In this case I had rudely drawn what I intended to represent a military field piece or cannon, but the boy's hand wrote the words, "a wagon."

I said, "You are wrong this time. It is not a mere wagon." Instantly he wrote, "It looks like a wagon." On looking at my sketch I found that I had faintly indicated the cannon, by a single pencil mark inclining at the proper angle between the wheels. Now as I knew that the boy could not see the small sketch at the distance of eighteen feet, I could not resist the conclusion that some invisible intelligence could see it, and influence the boy to write the words.

This, my first strong impression, followed by hundreds of equally good evidences in the course of nearly forty years, has convinced me of the truth of spirit return.

THE FUTURE OF OUR SCIENCE.

Mr. O. B. Frothingham in the *Atlantic Magazine* has the following sensible remarks as to the possibilities that are contained in our study of things psychical. We have little doubt that an all-round view will eventually dissipate the theory of the early Spiritualist that all the phenomena called Spiritualistic are to be referred to the action of the spirits of departed human beings. We have as little doubt that it will also establish the fact of their intervention in mundane affairs. For there are phenomena unquestionably real which can be explained on no other hypothesis. It is to be desired that students of the occult should endeavour to correlate their facts without prejudice and not to start out equipped with a theory:—

The effect of psychical research is thus to increase the mystery of the world. Such is the effect of all scientific investigation, even the most rudimentary. The ancient simplicity disappears, to be succeeded by another sort of simplicity, resulting from the combination of many complex phenomena. The elements may be fewer, but the ingredients have multiplied. The old world had no mystery, properly speaking. The mind of the Eternal was unfathomable, his intentions were past discovering, but his outward creation stirred no profound awe. The laws of nature did not exist. There were, here and there, students of stars, flowers, animals, and the more obvious phases of creation. There was an occasional investigator of more secret existences. But the close, systematic, organised examination of phenomena was unknown. The real mystery of the world dawned on men when physical science was born; it has deepened with every step of its advance. The subtle inquiries of the Society for Psychical Research open abysses that ages will not explore. The substitution of facts for fancies, of observation for surmise, of theory as an instrument of investigation, for theory a final dogma, the dismissal of all idols whatever, marks a revolution in discovery. No doubt a great number of other superstitions have been exposed along with multitudes of baneful chimeras, like witchcraft and demoniac possession, but reverence, awe, wonder, have increased. We need not fear lest the universe should become prosaic. Imagination already has enough to do, and fresh demands will surely be made on it.

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2, DUKE STREET,
ADELPHI, W.C.

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Light:

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13th, 1890.

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 DOOM-SEALERS."

In a paper called *The Faith*, under the title of "Berean Correspondence," whatever that may mean, and with the singular title that heads this article, there is what we permit ourselves to call a funny letter, which makes some revelations of this curious age in which the dry bones of "a faith outworn" are being conspicuously stirred. It is to be expected that in the throes of a new birth we should find a good deal that does not fall within the ordinary lines of our experiences.

The Church is showing a rather lackadaisical tendency to make some kind of use of what it has long ignored. Mr. Tooth is flirting shyly with Mesmerism, or, as we suppose we ought now to call it, Hypnotism. There is a tendency in pious circles to recognise that there may be something in it—the *it* being that particular *it* in which he or she believes: it may be Hypnotism if *he* or *she* dwells in Belgravia; or Theosophy, if in the neighbourhood of Madame Blavatsky; or Esoteric Buddhism in the neighbourhood of Mr. Sinnett; or Occultism, if the neophyte is Eclectic; or Spiritualistic, if the student has made up his mind; or Psychical Researchic, if he is hopelessly at sea.

Be the fancy what it may, there is no doubt that in an enormous number of divergent directions the power and influence of spirit, and its action *ab extra* on the human soul, is being largely recognised. For instance, there is a Mrs. Woodworth who has been addressing twice daily an audience of 8,000 people in Oaklands, California, and converting them, up to the number of 3,000. It seems to be a sort of revival. She evokes what she calls "the power," and people become rigid and helpless, and lie for hours on the floor. It is stated that in that uncomfortable position they see wonderful visions of Heaven and Hell. This may well be; the resources of the human imagination are infinite, but, in an unlucky moment, it occurred to Mrs. Woodworth and her disciples to be more precise in their prophecies; they had a revelation of a sudden judgment and destruction of Oaklands, San Francisco, Chicago, and other somewhat important places. The cataclysm was to come off on April 14th, at 4.45 p.m. precisely, but it did not. People, by hundreds, sold all they possessed and fled East or to the mountains, but they got no satisfaction; things went on with provoking regularity, in spite of the prophecy, except that there

was evidently a lying spirit in the mouth of the discredited prophets, and that several of the fanatics seem to have gone mad.

Whether it be a Revival, or a Salvation Army, or Mrs. Woodworth, the end is pretty much the same. There is the liberation of a good deal of spurious excitement, generating forces of which we know little, and of whose action we know only by the empirical observation that we are able to give to isolated cases. "The candid opinion" of *The Faith* is that "these people have, unconsciously of course, been operated upon by Animal Magnetism, and possibly by some measure of infernal magnetism or Spiritualism." This reminds us of the opinion of the maid-of-all-work who was asked to explain the phenomena that occurred in the presence of the late D. D. Home. "Why!" she said, "it's all very simple; he just rubs himself over with a gold ring." One explanation is as good as the other.

"When will people be wise enough" (exclaims this sapient person) "to know that even good means may be used for bad ends?" When, we are inclined to say, will people of the mental calibre of this scribe be wise enough to hold their tongues about matters of which they have not even the most elementary knowledge? There is nothing "infernal" in Animal Magnetism or Spiritualism; it is the mind of the critic that provides the element which he so designates. We observe that he presumes to speak in the name of all Christian men and women. It is not necessary, we hope, to avow our sympathy with any, even the most *bizarre* form of, faith which avails to give a man some hold on the eternal verities and some reasonable hope for the future of his soul; but why, in the name of long-suffering patience, can he not so far translate his religion into an active charity as to avoid calling people and methods of whom and which he knows nothing, and of whom and which he, therefore, speaks without prejudice, "infernal"?

If there be in Spiritualism that which our critic so designates—and here we bow to his superior knowledge—there is assuredly in it that which has given consolation to many a yearning heart; that which has supported in many cases a faltering faith; that which has proved an efficient rule of life, and that which has demonstrated by the scientific method the survival of man after the death of the body.

Cannot a man, even a "Doom-sealer," muster sense enough to see that such evidence is valuable? Why! a person as silly as himself, if he spoke from out of the eternal silences, would be invaluable.

ADIN BALLOU.

We regret to notice the demise of this aged minister in his eighty-eighth year. For seventy years he had been a preacher, and his spiritual experiences made his name well known among Spiritualists. He was the founder of the Hopedale Community, an effort to translate into modern life the distinctive doctrines of Christian Socialism. He was a very kindly and simple-minded man, and his loss will be sincerely mourned.

MR. AND MRS. EVERITT.

We hear that Mr. and Mrs. Everitt are having a very busy time in the North of England—Mr. Everitt in lecturing, and Mrs. Everitt in giving "direct voice" séances. Their first visit was to Stamford, whence they went on to Keighley, and then to Newcastle and Sunderland. To-day (Saturday) they will be at Carnforth; and their programme for the immediate future includes Bury, Sheffield, Nottingham, and Belper. Everywhere their work is highly appreciated, affording gratification and encouragement to Spiritualists, and carrying conviction to doubters—the more readily perhaps because their services are always rendered cheerfully without fee or reward.

MORE ABOUT HYPNOTISM.

Hypnotism. Dr. Albert Moll. (Contemporary Science Series.)

Hypnotism; Its Conditions and Safeguards. (Circular of the Society for Psychical Research.)

The Latest Discoveries in Hypnotism. Part II. (Dr. J. Luys, in *Fortnightly Review*.)

Hypnotism. By Dr. Payton Spence, in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, of August 16th.

The literature of Hypnotism grows apace. The book and less ambitious articles that head this paper show sufficiently the various lines of thought that the subject provokes. Herr Moll gives us a rather ambitious historical *résumé* of the history and present aspects of hypnotism. The Society for Psychical Research endeavours to calm current fears and to point out the extent of our present knowledge in "brief and sober statement." Dr. Luys, whose first article we have already noticed, completes his record of recent discoveries from personal knowledge. And an American M.D. gives us his rather optimistic view of the situation. It is plain that any attempt to deal with these utterances must be brief in conception and imperfect in execution by reason of space. We do not, indeed, propose to give anything more than a very discursive summary of some portions that we regard as important, leaving it to our readers, if they so elect, to make personal acquaintance with the original matter on which we comment.

Dr. Moll we may dismiss with the remark that his most important chapters are those on the Theory, Medical, and Legal Aspects of Hypnotism. In this latter chapter cases are adduced which amply justify the warnings which we have thought it wise and right to address to the public. We have records of the abuse of patients in the hypnotic state by unscrupulous practitioners; we are told again of the persistence of hypnotic suggestion and of the crafty way in which a good "subject" will carry out a suggestion months after it is made. We have also an interesting discussion of the point that might be raised by a skilful counsel as to the effect of suggestion on his client in reference to his crime. These are points to which we may recur. For the present we aver that we see no escape from two conclusions. (1) That a hypnotised subject is at the mercy of the hypnotiser, and may be made to commit any crime, or to become the victim of the will of the hypnotiser; and (2) that crimes committed in that irresponsible state are not voluntarily done and are not rightly punishable. To this we may add that it seems to us that anyone who is familiar with the facts of hypnotism may put in a plea of Not Guilty by reason of undue influence, and that the jury might entertain such plea. And we may further add that it is very conceivable to us that repeated hypnotisations may so dominate the will as to leave the subject wholly under the influence of the dominant will of the hypnotiser—a state not to be encouraged.

We strongly recommend a careful perusal of these chapters in Dr. Moll's work side by side with the Circular of the Society for Psychical Research. The Society, which has devoted much attention to the subject of hypnotism, thinks it well to put forth "a brief and sober statement" as against "many sensational and exaggerated reports of the effects and the dangers of hypnotism." Let us see what this sober statement comes to.

1. The hypnotic state is not morbid.
2. Englishmen are less susceptible to it than the inhabitants of some Continental countries.
3. A healthy Englishman cannot in the first instance be hypnotised without his full knowledge and consent.

Now, it is obvious to remark that—whatever accord we may give to this last statement—many curious persons might be experimented on with their acquiescence and

without knowing or suspecting what they were doing. It is not in the first inception that the danger lies, except in so far as it leads up to a paralysis of will, and to a transference of responsibility from the subject to the hypnotiser. We have persistently contended that such a condition is fraught with risk, and ought never to be incurred. We now go further and say that we do not see how a person so dominated can be held responsible for the acts suggested to him.

We are not surprised that certain events which have become known in connection with hypnotic suggestion have induced some legislators to desiderate an enactment of prohibition against the exercise of these powers. But, in our opinion, any such legal enactment would be unwise and would defeat its own object. If we insist on the risks we are not blind to the blessings of hypnotism, and we emphatically protest against any persecution of those with whom we may disagree. The public mind should be carefully informed as to the whole matter, and then the public should be left to take care of itself. The resources of the law are amply sufficient to protect anyone who is injured, and to secure reparation. If crime is committed there are penalties that can be visited on the offender. If revolting cases, such as those cited by Dr. Moll, are brought into the courts of law the public susceptibility will soon take affright. The danger lies rather on the side of alarm. We may once more see this matter relegated to obscurity by reason of prejudice. This we should deprecate quite as much as a reign of license under the cloak of scientific investigation.

That hypnotism may be used for most beneficent purposes is quite certain. It can soothe pain; it can assist in the restoration of the healthy physical functions of the body; it can bring sleep to the wakeful and give them immunity from the great scourge of *insomnia*. It can paralyse injurious habits and break the sequence which the enfeebled will cannot struggle with. These, and other boons, it can confer. The question at issue is not solved by a denial of these plain truths; but rather by a careful all-round consideration of both sides of a difficult problem.

The Society for Psychical Research admits that there are "serious dangers to be guarded against." "It is by no means a subject to be played with." That is our contention; and the comments made in the Circular on these "serious dangers" by no means convince us that they are adequately met. We need not repeat a thrice told tale. The dangers once pointed out, we have no fear that they will be generally underrated. We should desire that any hasty conclusions be avoided, and that any over-statements be discounted. All panic, of course, is to be condemned. When pushed to the last analysis it will be found that the final question is one of the right of any man so to control the will of another as to become master of the springs of his actions. It is worth notice that all the beneficent work done by hypnotism can be accomplished without such paralysis of the will.

Dr. Luys' *Latest Discoveries in Hypnotism* need not detain us. It is interesting to those who have not had time and opportunity to pursue the contemporary record, which, indeed, may well happen to most of us, for the literature of this subject is increasingly prolific. His historic narrative is lucid and sufficiently detailed. He takes up the points on which we have insisted—"a whole series of criminal acts carried out unconsciously by persons under suggestion, who have been sent in a given direction without their knowledge—acts which defy the law, because of the condition of irresponsibility in which the actors are." "I am confident that doctors will come to find out in the course of time that many women who have been ruined have been under the influence of hypnotism. The somnambulist, too, is a malleable subject, capable of being directed in any fashion. He can be led to make a manual gift of property, and even to sign a promissory note or any kind of contract. He is ready to

carry out the most minute legal formulæ with a calm assurance that would deceive the most skilful lawyers." And so on and so on. There is no good end to be served by calling further witnesses.

Dr. Payton Spence does not believe in the transmission of any potency from the hypnotiser to the subject. We wonder how he explains such cases as those on record where a susceptible subject is successfully hypnotised when he is unconscious of the attempt, *e.g.*, behind his back with no notice of the experiment, and even from behind a wall where the operator could not be seen by the subject. Beyond the admission of facts, Dr. Spence does not advance us: but his admissions are worth quoting:—

For instance, here is a person, who to all appearances is perfectly normal, his eyes are open and he sees things around him just as you and I do. At the suggestion of the operator, he becomes blind, and can see nothing, until, at another suggestion, he sees as well as ever; or, at the suggestion of the operator he sees everything around him except one particular object, which, though it is right there before him, he cannot see; or, at the suggestion of the operator he becomes drunk on water, believes a walking stick to be his wife, feels no pain when a tooth is pulled or a finger is cut off, says it is delightful to have pins stuck into his flesh, loses his rheumatism of ten years' standing, and sees out of eyes that were for a long time blind. But how little does suggestion explain such results? And if, under hypnotic phenomena, we include the faith cures, the mind cures, the medium cures, Father Mollinger's St. Anthony-thigh-bone cures, &c., and we cannot get rid of them in any other way, then there is scarcely a disease that has not yielded to the power of hypnotism; and, so far as our understanding these phenomena is concerned, we might as well call it the magic of hypnotism.

He passes from these admissions to the ground which we have already trodden. He deprecates repressive legislation while freely admitting the dangers besetting the subject. He pleads, and we so far join him, for a "liberal and enlarged view," that we "give experimenters and investigators a loose rein for a while longer, and, under the protection of our ordinary criminal laws, take our chances of the dangers and evils of hypnotism, while the necessary efforts are being made to develop all that it now promises of possible good." Only let the public eye be open, and we will plead *non amore* for perfect liberty of action.

MENTAL ACTION DURING SLEEP.

It would be an interesting addition to our collection of coincidences (the appropriateness of which name has yet to be discussed), dreams, and general psychical occurrences if we could get correspondents to send us cases such as the following and instances of soul-action outside of the ordinary avenues of the senses. We invite such contributions:—

An old resident in Vermont tells the following story, belonging to his past experience as a country postmaster.

It happened one spring when the mud was almost up to the horses' knees that we had no mail for three days. The consequence was that the three days' batch, consisting of nine bags, came in late one night as I was about going to bed. I determined to delay distribution until morning, and fell asleep rather harassed at the thought of so large a task.

Next day I rose early and went into the office to open my mail bags. They were gone! The corner where I always left them was quite empty, and my heart began to beat loud and fast. The mail had been delivered to me, I was responsible for it, and it was not to be found.

Presently, as I stared about, the big drops of sweat gathering on my forehead, I noticed small packages of letters lying in the places where I was accustomed to leave them before sending them out into the several districts by the farmers who came to town. I looked further; the mail was all distributed. Then I turned to the spot where I always threw the empty bags after finishing my work. There they lay, collapsed and empty.

Now you know exactly as much about this story as I know myself. It seems very evident to me that I rose in my sleep, impressed by the unusual task before me, and finished it mechanically. I had never been a sleep-walker before, and I never did such a thing again.

MR. AND MRS. EVERITT AT NEWCASTLE.

We quote the following report of an interview with Mr. and Mrs. Everitt from Tuesday's *Newcastle Daily Leader*:—

"The times have been that when the brains were out the man would die, and there an end," said Macbeth, but Spiritualists reason quite differently in these latter days. They do not admit that there is "an end," brains or no brains; and the experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, partly revealed to a Newcastle audience on Sunday night, go to show that for the last forty years they have been in almost daily communication with "the dead." Not only that, but Mrs. Everitt, as a trance medium, visits "the other side," and holds sweet converse with the spirits of the departed, meeting with friends, and feeling very loth to return.

When I enter the other life, said Mrs. Everitt to a representative of this journal, it really only seems like a continuation of this; but I don't know how I get there or return again to the body.

But is life worth living on "the other side"?

Oh, very much so in the sphere I enter. I meet friends I have known in life and am introduced to many others, and I could pick out their likenesses from a hundred. When we meet we shake hands and talk upon anything that interests us.

What about the weather in that far-off land? asked the interviewer.

Well, I have never seen any rain there, said Mrs. Everitt, nor felt any wind. There is a bright light, the atmosphere is pure and exhilarating, with the perfume of many flowers—the sweetest to me coming from banks of blue roses—the sky intensely blue, and everything looking serene with an air of perfect repose.

Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, of London, who, it should be explained, are people of means, are simply prompted at their own cost to visit the Spiritualists in the North of England, and in point of fact have no personal interest to serve, never having taken a shilling for what they have said or done for Spiritualism during their forty years' experiences. Their manifestations of mediumship have been confined very much to the home or private circle, and in conversation one became impressed with their intelligent confidence and belief.

Their mediumship, it appeared, takes the higher form of direct communication in speaking and writing. At prayers they hear loud responses from the unseen—"Amen! my brother!" "Amen! my sister!" Shadows appear in their chamber and hold conversation with them. A friend of theirs in London was a brother of the late Mr. Mawson, of Newcastle, and in a trance state Mrs. Everitt sat in a carriage gliding through spiritual scenery with Mrs. Mawson, their friend's deceased wife, her brother-in-law, and a child, the latter, on being described, declared to be their granddaughter, who had died. On another occasion she was in the same company, but remembered two children. This report led to the news being imparted to the medium for the first time that this was a second grandchild who had died.

You know, she continued, Spiritualists believe this a dead world, and all we experience is but various reflections or reactions from the spirit life. We think this is simply a world of effects, interposed Mr. Everett, and the other a world of causes, so it is not likely we should see anything there that we have not seen here. Mrs. Everitt talked of having come and viewed her own entranced body in the chair just as if it were a dress which she could put on.

In regard to direct writing, said Mrs. Everitt, when my own hand is used I seem to lose all sensation in it. Feeling returns to my hand and arm when the pencil falls from my fingers. Of many strange examples, there was the writing by "Annie," her "guardian angel," as she calls her, a Sunday-school teacher of long ago. This writing is very small, in close lines, covering nearly a quarto sheet of paper. It purports to be a declaration of early Christianity, and begins—"Consider the time when the Saviour pronounced those words, 'Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess before My Father which is in Heaven.'" Such close, clear, and straight miniature writing, said to contain 786 words, certainly could not be done by any ordinary writer under half an hour. Mr. Everitt said he was prepared to go before any magistrate and make an affidavit that that piece of writing was done in seven seconds. He put the self-same paper and a pencil down on his table when informed that this manifestation would be given. The light was put out, and again lighted as soon as the pencil was dropped. It was

only a few seconds of time, and the writing shown was discovered, exhibiting no mark of pressure on the paper, the writing being perfectly smooth! Other no less wonderful phenomena are vouched for with deliberate assurance. Mrs. Everitt has had rings removed from her fingers and replaced after an absence of days by an unseen agency, there being always a feeling of heat as the ring was thrust on to her finger. One was put on over another when to all appearance it was a physical impossibility to pass the one through the other. She did not suffer so much in health by her trance mediumship after receiving the spirit ring, but the occult power seemed disturbed by taking it off for exhibition. Once more the ring disappeared from her finger while she was asleep, and one day, stretching out her hand, it was suddenly replaced on the middle finger of her right hand, from which it is quite impossible to remove it unless by cutting.

Mrs. Everitt was brought up in the faith of the old Scotch Baptists, and found a husband in Mr. Everitt, when they were both Sunday-school teachers. The revelations from the spirit world have, naturally enough, changed their views in regard to a hereafter, and although Mr. Everitt, when a young man away from home, recalls a spirit message from his mother who had died suddenly, it was only tests in the family circle that led to the wonderful experiences they now tell as an everyday affair.

What do the spirits tell you about rewards and punishments? Mr. Everitt was asked.

They tell us if the life we live here is useful and good we shall be in a higher state over there. Our surroundings there will correspond with our lives. A man makes his own state hereafter. Just as what a man eats and drinks makes up his material body, so what he thinks and does goes to form his spiritual condition. All the laws that the Divine Being has made are good, and if we violate them we suffer. We are not punished—the Divine Being does not punish any one—we suffer, and that suffering is not vindictive, but it is really merciful, inasmuch as it is educational. It is intended to teach or enlighten us, and make us wiser and better children. So that, you see, continued the medium, when we leave this world we take all our perfections or imperfections with us; we leave nothing but this material form behind. The evil of the wicked recoils upon them, and the good experience the felicity of their conduct.

A good deal more in this strain was vouchsafed by the partners in mediumship as the knowledge and enlightenment obtained from their communications with "the other side."

The interviewer, in the broad light of day, ventured to ask for some manifestations. Mr. and Mrs. Everitt drew near a large dining-room table and asked if any of their friends were present. On a second summons a timid knock or two could be heard in a corner of the room. They became stronger, and in response to intelligent questions the mediums discovered the identity of their familiars and the knocks had different sounds. One was a dull thud, another a sharp rap, the third had a scratching sound. The interviewer invited them to lift the table or move a vacant chair. There was quite a decided effort to do something with the table. It vibrated, or rather seemed to throb, affording a mysterious feeling, and then there were loud knocks where the interviewer was sitting, but nothing more occurred.

The manifestations were slight as compared with some narrated by Mr. Everitt. On one occasion it seemed as if the roof was being thumped with a battering ram, the house vibrated, and the front wall was so damaged that it took £100 to repair it. He called upon them to desist, and asking the name of the mischievous sprites, was simply told "legion!" He vowed to abandon all further communication if such a "plisky" was repeated. It never was. "Annie" appeared on the scene, and kept the bad spirits at bay and the lying spirits abroad.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

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

A Record of the Mines of South Australia. By H. Y. L. BROWN. *The Art Interchange.* 1s. With illustrated supplement. (London: W. Heinemann.)

Hermes Stella; or, Notes and Jottings upon the Bacon Cipher. By W. F. C. WIGSTON. (London: G. Redway.)

A Résumé of the Publications of the Ordnance Survey for England and Wales. By MAJOR F. P. WASHINGTON. (London: Edward Stanford.)

KEEP your store of smiles and your kindest thoughts for home; give to the world only those which are to spare.

ON THE SCIENTIFIC IMPORTANCE OF DREAM.

KATHARINE HILLARD in *Theosophical Siftings*.
(Abridged.)

PART I.

We avail ourselves, with all due acknowledgments, of a very able summary of Du Prel's theory of dreams contributed to *Theosophical Siftings* by Miss Katharine Hillard. Du Prel's work is elaborate, and not very accessible to ordinary readers, nor, indeed, very intelligible to the average mind. That it contains most valuable matter for the student goes without saying. We believe the subjoined summary of his speculations in our domain of psychics will be found intelligible and instructive. The article in its entirety will repay perusal.

Starting with the consideration of the problem whether our Ego is wholly embraced in waking self-consciousness, Du Prel's analysis of the dream-life leads him to a negative answer. Our knowledge in the waking state is bounded by the senses and by the strength of the stimuli on which the senses react, i.e., by the psycho-physical threshold of sensibility, or the boundary-line between the conscious and the unconscious. As life rises in the scale the threshold rises; the higher the race, the wider its horizon; and so with the individual. An analysis of dream-life, and especially of the phenomena of somnambulism, demonstrates this. We may infer therefrom the mode of existence of our higher consciousness, and the possibilities of a still more highly-developed life.

As the stars are visible only when the sun goes down, so it is only when waking activity gives place to sleep that the inner working of the Ego can be perceived. We find that sleep-life possesses positive characteristics peculiar to itself, and we realise, if we are wise, that true progress is found in plumbing the depths, not in extension on the same level.

It was formerly believed, for instance, that the world lay outside of us, and through our senses produced an image of itself upon our brain, and truth was to be captured by study of the object. But when Kant exposed the fallacy of this assumption, and urged the prior examination of the subject and its cognitions, research was begun upon another and a higher plane of investigation.

From the standpoint of every animal organism we can divide external nature into two parts, the lower the grade the more unequal the division, the one including that part of nature with which the said organism is related through its senses, the other that which remains outside this limit, and is therefore transcendental to the organism in question. As development goes on, the boundary of consciousness continually rises. But as there are parts of nature which remain invisible to us, being out of relation to our sense of sight—like the microscopic world, for instance—so there are parts of nature not existing for us, owing to entire absence of relation to our organism.

Science has now herself acknowledged that when she shall have explained the world we see, it is only a represented world that will have been explained, a secondary phenomenon, a mere product of our sense and understanding. Not only are there more things than senses, but things are other than they seem. We are not truly cognisant of *things*, but only of the modes in which our senses react upon them. Whence it follows that differently constituted beings must have different worlds.

We may, therefore, conclude that consciousness does not exhaust its object, the world. The second great problem to be explained is man. As the world is the object of consciousness, so is the Ego the object of self-consciousness. Self-consciousness may be as inadequate to the Ego as consciousness to the world; or the Ego may as much exceed self-consciousness as the world exceeds consciousness. This is not only logically thinkable, but has also in its favour analogy, and the doctrine of evolution. If the existence of a transcendental world follow from the theory of knowledge accepted in this age, the theory of self-knowledge belonging to the next age should bring with it the recognition of a transcendental Ego. The question of the soul, which has been stationary for centuries, would be advanced to a wholly new stage if it could be shown that self-consciousness only partially comprehends its object. There are not only boundaries of

knowledge which are historically surmountable, but also limitations of consciousness and knowing which are only biologically surmountable.

We stand in the presence of an inexorable alternative: either there is a progress for the future, in which case we must always and *a priori* grant the existence of facts which contradict our theories, or there are no such facts; and then we must also deny future progress to which, at the highest, only a labour on the level could be ascribed. Owing to the capacity for development, we must expect to be perpetually confronted with fresh problems, for which solution must be sought on deeper lines.

The fact that much latent knowledge emerges from the unconscious in dreams [Is that a fact or a speculation?—Ed.] proves that there is in dreaming activity in those folds of the brain which do not contribute to our waking consciousness. "If the deepening of sleep implies the cessation of function in the whole cerebral nerve-system, and yet the inner waking continues and is even exalted, we are forced to suppose, as consciousness presupposes nerves, that in deep sleep the organ of dream is that nerve-system of ganglia, with the solar-plexus for centre, which is still so little understood." [Is not this a little assumptive?—Ed.] In nature there are colours we cannot see, tones that we cannot hear. Sleep may, by analogy, set us free to arrive at a wider consciousness in our inner awakening. We may cognise forces of nature unknown to us in our waking state. Wienholt found that healthy children in sleep were disturbed by passes made by some metallic substance, such as an iron key, at a distance of half an inch from the face, or merely approached to the ear. Sleep, therefore, is accompanied by perception at a distance, and announces the presence of substances which do not excite feeling in the waking man. And this perception is abnormal and not dependent on the ordinary avenues of sensation.

But the dreams that we remember are usually insignificant and worthless. Yes; for the reason that they are those which immediately follow on falling asleep or waking, "connected with the slightest displacement of the threshold." [What proof of this statement?—Ed.] Dreams of light sleep, usually imperfectly remembered, are mixed because of the mixed activity of the waking and the dream sense. "The dream-organ can exhibit its unmixed activity only in deep sleep," i.e., especially in somnambulism.

In our waking state, a constant, even if slight and unconscious, effort of the will is necessary to keep our attention fixed on the point that immediately concerns us, and this strain is productive of fatigue. But a dream, though ever so long, does not tire, no aim being kept in view, and the inner consciousness being merely passive. Associations, memories, external stimuli, internal agitations of the brain, or of the nutritive processes, are all disturbers of the dream of light sleep, and, therefore, its confusion is very explicable, and the difficulty of retaining incoherent fragments, even in waking, shows how hardly these unconnected bits of dream can be recoverable by memory.

But as the bridge of memory fails between deep sleep (when the dream-organ is undisturbed) and waking, the existence of significant and orderly dreaming can only be proved when the dreamer translates his dream into acts, as in sleep-walking, or accompanies it with words, as in the somnambulant state, or when, contrary to the rule, it is recollected.

If we have two consciousnesses, rising and sinking like the weights in a scale, then from the definition of both can we first attain to the definition of man. Thus we get at a demonstration of the Transcendental Ego, and prove that the Conscious Self is not conterminous with the whole Ego.

These views of Du Prel's, important in themselves, and gaining an added significance from the source from which they spring, we give as speculations worth consideration. We are not concerned to criticise them beyond the few queries that we have ventured to interpolate.

THE advance of humanity towards righteousness is due, not to tyrants, but to martyrs.—TOLSTOI.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Electric Homœopathy.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Wooding's request I send you my experience of the benefit I have gained from Electric Homœopathy.

In the year 1886 I was suffering from a severe attack of neurosis. The pain began in my right shoulder-blade, extending down my right arm to three fingers of my hand, which were quite numb. I was being treated by an allopathic doctor, who told me the complaint would be long and tedious, and that if I did not take every care to avoid worry, &c., and use treatment, such as mineral baths, tonics, &c., it might end in paralysis. As time went on—a matter of months—I found myself gradually getting worse. The symptoms became aggravated and the pain unbearable. I was reading Marie Corelli's book, *The Romance of Two Worlds*, one day about that time, and it recalled all I had ever heard or read of Electric Homœopathy. (The late Miss Godfrey was the first who told me of the treatment.) I at once determined I would write to (the late) Mr. David Apperley, of Cheltenham, whose name had been given me as one of Count Mattei's agents in England. Being all the while under allopathic treatment, I was in a difficult position. My family were all allopaths, so I had to treat myself secretly by correspondence with Mr. Apperley, to whom I explained my difficulty, and begged that he would help me, if he could, as I felt myself rapidly growing worse. He sent me the medicines and told me how to use them. I remember the night before they came my pains were so acute I could scarcely turn on my side in bed. I hailed the arrival of the remedies, so pleasant and so easy to take. It was a veritable "washing in Jordan" for me over the old system I had been pursuing. After the first two days I experienced sensible relief from the acute pain; at the end of a week the feeling in my fingers began to return; at the end of six weeks I was completely cured. My health ever since has materially improved. One characteristic of the treatment is that it renders the patient less liable to colds. This is the result of my experience.

But now I would ask in return something about another cure for the "ills that flesh is heir to"—which seems to me to render even Count Mattei's system unnecessary. I am reading a book on Christian Science Healing, by Frances Lord. It appeals to me. I should like to believe we were all strong enough and spiritual enough to "throw physic—even Count Mattei's—to the dogs." But the way seems long and difficult; will anyone give me some experiences about it? BERYL.

Mr. Lloyd Garrison an Avowed Spiritualist.

SIR,—In the year 1876 it was my privilege to meet that grandest of philanthropists in the city of Boston, and from that time till the day of his death we were warm friends. He it was who took me to see and have a séance with a lady medium who had often been the means of inspiration to himself. On our way he said to me, "Spiritualism is not to me a matter of belief; it has long since become a matter of *knowledge*. Now" (said he), "you are newly landed in Boston; she knows nothing of you. When you come into her presence say nothing, so that she may not recognise that you are English." We were both taken into a lower room, and then I was taken to an upstairs drawing-room to the medium. I merely bowed and sat down. She almost immediately passed into the trance condition, and the control said: "You have come over the great waters; you will cross and recross many times. You are like the one downstairs, you must become a liberator of the people." After much more, the control said: "You have something in that satchel we wish to see." I opened my sealskin bag, and the medium took out a cabinet family group—which had been taken before I left home—my husband, self, and seven children. She counted them one by one, and then said (under control): "We see that one of your boys will soon be in the spirit world. He will be taken by what will appear an accident, but we want you to remember that it is no accident. It is all ordered by Infinite love. We are not often permitted to speak of coming death, but we see that it will be a comfort to you when the time comes." And so it was. Just a few months after my return home one of my bright boys was fatally injured at football, and on his death-bed he saw the attendant angels all around him. His deathbed was so glorious that it truly *seemed* as if the gates of the Celestial City were thrown wide open, and we all caught a glimpse of the glory. Mr. Garrison was a guest at my Scottish home in 1877. My husband and I gave him a reception, at which many noted men

were present, and he showed to the guests that evening a number of spirit photographs taken both in America and this country. He was always glad to testify of the faith that was in him, regarding the evidence of a brighter life beyond. We never met without the subject of spirit communion being discussed.

MARGARET E. PARKER.

[Mrs. Parker sends a little record of the passing away of Henry Parker (The Cliff, near Dundee), and of the rational and beautiful ceremony with which his body was interred. It is a charming record. The boy of seventeen died from an injury at football. He was an ardent Temperance advocate, and his funeral was what that of Spiritualists should be, bright, devoid of the trappings of woe, and full of the emblems of hope and joy for the new-born soul.—ED. OF "LIGHT."]

"He Shall Give His Angels Charge Over Thee."

SIR,—With reference to a remark made by one of your correspondents, I think it is self-evident that no spirit, however potent, can annul the inexorable laws of the material world; but divine laws, like human ones, are frequently overridden by other laws—e.g., the law of gravitation is sometimes overridden by the law of capillary attraction. Again, the power of vitality overrides it, and every blade of grass, as well as every towering tree, protests against any tyrannous action of the law. On a higher plane still, the human will overrides it; hence I raise my foot to walk, or hand to strike, with little effort. But the creed of Spiritualism, as I understand it, goes beyond all these lower wonders (for wonders they still are) by asserting a spiritual basis to all matter, and this creed once grasped, one is prepared to admit that "with God all things are possible," even to the passing of the camel through the eye of a needle.

Mr. Wetherbee seems to limit the power of protection given to spirits. Permit me in reply to relate an anecdote told to me by two credible witnesses who heard it from the lips of a Dr. Allen, a Nonconformist Minister, at some public meeting in Cheltenham. He said: "I was walking along a street in Edinburgh at mid-day, and saw what appeared a flash of light pass by me. As there was no elemental disturbance at the time, I turned hastily to see where it went to, and saw at that moment a man in mid-air, who had fallen from a scaffold at a considerable height. I and others gathered round him expecting to find him dead or dying; to our surprise he was unhurt."

My theory is, that a vast number of what are called in the papers miraculous escapes are due to spiritual interpositions, and that in this instance the agency was detected by a clairvoyant witness.

M. W. G.

"Third Hand Evidence."

SIR,—Allow me a little more of your space for a reply to that part of Mr. Myers's letter ("LIGHT," September 6th) in which he again refers to my story of "Finding Water" ("LIGHT," August 3rd).

In the first place, Mr. Myers continues to class it under the heading, "Third-hand Evidence," a mistake he would not have made if he had read it with that exemplary carefulness characteristic of the Society for Psychical Research.

I had the story direct from the lips of my friend, and the place lacking water-supply was her husband's property, and her own home.

Where is the "third hand" in this evidence? My friend, and her brother, and the locality, were all named in my private communication to yourself, to satisfy your Editorial claims.

The required proof of supernormal power in the clairvoyante must be looked for in the alleged fact of her having indicated with her pencil point on the plan laid before her the exact spots, on the portion of land represented, in which water, hitherto undiscovered, would be found, and was found, by "boring."

I have always considered the "divining rod" a superfluous tool in the hand of a "water finder"; and I related my friend's story in "LIGHT" chiefly because it tended to support my opinion that the virtue was altogether in the sensitive, and not in the bit of stick.

Now the few and simple facts alleged in this narrative may be insufficiently proved. Perhaps my friend invented an amusing fable; perhaps I invented both friend and fable; perhaps the facts are true. In any case their truth or falsity must be traced to my friend or myself, and cannot be affected by the anonymity or personal history of the clairvoyante, concerning whom the only pertinent question would be, Did she,

or did she not (allowing that she exists out of the story), do what the story says she did?

May I add without discourtesy that, not being a member of the Society for Psychical Research, I cannot be expected to tell a story in the way it thinks best, unless I think so too? I myself have arrived at certain convictions on certain subjects through personal experiences apparently denied to the Society for Psychical Research. Hence, it seems to me unnecessary to treat every fresh illustration of what are in my opinion already established facts like a link of that famous, idle, and exasperating Chinese ring-puzzle, where you always have to go back to the beginning before you can go on.

September 7th, 1890.

M. B.

The Eternity of Matter.

SIR,—Relative to Mr. George Harpur's latest utterance on the above subject, I will say that it has always appeared to me there are but three methods of answering a controversial opponent—namely, (1) to reply to his reasons by reasons; (2) to reply to his assertions by such counter assertions as are *quasi* self-evident; or (3) to preserve silence, which in some cases is the most effective mode of reply. As to the adoption of the last-mentioned course I do not suppose your readers would be prepared for it. As to the first, I deem it could scarcely be expected of me seeing that Mr. George Harpur expresses his wonderment "as to where these gentlemen" (Mr. Cartwright and myself) "have passed their sublunary existence." I have a still more cogent reason to adduce. It is impossible to reply to reasons where none are given. Consequently I am placed under constraint, greatly against my will, to adopt the second course.

I have perused Mr. Harpur's letters in your columns with a degree of attention, and discern in them quite a number of indications that his *forte* consists in strong assertion. With a slight inconsistency on his part, he freely condemns this in others, whatever may be the nature of their statements. He even goes so far as to repudiate as "mere assertion" an axiom which I believe is the oldest on record, having passed as current coin from the time of Aristotle down to the present day. Thus he monopolises to himself the privilege of assertion, and that his *ipse dixit* is at least on a par with any utterances that have hitherto been regarded as self-evident. If this be granted him, it is clearly quite within his power to crush every controversialist that might appear in the field against him, even were he possessed of the combined ratiocinative abilities of those intellectual giants Aristotle and Bacon, supported by the dialectics of the late Archbishop Whately and John Stuart Mill. I fancy he would make short work with Euclid's elements did he feel disposed to pounce upon them. Confronted by axioms, he simply ignores them if they appear to militate against his positions. True, in his last letter he seems to be somewhat staggered in their presence, and is inclined apparently to believe that "the whole is greater than its part." He is not quite so sure about the "*Ex nihilo nihil*." Anyone that reads his letter will find that this is the position he takes—at least, so far as it can be made out. What does he then do? He employs the *argumentum ad hominem*. Dismissing Mr. Cartwright and myself with a mere citation of one of our objections, he turns away to appeal to the "millions of human beings 'foolish enough to assert' not only that something was made out of nothing, but that 'all things' were." Here you will note that Mr. Harpur wishes to regard as being on his side the testimony of millions who hold (in his opinion) doctrines at variance with "*Ex nihilo nihil*"; and yet to one's great surprise he denounces these witnesses of his as "foolish." This policy is, of course, suicidal. No shrewd advocate will bring forward witnesses to testify on a question and afterwards describe them as fools. But to do Mr. Harpur justice, he appears to have an idea that all these are chargeable with a grave inconsistency—a pure assumption so far as I can see. But supposing these millions to be guilty of inconsistency, it does not devolve upon me or Mr. Cartwright to stand up in their defence. Does Mr. Harpur wish to shelter himself behind their inconsistency? Nothing is more evident than that he wishes to avoid argument as to the soundness of the "*Ex nihilo nihil*" axiom, upon the validity or invalidity of which his case depends, and make his appeal to the Cæsar of popular sentiment. Well, as it is to Cæsar he appeals, to Cæsar shall he go, but it must be on the *direct question*, and not on inferential issues. Is it not safe to say that if a *plebiscite* were taken *pro* and *con* as to the validity of "*Ex nihilo nihil*," the vote of every sane person, and probably the great majority of Bedlamites to boot, would be on its side? I am further of opinion that anyone

who can grasp the idea of "*Ex nihilo nihil*," and at the same time deny its truth, would stand a good chance not only of finding himself some day in a certain well-known educational establishment at Colney Hatch, but also of graduating there in high honours. Such a student, I think, might fairly be expected to solve Mr. Harpur's "very simple question"—as he very correctly describes it—which he tells us is still unanswered. The problem to be solved is one for a metaphysician, and there are such amongst your readers. Allow me to cite it *verbatim et literatim*:—"If time could travel from B, the present, to A, the 'no beginning,' I still wait to be informed how it has succeeded in travelling from A to B."

I have already intimated that only a metaphysician can tackle such a question. We common folks who have nothing but our common-sense to fall back upon would say at once that time, if it can be said to travel at all, only travels onward, never backward. Mr. Harpur seems to think that it can travel onward and backward something like a stage coach. I do think that the solution of this interesting problem must come, after all, from some of the more distinguished students at Colney Hatch. But however that may be, I am clearly of opinion that John Locke, David Hume, Dugald Stewart, or Sir William Hamilton could not grapple with it. Indeed the last-named philosopher gave utterance to the profoundly true sentiment that "the highest knowledge is the consciousness of ignorance," a maxim which it would be well, perhaps, for our would-be metaphysicians of the smaller fry to ponder well. The result would be a great saving of valuable paper and ink, now utterly wasted, and the avoidance of pugilistic encounters in cloud-land, where these pigmy combatants scarcely see each other owing to the denseness of the fog that enwraps them. One curious circumstance respecting these combats is, that no one has ever yet been known to be worsted in battle—both parties retire from the field with flying colours, and this, I believe, constitutes with our heroes the great charm of the thing. Pardon my digression: I return to the subject. I give up Mr. Harpur's query in despair. Did I attempt to reply to it, peradventure he might utilise the opportunity to ride off on a side issue, leaving the matter under discussion entirely on the one side.

WILLIAM J. WOODING.

September 6th, 1890.

A Dog's Perception of Ghosts.

SIR,—As to dogs seeing ghosts, perhaps it may be useful to ascertain whether the eye of a dog is so constituted as to enable that animal to see by means of chemical rays which the human eye cannot discern. We know that photographs can be taken of drawings which we cannot see; can a dog see what we cannot see? Again, the sense of smell is by far the most delicate of the senses, and of this sense comparatively little is known. A dog has more acute sense of smell than a man has; may a dog smell a ghost which a man would not be able to smell?

Abbotsbury, Dorchester.

J. HAWKINS SIMPSON.

SOCIETY WORK.

MRS. E. HARDINGE BRITTEN'S VISIT TO LONDON.

All Spiritualists and friends are invited to attend the reception which will be given to Mrs. Britten at the Athenæum Hall, 73, Tottenham Court-road, on Thursday, September 25th, at 7 p.m. Mr. E. Dawson Rogers will occupy the chair. Complimentary tickets will be sent on application to the secretary. On Friday, September 26th, at 3.30 p.m., Mrs. Britten will give an address in Claremont Hall, Penton-street, Pentonville. Admission free. Social tea at 5.30, tickets 1s. each, Mrs. Britten presiding; and in the evening Mrs. Britten will lecture on "Spiritualism; the Reform, Science, and Religion of the Age." Numbered reserved seats, 1s.; second seats, 6d. Admission free. Chair to be taken at 7.30 p.m. Early application for tickets will oblige.—U. W. GODDARD, Hon. Sec., 6, Queen's-parade, Clapham Junction, S.W.

CARDIFF PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—On Sunday morning last, Mrs. Green, Heywood, Manchester, delivered an able address on "The Immortality of the Soul," and in the evening, to an overflowing audience, she delivered an eloquent oration on the subject, "Mind over Mind, or Spirit-control." Lyceum as usual, at 3 p.m.

MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, W.—An instructive address was given on Sunday by the guides of Mrs. Spring, followed by successful clairvoyance. September 14th, at 11 a.m., Healing and Clairvoyance; at 3 p.m., Lyceum;

at 7 p.m., Mr. Towns. Thursday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Wilkins. Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell.—C. WHITE, Hon. Sec. 23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—On Sunday last Mr. Emms gave a very instructive address on "Man's Spiritual Possibilities." Next Sunday Mr. Rodger. On Thursday, September 18th, and the three following Thursdays, Professor Chadwick has arranged to give a course of lectures on "Phrenology and Mesmerism," illustrated by experiments, and commencing at 8 p.m. There will be a charge of 3d., and 6d. for front seats.—GEORGE E. GUNN, Hon. Sec.

KENSINGTON AND NOTTING HILL SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—Last Sunday afternoon a good meeting was held in Hyde Park, near the Marble Arch, the speakers including Messrs. A. M. Rodger, Drake, Hopcroft, Houchin, Cannon, and others, and there were a good number of Spiritualists and sympathisers present. Spiritual literature was widely distributed. We have to thank Mr. Burns for 1,000 more tracts. Next Sunday at Regent's Park. Friends are kindly requested to come and help.—PERCY SMYTH, Hon. Sec., 68, Cornwall-road, W.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday last Mr. J. Sutliff spoke upon "The Book of Revelation," giving an excellent address, and one upon which an instructive discussion followed. As this was our friend's first effort, we can only hope that it will be repeated soon. Mr. R. J. Lees, in the evening, spoke upon "Belief and Works" in a manner that secured the close attention of a good audience. Sunday, September 17th, at 11 a.m., Mr. Leach; 7 p.m., Mr. J. Hopcroft, Trance and Clairvoyance.—J. VEITCH, Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, CHEPSTOW HALL, 1, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—We hope to see a good attendance of friends willing to help in establishing a permanent centre for Spiritualistic work, on Sunday evening next, at 8 p.m. The want cannot be better exemplified than by stating that some 50 people attend for free healing at the hands of Mr. R. J. Lees in the very limited space afforded by our rooms at 30, Fenham-road, and their number is steadily increasing. Many are testifying to the relief afforded and help given, and we invite any friends to visit the rooms on Friday evening at 7.30 p.m. and see the work done. Mr. Allen and Mrs. Treadwell occupied our rostrum on Sunday last, and next Sunday Mr. Lees will address us. On Wednesday, at 30, Fenham-road, at 8.15 p.m., séance for inquirers, with Mrs. Spring clairvoyante.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., 36, Kemerton-road, S.E.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION, CLAREMONT HALL, PENTON-STREET, PENTONVILLE HILL, N.—The usual meeting was held last Sunday evening, conducted by Mr. W. O. Drake, Mr. A. F. Tindall, A. Mus. T.C.L., presiding at the piano. The chairman invited short speeches from "whosoever would." Messrs. Houchin, Wallace, Vogt, Bullock, Rodger, jun., and others responded to the invitation, the chief themes of their discourses being unity, brotherhood, and the betterment of the condition of humanity. Messrs. Read and Tindall gave their impressions of Spiritualism in the provinces, gathered from their recent tour. Next Sunday Mr. W. O. Drake will again preside, and the subject of the evening will be "Spiritualism versus Materialism." Sceptics are specially invited, and discussion will be allowed. At last council meeting it was decided not to hold any meeting in Hyde Park next Sunday, the 14th inst., but to concentrate all possible strength in Regent's Park, which has been wholly neglected this season. Friends please note.—S. T. RODGER.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, 14, ORCHARD-ROAD, W.—On Sunday last we had a very harmonious Lyceum, Mr. Percy Smyth favouring us with his very acceptable and unexpected assistance. The calisthenics were carried out with smartness. The readings were very good, and some very pretty recitations by the scholars added considerably to the interest displayed by the visitors. Mr. Smyth pronounces this, our second only, a decided success, both in work and attendance. In the evening a good meeting was held, Mr. Mason presiding. After a few introductory remarks, Mr. C. Reynolds spoke upon "The Use of Spiritualism," showing the importance of the principles being carried out in daily life. Mr. Percy Smyth also made some remarks upon "The Consistency of, and Comfort Derived from the Knowledge of a Future State," and urging all true Spiritualists to help the "spirits in prison." It is necessary that we should have an organ to help the musical portion of our services, and we hope that such of our sympathetic friends as are not members will help us in this aim as much as possible. Tuesday next, at 7.45 p.m., Mr. Joseph Hagon. Saturday, at 8.30 p.m., Séance, Mr. Mason (medium). Sunday next, evening at 7, Mrs. Spring; at 3 p.m., Lyceum.—P. S., pro. J. H. BANGS, Cor. Sec.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. M.—Thank you. We shall use in due course.

H. S.—Yes; when we have worked off what is already in hand. Thanks.

LET us make a practical reality of our religion. Be assured that to know the depths of its consolations and the strength of its support we must engage in it ourselves.—REV. ROSEA BALLOU.