

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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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. X.

Cavaliere Sebastiano Fenzi sends us the following coincidence, which is unquestionably remarkable. It is a good case in point for the discussion of our question, Are these occurrences properly described as coincidences in a fair sense of that word?—

SIR,—As I see that you continue to open your pages to coincidences I do not scruple to again address you, being under the impression that what I have to relate may prove of interest to yourself and to your readers.

Some ten years ago I had a very lucid dream, my late wife appearing to me with a smiling and yet somewhat anxious face, and placing before me a paper on which were written three numbers, 4, 16, 72. She said hastily, "Play these and you will win;" but just as I was noticing the numbers a hand snatched the paper from her, and I was not perfectly sure whether the last number was seventy or seventy-two. However, when my man-servant came to me in the morning I told him of my dream, and gave him five francs to play the numbers, but, as he was writing them down, I told him I was not sure about the last number, and he entreated me to play both *ternes*, namely, 4, 16, 70, and 4, 16, 72. I did not, however, listen to him, and said it was all money thrown to the dogs, and that I was satisfied with playing *four, sixteen, and seventy*. This was on a Saturday morning, the weekly day of the drawing, so that at five in the evening the numbers were drawn. My servant came to me with a downcast expression of countenance, and said, "I regret you did not follow my advice, for see 4, 16, 72 have come up!"

I do not know whether this may be classed amongst coincidences, or as a *marked proof of spirit communication*; but be it one thing or the other, I think the occurrence very remarkable, and it certainly left a deep impression with me. I regret to say that since then my wife has never again appeared to me in my dreams with *numbers for the lottery*. Perhaps the same power that wrested the paper from her hand has impeded her repeating such a freak.

September 3rd, 1890.

SEBASTIANO FENZI.

The following is from a recent correspondent:—

SIR,—The very interesting series of coincidences now appearing in "LIGHT" reminds me of a circumstance in my boyhood which you may think worthy of notice.

When I was a boy of about sixteen I was at a school in St. John's Wood, and one night, shortly before the Christmas holidays began, I dreamt that I was getting up at the usual time, but that instead of my own clothes I found neatly laid out for me a woman's petticoats and a dark blue silk dress, a large cloak of

blue and black plaid, a black velvet bonnet and veil, and a wig of dark hair arranged in bands, as was the fashion at the time. In a dream we are never surprised at anything, and I dressed myself in the female attire without the least thought of anything unusual in doing so. I remember being somewhat annoyed with the cloak, for it was of an old-fashioned make, covering the wearer from the neck to the feet, and fastening down the front with numerous hooks and eyes, the manipulation of which was much interfered with by the heavy cape reaching below the waist and covering the arm-holes. However, it was managed at last, and I awoke just after I had adjusted the bonnet and wig.

Next morning I perfectly remembered the dream and all the details of my unusual toilette, but the excitement of the holiday time soon effaced it from my recollection.

During the holidays there were some acting charades got up, and I took part in the performance. We were rather short of lady performers, and I was pressed into the service to take the character of a German governess. We had several rehearsals before appearing in costume, but you may fancy how surprised I was to find that my dress was the very same I had dreamt of at school, dress, cloak, bonnet, and wig corresponding exactly. I even had the same trouble with the cloak as in my dream.

I had no notion of the charades being in contemplation; indeed, the idea was only started when I had been some days at home.

H. S.

SIR,—As you ask your readers to tell of any coincidences which may have occurred in their experience I venture to relate what once occurred to myself. When I was a young girl of about fourteen years old I was most anxious to obtain the German prize of my class, in which there were girls considerably older than myself. With this object in view, on the evening before the examination I determined to spare no pains to work up all I could, and opened Schiller's *Thirty Years War* at random. It happened to open at the beginning of a particular chapter (I forget which). I translated the first page and a-half of it, and then turned my attention to the grammar, learning up certain irregular verbs, adjectives, &c. The superlative "am mindesten" particularly attracted my attention. The next day, on opening the examination paper, I found to my astonishment that the identical page and a-half I had translated the evening before was selected for translation; also the above-mentioned superlative, my rendering of which was the only correct one, and mine the best translation of the passage chosen (which under the circumstances I have related is not surprising), and, neatness of writing being a necessary qualification, and the number of marks I received for that being high, it was announced a day or two later that I had passed first, and my dearest ambition, that of obtaining the first place in the class during the whole of the next term, was gratified. This may seem to you too trivial a circumstance to find a place in your paper, but to me at that age it was by no means an unimportant event in my life, and I mention it on the chance of your considering it worthy of acceptance.

7, Spencer-road, Bedford.

J. R. COLVIN.

This is from the *Banner of Light* and belongs rather to the class of premonitions:—

John King, a farmer, living near Guntersville, Ala., says the *Philadelphia Press*, was killed by lightning a few days since, and at the same time his little daughter, lying sick at the house a mile away, was warned of his death. King was ploughing in a field when a cloud came up, and he drove his team under a tree for shelter. A flash of lightning struck the tree, killing King and his horses. Just as the flash

of the lightning which killed him was seen, King's little girl, who had been sick with fever, suddenly sprang up in bed, exclaiming, "Papa's dead! papa's dead!" She was so positive he was dead that some of the family hurried to the field, where they found him dead under the tree.

These, from a personal correspondent, are also of the order of the last narrative:—

When I was a boy an uncle of mine in his usual good health, and just about to take a long journey, fell down dead. At that minute he himself apparently was seen by my mother and one of my sisters in his usual health, dress, and gait, walking up a long garden in front of the house, four miles from his own home. Both saw him pass the window, and go to the end of the house, as they supposed, to see some bees, of which he was very fond. After waiting an unusual time for his coming into the house my sister was sent to look for him and bring him in. To their great astonishment he could not be found. The next post brought news of his death and proof that he had died at the moment his spirit was seen by two observers four miles distant.

Some years ago I was left in charge of a house where a child was sick, but not dangerously it was thought. About nine o'clock p.m., outside the window of the room where I sat water was poured, as if from a pitcher, into the area below, a depth of several feet, accompanied by a peculiar impression conveyed with those words of Scripture, "We must needs die, and are as water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again." The yard was so constructed, and so distinct from the adjoining houses, that no natural cause could be assigned for the falling water. On, I think, the third day following the child died.

E. M.

Miss Theobald sends this personal experience, which does not seem to be explicable by any theory of coincidence:—

As you still wish more coincidences I send you the following, which happened to me some years ago whilst I was staying at Hastings. It was, and always will be, most inexplicable. One afternoon, between four and five o'clock, I posted a letter to friends who lived at Camberwell. The next morning, by the first post—soon after seven o'clock—I received an answer to that letter.

Had it been an ordinary letter from my friends I should have concluded that it had crossed my own, but as in my letter I had put definite remarks and questions, which were as definitely replied to in this letter, and which, to have thus reached me, must have been posted at Camberwell within the same hour during which I had posted my own letter at Hastings, my astonishment was so great that I should almost have thought I had somehow missed a day, but my cousin, Miss Wreford, was staying with me, and upon my showing her the letter she was as puzzled as I was, but quite able to confirm the fact of my having posted that letter to Camberwell myself, and in her presence, between four and five o'clock on the previous afternoon.

At that time, the last post for the country went out from Camberwell at five o'clock in the afternoon.

I did not see my friends for some months, and could never get the least explanation of the mystery from any of them.

F. J. THEOBALD.

The following explains itself:—

SIR,—I have just received the enclosed cutting from a gentleman (Mr. H. Griffiths, 19, Moira-street, Liverpool) who is well acquainted with the Mr. Sumner mentioned, and also remembers him telling him about the dream over twenty years ago; he also knows Mr. Frost, and remembers the whole of the circumstance as related.

I forward it to you thinking it may be of some service.—Yours truly,

7, Nursery-street,

H. J. CHARLTON.

Fairfield, Kensington, Liverpool.

A peculiar instance of belief in the supernatural and of dream realisation is recounted by Mr. William Sumner, of College-street South. He speaks of an occurrence of twenty-eight years ago, the circumstances of which have been brought to his recollection by a perusal in last Saturday's *Weekly Courier* of "The Dream of James Cleary," which was one of a series of accredited stories of the supernatural appearing under the title of "The Shadows Around Us." Mr. Sumner, who at that time lived in St. James's-road, was a cashier in the employ of Mr. Thomas Frost, jun., shipowner, New Quay, in whose ser-

vice he had been for eighteen years. What he speaks of happened about the end of May, 1862. One night he woke up with a start, having dreamed that the ship, *Arab*, a vessel of 945 tons gross register, owned by his firm, had been wrecked. He thought very little of this at the time, but as he had the same dream the following night he felt that there was "something in it," and decided to take advantage of the warning. On reaching the office next day he asked Mr. Frost if the *Arab* and her freight were fully insured. The reply was in the affirmative; but Mr. Sumner asked if there would be any objection to another thousand pounds insurance being secured. "It's like throwing money away," replied Mr. Frost; "why do you want to do it?" "Never mind," said the cashier; "do you object?" No objection being offered, Mr. Sumner proceeded to the offices of Messrs. North, Ewing and Co., and paid £30, less 15 per cent., on a policy of £1,000, thus increasing the insurance on the ship and freight from £8,000 to £9,000—somewhat over the actual value. Having asked for and obtained a covering-note pending the preparation of the policy, Mr. Sumner informed the insurance agent that he had dreamed two nights about the *Arab* being a wreck. "You haven't heard anything about her?" he was asked; and on a negative reply being given the agent replied that "he hadn't much faith in dreams." However, as circumstances fell out, this dream was realised. The *Arab* had left the South American port of Bahia early in May, and according to letters subsequently received from the captain she ran ashore and was wrecked during the very night that Mr. Sumner had his first dream. All the crew escaped, but the vessel, which was homeward bound with a cargo of cotton and sugar, became a total wreck, very little of the cargo being saved. The full insurance money was paid without demur, though Mr. North jocularly informed the superstitious one that he should in future believe more in dreams, and that if he had believed in them before he would have taken care to re-insure after what Mr. Sumner had told him. Another instance of the realisation of a dream was recalled to Mr. Sumner's mind. This also occurred some years ago. A well-known shipowner, whose offices were in Queen-street, dreamed that one of his vessels, then on her way home, had gone down with all hands. He related his dream to his spiritual adviser, a Roman Catholic priest, and by his counsel insured the vessel heavily. She was never again heard of, so that here again a belief in dreams proved a good speculation.—*Liverpool Courier*, September 12th, 1890.

This is remarkable as a coincidence:—

SIR,—About the year 1852 I was residing in Durham and in the habit of calling upon a neighbour of mine occasionally to have a chat. One evening when I called, his two sons, about twelve or thirteen years of age, were amusing themselves with a pack of fortune-telling cards, and one of them asked me to have my fortune told, but I declined; his mother, however, who was present, asked me to do so if only to please the boys, and I then consented. He then shuffled the cards in the usual way and I drew one out of the pack on which was:

Your fate, young man, is most uncommon.

You'll wed an estate, but lose the woman.

I then put it back, the cards were re-shuffled and I drew out of the pack the same card, "Your fate," &c., &c. The cards were again shuffled and presented to me, but I declined, and requested the boy to draw one for me, which he did, but it was a different card. His mother, who had been momentarily absent, just then entered the room, and having heard what had taken place, requested me to finish the game properly. The cards were, therefore, again shuffled, and I drew out of the pack:—"Your fate," &c., &c.

The peculiarity in this case, you will observe, is that when the sequence was broken by a strange hand, a fresh card came up, but when it was resumed the original card returned.

S.

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER.—The following donations have been received since our last issue:—L. S., £1; T. S., 2s.

Hours of seeming idleness may be richer in fruitage than if busily employed, when the heart is at variance with surroundings. Work in the treadmill of routine, without effort conducive to higher ends, when the motive power is at a low level, is unprofitable.

Our deeds are like children that are born to us; they live and act apart from our own will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never; they have an indestructible life, both in and out of our consciousness.

ON THE SCIENTIFIC IMPORTANCE OF DREAMS.

PART II.

In continuation of Du Prel's theory of dreams it is interesting to notice his article in *Le Lotus* (December, 1888) on the "Intuition of Time: or the Cerebral Clock," i.e., the faculty of self-waking at a given hour. We are again indebted for the summary to Miss Katharine Hillard's article in *Theosophical Siftings*.

Du Prel sets out to show that this faculty is another proof of the existence of the transcendental Ego. He argues—

1. That the cause of self-waking must be internal.
2. That it depends on
 - (a) Consciousness that the time of sleep has passed.
 - (b) Capability of measuring lapse of time.
 - (c) Capability of terminating the state called sleep, and introducing into the cerebral consciousness an idea *ab extra*.

The normal will being in abeyance during sleep this cannot be due to its action. The cause must, therefore, be part of our being, which part does not belong to our conscious personality, yet is part of our will, but not of our conscious will. It resides in our being, but not in our person. It belongs to the higher consciousness to which all mystic phenomena must revert.

This intuition of time is most exact in the somnambulant state, when the conscience and will are comparatively inactive, and this shows it to be a problem of the higher consciousness. It must be a continuous condition, for we cannot conceive the sudden and causeless perception of the right moment of waking. It must be proved also that it does not depend upon clairvoyance. Hypnotic experiments supply this proof. The "subject" knows the true time though all the clocks be put wrong. Moreover, a post-hypnotic suggestion is carried out to the minute by the cerebral clock, though there be no means of ascertaining the time.

From this we gather that the transcendental subject or higher self is conscious of the lapse of time, has the faculty of measuring it, and is identical with our organising principle, i.e., as Du Prel states (Vol. II., *Philosophy of Mysticism*, p. 156) with the life-principle lying behind all organic nature.

Our organism has its rhythmic movements, such as respiration and pulsation. It possesses the faculty of measuring time for its periodic functions, such as hunger and thirst; and it oscillates between sleeping and waking, and is thus united to terrestrial life. On the other hand we could not distinguish between one sound and another, or one colour and another, without the unconscious faculty of estimating the difference in the number of their vibratory waves, which would seem to prove, says Dr. Du Prel, the identity of the organising with the sensational principle. The rhythmic movements of the body are insufficient of themselves to solve the problem of the intuition of time; we need besides a special consciousness, which measures them, counts them, and remains unrecognised below the threshold of sensibility; which appertains, that is, to the Higher Self, for the content of our unconsciousness is comprised in our transcendental consciousness. Unconsciousness is such only in relation to our sense-consciousness, as is proved by most of the psychic faculties, and especially by this intuition of time.

Professor Wolfart questioned his somnambulists as to their intuition of time, and found that some had before them a vision of a brilliant dial, on which they read the hour; some heard a voice or saw a human form that spoke to them; others had a perception of the time, but could not explain the process of cognition. These are, no doubt, the dramatisation of internal sensations which make up so large a portion of our dream-life. In dreams we are often people other than ourselves in the waking state; we invest the characters surrounding us with special characteristics; the *dramatis personæ* are creations of our own brain, or characteristic presentments of persons familiar to us.

Du Prel maintains that the threshold of sensibility is the plane where this sundering of the Ego occurs, and that which leaves the state of unconsciousness is taken objectively and ascribed to a foreign source. As Dr. Wolfart's somnambulists give explanations as to their knowledge of time being derived from this dramatic presentation, it follows that the cognition of time must emerge from the transcendental consciousness.

The ancient Hindû idea was that the "Masters of Knowledge," they who had subdued the flesh to the spirit, could so unite themselves with the Divine Spirit as to share its omniscience. This Du Prel rejects; for the Divine in man he reads the Higher Consciousness. But theorising does not advance us beyond the fact that there is beside and beyond our waking consciousness something which we recognise as external to that portion of ourselves with which we are acquainted in our normal states. It is at least worth very careful inquiry whether this something is a portion of our consciousness that does not emerge into activity during our waking hours, or whether it is something external altogether to ourselves. It may further be worth asking what are the stimuli that rouse this sub-conscious or higher consciousness (if so it is rightly called) into activity. Are they applied from without? Du Prel's somewhat abstruse volumes are quite worth patient study, and, even when we do not agree with them, are fruitful of suggestion.

MR. MONCURE CONWAY ON HOME AND BROWNING.

It is worth while to preserve for future reference scraps relating to controversies which will soon be forgotten. Mr. Moncure Conway presents such a scrap to the *Boston Transcript* relative to Home and Browning. We give the summary from the *Banner of Light*. It is also well to "nail a lie to the counter." It is for this reason that we state categorically that it is not true to state that there ever was, or that there now exists, any evidence worthy of the name implicating Mr. Home in any attempt at fraud or impugning his honour on any grounds that could be seriously produced before a jury. The extract is as follows:—

Mr. Moncure Conway wrote a letter from Florence not long since to the *Boston Transcript* on what he was pleased to call the "exposure" of the celebrated medium Home by Robert Browning. To this attack upon the dead, an English correspondent makes a prompt and satisfactory reply in a later issue of the same paper. It appears, by this correspondent, that Conway published in a Cincinnati journal, in 1878, substantially the same story which he is retailing now. Home at that time offered to pay a large sum of money to any American charity, if Conway could substantiate his statements. That was the time then, for him to do so, instead of keeping silence until Home has been long dead, and then repeating them without the slightest proof. The English correspondent affirms that Home and Browning never met but once, and then it was in London, in the summer of 1855. Consequently Browning never saw him in Florence, where the alleged exposure is said to have taken place. For proof of this assertion the writer refers to the *Life and Mission of D. D. Home*, by Madame Home, and to the same lady's *Gift of D. D. Home*, both published in London.

Mr. Conway further affirms that Mr. Adolphus Trollope likewise "exposed" Mr. Home in Florence. Trollope's various published declarations are collected in Madame Home's two volumes, saying that he recognised the spiritual phenomena attending Home as genuine, though he declined to accept the spirit-messages as coming from actual disembodied spirits.

The English writer in the *Transcript* concludes with saying that "as the stories the late Robert Browning was in the habit of telling about Home were avowedly picked up by him from other people, Mr. Conway's contributions on the subject would appear to come under the category of third-hand misrepresentations."

CORRECTION.—In my communication of last week there is a clerical error: the year is 1887, not 1877 as written.—M. A. I.

IS THERE A TO-MORROW FOR THE HUMAN RACE?

BY HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

In the course of a paper contributed to the *Golden Gate* Mr. A. B. Richmond makes the following remarks, which we commend to attention as coming from a thoughtful and practical mind. Mr. Richmond will be remembered as the reviewer of the Report of the Seybert Commission, an able and exhaustive piece of criticism:—

During the month of August last I visited for the third time "The Cassadaga Lake Free Association." My experience up to that time has been published in a Review of the Report of the Seybert Commission, and the narrations of occult phenomena therein contained were more than verified during my last visit; but time and the space allotted me will only permit a brief account of my investigation of so-called "independent slate-writing" at two interviews with different mediums.

On Wednesday, August 28th, I purchased four new slates at a store on the grounds. I took them from a box just received and opened, that probably contained 100 or more. I selected those that had defects in their frames, and grain-marks in the wood, so that I knew they could not be duplicated by magic or legerdemain, and to make assurance doubly sure I initialed them before visiting the medium. It was a bright, sunshiny afternoon. The room I entered was well lighted by two windows and two open doors; a common table and four chairs were all the furniture it contained. On leaves taken from a small pad on the table I wrote six interrogatories addressed to persons who, if the fundamental doctrines of the Christian churches are true, were in the "spirit world," but if not true, then they had long since been resolved into their original elements, and, of course, had lost their personality in the great sea of force and matter, from whose fathomless depths come all living organisms and all sentient beings.

I knew that in life they had been my friends; that two of them were endeared to me by ties of love and kindred. I also knew that if the cheerless theories of a few prominent scientists were true, all our emotions were but the innate properties of matter developed by atomic affinities and combinations, and that if those combinations were disintegrated by death and decay, the emotions were dissipated and lived not in the memories and personalities of the past. If this theory was not true; if the sunrise of a new existence succeeded the sunset of death, I could see no reason in the philosophy of life why they might not give me some evidence that they yet lived, loved, and remembered.

I determined that the experiment should be a test, absolutely free from all suspicion of fraud or magic. I knew that I was an expert in magic and legerdemain, and that deception from this source was very improbable if not impossible. And I also knew that the medium was not a magician. I folded the slips of paper lengthwise, then rolled them up into small pellets and laid them on the table by my side. I laid one slate on the table, the medium placed thereon a small fragment of pencil which I covered with another slate, and tied them together with my handkerchief. One of the interrogatories was addressed to an intimate friend who had in life been a member of our bar. He was well known among his friends by a peculiar and unusual appellation, which for convenience in description I will call "Mark." My interrogatory was addressed to him by his full name, there being nothing in it that would suggest the appellation. When my slates were thus prepared, the medium, who was at the opposite side of the table, reached out his hand as if about to take hold of the slates, but before he had touched them he jerked back his arm with a spasmodic action, and exclaimed in an excited tone: "Mark is here! Mark is here! and is very glad to see you." Then pausing a moment in an attitude, as if listening intently to some distant sound, he said:

"Mark wants you to untie the slates, take out the pencil, tie them up again, with nothing between them, and he will show you something wonderful—that will astonish you."

I obeyed this direction, untied, opened the slates, removed the pencil, re-tied them and laid them by my side out of the reach of the medium, when he continued in the same excited tone:

"Mark wants you to lay the pellet containing the interrogatory to him on the slates."

I replied that I did not know which one it was. The medium answered:

"He says pick up anyone—you cannot make a mistake—it

will be the right one, even if you shut your eyes when you pick it up."

I remembered that the leaf on which I had written the question to "Mark" had a corner torn off, as it adhered to the binding. I examined the pellets closely and seeing one that I thought was thus torn on its edge, I concluded that was the one written to "Mark," so I selected another that I was confident was not the one, and placed it on the slates. The reader will bear in mind that at this time the slates were placed out of the reach of the medium, he could not have touched them without passing around to my side of the table, which I knew he did not do.

I next laid two slates on the table. The medium placed a small fragment of pencil between them as before. I laid my hand on one end of the slates, the medium placing his fingers on the other end; we sat for some moments conversing on the ordinary topics of the day; soon I distinctly heard the pencil writing between the slates—as certain am I of this, as I am that I am writing this sentence, and I am equally certain that it was not done by the medium, nor by any force known to science.

While the pencil was writing, I quoted a line from one of Tom Moore's poems, making an application to a person of whom we were conversing. In doing so I mis-quoted one word in the line, believing at the time that I was repeating it correctly; as the last word of the quotation fell from my lips the medium excitedly exclaimed:

"There, it is done! open the slates quick! be quick! open them!" I immediately did so and the inner surface of the lower one was covered with writing in several different hands, and at the bottom of the slate was written the quotation I had just repeated, in which the error I had made was corrected, while a word was changed and underscored with two lines, making the application I intended, and I am also confident that it was written as I repeated it, for there was not time, even for a swift stenographer, to have taken it down after I had finished it, before I opened the slates. It was signed by the medium's so-called control.

I then picked up the pellet I had placed on the other slates, opened it, and it was the one I had directed to my friend. I untied the slates and there was a complete answer to the interrogatory, the words written alternately, in three colours—red, yellow, and blue, as if done with artists' crayons. The answer commenced, "My dear old fellow," exactly as my very intimate friend "Mark" usually addressed me, and as no other of my acquaintances ever did. The pencil writing on the slate which was on the table contained pertinent and characteristic answers to the interrogatories I had written; one of them referring incidentally to the presence—in spirit life—of one whose death I was not aware of at the time, and only ascertained the fact on my return home. The medium could not have known this person or of her death. Observe, here was a fact related to me that was unknown to either the medium or myself.

The next day I procured two slates as before, and in company with a friend visited another medium—a lady—of whose occult powers I had heard many, to me, incredible relations. I told the medium that I would not prepare any interrogatories, but that I desired to make a test experiment for publication. I placed a piece of pencil between the slates, tied my handkerchief around them and suspended them from a lamp-hook in the centre of the ceiling, over a table. My friend sat at one side of the table and I at the other. The medium was not at any time near the slates while they were thus suspended. She being seated at least ten feet from them, she asked me whom I desired to come. I replied: "Anyone that can write on those slates, I don't care who it is or what they write." We sat for some time conversing on the topics of the day and place, when I distinctly heard the pencil moving between the slates. It seemed to be making marks, it did not sound like writing. My friend and myself distinctly saw the slates moving with a vibratory motion. Soon the sound changed as if the pencil was writing; we waited five minutes, when all sound having ceased, I removed the slates from the hook, opened, and on one were two artistically executed drawings, with a poem (?) of 250 words. The poem, or, more properly, rhyme, in connection with the drawings, seemed to be a joke perpetrated at my expense as if in answer to my indifference as to who wrote or what was written, and it was so pertinent, or rather impertinent, that my friends who have seen it have no doubt but that the "intelligent force" was well acquainted with my foibles, a fact which, on reflection, I can have no doubt of myself. The "force" was not Burns, neither a Shakespeare, yet it certainly

possessed wit as well as knowledge. There was evidently more truth than poetry in this occult literary production, and the fact of the presence of an unseen intelligent force was so conclusive that Agnosticism was no solace to my wounded vanity.

Observe, I do not pretend to be able to explain the phenomena I have described, and shall not attempt to do so.

"I have only a round, unvarnished tale delivered," that I know is true in every particular, and I earnestly request those who are capable of solving the mystery on a scientific basis to do so.

If there is a spirit-world, and a continuity of human life; if the historic relations of past events so universally believed by the Christian world are true; if the laws of life are as immutable as the source from whence they came; if there is indeed a "Father of lights, with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning," then the solution is comparatively easy. It is but a repetition of the phenomena, so abundantly manifested in the times of the early patriarchs, and that attended the life of the Nazarene, and the career of His disciples; and the Apostle Paul but enunciated a scientific fact when he said:—

"There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body, and the glory of the one is not the glory of the other."

In these phenomena there is demonstrative evidence that the hope and faith of the Christian world are true; that there is a to-morrow for the human race, and that there is now, as of old, an intercommunication between the living and the dead, or rather that there is no death, only a change, from worm to butterfly.

I know that no conscious force of mine assisted in producing the phenomena I have described, and if we possess a mental and physical force that we are unconscious of who knows of its existence?

The unseen energy that directed the pencil and invisible crayons must have known its own origin, or at least whether it belonged to earth or spirit life; and why should it deceive by fraud and forgery? If it was the result of an unknown mental force that pertains to incarnate beings, it was, of course, governed by natural laws, and it was apparently as easy to announce that fact to those with whom it communicated as it was to falsify and mislead honest inquirers.

If it was not "Mark" who answered the interrogatory, it certainly was some sentient power that was mentally his "alter ego," for it counterfeited his signature, possessed his memory and peculiar characteristics of expression, recognised his friends, and asserted his personality.

What was it that wrote my quotation from Tom Moore, as it fell from my lips? Was it the unconscious cerebration of my own mind? Surely not, for it corrected my error. It knew what I did not know, while it perfectly understood the application I intended to make. Was it unconscious cerebration of the mind of the medium? Surely not, for he did not know "Mark," had never heard of him or his characteristic mode of expression. Was it a conjunction of unconscious brain action of both medium and myself, as Dr. Carpenter asserts? Did the medium and myself combine our mental forces in one "inextricable jumble" to deceive ourselves, and then write a falsehood and perpetrate a forgery on the slates? And if that was possible, what power moved the pencil when it was not in contact with our physical organism? Was it the "odic force" of Reichenbach, as a few savants assert? That is, did the mental energy of two persons, unconsciously to themselves, unite with the so-called "od" force of the German scientist, and conspire to commit a motiveless, cruel deception, when they could as easily have told the truth, explained the phenomena, and enlightened the world? The average thinking mind will fail to see why an unknown, intelligent energy that certainly can write, think, remember, communicate ideas, and assert its personality, should hesitate to avow its parentage.

I am not a philosopher, but an old lawyer, accustomed to weigh testimony according to the rules of the science of evidence. I have no other "guide boards" to direct me on the pathway of investigation than those whose correctness has been accepted by the learned jurists of past centuries, and that in judicial tribunals always point with unswerving fidelity to the truth. If I cannot depend upon these, then am I like a mariner who is at sea on a rudderless ship, with no chart, compass, or beacon light to guide him on his pathless course.

INDUSTRY is essentially social. No man can improve either himself or his neighbour without neighbourly help, and to better the world is to set the world to work together.

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

As certain alterations in the arrangements have been made since our last issue, Mr. U. W. Goddard, of 6, Queen's-parade, Clapham Junction, S.W., hon. secretary to the London Spiritualist Federation, asks for special attention to the following announcement:—

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 next, September 25th, at 7 p.m. Mr. E. Dawson Rogers will occupy the chair. Music, vocal and instrumental, by Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Tindall and friends. Admission free. Complimentary tickets will be sent on application to the secretary. On the next evening, Friday, September 26th, Mrs. Britten will lecture in the same hall 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. by Mr. J. T. Audy. Early application for tickets will oblige.

ASTROLOGICAL SCIENCE.

The students of the occult are talking of opening a college of Astrology at Calcutta, and it is to be hoped that their sagacious project may be carried out. The utility of such an institution is not by any means dependent upon the claims of astrology to rank as an exact science. On the contrary, its value will principally consist in the opportunities which it will furnish for submitting the art of casting horoscopes to a crucial test. At present, when events fail to follow the course which astrologers have prescribed for them, the defence is always possible that the so-called astrologer was not an astrologer at all, but an impostor endeavouring to earn a competence by illicit means. In the case of a gentleman who has been to college and taken the degree of B.A., or Bachelor of Astrology, no such excuses will be practicable. If such a man fail to pry into the future with the assistance of the stars, then we shall be quite sure that the stars are of no use for purposes of prophecy.—*Daily Graphic*, September 8th.

THE TWO ANGELS.

God called the angels who dwell with Him above:
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love.

"Arise," He said, "my angels! a wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gate of Heaven, and saddens all within.

My harps take up the mournful strain that from a lost world
swells;

The smoke of torment clouds the light and blights the asphodels;

Fly downward to that under world, and on its souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and Pity tears like rain."

Two faces bowed before the throne veiled in their golden hair;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long; at last the angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world, red-wrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept: but Love, with faith too strong for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness and smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame whereon it fell,
And with the sunshine of that smile, hope entered into hell!

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked upward to the throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him Who sat thereon!

And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft than falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wings and song, the Voice Eternal spake:

"Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a holier joy to Heaven:
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin forgiven!"

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E.M.—Glad to have your further experience at your convenience.

F.J.T.—Thanks. Too short for insertion by itself. If you send more we will use hereafter. A press just coming on.

E.M.—You have given no name and address. If you will kindly supply these we shall be glad to use your communication.

S. KAPPADACHI (Patras, Greece).—Mr. E.W. Allen has handed on your letter of inquiry. There is in "LIGHT" a list of best books to which we are not just now able to make any additions. Also please consult our "Advice to Inquirers." That comprises all we can tell a stranger without knowledge of the conditions under which investigation is being made.

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

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Annual Subscription for "LIGHT," post-free to any address within the United Kingdom, or to places comprised within the Postal Union, including all parts of Europe, the United States, and British North America, is 10s. 10d. per annum, forwarded to our office in advance.
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All orders for papers and for advertisements, and all remittances, should be addressed to "The Manager" and not to the Editor.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

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

Light:

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th, 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.

SPIRITUALISM IN 1707.*

PART I.

Mr. Pidgeon has done good service in reprinting a selection from *Lacy's Warnings*, a scarce book which he picked up on a bookstall. The records are of manifestations identical with those with which we are familiar to-day, such as clairaudience, clairvoyance, psychography, levitation, healing the sick, visions, and the like. There are also a number of trance-addresses, first published in three separate volumes of over 550 pages of close print, most in English, some in Latin and French.

Mr. Pidgeon selects some messages in English as specimens of the general tone of thought. The burden of them is that then and there a new dispensation was being opened, which would end with the reign of the Christ through the universal diffusion of the Holy Spirit among men. There are many passages plainly prophetic of the spiritual revelations of our day. The *Warnings* deal with social and religious questions, they affirm truths which were not then known, and the references made must have been unintelligible at the time, though clear enough to us. For example, in two of the discourses the truth of Evolution, as opposed to the Mosaic account of the creation in Genesis, is clearly stated. This more than a century before it is statement in this age.

The original title of the work is *The Prophetic Warnings of John Lacy, Esq., Pronounced under the Operation of the Spirits and Faithfully Taken in Writing when they were Spoken*. (London: Printed for B. Bragge, at the Raven, Paternoster-row. 1707.) In his preface to the first volume Lacy gives an account of his mediumship. He had, it seems, published in a book, entitled *A Cry from the Desert*, some account of the Camissars, or French prophets, who lived and created no little sensation in the Cevennes. He had been present "at the ecstasies of Mr. Marion, Mr. Fage, and Mr. Cavalier," as he quaintly calls three of their number, and "their agitations did never make any impression on my [his] mind or imagination, such as to promote an imitation of them, or even an inclination to it." Yet

* *Spiritualism and Spirit Phenomena in 1707*; taken from *Lacy's Warnings*. Selected by Geo. S. Pidgeon, San Diego, California. January, 1890.

there came upon him what he proceeds to describe "with the same awfulness and appeal to the Searcher of all hearts as if I were called by authority to do it on oath."

"The first symptoms of the emotions upon my body surprised me in the instant of awaking. On the 1st day of March, which was the same morning in which I delivered to the printer the *Cry from the Desert*, those agitations continued till the 12th day of June before the word was put into my mouth." The description of his symptoms is very quaint and curious:—

They began by a preternatural course of breathing; then my head came to be agitated, shaken violently and forcibly, and with a very quick motion horizontally or from side to side; then my stomach had twitches not much unlike hiccough. Afterwards my hands and arms were violently shaken, at length a struggle or labouring in the windpipe, and sometimes a sort of catching or twitching all over the body; and for about a week before my speaking I observed my tongue was now and then moved involuntarily, as were also my lips, my mouth, and jaw severally, all which preparations of the bodily organs I found attended with a constant elevation of my soul to God, the mind being unaccountably cast into a frame of spiritual joy, holy contempt of all things in the world, and incessant prayer far more earnest and intense than what I had ever found before. My secret prayers were inseparably attended with the increase of those symptoms, and during all this time I searched the Scriptures carefully for my direction and heedfully considered all the advice given me by friends.

After so much care and fear of being deluded, I am the better assured, and do affirm without the least doubt, that my agitations and words in the ecstasy are produced by a superior agent, and are independent of me any further than that I do not and dare not oppose, but do remain altogether passive.

My mind at those times continues clear and sedate, during which my fear and caution makes me wait always till the tongue be moved by that superior power.

Nor does any impulse alone prevail with me therein; so that 'tis no longer I, as the voluntary prime mover and agent, that speak; and oftentimes I know not the sense till the words are spoken, and so heard by me as by other persons present.

Nor did I, myself, write those English words which are contained in the warning of the 12th of July, but my fingers were forcibly moved to do it; my eyes then being close shut, and I under the agitations, therefore I utterly deny myself to be the framer either of the agitations or of the voice. I have, moreover, thrice experienced a tone or manner in the voice itself, which, I am well assured, I am no ways capable of in my natural state.

Lacy avows that "no trouble of mind nor melancholy, nor a prepossession of prophetic schemes," induced him to speak as he did. "I enjoy at this time a perfect health without any pain, sickness, or weakness whatsoever, or any sort of disorder proceeding from the frequent ecstatic agitations. I sleep ordinarily seven hours in twenty-four. I have a good appetite and digestion, and appeal to all persons with whom I converse about my necessary affairs, and to such other company as does daily occur to me, whether I am otherwise beside myself."

It seems that a Voice, "which I do firmly believe to be of God," came to him "more frequently on the Lord's day, . . . in my closet as well as before company." The discourses so given were read over to him "immediately after they were pronounced, and the divers originals of them were collated and gathered into one before many witnesses (that is, such of them as were not uttered in the presence of one single person only). I did sign the same, being able from the aid of a tenacious memory so distinctly to recollect myself, as that I am satisfied there is nothing in them but what came from my mouth under the influence." They are, therefore, not strictly trance addresses or independent messages, but what we should describe as inspirational. It is further stated that the attestation of the persons who took down the discourses is added to each, and that "all are ready to make oath, if desired, that the same were faithfully taken."

As to the Latin and French discourses, Lacy gives us some information about himself. He came from Walden,

in Essex, to London, in 1680, being then sixteen. He had learned at school some Virgil and Horace, which he soon forgot, and a very little Greek grammar. The Latin discourses given through his mouth he could not even translate "I do not now so much as understand the English of many words of them; nor do I at all know the true conjugations"—yet the addresses were delivered without premeditation, and without any knowledge on his part of the language that was about to be used "till the very utterance, with concurring agitations of head and body . . . which might be sufficient to confound the sense of any premeditated discourse of the most able or learned head."

In like manner with the French. "There are hundreds in this city who can attest that the French I speak at other times is far short of what is here delivered in that language." The sense of Greek words used was impressed on him at the moment, though he did not understand them. So there were phrases and terms of expression in the English discourses which he had "never read, heard, or thought of till they were thus uttered." Quaintly he adds, as one who wonders at the gift that distinguishes him, "I have no ray of righteousness pleadable in the sight of God. . . . I believe there is a multitude in this kingdom holier than I. . . . am nothing and pretend to nothing out of ecstasy, so that 'tis no longer myself. . . . I declare in the most awful manner that I never either had or have any aim whatsoever in the profession I now make. The clergy may exercise their censures on me as they think good. I have no design to invade their office or make myself the head of a sect."

It remains to notice, hereafter, a chapter on "God's Dealings with John Lacy," and to give some example of his discourses. But it is impossible to conclude this notice without a word of thanks for the republication of a most interesting narrative, and the selections from the messages given through this old-time medium. The Spiritualists of to-day are greatly indebted to Mr. Pidgeon. His part is well done; we wish his printers had done their part as well. The text is packed with slovenly errors which a little care would have removed.

TESTIMONIAL TO ALDERMAN BARKAS.

This testimonial at the close of a long and worthy career was presented on September 10th. We have already drawn attention to it when first proposed, and now congratulate all concerned on its successful completion. The handsome sum of £345 was subscribed, and an address, suitably worded and handsomely illuminated, was presented, together with a cheque for that amount. The Mayor, in his chain of office, presided, and there was a large attendance of citizens. The Mayor's remarks were applauded, and he paid deserved compliments to Mr. Barkas's work in his capacity as Alderman of Newcastle, and an unwearied popular lecturer. We do not, however, observe that he made any allusion to the work of Mr. Barkas as a Spiritualist. Mr. Barkas is a man who has always had the courage of his opinions, and he will be esteemed among us for the zeal and energy with which he expounded and supported the truths which it is our business to set forth. We trust that he may enjoy peace and prosperity in his retirement.

MR. F. OMERIN has been lately honoured with an appointment as a member of the Academy of Medical Sciences of Madrid, in consideration of his services to the progress of human knowledge as a professor, as a writer, and as an influential agent for the improvement of the systems of education.

THE most prosperous people are not always the most thankful. There is danger that, like a bough broken from the parent stem by the weight of its own abundant fruitage, the prosperous person will allow the very blessings so richly bestowed upon him to divorce his heart from Him who gave them.

MR. AND MRS. EVERITT.

Mr. W. C. ROBSON, writing from Newcastle, under date September 13th, says:—

When Mr. and Mrs. Everitt were in Newcastle the local workers in Spiritualism had, by their kind invitation and that of their hostess, the privilege of witnessing a most extraordinary séance. Twenty sitters, including Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, all known to each other, were gathered together on Tuesday evening last. About fifteen sat down to the table, the hostess and Mr. and Mrs. Everitt at the head of the table, myself being on Mr. Everitt's left side, so that I was in a good position for observation. The gas was in full light. The table, which was very long and heavy, was covered with a cloth. We sat without contact with the table, the other six sitters being on a sofa and chairs outside of the circle. The end of the table next to me was moved from one side to the other several times; knockings and rubbings commenced on the under side of the table, quite away from the medium, and then the knocks indicated certain passages in Ezekiel and elsewhere to be read; all these passages referred to manifestations of the Spirit.

After this commenced certain sounds, imitating a carpenter working on wood, such as planing, screwing, knocking shavings out of the plane, &c. These all took place apparently on the underside of the table, and seeing that there was no contact with the table were, to us, very remarkable. Then the gas was put out, and we had a marvellous series of spirit-lights, which moved in various directions, and had the power of unfolding and suddenly disappearing. They would also obey the requests of the sitters. I asked one to come near me, and it did so, faintly revealing the outline of a draped figure, while other sitters saw arms and hands. The lights would sometimes float as high as the ceiling and often far away from the medium's reach.

Then we witnessed, perhaps, the most astounding feature of the séance, the direct voice of "Znippy," who asserted his own individuality apart from that of anyone else, and though his hand was materialised, for he placed it in mine more than once, I understood him to say that his throat and lungs were not, and yet he spoke in mid-air and at different parts of the room. His voice was often very powerful, and it was certainly not the voice of the medium, for they frequently conversed together. This visit of "Znippy's" lasted about an hour, bringing to a close a most satisfactory séance, with much for us to think about, in the endeavour to unravel the question how these things can be. Neither ventriloquism nor phosphorus, nor any other physical cause that I know of, will account for the voices and the lights to those who have heard and seen them.

I need scarcely add that the services of Mr. and Mrs. Everitt were freely given, and that the friends present felt that they owed a heavy debt of gratitude to them and to their hostess for their generosity and kindness.

Another correspondent, writing from Carnforth, says:—

On Saturday last Mr. and Mrs. Everitt arrived at Carnforth, and were heartily welcomed by the friends of the Spiritualistic movement there. Shortly after eight o'clock the few investigators who reside in Carnforth and neighbourhood met at the house of Mr. R. D. Dugdale, printer and publisher, where Mr. and Mrs. Everitt were staying, and arranged themselves round a large table for the purpose of holding an hour's converse by means of the raps that are obtained through Mrs. Everitt's mediumship with "Znippy," one of that lady's spirit attendants. Sitting as they were in a good light, sufficient for all ordinary purposes, there could be no deception, and all were convinced of the genuineness of the raps. Some information of value to the circle was given by automatic writing. After the sitting Mr. Everitt, in a chatty and engaging manner, narrated some of his experiences with the mediums Messrs. Eglinton, Home, Slade, Monck, and Mrs. Guppy.

On Sunday evening a dark séance for the direct voice was held, and although the conditions were not what may be called "test," several things occurred that it was quite out of the range of possibility for Mr. or Mrs. Everitt to have done. For instance: before the light was put out, raps were given in an oak panel clock on the mantelpiece in answer to questions. The raps appeared to be produced by the pendulum being forced against the frame of the clock. Mr. and Mrs. Everitt sat with their backs to the clock, quite five feet from it. The raps were unmistakably in answer to our questions. Again, a musical box, weighing over four pounds, was taken up and dropped

lightly upon the fingers of one of the sitters at the end of the table opposite Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, and quite out of their reach. This was after the candle had been put out; but the box was three feet from Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, and they could not have leaned over without being detected by those who sat next to them. Besides this, an inquisitive lady, who sat near the box, was groping in the darkness over the table for the cause of the various movements of the box and other things, and could find nothing. These things, and the voice of "Znippy," totally unlike that of the medium, coming first from a corner of the room behind the medium, then from the centre of the table, then from under the table, from the ceiling, then close to one sitter, then close to another; the touches by materialised hands; and the floating of a bluish light over the medium and the sitters, in a manner that it seemed out of the question that the medium or her husband could have manipulated it without betraying the fact by their movements to the sitters next them, convinced the Carnforth friends that they were witnessing genuine spirit manifestations.

Mr. and Mrs. Everitt have done a great service to the one or two devout Spiritualists in Carnforth. Several people have for a long time been interested in Spiritualism; but for some reason they have held aloof, seeming to fear the consequences of personal investigation. So it has been impossible to get sitters of the right kind together, and no circle has been held for a long time. Now, however, the difficulty is over. All who were present are full of the most lively interest, and have determined to investigate as thoroughly as they are able. This happy change is not altogether attributable to the manifestations witnessed. Mr. Everitt is so kindly in his manner, and his arguments are always so forcible without appearing to be destructive, that he gets one led far away from the old beaten track unawares. Besides, the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, unmistakably that of the true gentleman and lady, as well as that of persons moving in respectable society, has had no small effect. Here are people who take no money, who care not for our hospitality, to whom, indeed, our hospitality may be an infliction; people well-to-do, and with a good home, who come to the North to mix with all kinds of folks, they know not whom; to stay the night, they know not where; to come in close contact with many strangers, necessarily of the working class, and to hold séances with them—is it likely they have come to deceive? Why, at any moment a light might be struck at one or other of the séances by some intruding sceptic, and all the pleasure taken out of their lives by the exposure that would follow. What motive can they have to deceive? Why should they suffer the annoyances of long journeys, &c., just to deceive people, and perchance to be exposed? The idea is simply preposterous, and so the Carnforth friends have talked and argued in this strain about the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, and it is going to result in the establishment of a circle, and who can tell what else?

MR. N. LATHAM writes a glowing description of the intense gratification with which an audience of about 350 listened to a deeply interesting address given by Mr. Everitt in Burnley, on Monday night—and continues:—

After the lecture a few friends wended their way to Crow-wood-terrace in order to spend a short time with Mr. and Mrs. Everitt. Shortly after entering the room and getting into conversation with our friends, we found, much to our surprise, we had a larger number of friends present than were visible, taking part in the conversation of the evening by means of raps of varied intensity, now in the corner of the room, now on the table, now on the couch, now under the couch, and now under the table; three or four places at the same time, all intelligently directed. Instances also occurred of answers being accurately given to mental questions. Never did we so truly feel that the sting of death would be removed and the victory over the grave proclaimed by such conclusive evidence. Our best wishes will follow our respected friends to their home, with the ardent hope that they may long be spared to continue their noble and disinterested work.

It makes a world of difference to us whether we tender the cup of cold water, and, if need be, stoop to bind up the fellow-traveller's wounds, or pass by on the other side. Better for us were it, if we are recreant to this duty, that a millstone be hanged about our neck and we be cast into the sea.

"WAS IT A DREAM?"*

In this little shilling volume Mr. De Caux betakes himself to Spiritualism for the dressing of a love story. An impulsive young lady falls in love with a handsome gymnast, and her father turns her out of his house. She marries the man of her choice, and he meets with an accident that stops him from following his profession. Then comes in the supernatural element in the form of dreams and apparitions. The angry father relents, just as news comes that his son and his fiancée are upset in a boat and the lady drowned. Adèle and Alice, the loving wife and the dead fiancée, meet in spirit-land, while the former sleeps. We have incidents and descriptions which show that the writer is not unacquainted with our subject. He has certainly given his readers plenty of excitement and sensation, and it is whispered that the story is founded on actual occurrences.

"ROSES AND RUE."†

At first sight a pretty piece of the printers' and binders' work; on acquaintance with the contents, short sketches in prose and verse full of vigour, some lines startling in their intensity, e.g., "a last interview with a man of genius," a fiercely vivid and lurid sketch of a man of genius, with "the square and firm head, cast in the mould that God uses to fashion the index of Genius only," now sunk to "the sodden state that succeeds a prolonged debauch," one that had ended "only because the oil of Mammon had ceased to feed the fire of Bacchus." "He had about him the wild, weird air of one who had done with the world. He had long borne his cross—a heavier than ever Simon of Cyrene bore—and he was now carrying his coffin." This was the author of *The City of Dreadful Night* in his last days. Could any spectacle be more awful? Could it be depicted in more awe-inspiring terms? Read and then see!

Of another type is the short paper entitled "Sentiment":—

"There is surely in some future and wider arena of being provision for rectifying and adjusting the weaknesses and limitations on this unsatisfactory plane of existence. Are our sublimest yearnings given us only that we may be disappointed, and our grandest sensibilities imparted to us merely that we may be tortured? By an intuition that laughs at science as babbling, and philosophy as folly, my soul points over the gulf of the grave and answers, No. The heavier the hammer on the anvil, the finer the steel; the hotter the coals in the furnace, the purer the gold."

But we cannot quote a tithe of what strikes us. A specimen of the poetry of Mr. Stewart, and a brief one, must bring our imperfect notice to a close. The extract is from a piece called "Above":—

Clouds of the summer eve
Veiling the mountain's brow,
What are ye, say,
In this dying day,
Read the spell of the awful Now?
As ye tint the fringe of the lady fern,
And silver the stream in the glen,
What are ye, say,
In this dying day,
Break the spell of the awful THEN?
Say, ere ye blend with the solemn Past,
And go to return no more—
What know ye, say,
Of the Must and the May
On the Future's wildered shore?

If your thoughts leave God it will not be long until your hands will be raised against Him.

* *Was it a Dream?* By J. W. De Caux. East Norfolk Printing Co., Great Yarmouth.

† *Roses and Rue.* By W. Stewart Ross. W. Stewart and Co., 41, Farringdon-street, E.C.

A PROPHET OF EVIL.

What has come to Professor Buchanan? He has been taking up his parable against the age in a veritable Jeremiad. Mrs. Woodworth, in *The Faith*, with her cataclysm is nothing to it. Hers was a poor little pop-gun that did not go off. Mr. Buchanan's, if it comes up to description, will certainly make nervous people wish they were somewhere else. There are to be terrific seismic and tidal disturbances during the next twenty-four years on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts and along the Mediterranean. Unless your city is fifty feet above the sea level there will be no longer any city there. South Florida will be destroyed as was old Atlantis; Washington is to be submerged, with the White House, Departmental Buildings and all, in the hollow and low-lying land." The prophecy as to the States gets monotonous, and we will not pursue it. Suffice it to say that the Professor advises everybody to avoid the seismic disturbance by quitting within the next fifteen years. There is time to turn round, we are glad to find.

Then this new-world Jeremiah predicts "a gigantic and bloody revolution between labour and capital: the greatest of all wars will occur in the United States nineteen years hence, which will last six years. Turning away from home, he predicts the total overthrow of monarchy in Europe; the only surviving throne is to be that of the unspeakable Turk, and he is to have a bad time. The Pope is to die in two years; the Queen—but we forbear. The Prince of Wales will be erased, after a brief reign, in favour of democracy, and die—but again we forbear.

All this has frightened a Boston journal, which quotes Professor W. J. McGee in the June *Forum*, to show that Manhattan Island and the New Jersey coast have already begun to sink in affright, and that Professor Buchanan's prophecies are already taking effect. Nothing more gruesome have we read for a long time, and in an ordinary paper too, not among the cranks of Spiritualism. If we had said a tenth part of it, we should have expected to receive a visit from two doctors, with a view to our subsequent removal to another and worse place.

REV. J. PAGE HOPPS'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Rev. J. P. Hopps announces a new threepenny monthly to begin issue in January. The title is to be *The Coming Day*, and it is described as being intended "for the advocacy of the Religion of Humanity, based on the permanent foundations of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man." In a preliminary note on the subject Mr. Hopps says:—

"When, in 1863, I sent forth the first number of the *Truth-seeker*, it never occurred to me that it would live for twenty-five years; and when, pressed by other undertakings, I gave it up in 1887, I little thought I should take up such work again. But in these matters one can only follow 'The Voice.' So, once again, I offer a monthly message to such as are open to receive it. *The Coming Day* will read the word 'Religion' in the light of the word 'Humanity,' and its subjects will, therefore, take a wide range, dealing not only with the Church, but with the State and the Home. Above all things, it will plead for the faith that the prayer, 'Thy Kingdom come,' stands for a great practical week-day reality, and not for a Sunday dream." —*The Inquirer*.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

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

The Review of Reviews. Price 6d. W. T. STEAD.

The Phrenological Journal. FOWLER and WELLS Co. 15 cents. (London: L. N. Fowler, Imperial Buildings, E.C.)

Transcendental Vagaries. By NEWTON CROSLAND. (E. W. Allen, 4, Ave Maria-lane.) Price 6d. [A slashing assault on the *Perfect Way* and the Kingsford-Maitland opinions generally.]

Roses and Rue. By W. STEWART ROSS. (London: W. Stewart and Co., 41, Farringdon-street, E.C.) [A collection of "Random Notes and Sketches," containing many striking thoughts expressed in clear words, and some good verses.]

CHINESE THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE.

FROM *More Light*, WAIARAPU, NEW ZEALAND.

This account of phenomena which interest us in, perhaps, the most stereotyped race in the world, is curious. It will be remembered that the Chinese showed in their temples a number of cases of planchette writing, but they were done by a "stylo" suspended by a string which imprinted the writing on a level surface of sand. It would be interesting to collect cases of such phenomena occurring among people to whom the very name of Spiritualism is unknown:—

During a visit, in the summer of 1888, to San Francisco, I made the acquaintance of Sing Fon, a Chinaman, who combines the two occupations of priest and merchant. Finding him to be a very entertaining and intelligent gentleman, I cultivated his acquaintance until we became good friends. He told me many strange things about Chinese manners and customs, but the strangest of all was an exhibition he gave me of mind-reading.

He required some ten days for preparation. At the appointed time I called for him at his store, and going with me to the Joss House, we each of us removed our shoes and put on in place of them a pair of white satin sandals. He enveloped himself in a white satin robe which reached almost to the floor. We were shown into a small room behind the platform, upon which the three idols were seated, and from which daylight was entirely excluded. It was lighted by what seemed to be a hundred candles suspended from the ceiling by some invisible means. The walls were entirely concealed by silk hangings, beautifully embroidered, and the floor was covered with matting ornamented with grotesque and fantastic figures. The only furniture in the room was a bamboo table, upon which stood two flat covered vases and a lamp.

As soon as we entered the room he required me to sit cross-legged on the floor, close to the table. He then blind-folded me and asked me not to move or speak until he told me to do so.

I heard him remove the covers from the vases, felt him wetting the hair on the top of my head, and smoothing it down close and flat. Then he seemed to be putting a cloth on it, which he touched here and there with his fingers, as though he were applying a plaster to a wound. Putting his open hand on the top of the cloth, and pressing my head with considerable force, he instructed me to think of some church I had seen, and to make as distinct a picture of it in my mind as possible. The Joss House being near by I naturally fixed my mind upon the interior of it, and perhaps for about two minutes there was absolute silence in the room.

He then removed the bandage from my eyes, and, at his suggestion, I stood up beside him. Both vases were open on the table; in one of them was a number of pieces of very thin white paper, about three inches square; in the other was a single piece of paper, of like size, colour, and shape, immersed in what seemed to be water. This the priest took out and held over the flame of the lamp. As it became dry, there appeared a faint outline picture of the Joss House. It was blurred and indistinct, but it was beyond question a picture of the room I had in my mind while sitting blindfolded on the floor.

I told Sing Fon that, of course, he knew I would have in my mind the room through which we had just passed, and he had his picture prepared beforehand. He smiled in a good-natured way, and, taking a powerful reading-glass from a drawer in the table, he bade me examine the picture more closely. I found it to be a picture of the Joss House, not as it really is, but as I had thought of it, and pictured it to myself from memory—for, on second thought, I could see where I had omitted many details.

The priest suggested that we should try again and I was more than willing.

Repeating former preparations, I this time brought to mind a church more than 2,000 miles away, that I was absolutely certain the priest had never seen or heard of. To my utter astonishment as the paper dried the church appeared, perfect in every detail.

Sing Fon was as much pleased as I was astonished. He asked me to sit down again, suggesting that this time I bring to mind the face of some woman or child. After blindfolding me as before he arranged the hair low down on the back of my head, and applied the paper close to my neck. While he applied the pressure of his hand I thought of Mary Anderson.

In a few moments I was released, the paper was dried, and through the glass could be seen a good likeness of the great Parthenia, at that time in England.

We repeated the experiment over and over again, and numerous pictures of faces and places were produced. I found, however, that no faces of any but the living could be made to appear.

As a final test I tried to remember the verses so popular with the boys of a former generation, beginning—

"Oh! were you ne'er a school boy,
And did you never train?"

Upon examining the paper, the verses appeared as they were printed in the Second Reader, and above them was a copy, in faint outline, of the illustration showing the boys marching in uniform, and in the distance a flock of geese. Several lines of the poem that I had been unable to remember were missing in the picture, and in one place where I had misquoted a word my mistake was shown on the paper.

The priest declined to tell me how the paper was prepared, or the pictures produced. The manner of their production is a secret known only to the priesthood—a sacred mystery over 3,000 years old. Professor Durand, to whom I related my singular experience, read a paper on the subject at the annual meeting of the Eclectic Psychological Association in Boston, on December 23rd, 1888.

His paper led to considerable discussion. Those of the members inclined to be materialistic insisted that the thought-matter filtered directly through my skull, and was impressed upon the prepared paper. Some of these held that thought is a mode of motion as light is, and that the pictures are produced by its rays, as an image is formed upon the sensitive plate of a camera. Others who are psychologists and believers in the spiritual reasoned that the brain of the Chinaman was the medium through which the thoughts were filtered, and by which the picture was produced. Others agreed with the Spiritualists that more was necessary than a preparation of the paper, but they differed from them in this: that while it was not necessary for the operator to possess peculiar gifts, it was necessary that the subject operated upon should be of a peculiar temperament, and should be both mentally and physically in proper condition.

Over all the pictures produced during my interview with the priest there ran a number of fine lines, tending to blur them slightly and making them seem as if printed on shaded paper. The priest explained that my dark hair had made these lines, and that the grey hair, which predominates with me, had produced no such effect. He further told me that in pictures made from the head of a Chinaman no such lines are seen, there being no hair on the head of a Chinaman at the points where the papers are applied. This seems to indicate the correctness of the materialistic theory, and leads to the supposition that dark hair is not a good conductor of thought-rays. In fact, where dark hair is so plentiful as to conceal the skull whereon the prepared paper is placed no picture will be produced.

This singular art is utilised by the Chinese Government in many ways; as, for instance, the detection of crime. The prepared paper is applied to the head of a suspected criminal. Even against his will he may be made to think of the location where the crime was committed with all its surroundings, and the picture formed is a silent but certain witness against him. Prisoners taken in battle are made to think of the forts, and camps, and troops they have just left behind them, and accurate plans of them all are drawn by this wonderful and certain process. The heads of prisoners, whose custom it is to wear their hair, are carefully shaven before the papers are applied.

Any subject of the Emperor may be required at any moment to appear and take part in the sacred mystery, and it is thought wise to have the people always in readiness. The queue worn by them is regarded as sacred, and this belief is encouraged by those in authority. It is really a matter of minor importance; there is no objection to it; and while the closely shaven head without the queue would present an unpleasant and unfinished appearance, as they are now combined, each makes the other a by no means unbecoming ornament.

Unfortunately, no way is known to the Chinese to preserve these wonderful photographs of the mind. They gradually fade away and in half an hour disappear entirely. Indeed, when subjected to any light but that of such candles as were burning in the room where we were, and the component parts of which are kept secret, they disappear instantly.

The Mongolian is not a progressive race. It remains for the Caucasian to discover for himself, or learn from the Chinese, this beautiful and useful art, and further to discover some way to give permanence to the wonderful pictures.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Eternity of Matter.

SIR,—On reading Mr. Wooding's letter in this week's "LIGHT" I begin to fear that I did not express my meaning very clearly in my last letter to you. What I meant to say was that it could not be regarded as self-evident that nothing could be created out of nothing, since so many people believe just the opposite, namely, that all things have been. I may, perhaps, add that if I believe a Being exists with whom "all things are possible," I shall have no difficulty in believing that the worlds were created by Him out of nothing.

Mr. Wooding informs us that my inquiry, "how time has succeeded in travelling from A to B," is one for the metaphysician, and that he himself "gives it up in despair." He "has only his common-sense to fall back upon," he says. Well, sir, it is not at all a bad thing to have even a little common-sense in reserve for an emergency; and I indulge the hope that in future, whenever he undertakes to write for your pages, he will see the advisability of "falling back" upon it.

September 13th, 1890.

GEORGE HARPUR.

Re-births.

SIR,—It is not many years since the theory of Spiritualists, viz., "that their manifestations were the work of disembodied human beings," was seriously argued against by persons, more or less acquainted with the facts, who offered a special brand-new theory to explain each and every new phenomenon. The cracking toe-joints, of a gentleman eminent in another branch of learning; the theory of unconscious cerebration, the fruit of a learned physiologist; that of the fraudulent cheats of scheming impostors; personation of disincarnate spirits by incarnate ones; telepathy; the sub-conscious secondary self; elemental spirits; want of continuity of observation in the investigators; self-hallucination; mesmerisation of the circle by the medium, have all served their turn, to explain this or that particular phenomenon, or set of phenomena.

Spiritualists have rejected each and all of these ingenious explanations of how it is done because they fail to cover all the facts, and because the theory given by the majority of the producers of the manifestations does cover the facts more nearly than all the rest put together. We accept the theory of spirit-communion on these grounds, and on them alone; once having accepted it, further investigation and observation are found to establish that theory more and more firmly, until we become convinced of its truth; and it finally becomes an axiom for each of us, with which all our thoughts and ideas must harmonise, and which is a factor in the production of our daily acts.

This is how and why we become Spiritualists, and how that conviction comes to modify our acts and motives, thoughts and opinions.

With the theory of re-births it is exactly the same as it was in earlier days with that of the Spiritualist; with this difference, that while the latter's theory only applied to one small portion or department of biological study, Re-incarnation applies not only to the whole space covered by botany and zoology, but to the whole of natural history in its widest sense.

Re-incarnation embraces within its folds the facts and theories of every one of the sciences that relate to nature. [How?—*Ed.* "LIGHT."] Astronomy, geology, chemistry, botany, zoology, anatomy, physiology, psychology, Spiritualism, history, and many others lend facts to support it, and offer none that are diametrically opposed to it. It is not intended to be asserted that the whole of the facts known to each of these sciences find ready-made solutions to the difficulties they offer, waiting only to be picked up by any dilettante person that happens to stare at them with idle gaze. Such is not the case with the introduction of any new theory; first, it must itself be carefully studied, and then the facts awaiting solution, with a diligence that is unhappily still too rare. Where this is done it is claimed, and fairly claimed, that Re-incarnation explains more difficulties, and throws light on hitherto irreconcilable opinions, bringing them into greater harmony, than any other theory in existence. Greater, aye, infinitely greater, is its illuminating power than even that of "natural selection," of which, with due respect to its honourable advocates, a deal more is demanded than it is able to give.

It is impossible to teach what the doctrine is in a few letters to a paper; and what controversy does go on merely shows that the opponents of Re-incarnation have not mastered the subject they attempt to criticise. [Surely it is not impossible to state

concisely a theory that is held to be so illuminative, and to give some reasons for holding it. The fact is we have printed scores of letters in its defence without being advanced in any real way.—Ed. "LIGHT."] The letters that have appeared in the last three numbers of "LIGHT" are adequately described in the foregoing sentence.

Some persons confound microcosmic evolution with macrocosmic in a charming manner, as, for instance, the gentleman who, in a recent number, got mixed up with dog-fish and dog-fish men; a little Hindoo and a swaggering dragoon.

Another comes to grief on the dogma, "perhaps" his own invention, that "we can travel from the present to the past only over the bridge of memory." This gentleman entirely forgets (1) History, (2) Geology, (3) Psychometry, (4) Deduction. Another section harps on the laws of heredity, which they assert to be fixed and certain. No doubt they are, but our knowledge of them is far from fixed and certain; especially one would say in the case of a gentleman capable of the following puerile judgment. I quote "Colenso" in last week's number:—

"Mr. Wallace says . . . that if there is a law of heredity which hands down moral and intellectual characteristics, it must neutralise the law of amelioration by re-births. Plainly there is such a law, for we see the daughter of a Fawcett eclipse the Senior Wrangler, and the son of an impure Maharanee remain a Dhuleep Singh." Comment is needless. [Why?—Ed. "LIGHT."]

A fourth set of people, represented by a coterie of seven spiritual scientists, do not like the idea of being born again; and in their hatred of the subject follow the advice of a learned prelate of the Roman Church to a missionary who conceived it his duty to bring back to orthodoxy a sect of learned heretics and apostates, "Assert [But is the assertion all on one side?—Ed. "LIGHT"], denounce, and defy, but don't argue."

1st M.B. (LOND.)

"Third-hand Evidence."

SIR,—In reply to my second letter on "Third-hand Evidence," "M.B." maintains, in your issue of September 13th, that his story was given to us at second-hand and not at third-hand, inasmuch as the "friend" who told him the story was in fact identical with the "sister" who inspected the pencil-marks made by the clairvoyante. Even so, the story is technically third-hand, inasmuch as the sister did not herself interview the clairvoyante. But I willingly admit that, thus explained, the case is nearly as good as second-hand.

"M.B.'s" explanation, however, illustrates the risk of confusion inseparable from this loose manner of giving evidence. For I do not think that any reader would have been justified in assuming, from "M.B.'s" original letter, that the "friend" and the "sister" were one and the same person. I read the letter with care, and concluded that *two brothers* and a sister were concerned. "My friend's brother asked his sister"; "my friend's brother took the plan back to his sister"; these phrases seemed to suggest my first interpretation. Had "M.B." written "asked *her*," "took the plan back to *her*," the ambiguity would have been avoided.

"M.B.," as he justly says, "cannot be expected" to tell his stories in any given way whatever; not, for instance, in the way which rules of evidence commonly accepted in science, law, and business might seem to require. If any consentient group of readers finds mutual interest in recounting anecdotes which frankly disclaim external proof, they have an absolute right to do so. But if a wider public is appealed to,—if men believing themselves to possess important truth desire to spread that truth among fair-minded but cautious outsiders,—then it should be remembered that each tale which would be excluded from ordinary scientific periodicals as lacking adequate attestation does in fact injure the cause which it is meant to support. For it tends to spread the idea that the accepted standard of evidence is lower among Spiritualists than in the world outside, and thus to discourage those now numerous inquirers who are quite ready to accept good evidence in any direction, but who are not ready to forego accustomed evidential requirements simply because their instructors in these highest matters are themselves so superabundantly convinced that they decline to take the ordinary pains which, as I say, a plain man would take if he wished to persuade the public that his dog had lifted a latch with his paws.

In closing (as I hope) this series of letters, I trust, Sir, that it will be understood that I am not arguing against the intrinsic probability of any of your correspondents' narratives. I am

only begging them to take trouble enough to give the careful reader a scientific *right* to believe in many a statement which, for aught I know, *may* be accurately true, and which, if true, is of deep importance to mankind.

Leckhampton House, Cambridge. FREDERIC W.H. MYERS.
September 13th, 1890.

Re-incarnation.

SIR,—In your issues of August 23rd and 30th, I find several letters on Re-incarnation, the argumentation of which against that teaching seems to me rather weak. The members of the Spiritual Science Society say that "innate ideas, reminiscences of past scenes, knowledge, and character can easily and scientifically be explained by the unconscious using of clairvoyance."

But what is clairvoyance? Is it not the transmission of what the soul already knew to its incarnate personality, which as the latest mirroring of this Psyche in matter is, in its normal state, unconscious of the past acquirements of its higher elements? These previous acquirements of the individual are more or less partially opened during clairvoyance, natural or artificial, and the subject is then impressed with these faint past memories. [What proof of this assertion?—Ed. or "LIGHT."]

But are these correspondents of yours able to tell *when* and in what measure a man is unconsciously clairvoyantly impressed or not, and could they contend that the soul is constantly so impressing its personality,—man making a constant use of his innate abilities and continually showing traits of his character? This proves a constant, though to incarnate man unconscious, impressing of his higher principles.

The "extraordinary faculties of some children are," so say these gentlemen, "accounted for by examining the heads of the children, and it will at once be seen that their brains have a great development in the direction of the particular science or art in which they excel."

Now that argument seems to me to exactly reverse cause and sequence, for from the above it would follow that the bumps (or what is much the same, the development of the brains) can produce faculties and qualities. It could just as well be posited that the features of the face, or the lines on one's hands, are all producing the respective qualities they indicate. From this argument it follows that matter in its accidental configurations in the human brain and body produces the qualities men boast or are ashamed of, and then it would be quite as unjust to erect monuments to the good and able, or gallows for the evil.

I prefer looking on this question from the opposite standpoint. To me the incarnating individual is pre-existent to his body, which he forms for himself in order to atone for past misdeeds, to undergo renewed trials, to seek further development, intellectual, moral, and spiritual, and to try to benefit his fellow creatures proportionally to his level. It is the individual himself who, through his spiritual body, constructs his physical body, and the womb of the mother furnishes only the material and conditions out of which the new body is formed by its owner.

To say that the mother produces the child is the same as to say that the earth produces the flower or the tree. Earth furnishes only part of the materials and conditions, and the seed produces its own body, and so do the mother and her child. From the same sorts of seeds spring similar plants, varying individually according to differences of soil and climate, but, nevertheless, each plant conserving its own character. The resemblance between a child and its parents on the *material* and partly *psychical* planes may also be reduced to a consideration of the conditions offered by the parents, which the incarnating entity had to use. But these resemblances vary vastly from a very close one to none at all, wherein the impressionability of the incarnating individual may have a great deal to say. As to resemblances between child and parents on the *intellectual* and *moral* planes this may be accounted for by the sympathetic attraction of the incarnating intelligence to similarly endowed persons. But the fact that neither physical and psychical, nor intellectual and moral, resemblances between parents and children obtain as a rule would go to prove that the child is an independent, pre-existent entity, and that the resemblances are only accidents of the given conditions and circumstances.

The examples furnished in his letter ("LIGHT," August 23rd) by Mr. J. Hawkins Simpson may just as well be pre-natal recollections as impressions of the mother during pregnancy, or even a blending of both. Such dual influences and their blending producing a compound product we see often enough in physical and chemical as well as in Spiritualistic phenomena,

where spirit influence flows side by side with the influence of the sitters, blending in phenomena that are the common outcome of both.

In his letter of August 30th to "LIGHT," "T. S." says that he never attempts to prove the existence of God. "Our faith in God," he says, "may be confirmed and strengthened in many ways, but if a man finds nothing in himself, which responds to the appeal of nature and of conscience, I know of no logical bridge to span the awful chasm from the finite to the infinite."

Just so; and I would add that this true and forcible argument obtains also in the question of Re-incarnation. I am persuaded that the facility of some and the difficulty or utter inability of others to grasp the deep truths underlying the teaching of Re-incarnation may be reduced to a question of development in that special line, without in any way encroaching on the other intellectual or moral faculties of the parties concerned.

Your correspondent, "T. S.," further says, "that if we have each had a plurality of corporeal lives we ought surely to know something about it, it being a question of fact, of individual experience; it should be capable of proof." This does not follow at all. For, if our individual is pre-existent and knows all his previous lives, our body is quite a new creation and it has no recollection of what it has not experienced. Moreover, the human brain is as yet, generally, so little sensitive to spiritual influence that it can only occasionally gain the impression of past occurrences. "T. S." seems himself to feel this, for he further says that he does not ask material and mathematical proof. This brings me back to my saying that this *internal* proof can only be the product of individual development in that special line, and cannot be transferred to others lacking it as yet, just as faith in God is to one the very best and strongest proof he can adduce for his existence, and others call this self-same faith a mere delusion.

"T. S." says that men are created not only with diversity of natural gifts, but that there is inequality in their distribution; and this creates that beneficent law of mutual dependence which is the basis of human society.

This would presuppose a special act of creation by God of every child born and does not solve the question of theseeming injustice in the unequal distribution of the qualities and conditions of life. Looking around nature we see everywhere that it is the outcome of development, and nowhere do we assist any special acts of creation. All that actually exists is a product of evolution, and I really do not see why man, this highest product of nature on earth, should be an exception to the universal law. Would it not be much more to the point and in accordance with the chief attribute of Godhead we know of, viz., justice, to accept our actual life and the personality belonging to us only as the necessary sequence of previous causes created by our own Ego, partly in this, partly in previous existences, and would this not explain logically the inequalities of development and position we are all subject to?

GUSTAV A. ZORN.

Odessa, August 26th, September 8th, 1890.

Individualisation of Raps.

SIR,—In last week's issue of "LIGHT" I see that the subject of "Individualisation of Raps" is again brought forward.

May I say that my experience coincides with "H.'s"?

The spirits who write through me make themselves known by the number of raps they give, thus:—

M.
G.
F.
A.
S.

And so on. I never find that these raps vary, although now I have little need to use them, as I can tell by the writing of each, which spirit is communicating with me, the writing being individualised in the same way.

R. S.

September 11th.

Mrs. Ewen's Ghost.

SIR,—This ghost story was singularly graphic and picturesque, but a sagacious friend suggests that the solution lies in the previous converse of the two friends and their close sympathy. There was an underlying uneasiness apparently with respect to the absent husband, heightened, probably, by Mrs. May's narrations, whereupon a handsome native woman, a purely subjective being, appears to Mrs. E., and, by telepathic influence, is also seen by her friend.

It is a mistake to suppose that pure hallucination cannot be conveyed to another seer. In the case of "the college cap," as detailed in a former number of "LIGHT," it is noticeable that

whereas, when the first percipient looked at a veritable object, only its colour was suggested to the second person, yet when my daughter believed she saw college caps because the boys usually wore them, and the extreme distance favoured her mistake, then a clear and strong outline as well as hue was seen by me.

Weymouth.

M. W. G.

Remarkable Manifestations.

SIR,—Being a reader of your paper, I should be greatly obliged if you would insert this letter. On September 10th I was present at a séance at the Cocoa House, Pond-street, Sheffield, the medium being a boy of fifteen years of age. The sitters numbered four, Mr. Hardy and his wife, their son, and myself.

I may mention that we could see each other very distinctly. Various manifestations were produced, such as the movement of furniture in the room. But the most remarkable part of these séances is (and I have seen a good many) that the spirits change the medium into almost any shape or form, and that without a cabinet. This process goes on before your eyes. The body of the medium will grow in size and weight, his white skin will sometimes be converted into black, and his whole organisation assume a negro type. Can anyone give an explanation on these mysterious phenomena?

175, Pond-street, Sheffield.

S. H. HUNT.

September 11th.

SOCIETY WORK.

CARDIFF PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Morning class on Sunday last, at 11 a.m.; Lyceum, at 3 p.m., as usual. In the evening Mr. F. B. Chadwick delivered an able address on "The Glorious Hope of Immortality," before an appreciative audience.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday last, Mr. Leach spoke in the morning and Mr. Hopcroft in the evening. Sunday, September 21st, at 11 a.m., Mr. Dale; at 7 p.m. Mrs. Bliss and Mr. Veitch, clairvoyance; 28th, at 7 p.m., Rev. Dr. Young, "The English Socialism of To-day."—J. VEITCH, Sec., 19, Crescent, Southampton-street, S.E.

GLASGOW, 29, GREAT WESTERN-ROAD.—On Sunday morning last, Mr. J. Russell read from the works of the Countess of Caithness on the subject of Mesmerism. In the evening, Mr. R. Harper discoursed on "Spiritual and Social Progress." The Lyceum was well attended, and conducted by Mr. J. Robertson. On Thursday Mr. J. Griffin conducts an experimental meeting, at which clairvoyant, psychometrical, and other phases of mediumship are developed.—J. GRIFFIN, C. Sec.

MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, W.—On Sunday morning last we had a very instructive meeting with Messrs. Vango and Harry Towns. In the afternoon the Lyceum was conducted by C. White, with Miss Peddle as pianist. At the evening service our friend and member gave a short address, concluding with psychometric delineations, giving great satisfaction. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. Vango, healing and clairvoyance; at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. McKenzie. 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. A. M. Rodger occupied the platform, and gave an exceedingly able address on "Spiritualism: a Religion for Thinking Men." On Thursday, the 11th inst., Mrs. Bliss's "guide"—"Vigo"—gave an interesting account of the seven spheres surrounding this earth, to a large and appreciative audience. On Thursday, the 18th inst., and the three following Thursdays, at 8 p.m., Professor Chadwick has arranged to give a course of lectures on "Phrenology and Mesmerism." There will be a charge of 3d., and 6d. for front seats.—GEORGE E. GUNN, Hon. Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, CHEPSTOW HALL, 1, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday evening last, after an able address by Mr. R. J. Lees on the question "Is Spiritualism Anti-Scriptural?" which brought together a crowded audience, we formally inaugurated our building fund for the purpose of providing a suitable hall for Spiritual work in South London. A working executive was appointed, the treasurer being Mr. J. T. Fovargue, 30, Grosvenor Park, S.E., to whom contributions should be forwarded, or to the hon. secretary. As we have now shown that we are determined to help ourselves, our members (only working men and women) commencing the fund with £32, we trust that friends who can afford it will give us a little financial support to help us along. Next Sunday Mr. R. J. Lees will speak upon "The Mediums of the Bible" at 6.30 p.m. In the morning questions will be replied to in regard to the discourse of the previous Sunday evening. We beg to intimate that the society will hold no further meetings at Fenham-road Rooms but have made arrangements to hold the healing séance (conducted by Mr. R. J. Lees) and the week-night Spiritual service on Friday evenings at Chepstow Hall, commencing September 26th. The healing meeting will commence at 7.15 p.m. and the evening service at 8.30 p.m.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., 36, Kemerton-road, S.E.