

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by "M.A. (Oxon.)"

The following letter from a private correspondent is of interest. I have permission to print it without publishing names. It seems to me that there is a good deal of the purely psychical about this divination by cards, &c. Perhaps some readers will give me material for going further and giving reasons for this belief. A number of cases are required to establish such induction.

What Mr. Leland says, in his book noticed in "LIGHT," of his unconsciously stating the truth about the past, recalls to me my own youthful performance as fortune teller. I used to tell my young friends' fortunes by cards, and left off doing so because I so often spoke the truth. The girls were so eager to have their fortunes told, because what W. says always comes true."

I attached scarcely any meaning to the cards, but I used to think what would be likely to happen to that particular person, also I was a good reader of faces, and saw when I had made a lucky guess. But there was more than could be accounted for by this. I made what seemed to me the wildest guesses at what would be, and they proved to be true guesses.

I remember one or two instances. I said a marriage which was expected to come off in a month would never take place, as the parties would quarrel about a house. I said a young man would suffer great losses through a fair man he would meet the next day. I said there would be a death in the house in a fortnight. All perfectly true, even to the last; the lady's house was at a distance, and she heard of the death of a member of the family in exactly a fortnight. Then I thought it was time to leave off fortune telling.

But I have thought lately that possibly I was the unconscious instrument of a spirit who knew. In a great many little ways I have a sort of curious power of divination—I don't know what else to call it. Scores of times I have been perfectly right in my sudden judgment of a thing. Often my husband awaking in the night used to say, "What is the time?" I should sleepily answer. He would strike a match and look at his watch, and I was never more than five minutes wrong; generally I was right to a minute. My husband used to wonder by what sense I could fix the time; but I know that if I stopped to calculate I should be all wrong, my answer was impromptu.

Nothing of this kind is too unimportant for notice. One gets hints from many sources, and it is their multiplicity which enables us to arrive at a conclusion.

What we want to decide with some approach to exactness is how far the established facts of thought-transference account for the results thus obtained. I am familiar with the fact that in certain states or conditions I unconsciously read and respond to the thoughts of some persons with whom I am in sympathy. The power is not so marked when I desire to exercise it, when I consciously devote my mind to reading thoughts in others. It is when I am not thinking of the power that its effect is most marked; and this is especially the case when my sympathy has been stirred, i.e., when the emotional side of my nature is excited. I am then *en rapport* with the "subject" whose mind I divine. The mysterious power which sets one musical

instrument vibrating in harmony with another seems to set one mind in sympathetic rapport with another. This, as I say, is most marked when events have liberated emotion, excited sympathy. The pool has been troubled. But was it an angel that descended and troubled the waters? Or was it only that the depths of the soul were more than usually deeply stirred? While I protest against any attempt to rule out the action of spirit in these and kindred matters, I have no desire to drag in a *deus ex machina* to solve problems that may possibly find their solution in my own nature. If there be a *vera causa* there we must not go beyond it. We Spiritualists know more, or think that we do, of spirit action than we do of the powers of our own incarnate spirit. There is a very wide field of research open there, and we who pursue it fitfully and rarely ought not to complain that others work what might have been our "claim." I profess myself glad to be instructed at any time, and I declare that I should welcome any real light on the problem which I have indicated, "Where do 'I' end, and where does something else begin to act?"

In this connection it is well to refer to the number of cases that are published—and they form only a small proportion of the greater number that are private property—which seem to me to prove the intervention of an external intelligence. I may refer to Dr. Brigham's open letter to the Rev. Minot J. Savage ("LIGHT," page 154, No. 534). The facts communicated, such as that case of the spirit who gave details of the coming funeral of its discarded body, are precisely those which are susceptible of direct verification. That they are often trivial is in their favour. For we do not know what lingering desires, instincts, or memories may stir the soul on its severance from the body. But an analysis of the motives discoverable in authenticated cases of apparitions in haunted houses and elsewhere shows that very trivial causes as well as very urgent ones are equally operative. I have made such an analysis in my "Transcorporeal Action of Spirit," published in "Human Nature" many years ago. Moreover, these are facts that are not likely to be got up for the purpose of personation. A spirit clever enough to gather facts to impress those whom he wished to reach would select more striking material, assuming access to a choice of matter, and these little trivial details would be little likely to be picked out, even if they were on record at all. I have one case in my mind in which a historic character gave me the details of his life—all accessible in published books, all exact. But he also added a number of details *not published*, interspersed in orderly sequence among those that I subsequently verified. The compiler of the great man's life had recorded that only which suited his purpose. The great man himself evidently regarded all details as important.

It is these and other like indications of the presence as a communicating spirit of the man himself that induce me to believe that many messages bear their own internal marks of genuineness. From that assured platform of

belief I approach many other messages that on their surface present difficulty, and I am ready to concede the possibility of error having crept in through faulty methods of communication. There is a large block of evidence to which this treatment may reasonably be applied. The difficulties in the way of exact communication must be very great even under the best conditions, and there may well be errors at both ends of the line which joins the two worlds. Another block, and a large one, seems to me to carry upon it the superscription not of error but of deception. I am not always able to say exactly where that deception originated, but I am disposed to think that the intelligent operator at the other end of the line sometimes displays an intelligence which we in this world should call "cunning," and this, perhaps, influences the medium who gets the credit of the fraud. Mr. J. T. Dodge gives in "The Religio-Philosophical Journal" (March 14th) an instance of what I mean. He is referring to what are called "platform tests" and, while admitting, or not then denying that "in some cases mediums have given descriptions, full names, &c., which were worthy of attention, and might, if sufficiently multiplied, go far to ensure belief," he gives the following sketch of what too often occurs:—

The medium says to some one in the audience, "I see many spirits about you." No one assumes to deny it. To an elderly person, "You have a father in spirit-life, a father and mother." No denial. "A brother." Yes. "I see a little child, a little girl? a boy and a girl?" "Yes, we lost a little girl, but no boy." "No boy? A grandson then?" "Yes." "Your family consists of five?" "No, only three." "Yes, three children and the parents, that makes five." "No, only three, including parents." "But you have two in spirit-life." "Five is right." "You have lost a sister or a wife?" "No, my brother lost his wife." "Ah, a sister-in-law, that is right." And so it goes on. No statement can be made which, by some ingenious twist, cannot be made to do duty as a test. Thus: "I hear the name Sarah?" The one addressed makes no reply. "Perhaps it is for some one else." It would be strange if in a company of five, not to say fifty, there was not someone who had lost a friend by the name of Sarah. A person near by says she had such a friend or relative, which gives the seer a chance to say there are so many spirits about that she could not distinguish to what friend each belongs. It is not an exaggeration to say that I have sat for a whole hour on more than one occasion listening to just such oracles.

As Mr. Dodge properly points out, these statements are worthless as evidence, and are just those which an impostor would be likely to make up. A lucky shot will materially enhance their value, and then there is the tremendous power of the imagination to be reckoned with. It is hard to say what a soul, yearning for its dead, sorrow-smitten and sore distressed, will not "recognise." Finally, Mr. Dodge's concluding sentences are worth attention:—

To some Spiritualists it may seem ungracious that one of their number should object to the sufficiency of the evidence which is so consoling to them. The objection lies not so much to their making use in private of such means as they can for their own edification, but when such phenomena are offered to the public and dignified by the name of tests the public not only has a right, but is in duty bound, to judge of the genuineness and sufficiency of such evidence, and if insufficient to reject and discountenance it. The degree of countenance which such so-called tests have heretofore received has been a standing disgrace to the cause of Spiritualism, has brought discredit upon honest mediumship, and has prevented many believers from avowing their real convictions. It has placed Spiritualists on a level with fortune-tellers, gipsies, and believers in magic, and yet some do not comprehend the justice of public opinion. The public cannot pay much respect to those who forego the use of their own senses and intellect at the suggestion or dictation of another, who see in the clouds a ship or a whale at the pleasure of their hypnotiser. Credulity begets fraud and imposition, and many mediums have been demoralised who might, with other surroundings, have served a worthy and useful purpose.

Dr. Alfred Carpenter has joined the ranks of those who wish to import the Pentateuchal provisions of Moses into our modern code of life. He opines that Hypnotism is an old demonstration under a new name, "that Moses denounced it in Holy Writ, styled those who practised it

wizards, and made its employment a penal offence." That is to say, Hypnotism is Witchcraft. It would be rude to ask of this reference to prohibition in the Pentateuch, and *ad captandum* use by a man of science of an odious term, intended to prejudice investigation, what it all comes to? Suppose Moses did forbid his people to frequent the séances held by the people of Canaan, whom he was urging them on to decimate or, if it might be, to exterminate. They were "a peculiar people" to be kept separate from all other peoples. They had various orders, prohibitory and otherwise, laid upon them, and it has not occurred even to the most vehement admirer of the Mosaic code to lay them upon us, any more than the command, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," has been held to sanction a wholesale slaughter of mediums. It is not worth while to argue with a man of science whose arguments are of the order of those used by Dr. Alfred Carpenter. I, for one, brush them aside with scant ceremony. But there are those who are timid as to the practice of anything which they do not fully understand. To them the association with invisible beings whose powers they are ignorant of seems beset with risk. The surrender of the individuality to the will of another seems wicked, or at least dangerous. They reverence their Bible without any particular comprehension of the true value of its contents. Hence we hear of reference to the Pentateuch and its prohibitory enactments. We may be content, however. The Mosaic code is not likely to be held as binding on us, nor is the expressed opinion of any writer in the Old Testament by itself of more than antiquarian interest. We could not regulate our lives by the Pentateuch if we tried; we could not square the Mosaic account of creation or the miracle of the sun standing still with the knowledge that has come to us through scientific research. We are better employed in attempts to read the book of Nature, which, equally with the Bible, is the Book of God, than in fitting the Pentateuch in with our modern life.

The "St. James's Gazette" (March 23rd) has an interesting article, in the course of which the writer points out how witchcraft stories are explained by our present knowledge. That is legitimate enough, and is done well and with much suggestive indication to the student. With very slight abbreviation I reproduce the material part of an article of great interest:—

The methods of witchcraft in all parts of the world have been curiously alike. For instance, it is probable that every race of man has believed, in its time, that the health of a living person may be affected by due treatment of some substance with which he has no direct relation. The idea is so familiar to us now through reading that we do not readily perceive how strange it is. The simplest form surviving is found in Africa, as would be expected. Any perishable thing is buried there under certain conditions; as it decays the victim will pine and die. From that primitive simplicity we rise to the elaborate devices of Friar Bungay and Dr. Lamb, who fashioned a waxen image and stuck pins in it until they pierced the heart. Actually the same practice was used among the Red Men of America in Schoolcraft's day. Hindoos of the Deccan make similar figures of mud. Briefly, the superstition has been noted from China to Peru, and from Canada to New Zealand. We should not have included China had we written a month ago, but a typical instance is just reported. It has been ascertained in America, Africa, Sumatra, Fiji, India, and New Zealand that the magician demands some object connected with the victim to incorporate with the charm. Hair is specially valued, but anything worn or even touched will do at a pinch. For this reason many savages are particular in clearing up after trimming hair or nails, or even eating, lest an enemy should find some chip or fragment. It may be suspected that the vigilance of Mussulmans in following the same practices was due in the beginning, not to a pious motive, but to this superstition. It prevailed in Europe; indeed, there are old-fashioned people who still collect the parings of their nails and the clippings of their hair to destroy them with their own hands. Everybody knows that a "medium" or a hypnotic subject must have something connected with the person to be influenced before entering *en rapport* with him. If this is a mere coincidence, it must be pronounced surprising.

The secret of mesmerism has been understood, practically, in all parts of the world, no doubt. The Chinese are so

familiar with it that a public display forms part of the amusement at the Feast of Lanterns. Archdeacon Gray describes the scene. A man is set in the rays of the moon, holding a staff with both hands, while the operators wave burning incense-sticks over him, muttering "prayers." Presently he falls into a trance, and is put through all the absurdities we know so well, for the diversion of the populace. But there is more. Archdeacon Gray saw a man he knew perform the complicated sword and lance exercise of China, "with remarkable ease and grace, though he had never learned them." This is "suggestion" clearly.

Our English stories of witchcraft are too meagre in general, and too stupid, for analysis. As Thomas Wright observed, they deal with a swarm of imps, which confuses the plot, if one there be. But in France we see hypnotism triumphant. The great crusade of De Lancre, the earliest of pseudo-scientific inquirers, was provoked by an application of Monsieur de Saint-Pré, who complained that the witches had obliged him to hold a *sabbat* in his château. The terrible affair of Louviers took its rise in the action of a monk who compelled a number of young girls to believe that he conducted them to the *sabbat* nightly. Among these was the hapless Madeleine Bavent—not an easy "subject" one would think, from her subsequent behaviour. In the famous case of Gauffridi, Madeleine Bavent ruined herself by reiterating, when her safety was almost assured, that she attended the *sabbat*. The most renowned, as the most perplexing, of all trials for witchcraft was that of Père Girard and Catherine La Cadière. Upon the supposition of hypnotism it becomes clear enough; but that alone will reconcile the incongruities. In fact, it was admitted that Girard could throw his victim into a trance at will. One of the gravest charges against her was the assertion that she visited all the fourteen nuns in the convent, each in her own cell, at the same moment—a thing impossible without magic aid. Every one of them swore to it, though passionately attached to the poor girl, and conscious that they ran a heavy risk of indictment as participators in the crime. Girard, it should be noted, was confessor of all these nuns and already anxious to make away with La Cadière. In short, an endless number and variety of tales which would be accepted on the evidence, if they were not impossible, may be explained by hypnotic suggestion. May we thus understand how Albertus Magnus astonished the Earl of Holland when passing through Cologne at midwinter by showing him a summer landscape; how Van Helmet let fly an eagle of brass to divert the Emperor Maximilian, which circled round the town and alighted on the Imperial shoulder; and how Leonardo da Vinci sent a magic lion to greet Henry II., which dropped a fleur-de-lys at his feet and vanished? These incidents are historical, in the sense that they occurred in view of many persons, in an age and a realm comparatively civilised, and were recorded by contemporaries.

CHRISTO-THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The Spring Session will open on April 9th, when Miss Frances Lord will lecture on "Why do Seers give such different accounts of the Unseen?" The meetings will be held as usual at St. Nicholas Club, 81A, Queen Victoria-street, E.C., every Thursday, at 4.15 p.m., and are open to the public.—GEORGE W. ALLEN.

THE HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE.

We are informed that the above-named League has been established for purposes that its title implies. It will protest against all forms of cruelty, whether inflicted by men on men or on the lower animals. Its ramifications are very wide, therefore, and include the reform of the Criminal Code, the discountenancing of warfare that is aggressive, the protection of the weak and helpless, and the amending of present deplorable social conditions under which a large portion of the people live in a state of chronic destitution. It attacks vivisection, "sport," so called, and strives to make for the recognition of all that is highest and best in humanity. Mr. H. S. Salt, 38, Gloucester-road, Regent's Park, N.W., is the secretary; and Mrs. W. B. Lewis the treasurer. Mr. Edward Maitland is on the Provisional Committee.

Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A., Incumbent of St. James's, Westmoreland-street, Marylebone, announces the following list of subjects from April 12th to August 2nd. Course I.: On some Misunderstood Characters in the Bible. April 12th Cain; 10th Ahab; 26th Judas Iscariot; May 3rd Exposition Sunday; 10th Pontius Pilate; 17th Occasional. Course II.: On Modern Religion. May 24th Religion and Music; 31st Religion and Painting; June 7th Exposition Sunday; 14th Religion and Newspapers; 21st Religion and Politics; 28th Religion and War; July 5th Exposition Sunday; 12th Religion and Commerce; 19th The Chief Good; 26th Occasional; August 2nd Exposition Sunday. Service commences, morning, 11 a.m.; evening 7 p.m.

THREE MINUTES AFTER DECAPITATION.

The Paris "Figaro" of February 9th reproduces a singular story about Wiertz, the eccentric Belgian painter. This story, which comes to us through the "Journal du Magnétisme" for March 1st, and which is also noticed in "Lucifer," of March 15th, is in substance as follows, the quotations being made from the "Journal du Magnétisme":—

Wiertz was an intimate friend of Doctor M., the medical officer of the Brussels prison. Another friend, a Doctor D., was apparently given to the practice of hypnotism some thirty years since, and Wiertz was one of his most amenable subjects. The experiment of which the "Figaro" gives an account was that of an endeavour on the part of Wiertz and Doctor D. to find out the thoughts and feelings of a *guillotiné* at the moment of and immediately after the decapitation. Wiertz was to be hypnotised under the scaffold by Dr. D., and identify himself with the victim. For this the friendship of the prison doctor was very useful, as thereby the two experimenters were able to hide themselves under the guillotine in such a position as to see the head roll into the basket. The experiment was a ghastly one; we are assured, however, that it was not undertaken out of mere curiosity, but for the advancement of knowledge, Wiertz being at the time very much exercised about the question of death-punishment. At the same time those who know the Wiertz pictures in Brussels will not find much difficulty in supposing the artist to have been a very ready agent in such a task.

The method adopted was this: Dr. D. for several days previous to the execution prepared Wiertz by throwing him into the hypnotic sleep and *suggesting* that he should identify himself with various persons, read their thoughts, penetrate into their souls and their consciences in order to find out the feelings which agitated them. Wiertz acquitted himself very well of this delicate task. And here it would be interesting to know *how* it was determined that Wiertz had acquitted himself well of this task. There is no evidence given in the "Journal du Magnétisme," nor does the writer in "Lucifer," who is evidently quoting from the same article in the "Figaro," volunteer any, though a considerable amount of information is given as to Wiertz's life and habits. This piece of evidence is essential, for without it the identification of Wiertz's feelings with those of the decapitated man rests on nothing but his own assertion, and that of the people who were about him. It is curious to note that the author of the article in "Lucifer" has no apparent misgivings.

"The day of the execution, ten minutes before the arrival of the convict, Wiertz, the doctor, and two others placed themselves under the guillotine near the basket, but so that the crowd should not suspect their presence. Dr. D. sent the painter to sleep, then suggested to him to identify himself with the criminal, to follow all his thoughts, to suffer all his sensations, and to state clearly the reflections of the convict at the moment when the knife touched his neck; then he ordered him when the head should fall into the basket to endeavour to penetrate the brain in order to analyse its last thoughts." As the condemned man mounted the scaffold Wiertz "manifested extreme anxiety, and asked to be awakened, the anguish which oppressed him being intolerable, but it was too late, the knife fell" It is possible that the phrase "asked to be awakened" is simply an example of careless journalistic writing, for, if Wiertz was conscious that he was asleep and could be awakened, he was in the position more or less of an outside observer after all.

"What do you feel? What do you see?" asked the doctor. Wiertz rolled about in convulsions, and answered with sobs, "A flash of lightning; a thunderbolt has fallen. Horrible; it thinks! It sees!" "What thinks? What sees?" "The head! It suffers horribly; it feels; it thinks. It does not understand what has happened. It is looking for its body. It seems to it that its body must come back to it. It is waiting the last stroke. It is looking for death, death which comes not!"

Just then the head rolled down into the basket; the arteries were still palpitating. Wiertz continued, "What is this hand which is strangling me? A huge, pitiless hand. Oh, this weight which is crushing me. Before my eyes I only see a thick red mist. What is it I feel? My blood is running away. I am a bodiless head."

The head appeared to be conscious of the loss of its body only after long sufferings, which were to it as an eternity.

Questioned again, Wiertz said: "I am floating in space, like a top spinning in fire. But am I dead? Is it all over? Could I be again attached to my body? Have pity on me, men; give me back my body! I shall live still; I think still; I still feel. I can recall everything. Here are my judges in their long red robes. I hear my sentence. My poor wife; my poor little baby! No, you don't love me any longer. You give me up. If you would only put back my body I should be again with you. You refuse. Yet I love you well, my dear ones. Let me kiss you once again. What! little one, you shriek in terror. Ah! wretch that I am. I have covered your hands with my blood. Oh, when will this end? End? Is not a criminal condemned to everlasting punishment?"

Here follows a paragraph of much importance, and for which much better evidence than in the short account given in the "Journal du Magnétisme" is demanded. "As Wiertz uttered these words, those present thought they saw the eyes of the decapitated head open wide, with a look full of unspeakable suffering, and at the same time of ardent prayer." Either the eyes opened or they did not. If they did not open, and the witnesses only *thought* they did, then the evidence for the whole story is diminished in value from the emotional element which must have been present; if they did open, we want the names of the witnesses and their signed testimony. The writer in "Lucifer" who has either had access to a more full account while following the "Figaro," or else translates with some freedom, says this took place *two minutes* after the decapitation. Proof of this, too, is clearly necessary.

Wiertz continued his lamentations, and then he exclaims, "But no! suffering cannot last for ever. God is pitiful. All earthly things are passing away. I see afar a little star shining as a diamond. Ah, it is good up there. What calm is penetrating all my being! What a delightful sleep I shall have. What joy!" This is what is given in the "Journal du Magnétisme." But "Lucifer" has something about the "caressing brightness of a solitary star." As a matter of fact, has the writer of the article in "Lucifer," Vera P. Jelihovsky, considered the possibility of Wiertz saying all that she or the "Figaro" has put into the mouth of the Head, with apparent intervals, within the duration of three minutes? It must be remembered that the *eternity* was on the other side, not on this, and that the sentences of the hypnotic were "broken."

The head was found to be quite dead after the *quel ravissement!* expressed as above, and Wiertz would answer no more questions.

That Wiertz was hypnotised, that he and his friends were under the scaffold when a decapitated head rolled down into the basket close to them, and that Wiertz even said some of what is attributed to him is doubtless true, though the date of the execution and the names of the witnesses would add value to the account; but that Wiertz necessarily in any way interpreted or knew the feelings and thoughts of the convict there is no evidence to show. The article in "Lucifer" concludes with these words about Wiertz: "His picture, 'On se retrouve au ciel,' expresses most eloquently his soul convictions," and this seems the key to the whole position; the "bright star," and so forth, would be just what Wiertz would expect.

Those who know the blood-curdling pictures by the artist in the Musée Wiertz at Brussels will at once see that in this story we have nothing which might not be expected from the weird imagination of the painter. Those who have looked through the glass-covered hole at the picture of the woman buried alive, and at others equally horrible through their respective lenses, will not only not wonder at Wiertz's performing his ghastly experiment, but will wonder that he did not see a good deal more than he even appears to have done.

One most important link in the chain of evidence, the method by which Wiertz proved that he had identified himself with the thoughts and feelings of any person anywhere, has been shown to be wanting. To this must be added the internal evidence—which it is submitted is very feeble indeed, when taken in connection with what is known of the painter and his works.

THERE is more real religion in paying twenty per cent., than in some of the most eloquent prayers that were ever delivered.

THE "REVUE DES SCIENCES PSYCHOLOGIQUES ILLUSTREE."

This journal is now in its second year of existence, and if its programme is to be taken as the measure of its value that existence is justified. This is the "programme" on the cover: Physiology, Hypnotism, Psychology, Suggestion, Somnambulism, Magnetism, Spiritualism, Theosophy, Philosophy, Sociology, Kabbala, Freemasonry, &c., &c.

Nevertheless, from being a fortnightly paper it has become this year a monthly one, a phenomenon not unknown in the high places of English journalism. Possibly too much has been attempted—for example, gratuitous advice is given to the subscribers and such of their relatives and friends as may be afflicted with nervous disorders. One short notice on the cover may be taken as suggestive as to the state of things—"We will announce, and analyse, if there is room, all works of which two copies are sent to our office." The *two* is excellent.

It is to be regretted that there is anything like failure on the part of this paper, for it certainly began with good intentions. It was and is more liberal than most magazines of the same stamp published in either France or Belgium, and seemed to have a useful future, but somehow that blight which appears generally to follow most attempts of the kind in France has overtaken the "Revue des Sciences Psychologiques" just as it has overtaken all the rest. Speculation, speculation, speculation—those are the three S's which, in conjunction with a blind acceptance of asserted facts, are the ruin of all investigation into supernormal phenomena in France, where that investigation is connected in any way with Spiritism or its cognate subjects.

In the number of the "Revue" for January 20th there is a continuation of a series of articles entitled "Pour et contre," and the old question is there discussed as to whether there is evidence of the action of outside intelligence at seances. "The phenomena," says the author, "are generally confined within the boundary of the aptitudes and the ideas of the sitters, the phenomena are the sum of their intelligences. But it is not always so; sometimes the intelligence of the most developed sitter is surpassed," and the writer argues quite fairly that there are sufficient duly attested cases to warrant the conclusion that there is an intelligent operator outside the circle; but he gives as his authorities for this assertion, without any distinction being made between them, the following names among others:—

William Crookes, member of the Royal Society of London.
 Russel Wallace, learned naturalist.
 Barkas, member of the Geological Society of Newcastle.
 Auguste Morgan, President of the Mathematical Society of London.
 Oxon, Professor of the Faculty at Oxford (*sic*).
 George Sexton, member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of London.
 Robert Dale Owen, distinguished *savant*.
 Thomas Henry Huxley, an English *savant*.
 George Henry Lewes, an eminent physiologist, and

All the thirty-three members of the Commission nominated by the London Dialectic Society.

Time, place, and circumstance are of no importance to such a writer, and twenty years ago is as to-day with him. The evidence all goes to show copying at second-hand.

Then there are in the same number five columns (out of thirty-two) of gossiping description of a journey to Italy, with a dash of philosophic talk just enough to make it apparently suitable to the pages of a learned journal. This jaunty account has been going on for four successive months, and is to be continued. The first instalment was largely taken up by an amusing account of how the traveller escaped some Cook's tourists. This probably came under the &c., &c., of the programme.

The story of apparently deceptive materialisation, which has given rise to so much interesting discussion in "LIGHT," is reproduced shortly in the "Revue" of February 20th. The note finishes in this way: "The Editor of 'LIGHT' asserts fervently the truth of the story, and asks for an explanation of the problem. The explanation appears to us very simple on the spiritual hypothesis. The mother and child were asleep; the experiment took place in the evening. It does not seem to us extraordinary that the apparition was seen; moreover, we have many cases of the same kind, that is, of

the appearance of the double during sleep." And that is all! No difficulty evidently suggests itself to the "reviewer's" mind. What does "Oxon." say to this?

There is a certain M. Horace Pelletier, Conseiller d'Arrondissement, Officier d'Académie, who pervades all French Spiritist literature. To him, in these latter days, has come "Phantasms of the Living." This investigator, whose own narrations leave nothing to be desired except proof, bursts forth in this way: "I have just left a Paradise, a funereal Paradise, which has nothing in common with that of Mahomet, far, indeed, from that. Instead of jostling against houris with irresistible black eyes, always smiling, and always ready to pour out for you I know not what delicious and intoxicating nectar in golden cups, one meets phantoms; one sees nothing but apparitions, not only of dead people, but also of living ones, for the living rival the dead and amuse themselves by appearing in places away from their bodies." Pelletier is delighted and is going to translate, for he says the stories "bear the signatures of the persons who sent them to the authors, who have done nothing but collect and put in order everything that has been sent them!" Alack and alas! for the glory of Buckingham-street. The gracious Pelletier translates three "histories" as an instalment, of which he says: "the facts are not impossible, it is probable they are true; those who report them give them simply and without remark. The recitals have from one end to the other the perfectly artless stamp of truth, so that a considerable amount of confidence may be placed in them!"

Hypnotism, it is needless to say, occupies much space, and here the facts of the Salpêtrière and of Nancy being comparatively close to them, and with the "Figaro" and other daily papers handy, the thirty odd principal "collaborateurs" of the "Revue des Sciences Psychologiques" are more at home.

π.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE BIBLE.

The following, in substance, is a report of some remarks made by the President at the last Assembly of the London Spiritualist Alliance on March 24th:—

Though I am not very careful to defend any method of investigation into the Occult by a reference to Holy Scripture, I am far from sorry that it should have been pointed out that we have warrant and prescription in the Bible for what we do. The tendency has been too much in the direction of iconoclasm, of reckless attack on what to many of us is hallowed and consecrated by pious memories, of a brutal disregard for what is loosely called sentiment. I shall not be accused of any too rigid adherence to the old merely because it is the old, but I am not at all sorry that what has been handed down to me, consecrated by so many associations which a man must be dull indeed not to reverence, should be in substantial harmony with what I have given all my life to search out and probe. I will go far in tearing down the tawdry rags that man has hung about God's truth. I recognise the paramount necessity, in an age of reconstruction, of clearing the ground before the new building is begun. That work has been going on, not always wisely, for a long time now. I fear that some of the precious work of the old-time builders may have suffered by the injudicious wielding of hammer and pick. I am not sure that the old truths, obscured before by an overgrowth now torn away, are not now involved in a cloud of dust that has been raised about them in the process of demolition. But that will pass, and I for one am casting my eager glances forward and longing for the period of reconstruction to commence. For it is high time that what we call Spiritualism should be spiritualised. That means that we should have definite views on the relation of Spiritualism to the life that now is as well as to that which is to come. For many of us the faith of our fathers no longer suffices: we or others have picked holes in the fabric, and it is no longer fit for hard wear. In so far as it has been successfully assailed, I profess my belief that it has suffered nothing by its loss. For the progressive Gospel of the unchangeable God to each succeeding age has been revealed by similar methods, varying only in adaptation to the needs of the age to which it comes. In all these successive revelations there is the analogue of our own development: Birth, Growth, Maturity, Decay, Death, to be succeeded by an epoch of

change and a recurrence of the cycle as before. This is traceable in the history of religious thought, and it is our good or evil fortune, as we ourselves shape it, to be living in an age which is largely occupied in the reception and adaptation of new forms of thought. It is not only in what we call Ethics that this is seen. All around us we see the old order changing; we can witness the very birth-throes of the new order of thought. Whether it be in the social relations of men in the community; or in the shifting phases of opinion in politics; or in the startling developments of science; or in the concrete forms or inner and esoteric thought on matters purely religious—the spirit of the age is the same. Restless, perturbed, with blinking eyes or with a gaze turned to the dawning light, it is

The infant crying in the night,
The infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

If this be the note of the age, then it is of vital moment that we see to it that the opportunity is fixed, the new order one of orderly development, making for peace when this din is over, for assured progress when the turmoil is overpast.

It will be none the worse for us if we are able to keep the continuity unbroken, to see in the present a new birth of the past, to rejoice in the loss of what man has burdened us with while we realise the unchangeableness of the truth that shines out the purer for our somewhat rude polishing.

In this sense, while I want no sanction from any man for my searching out of truth, while I claim that as my prerogative, and am more than willing to take the responsibility of the quest with all the risks it may involve, I am thankful to have on my side the prescription that is given by the Old Book, and happy to think that some, who would not run counter to an even misconceived interpretation of its sanctions, may have no fear in pursuing what they will neglect at their cost and oppose at their peril. Furthermore, this spiritualisation of Spiritualism has long seemed to me to be of vast importance. If I decline to be warned off from my investigation into these Occult matters because there can be found a text of Scripture that seems to have forbidden such investigation to the Jews; if I do not seek for the sanction which another text can appear to give—and I do not, I claim my freedom there, the prerogative of my Reason—I cannot escape the responsibility that new knowledge imposes on me. That must be faced. Has a knowledge of this new truth taught me that I am living here in probation for a life hereafter? Then I must learn what I can of the best means of progress and development. Has it taught me by methods of exact demonstration that death does not kill? Then what am I making of that inestimable truth? Have I learnt that I am compassed about with a cloud of witnesses, a host of friends, who see and watch me? Then I must look to it that I do not cause them pain, but that I live as in their sight. There is not an action of my life that this should not touch and sanctify. It should be a veritable religion that ought to vitalise what of the old faith remains and give to it the support and sanction of the latest revelation of the Supreme.

In this sense I must make my Spiritualism a real factor in my life; in this sense it is important to me to see the continuity between it and the old truths. But in proportion as it is to me a matter of curiosity or even of phenomenal investigation, the amusement of a passing hour or the gratification of a scientific whim, I may hit on something new and important, for nothing in this wide world is unimportant, but I have been playing with the husk and have not reached the kernel.

In all this there is nothing necessarily of Theology; there is everything that need be included under the name of Religion; and in this view that which is to me the Voice of the Supreme speaking to me now cannot be out of harmony with that Voice which sounded of old in the ear of Prophet, and Seer, and Man of God, to the man whose eyes were open equally with the message of Divine approval to the well-beloved Son. They were all Messengers of the Most High, and He has not left Himself without them now.

CANON TALBOT is, seemingly, one of the many clergymen of the State Church who are better than the creed which they profess to believe, and for which they are paid to teach. Referring to the death of Charles Bradlaugh, the reverend gentleman is reported to have said:—"Now he has gone. He did not profess to know God, but God knew him. I look in my mind's eye forward to what has already taken place—the falling of the veil, and I believe that this night, in God's light, Charles Bradlaugh sees light. And I thank God for it."—"Agnostic Journal."

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

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

Light:

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 4th, 1891.

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

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

THE WHITEVALE GHOST.

[Communicated by James Nicholson, Merryflats, Govan, by Glasgow. Originally written in 1865 or 1866.]

As I am one of the older Spiritualists, and, in fact, one of the two who first started the idea of a Spiritualist Association, in Glasgow—the other being Mr. Hay Nisbet—I quite agree with the Editor's suggestion that the older Spiritualists should lose no time in putting their experiences and unrecorded facts on paper, and sending them to "LIGHT," so as to be of use in the future.

In accordance therewith, I take the liberty of sending you the following ghostly narrative, as I received it from the lips of the narrator, Miss Hamilton, of the town of Hamilton, now deceased. I made the acquaintance of "Bell"—as she was more familiarly called, through a lady-friend, also passed away—who, knowing the interest I took in the supernatural, gave me in brief an outline of Bell's story, promising to introduce me to her friend on her next visit to Glasgow; and not long after I had the pleasure of hearing it from Bell herself. My friend had told me that Bell was a strict Methodist, of unimpeachable character, and possessed of no ordinary share of common-sense; indeed so much so that in her younger days she rather prided herself in being above believing in vulgar ghost stories, and said to me that she believed God had sent this visitation upon her as a punishment for her scepticism.

At the time of the occurrence she filled the situation of housekeeper to the Rev. Mr. D., a Methodist minister, then located in Glasgow, and residing at Whitevale, in the suburbs.

One day, she told me, Mr. D. received a letter from England informing him that his mother had fallen dangerously ill, and that he must come off at once if he would see her alive. He accordingly set off, leaving Bell in charge of the house. The following night she, as was her wont before retiring, went to the front door with a candle to see that it was fast, and having satisfied herself that it was secure, was in the act of turning to retrace her steps to the kitchen, when she saw a woman standing by the lobby table. Starting back she rubbed her eyes to see whether they were not deceiving her; but no! there stood the figure earnestly looking at her. A strange thrill passed all through her frame while she felt as if her senses were leaving her; when to her unspeakable relief the figure vanished. Yet even then, it was all that she could do to reach the kitchen, her legs so trembled under her. Next day a letter came from Mr. D. informing her that his mother had died the night before.

On the return of the minister she forbore to mention what she had seen lest it should disturb his mind and so add to his grief, he having loved his mother very dearly. And here the affair would have ended, and soon have been forgotten, but that one day soon after, as Bell was returning from some marketing, she saw a lady enter the house before

her, and following her she saw her ascend the stairs and pass into the minister's study. Wondering who the stranger might be, and still more at her want of ceremony, she went to the minister who was sitting in a room on the ground flat, and asked him if he knew the lady who had just come in and gone upstairs. Looking up from his book with a smile of incredulity, he said she must be dreaming as no one could have entered without his notice. However, to make sure, he accompanied her upstairs, examined the room indicated, in every hole and corner, but without seeing anyone, or anything to indicate the presence of their mysterious visitor. So that poor Bell was only laughed at for her pains. Nevertheless, she stoutly maintained that she had seen the lady enter the house and ascend the stairs as she came in. Bell then went into the back garden to cut some vegetables for dinner, and happening to look up at the house she distinctly beheld the face of the mysterious lady looking out upon her from the staircase window. Again she ran in and told Mr. D. what she had seen—describing her appearance, even to the style and pattern of her dress, which was of some printed stuff, glaring and rather old fashioned. "Well, Bell," he said, "that is very singular—even supposing it to be some freak of your imagination—for you have exactly described the dress my mother used to wear." Once more they ascended the stairs, only to find no one there.

On several occasions she saw her after this, but she had not the same life-like appearance, but one more shadowy and ghost-like, so much so that more than once when she passed between Bell and the gaslight, it seemed to shine through her. She further told me that during that whole year scarcely a day or night passed in which the old lady did not make her presence known in some way or other; sometimes by noises in the room above the kitchen, as if she were putting things to rights, at others, by running up and down-stairs with all the playfulness of girlhood; she could distinctly hear the pattering of her feet. Moreover, she told me, that when the minister happened to be away preaching, and that for more than a day, she knew exactly when he would be home, from the noisy preparations going on in the room above, as if making it tidy. On one occasion having been away for several days, and not knowing himself the precise day when he might return, he was greatly astonished when he got home, to find the table set for dinner. "Why, Bell!" he exclaimed, "how did you know I was coming home to-day?" Bell replied by simply pointing her finger to the room above.

He admitted to Bell that he had often heard those singular noises, but never said whether he had seen the spirit-form of his mother. I have been told, however, that he afterwards confessed to some of his clerical brethren that he had seen her often, and even talked with her; but I cannot vouch for the truth of it. Possibly, the minister may be still living, and it would not be difficult to find out.

[We shall be pleased to receive records of unpublished facts or incidents duly verified, and authenticated by names and dates; especially those within the personal knowledge of old Spiritualists.—ED. "LIGHT."]

FOOD FOR INCARNATE SPIRITS.

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

By revealed religion I understand all those systematic forms of faith whereby man in all ages, striving to be at one with unseen powers, has been rewarded from time to time by an unveiling of those powers.

That such manifestations should occur primarily to the more advanced and influential of each race was only to be expected; hence the inevitable rise of priesthoods, in whom traditional secret knowledge became vested. I do not pretend to any but a very superficial knowledge of false religions, falsely so-called, but I doubt not vast fields of erudition lie open to students in this direction, discoveries wherein will tend more and more to undermine narrow prejudices, and help us to see that "He that nurtureth the heathen" (Ps. xciv. 10) leads his lagging children onward, as well as those of more advanced culture.

The religious history of one race alone lies patent to me, from its early rise in patriarchal times, when men conversed with angels, down to their jubilant anthem of "Peace

and good will," and its still more triumphant refrain uttered thirty years after, "He is not here, He is risen." To us who claim to have gathered up the loose end of supernatural intercourse with the unseen world, it must be of the greatest interest to examine every fibre of the cord, and see that it is of the same texture as that which bound primitive man to the Infinite thousands of ages ago.

To this end the careful study of all Biblical records, both of sight and sound, of those who dwell behind the veil, will naturally be as alluring as it is instructive. Nor shall we, I think, fail to find a remarkable chain of coincidences with modern experience, varying from the shadowy form of Samuel, to the well materialised Divine messengers who partook of the hospitality of the desert.

This latter incident suggests the real object of my paper, which is strenuously to urge the offering of food to spiritual visitants, with the object of strengthening their forms and prolonging their stay.

Mr. Crookes speaks of Katie King as having a heart; he also examined her pulse; it is evident, then, that blood must require sustenance of some kind, nor can we conceive of a being organised for food yet restricted from taking it.

Of course, it may be argued that our aliment would be unfitted for a spiritual body, and that unless we had "angels' food," such as traditionally fed the Jews in the wilderness, we could not minister to their need. In opposition to this view are the records of Divine messengers eating both with Abraham and with Lot, and that of the fish and honeycomb after Christ's resurrection, besides His mysterious reference to "new wine" which He should drink in His "Father's Kingdom."

In view of these instances it would surely be right to offer to spiritual visitants some simple elements of food.

M. W. G.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

"Something happened to M. de Louvois, which has given him an active faith in fortune-tellers. He was told of a child who could see and foresee in a glass of water. At first he refused to believe it, and made fun of everything told him. They offered to prove it to him. At that time he was in love with Madame Dufrénoy, and that very morning, being alone with her, he had taken an emerald bracelet of hers, and caused her to search everywhere for it. None having seen him take it, the matter was quite unknown excepting to himself.

"The child, who was gazing into the glass of water, and whom M. de Louvois had told to ask the spirit of what he was thinking, replied that he was doubtless thinking of a very beautiful lady wearing such and such a gown, and just now searching for a certain object with great anguish. 'Ask him for what she is searching,' said he. 'An emerald bracelet,' answered the child. 'Make the spirit show us the person who took it, and tell us what he did with it,' said M. de Louvois. The child suddenly began to laugh. 'But I can see the man,' he answered; 'he is dressed like yourself, and is as like you as two drops of water; he takes the bracelet off the lady's dressing-table and puts it into his pocket with a gold box.' Hearing this M. de Louvois became as pale as death; he pulled the box from his pocket, and has since believed sorcerers and all kinds of fortune-tellers' prophecies."

"I have also heard that certain Canadian savages know the future. Ten years ago a French gentleman brought back a savage with him to France. One day, whilst at table, the latter began weeping and making faces. Longueil (for that was the gentleman's name) asked him what was the matter. The savage wept even more bitterly than before. Longueil insisting on knowing what was the matter, the savage said: 'Force me not to tell thee, for it is thee that it concerns, not me.' At last he continued: 'I saw out of the window that thy brother has been assassinated in such a place in Canada.' Longueil began to laugh, and said: 'Thou art crazy.' The savage answered: 'I am not crazy; write down what I have told thee and thou wilt see whether or not I was mistaken.' Longueil wrote it down, and six months after, when the vessel arrived from Canada, he learned that his brother had been assassinated at the exact time and at the place where the savage had seen it in the sky through the window. This is a true story."—(From the "Life and Letters of Charlotte Elizabeth," mother of Philip d'Orleans.)

DREAMS.

No. V.

In reference to the dream stories that we have printed, the subjoined letters, which originally appeared in the "Spectator" (October 29th and November 5th, 1881), may be of interest:—

DREAMS AND VISIONS.

(To the Editor of the "Spectator," October 29th, 1881.)

SIR,—As the philosophy of dreaming is being discussed in your journal, I offer two personal experiences as contributions to the material, judging, as I do, that their psychological peculiarities are such as to make it a duty to mention them, when silence would be more agreeable to myself.

(1.) First, then, while I have been what Turner once called a "paper-stainer" for thirty years, and that in very dissimilar forms of literature, I have never been able to write, nor even to think, the simplest story. The dullest novel of the season is as much beyond me as "John Inglesant" itself. But several years ago, I had a curious experience, new then, and never repeated since. Eleven times in one fortnight I dreamt a complete story, plot, dialogue, descriptions, and all; remembering enough of each story every morning to be certain that it was not a mere piecing together of tales I had read, so as to be a cento, but that each was as original as such things are likely to be now-a-days. They struck me, looking at them critically, which I did, as being about on the same level, in length, style, diction, and so forth, as the short tales in "Temple Bar," or "Fraser." They were not better, and they were not worse. They faded out of my mind every morning before I finished dressing, and the experience has never returned. (2.) The second case is, I think, more curious still. In 1865, I was on my way from Belgrade to Constantinople, and was waiting for a Danube boat to pass at midnight by some no-man's-land, where I was at the time, not far from Semlin—a place wholly new to me. I fell in with two companions, a Montenegrin officer on a diplomatic errand somewhither for his Prince; and another, whose nationality I forget. We agreed to dine together, which we did in a little summer-house in the inn garden; and after dinner we got into conversation, talking in a *lingua franca*, partly French, partly Italian, and partly anything which came handy. Suddenly there flashed across me the impression that I had been through it all before, in the same place, and with the same companions. Accordingly, I said to myself, "I will test it. If I have been here before, the next thing that man opposite will say, is so-and-so." And he said it immediately. I should add that it was, to the best of my recollection now, an entirely fresh subject which he started, and not anything arising out of the previous conversation, which might, of course, have been guessed by a quick-witted observer. Had I dreamt it all beforehand, and forgotten the dream?

RICHARD F. LITLEDALE.

9, Red Lion-square, London, W.C.

October 22nd.

[This flash of recollection is usually believed to arise from the two halves of the brain not keeping perfect step, but that will not explain Mr. Littledale's story.—ED. "Spectator."]

CLEVERNESS IN DREAMS.

(To the Editor of the "Spectator.")

SIR,—Is Dr. Littledale quite certain (to take only one of the points his letter raises) that the stories he composed in his dreams were good, or, if so, that they were not reminiscences? What "Lusiad" Mickle's dream-poetry was, we all know. He woke one morning telling his wife that he would give worlds to recover a beautiful poem he had composed in his dreams. "Well, you repeated a verse or two in your sleep," said Mrs. Mickle, "and you shall hear them." They were utterly senseless doggerel.

This just corresponds with my own experience. I have done reams of philosophising, poetising, and joking, in dreams. I have fancied, with rapture, that I have solved "the painful riddle of the earth" in an epigram, and then awoke to recollect a miserable platitude, or worse. I was

once composing a lyric in a dream, and woke, with wet eyes and a beating heart, to recall these precious lines:—

"The firmament shall languish,
The stars their light shall lend,
To soften down the anguish
Of a not familiar friend."

I have, again, made hundreds of jests, including puns, in my dreams, but never one that was not idiotic. Once, indeed, I composed, in sleep, a child's story in verse, beginning—

"The Great besieged the Lesser Auk,
In his castle of Aukvard-Ness;
And (you may write it down in chalk)
He made a precious mess."

Here there is a gleam of reason in unreason, but all the rest was stupid; and that little bit is my dream-masterpiece. Dr. Littledale's letter is very interesting, and raises many points of interest; but I will not trespass. Leaving the "second case" alone, I will only add this. I observe, of course, what Dr. Littledale says of his feeling certain his stories were both original and readable, and I know he is a good critic; but he also says they faded out of his mind while dressing. Taking, however, the supposition that the stories were fairly good as *dreamt* (i.e., that nothing was read into them during the process of criticism), there is another question. The general stress or bent of Dr. Littledale's fine faculties being what it is, he would fail in a novel; but he may have a faculty in reserve which, if that general stress were uplifted by any passing exaltation, would be set free for a time. I can confidently say, both from observation and experience, that it is easy for us to deceive ourselves in these matters. There was a time when I used to feel and say that I could no more invent a plot or tell a story, than I could fly. A certain stimulating event unbolted a door in my poor, thick skull (I was *fully* conscious of the unbolting), and since then I have with ease stained much paper with stories. As to inventing plots—it has been suggested to me that I might make an income by selling them. If this should meet the eye—but no, you would not allow such a stroke of business in your columns.

November 5th, 1881.

ATROCIOUS DREAMER.

SYMBOLICAL DREAM.

We continue our collection, to which we once more invite our correspondents to add. What we now give from private sources is at first hand.

As an instance of a curious symbolical dream, the following account may be interesting to some of your readers. The scene was a wide river. A voice seemed to say, "This is the Jews' New Jerusalem." Then appeared a great golden galley, which had three decks. On the lowest deck were the rowers, "clothed in fine linen, white and pure." There were others in white robes standing on the second deck, and others again on the highest, but not so many. A voice, or rather an intuition, explained "This is the Trinity," and somehow it was made clear that the highest deck symbolised the Spirit; but the one who saw the sight said, "I should like to belong to the second," and knew that it was, in fact, her sphere.

ZOHAB.

ANOTHER SYMBOLICAL DREAM.

Some months ago, a little time before my recent illness, I went to bed, and woke up after a sleep. Going to the window (as is often my habit) to look out and see what sort of night it was, I was startled to see a man, black-haired, tall, and active-looking, in the little garden below, slipping along the side of the wall, with a ladder on his shoulder, as though intending to effect an entrance somewhere. Terror-stricken, I stood still a moment, to think of what was coming. In the effort to think, I awoke; but so persuaded was I someone was outside, I struck a match and went downstairs. I found no one, and all just as I had left it the previous night. As I returned to bed, a voice said, "Behold I come as a thief in the night."

PENCIL.

A DREAM FULFILLED.

My cousin, Captain C., told me the following story of a dream: In his regiment, the —th, were two young subalterns, M. and B. These young men were such close friends, and their strong affection and sympathy were so remarkable, that they were sometimes called "the twins."

The —th were quartered at C., when they were ordered to India, and it was a great distress to M. and B. that M. went with the first detachment and B. was left to follow with the second. They parted with a curious foreboding that they were not to meet again.

Captain C. embarked with the second detachment, and one morning, when the voyage was half over, B. appeared at breakfast in inconcealably low spirits. But when asked what ailed him, he replied, curtly, that he had slept badly, and changed the subject. However, later in the day, he confided to my cousin that he had had a terrible dream about M. "I found myself," he said, "in a place and among scenery totally unknown to me. A not very wide river ran at my feet, and riding through a thick wood towards me came a lot of soldiers—our men—and among them M. They halted at the brink of the river, and seemed to decide that they would cross it. Their horses took to the water readily, and I watched them swimming over. Suddenly, M.'s horse appeared to be drawn or sucked under, he with it; I saw him throw up his arms, with a loud cry, *uttering my name* as he sank, and then horse and rider vanished. I woke in horror, and can you wonder that the dream haunts me? I am certain M. is dead." Captain C. tried to soothe his agitation, and represented to him that continual thought of his friend, coupled with his morbid fear that they were not to meet again, would be sure to influence his dreams. But B. remained hopelessly dejected. Captain C. privately noted down the date of the dream, and its exact details, that same day.

On arriving in India the earliest news that met them was that M. had been drowned, at the time B. had dreamed his dream, in crossing a river, when the first detachment of the —th was sent up the country. Also, further accounts of the catastrophe recorded that M., in the act of sinking, had thrown up his arms, and cried out his friend's name.

When the second detachment followed the first up the country, Captain C. and B. were one day riding side by side, when B. suddenly shouted out: "Good God! C., here is the place of my dream! and there, in the river before us, I saw M. sink!" It was, in fact, the scene of that fatal accident.

M. B.

A PROPHECIC DREAM FULFILLED.

A few weeks ago I dreamt that the Rev. C. J., a resident clergyman in this parish (but unattached), could nowhere be found. The impression I had was that something sad had happened, that his presence was urgently needed, but though inquiries and search were made in all directions, yet he was not forthcoming.

At breakfast next day I related this dream to my mother and sister, but none of us could imagine why I dreamt of Mr. J. at all, still less of his mysterious disappearance.

Three weeks after we went to an evening party at the house of a near neighbour. Just as we were sitting down to supper, our host, who was in years, remarked gravely, "There are thirteen at table, I do not like that." Some of the guests tried to laugh him out of his superstition, but when I looked at his silver hairs I felt strangely touched with sympathy for the old man, knowing his time among us must be short, and I begged to be allowed to go home supperless, rather than he should be a prey to painful forebodings. This offer he was too generous to accept, saying, "No, no, stay, stay," though with a heavy sigh. The result was we *did* sit down thirteen to table. Three days after the old gentleman was taken mortally ill, and shortly before his death he wished to see the Rev. C. J. Unfortunately Mr. J. had gone out without leaving word where, consequently, though every effort was made to find him, it failed, till too late.

Thus was my dream verified over three weeks after its occurrence.

WHAT DREAMS PORTEND.

One more letter recently received is all that space now permits:—

SIR,—I have been much interested in the experiences of some correspondents with regard to dreams, and offer the following experiences of my own. I have two conditions of dreaming—one that of idle reverie, and another in which coming events are flashed on my consciousness in vivid pictures, or events actually happening at the time of dreaming—sometimes of very slight importance, at other times so

important that I do not hesitate to act upon the information that has been conveyed to my mind. The following indications in dreams, when united to recognised personal identities, I am satisfied are true, and they, in some measure, coincide with popular opinion. To dream of fire portends hasty news; of water, trouble; children bathing denotes sickness and annoyance; an infant floating, death; to dream of children, especially babies, means trouble, sickness, and annoyance; to dream that someone you know is dead is most fortunate for that person—he is free from care, trouble, and sickness, being alive and likely to continue so. One dream of the kind especially impressed me. I dreamt that a very dear friend, a hopeless invalid of fourteen years' standing, was dead, laid out on his bed draped in white. He has never had an attack of illness since that date, and is now in the best of health.

To dream of a person dressed in scarlet means that he will have a happy time. I have all my life dreamt occasionally that I was flying, and that the act was familiar to me. I never seemed to go higher than about two feet from the ground. I have not noticed anything special following on the dreams of levitation. To dream of the earth means the revelation of secrets.

I can interpret the dreams of others if told carefully. I must know whether they are idle reveries indulged in half awake, or actual revelations flashed upon the spirit, from spirit-minds which have recognised facts and events elsewhere and communicated them.

KATE BURTON.

MR. OXLEY v. THE EGYPTIAN RITUAL.

There is a well-worn story of the man who was charged with some misdemeanour. Three persons were brought to swear they saw him do the deed, whereupon the culprit offered to bring twelve other persons who would swear they did not see him do it. I used to doubt the truth of that story, but Mr. Oxley is too much for my scepticism. His method of argument makes it possible. Let me repeat my "facts," not in my own rendering of the two passages previously quoted, but from that of M. Pierret. No Egyptologist will doubt that M. Pierret's, the latest translation of the Ritual, is most certainly the closest, truest, best; though there could be no dispute amongst translators about the fact of blood-sacrifices being commanded and fulfilled in these two chapters and elsewhere.

"A dire à la porte de chaque salle, en faisant l'offrande à chacune d'elles de cuisses et de têtes de vaches rouges la valeur de sept vases; en offrant du Sang extrait du cœur, la valeur de cent vases, seize pains blancs." (Chapter 144, line 27. Birch 145.)

"J'ai préparé des parfums, J'ai brûlé de l'encens dans les cassolettes, J'ai fait des offrandes sanglantes." (Chapter 149, line 41. Birch 150.)

But Mr. Oxley is his own interpreter, and he will make it plain that the Ritual does not contain "historic evidence"; does not offer proof of blood-sacrifice, and, if it did so, is not to be trusted. Well, as the New Englanders say, "I do admire!" Mr. Oxley setting up his authority against the "Ritual" because of what he did not see in Egypt the other day, beats Sidney Smith's monumental image of absurdity in Mrs. Partington *versus* the Atlantic Ocean.

As intimated by the "Times" newspaper a short while since, some of the profoundest study of our time is at present devoted to the Egyptian Ritual; and I do not doubt that the final result will exceed all that has ever yet been known as written "Revelation." It is the original Book of Beginnings from which the Hebrew and various other versions of the "Genesis" have been derived. Let the reader who has the opportunity refer to the "Papyrus of Ani"—it is worth a visit to the British Museum or to me—and turn to Plate 10. He (or she) may there see an illustration of the Serpent and the Solar God who bruises its head, hard by the Tree of Life. On Plate 16 another picture shows the Pair in the Garden of Eden or the Aanru, with the woman offering the fruit of the tree to the man. These are but two out of a hundred such facts which the Ritual has yet to make known.

If there be one monument extant containing "documentary proof" of the Egyptian religious ceremonies, it must be the book of religious rites, formulas, ordinances, and instructions, seeing that it is *the* "Ritual." The

"directions contained in the mystic Ritual" (over which Mr. Oxley waxes personally impertinent, *e.g.*, "If he has no other evidence to adduce than the directions contained in the mystic Ritual he had better devote his energies and learning to a more useful purpose"—the fatuousness of which irresponsible chatter it would be hardly possible to parallel) are as plain, as explicit, as authentic as anything in the Ritual of Rome or the Rubric of the English Church, or in Leviticus for the Hebrews, or in the Shâyast Lâ-Shâyast for the Persians, or the Kurân for Mussulmen. They are as plain as a bill of fare, and as valid to-day as ever—in spite of all that Mr. Oxley did not see in Egypt. It is the one extant Guide-Book to Egypt, its monuments, its mythology, its Mysteries, Rites, and Religion, and its origin and authority were held to be Divine. But Mr. Oxley can afford to pooh-pooh it, repudiate its authority, and discard its facts, which have been most sacredly preserved in immemorial sanctity.

Nor is the Ritual mystical in the sense of being vague, misty, or metaphysical. Egyptian thought is as concrete as anything that we call "so English." Their love of a foothold of fact was as great as ours, however different the means and mode of expression.

Amongst his latest dicta Mr. Oxley informs us that Blood-sacrifice "necessarily involves the emission of smoke." He does not mean the *steam* of blood, but fire-smoke; as he searched and could find neither the soot on the ceiling, nor the smoke-hole or flue by which it ought to have escaped. But this is utterly beside the mark. He is seeking for the evidence of *burnt*-offerings, not for the blood-sacrifice prescribed in the Rubric to Chapter 144, the blood of which was to be presented in vases—not consumed by fire and sent up the chimney in smoke. In the vignette to Chapter 144 of Naville's edition of the Ritual (Vol. I., p. 154) the person offering the sacrifice is presenting a vase which obviously illustrates the text commanding the vases of blood. This I had not previously noticed.

The sacrifices devoted to the Dead, whether of blood in vases, milk, beer, flesh, loaves, fruits or flowers, were usually placed on the Stand or Table of Offerings in front of the Mummy, in the private tombs and in the public Temples. The walls and papyri abound with these tables, seven of which may be counted in the "Papyrus of Ani."

Professor Maspero describes these "Tables of offerings" as they stand in the sacred enclosure at "*Karnak*." They are blocks of red granite with a cup-hole for each kind of liquid, and a projecting spout.*

The Egyptians of monumental times did not worship a God of gore. But every goose laid on the Table of Offerings was an evidence of blood-sacrifice. The blood was offered to give life to the Manes or ancestral spirits, and the flesh was eaten by the priests. I do not know what they did with the smoke, but they certainly managed at times to grill the poultry that was offered in sacrifice. In the Rubric to Chapter 134 the instructions are to offer "incense kindled" (and therefore smoking) and "broiled poultry" (line 10).

To the geese we have to add the bulls and rams and the blood of the red cow. If that is not enough there is evidence that the human being was at one time offered as a blood-sacrifice. One typical determinative of "*Kheri*," the victim, is a man bound for slaughter, and, as victims offered in sacrifice, the Typhonians were slain during the Dog Days.

I do not adduce further evidence from the Ritual for the sake of Mr. Oxley. He does not believe in it, although the Egyptians did. He knows better, but others may not. Therefore, I quote it once more.

With the Egyptians every true follower of Osiris was himself a son of God. He was Horus; and, as Horus, Nebseni speaks in the "address to Osiris" enumerating the deeds he has done and the religious rites he has faithfully performed. Amongst other things he says: "I have made in thine honour a sacrifice of thine enemies. I have made thy sacrifices of thy cattle and victims. I have killed for thee," &c. Underneath the Text are represented offerings of bulls, antelopes, and birds. This is from a papyrus assigned to the eighteenth Dynasty.† Nebseni is a known historical personage. He was a priest of the God Ptah. The funeral papyrus made for him is now in the British Museum (No. 9,900), and is one of the finest, containing many chapters not in the Turin Ritual.

I am half ashamed to trouble you with another long letter

* See picture in "Egyptian Archæology," Plate 104 (English translation).

† "Records of the Past. 1st Series, Vol. X., p. 159.

like this, but the fact is, I have been ill, and this is my first day up. You will not grudge me the little diversion afforded me by Mr. Oxley.

Rusta, Dulwich Rise, S.E.
March 22nd, 1891.

GERALD MASSEY.

HYPNOTISM.

The Rev. Arthur Tooth has addressed the following interesting letter to the "Daily News" of March 12th inst. :—

SIR,—Most people feel an interest in hypnotism. Some of us would treat it as a psychological phenomenon, as impenetrable and incomprehensible as the substance of the mind itself, perfectly true, but of no practical use. There are others who do not hesitate to affirm that the force is altogether from another and less happy world, that the inner life of the individual is risked, and the less we have to do with it the better. The experience of such persons would be interesting; but it must stand over for the present, and until we get an account of what they have seen and felt. Students of hypnotism will be generally reserved, and will venture no easy and off-hand explanation of a set of facts which are now of daily occurrence; we are students only, and not Professors of hypnotism. To inflict the details of a number of cases under treatment on the attention of your readers would be more than their attention would endure, and without an analysis of the results, the benefit would be very slight. I must leave the medical side of the matter to medical men; it is not my province; but in such occasional instances as the acceleration or lowering of the action of the heart, a perfect, complete, and prolonged anæsthesia for surgical operations, repose in some instances of mental irritation; considerable improvement as well as complete cure in certain cases of paralysis, insomnia, and enuresis nocturna, the treatment has proved its usefulness to my mind without any manner of doubt; but such patients have not been my chief interest, my attention has been chiefly devoted to intemperance and its allied evils, and I will gladly give your readers the result of my experience. There are some patients who apparently derive no benefit—are apparently in no way influenced by the treatment—but there are very few; others recover at once, and for a time and, without supervision, live regular lives and then relapse, the surroundings not being conducive to their welfare; and there are others who become quite reinstated and self-possessed. I am perfectly satisfied with the results, and feel most thankful for the opportunity which the treatment offers in extreme cases; it fails at times, but it also succeeds where nothing else avails. It is a treatment for invalids and for invalids only. If by common repute an intemperate person is considered incurable, it is at least reasonable to try a new method if indeed one can be found. It is no small encouragement to hear one say who had suffered in another way many years from delicta juventutis, and one may also add ignorantia, "I have now no temptation." We are often told that we must know what a drug or a method is before we use it; the advice would be excellent if we could find out without trying it. I venture to suggest that those who are interested should first give their attention and learn what they can about the patient, what she says, and what she can do. Charitable persons need not languish under the suppression of an heroic sympathy. Opportunities are abundant. The ways of an intemperate person are ways of her own, and are not subject to the restraining influences of mothers' meetings and other kindly-meant associations. To a lady advocate of the Temperance cause, who has ceased to talk about it, and "longs to do something," I would suggest a small lodging and a middle-aged lady considerably advanced in the habit, as an experiment for one month; and if it did not render life intolerable and the task worse than the care of a lunatic, I would then say—try a drug patient who knows the use of chloral, and has learnt the use of the hypodermic syringe. Study your patient, and the sufferings of families floundering with perplexities and ruin caused by a drunken and unpracticable woman, and most people will be glad of the relief, even if it should come only now and then and under treatment by hypnotism.

Woodside, Croydon.

ARTHUR TOOTH.

CENSURE is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Astrology.

SIR,—Mr. Arthur Butcher's experience of Astrology appears to have been unfortunate, but the very opposite of my own. Recently I have had horoscopes cast by an astrologer, and in every case they have been an exact delineation of the characters, and have foretold coming events with the greatest exactitude; so correct have they been, that I have marvelled, and determined for the future to send regularly for a forecast, as forewarned as regards misfortunes pending is to be fore-armed.

Perhaps I may have been specially fortunate in consulting an astrologer of high merit, who is a thorough master of the science; certainly he has always shown himself very anxious to give satisfaction, and success has attended his efforts.

As I am on the point of leaving England, I send the astrologer's address to the Editor of "LIGHT," who will, no doubt, be willing to communicate it to inquirers.

London, March 24th, 1891.

B. HARDING.

[We can discuss Astrology theoretically; but the law forbids its practice for payment, and we cannot, therefore, aid any violation of the existing law, however much we may deplore it.—ED. "LIGHT."]

Evidence for Materialisation.

SIR,—Mr. Blyton does not appear to me to rate the intellectual and critical capacities of Spiritualists very highly, when he asserts that one reason for belief in scientific testimony to duplication of form in the case of Miss Cook, is a letter alleged to have been addressed to a gentleman in America, copied into the "Banner of Light," and published ultimately third-hand in the "Spiritualist," to the effect that Mr. Crookes and eight other persons had seen Katie and her "medium together in the full blaze of the electric light."

There is no doubt of the pains taken by Mr. Crookes to place his experiments with Miss Cook on a scientific basis, but he has succeeded no farther than that one more consenting intellect, of a high order, has been added to the long list of those who have borne testimony to the truth of the phenomena. I do not doubt the fact of materialisation, but it is hemmed round by conditions which render such a statement as that of Mr. Blyton utterly incredible. The gleam of a phosphorus lamp, by which Miss Cook and Katie are said, in the letter alluded to, to have been visible to Mr. Crookes alone, is separated by a long distance from the conditions under which the same phenomenon is presented to nine persons subsequently. In the year 1885, a wonderful proof of the truth of materialisation was afforded me in this place, and as the circumstances are quite unique, I will, with your permission, soon prepare a record for your paper.

F. SHOWERS.

St. John's, Worthing, March 23rd.

Faces in the Dark.

SIR,—In your last issue you ask for relations of experiences bearing on "Faces seen in the dark." If this should be of any use to you, I shall be glad. When a child I used habitually to see shoals of such; these, however, have ceased, but in my after years have given place to manifestations rarer but much more distinct. I have already sent to "LIGHT" some of the more remarkable experiences of the last few years, and confine myself at present to very recent manifestations. After having been startled by the "glaring eye," to my account of which to you a correspondent has already referred, I mentally came to the resolution that, whatever might be the spirits surrounding me, I would allow none to approach but such as owned allegiance to Christ. What was the consequence? In the darkness, the veil that divides from the infinite seemed to be drawn up, and there, at a considerable distance, was a face removed from mine by what appeared an impassable barrier; but oh! its look! of the type of Edgar Allan Poe, flushed with debauch, but turned from me with an aspect of insufferable disdain, as of one who for one brief moment had looked ere I had time to recognise it, but for very scorn did not see me. Such a countenance expressed volumes, and no hand of man could ever have painted, though a most consummate actor in Brutus-guise

might have, perhaps, represented it. I do not generally shrink before the proud, but for an innate sense of no such ill-desert, I must have quailed beneath it. After several moments it passed away; and then, moving along another barrier, the distance twice withdrawn now, was the wreck of a being, for all the world like the hollow stump of a tree charred by lightning; and then when these had faded, this time so much nearer as to be away but half the distance of the first, but still withdrawn, a face which roused my soul with its beauty. Was it an angel? I could but note one feature, which will always stamp itself on my recollection; the eyes were grey and very full and large, the face, despite the ample brow, was very small, and yet between the two there was a harmony which wrought on me like music. The eyes were turned a little away, misty with tenderness; yet, after a considerable interval, in answer to my yearning, trembling towards the point in which I am sure they would have met mine, had they a moment longer shifted from the side at which they vanished. But they left me not desolate. Often have I seen that face again; once with the same sidelong glance, quite near to mine. Last time it was when lying in my bed in prayer. It *seemed*—ah, it *felt* as if hands of softest fire were enfolding my glowing brain—in a trance, at that moment, of heavenward resolve. It was then that face returned; it flashed upon me closer than ever, with eyes that drew and concentrated the infinite blue in their glad orbs, and came with a shock of joy that left me breathless. I thought it was my guardian angel! Then why did it not kiss me? A few nights after I had the wished-for token. In prayer I felt a presence like God near me; then a shadowy form separated from mine. I saw it; it stooped down, and on my face imprinted the kiss, distinctly felt. I need not say how glad I have since been, “as one who has found great spoil.”

A great peculiarity is that the eyes of these faces always make wide open towards mine, except in some few cases which, in reply to anxious thought, will next night appear, conveying in their profile expression something of the answer I sought; as when in reply to the conjecture as to the day of my death, would come a face with a look of involved doubt; and when it was as to whether I should ever be visited by the evil face again (I remember it now, palpable and floating, drawing in its outline of eyes and cheeks, as it neared mine, like a mask of beaten gold), there came one with a look of great perplexity. I sometimes think that the unaccountable noises in this, as it has long been reputed, haunted house, heavy as the tramping of a horse soldier across my room, with other footsteps no less constant in the night, have something to do with myself. The brain may be as the pole which finds its electric opposite—where?

H. B.

SIR,—As I see you invite correspondence concerning “Faces in the Dark,” I venture to trouble you with my own experience.

When I was about twelve or fourteen years of age, I used to see in the darkness groups of figures in motion, both men and women, in classical costumes, crowding together and seeming busily occupied with some pursuit or employment, but what it was I could never make out, as the forms only remained visible long enough for me to distinguish them clearly, and then faded out like a dissolving view, succeeded by a different group. This kind of vision I have always had, but now the form has changed to single heads, which appear from time to time in varying numbers, from ten or twelve to more than twenty, but always beginning with a very beautiful woman's head, with a star on the forehead. The succeeding ones are sometimes faces that I know, her Majesty not unfrequently appearing among them, but as a rule they are strangers' faces. They are not mere pictures, as the flesh appears in perfect relief, with the shadows as in life, and the head-dresses have their natural colours. The time when they appear is very irregular, as sometimes I see them several nights in succession, and then some months will pass before they appear again, but I have never seen them twice in one night. The expression of every face is usually calm and placid, I have never seen the change for the worse mentioned in “LIGHT,” but now and then a face appears smiling. The figures are just the head and shoulders, like busts, no hands or arms being visible, and appear within a circle of light, resembling a magic lantern.

26, The Grove, Boltons, S. W.

H. SPEER.

March 21st, 1891.

Dimensions of Space.

SIR,—Some of your readers may have seen “A New Era of Thought,” by Howard Hinton. If so, the subjoined communication received by automatic writing may be of some interest. I send it you in the exact form in which it was received, with the simple omission of two or three lines on a personal matter.. Of the three friends by whom it was received (February 2nd, 19th, and 27th, 1891), one had partly read the book, the other two (including the writer) were ignorant of it, and of any theory of the dimensions. S.

DEAR FRIEND,—I am told you have been interested in the fourth dimension. There *is* a fourth dimension, which you can easily understand, even in your language, though you have not attained to it yet. Beside the line, the square, and the cube, there is something which represents what you might call the inter-penetrative sphere. You have motion forward, upward, across; but in the future there will also be motion through. At present one body has to move out of the way of another, but *then* they will just inter-penetrate.

Now, as you know, no two bodies touch; but then, not only would solid (so called) pass through solid by the separation of each molecule, but also there would be a fusion of molecules and a separation again when desired. This is inter-sphericity, or inter-penetration of spheres.

If this is clear to you we will speak later of the fifth dimension, and let me add now that this fourth dimension, only guessed at by you, is our first, the other three fall from us as crude and imperfect. To understand this more easily, think of the simile used of the man who could only walk in two dimensions. You can walk in three, but in the future there will be four—up, down, across, through.

I will first add a few words to what I said last about a fourth dimension. I think, as a symbol to be added to the line, the square, and the cube might be this: a hollow sphere, with other hollow and smaller spheres enclosed within it, something like the balls within balls cut by the Chinese. These spheres must be thought of as composed of a kind of elastic fluid; the larger spheres by compression passable through the smaller, and the smaller by expansion passable through the larger. Thus each sphere can be within or without the others.

Now to leave the symbol and return to the new power which it represents: the solid can become fluid, pass through the solid (which is for the time also fluid) and then resume its first form.

This power, when perfected, would give man absolute power of progression in every direction and in every part of the universe. He could pass through the heart of mountains, or could rise into the atmosphere to any height by altering, as it were, his own density and the density of his path; nothing would prove a hindrance.

Now as to the fifth dimension. Here I shall have more difficulty.

You have been already taught that your world and ours are not like two globes side by side and independent of each other, but as a spirit inhabits a body, so our world inhabits yours. To pass from yours to ours requires the violent change of death to the body (at least, in most cases). You cannot pass to us, nor we to you, but in very exceptional and partial ways. But there will be a time when the limits of this visible world will be its limits no longer, and from the seen to the unseen the human being will be able to pass with the greatest rapidity and ease. The Son of Man attained to this power for a time, and in a limited degree, and there have been prophecies and hints of it at different times; but in future, as easily as your thought passes from place to place, so will you, or those who come after you.

Let us call the fourth dimension inter-progression, then the fifth might be called trans-progression. From sphere to sphere, from star to star, and from star to sun shall the children of men wander at free will. I do not mean visible stars, but I mean the great Unseen. Our first and rudimentary state it would be, into which you would pass. This, perhaps, you will have understood.

Now as men rise from dimension to dimension their powers are changed and increased in many ways. It is not simply an added power of progression, but an opening of new faculties in many directions. There are on our side many beings of one dimension who come over so undeveloped in any higher part of them that all to which they can attain is this power of passing from place to place without let or hindrance, a kind of animal life. Some linger in the atmosphere of your world, seeking to feed their feeble earth-bound souls, and it is from this class that most physical manifestations are obtained, the link that binds their lower nature to earth not being yet broken. Of course, the teaching, the messages, I do not refer to that state of being—there the intellectual or the affectional links are still unbroken, and may remain so until the spirit has progressed very much indeed.

Now you see how these dimensional laws begin very low down in the purely physical, and gradually rise as the

powers of the being are developed and increased. There is no sharp division, as you know, between the physical and psychical; psychical and spiritual; and again between spiritual and that higher state still which you call Divine.

The sixth dimension begins to enter upon higher ground, yet I think you can follow a little farther. The first five have to do with what we may call *space*; the next series has to do more directly with what you call *time*.

In the first time-dimension the experience of the being is that he is no longer limited by time in the way you are; time is not either long or short; a lifetime may be lived through in a moment, or a moment may extend to a lifetime; one day is with Him as a thousand years, or a thousand years as one day.

Do I need to perform any action? I am not bound or hampered by time. So the Master produced the wheaten bread in a moment, or restored the wasted tissues of the human frame in a few brief seconds; while at other times the power seemed to fail him, and He cried, "I have a work to do, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished."

This dimension *we* only partly enter into, but there are higher spirits to whom it is the normal state.

Next the seventh or second time-dimension: In this the being advances a stage farther; here the limitations of time fall from him more completely than before; for him, indeed, time may be said to have no existence. The past (or what has been called past) to him is the same as the present, and only the future lies still closed to him; something of the spirit and power of the Eternal I AM is within him, and he approaches still more nearly the Divine.

Your memory is limited to those ineffable marks on the rock of your being made at some period by the waves of your conscious life.

But to him this is not so; all things lie within his memory. More than that, they can in a real manner unfold themselves before him at his will. This power adds largely to the joy of those higher spheres in which he dwells.

This power was hinted at by the Master when He said, "Before Abraham was, I am." (Not that I would imply no other truth lies hidden in this saying.)

After the Time-dimensions come those that belong more directly to the human will; its powers and its limitations.

SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions.]

No notice received later than the first post on Tuesday is secure of admission.

KING'S CROSS SOCIETY, 182, CALEDONIAN-ROAD, N.—Last Sunday evening Mr. A. M. Rodger delivered a lecture on "The Great Religions of the World—Confucianism, Brahminism, Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism." The rise and progress of each system was briefly sketched and some account was given of their distinguishing features. Next Sunday morning the half-yearly business meeting will be held, when the attendance of members is urgently desired. In the evening Mr. Emms will relate his Experiences in Spiritualism. On April 12th Mr. Sheldon Chadwick will lecture upon "Phrenology; what it has to say about Mind, Materialism, and Fatalism."—S. T. RODGER, Hon. Secretary.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.—Our last services at Chepstow Hall were held on Sunday, and we have to announce that, owing to unforeseen circumstances, we shall be unable to hold our opening services in our new premises at 311, Camberwell New-road (near the Green) until Sunday, April 12th, when a large number of friends and prominent Spiritualists are to take part in the day's meetings. By the kind permission of Brother du Buy the services on Sunday next, April 5th, will be held at the "Alofas" Depot, 116, Camberwell-road, S.E., at 11.15 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., when we hope to see a large number of members and friends, as important announcements as to future work will be made.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Secretary, 8, Orchard-row, Camberwell New-road.

MARYLEBONE, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, W.—At our morning service on Sunday last addresses were delivered by Mr. Portman and Miss Todd on "Higher Spirituality." At the quarterly meeting the secretary read the balance-sheet, showing a balance in hand of £2 0s. 9½d., being an increase of 8d. on the quarter. All office-bearers were re-elected. Mrs. Treadwell delivered a trance address, followed by clairvoyance by Mr. Towns. Speakers for April: 5th, Mrs. Perrin, "Trance Address"; 12th, Mr. Everitt, "Form Manifestations"; 19th, "Eclectic Buddhism," by "Propagandist"; 26th, Mr. Hopcroft, "Trance Address"; Mediums, Thursday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Wilkins. Saturday, 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell.—C. WHITE, Hon. Secretary.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM, S.E.—On Sunday, Mr. R. J. Lees spoke morning and evening. In the evening we had an excellent audience, who listened with

evident pleasure to an address upon "Spiritualism, an Everlasting Easter." Sunday, April 5th, at 11.15 a.m., Mr. J. Veitch on "Re-incarnation; is it Sound in Theory?" At 7 p.m., Mr. Cyrus Symons, on "Matter, Life, and Spirit." Monday, April 6th, at 8.15 p.m., open discussion. Friday, April 10th, at 8 p.m., healing, free. We would request any friend who may have any old books, &c., dealing with Spiritualism and the Occult to send them to the undersigned, as we have a great demand for them and cannot supply it.—J. VEITCH, Sec., 19, The Crescent, Southampton-street, S.E.

THE OLD BOOK.

ON PRESENTATION TO A FRIEND.

Let it be yours, this dear old book,
Though worn its outer dress,
And though its pages faded look,
You will not love it less.

Dear book! it was my constant friend
When griefs were strong and new;
I knew not then where life would tend;
Mine was a narrow view.

And oft when summer evenings glowed
Sad, in their floods of light,
My heart, pressed down beneath its load,
Has wished the world less bright.

To those obscure, perplexing moods,
These pages softly spoke,
And roused the force which frets and broods,
Till Reason breaks her yoke.

My reason strengthened, but in youth
The unquiet heart will swell;
Ah! on those lines of glorious truth
How many tear drops fell!

Stay—let me take that marker out!
'Tis but a trifling note—
The worm unheeded winds about
Her eager hand who wrote.

These rose-leaves that cling trembling here
Or flutter slowly down,
Were crimson in a long past year.
Pale ghosts! they cannot frown.

So many lovely, living things
Are crushed and paled by time;
I had more hopes in earlier springs;
Look at these words sublime.

Still here my girlish marks of praise;
I thought my faith so strong.
Alas! in life's rough toilsome ways
I could not raise this song.

Be yours the book—to me it cries
Too loudly of the past;
E'en the faint echo of some sighs
Is mournful to the last.

A. J. PENNY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any opinions expressed by his Correspondents. He declines respectfully to enter into correspondence as to rejected MSS., or to answer private letters except where he is able to give specific information. He further begs to say that he cannot undertake to prepare MSS. for the press. Communications sent should be written on one side of the paper and be without interlineations and underlining of words. It is essential that they should be brief in order to secure insertion. Matter previously published can be received only for the information of the Editor. MSS. cannot be returned. All matter for publication and no business letters should be addressed to the Editor at the office of "LIGHT," and not to any other address. Communications for the Manager should be addressed separately. Short records of facts without comment are always welcome.

P. C.—"A Dialogue." Regret to find not suitable. Thanks none the less.

F. L.—Thank you. The draughtsman does less than justice. We wish your efforts success.

K. B.—Thank you. Filed for our next collection of "Dreams," which will not be long delayed.

F. W. H.—Must be delayed for consideration. We fear that your proposals are altogether too sweeping.

If you do not kick a live truth out of your mind when it first presents itself, it will take root and live there, and prove itself by doing you good.—F. J. NEEDHAM.