

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe

No. 567.—VOL. XI. [Registered as a Newspaper.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1891. [Registered as a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way	553	Interesting Psychical Experience.....	560
"Bible in the Light of Nature"	555	False Method and the True in	
Jottings	556	Theology	561
The Analysts: A Fancy	557	Manifestations of Spirit-Power.....	562
Second Sight	558	Spirit Identity	563
Forecast of the Ghost Number of		Universal Kindliness	563
the "Review of Reviews"	559	"Bible's Own Account of Itself".....	563

NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

After an excursion to Scotland, where I always think the purest ozone is to be had, I return to my post. I cannot say that I am restored to health, but I have found such measure of it as enables me to resume my duties, which have never before been interrupted since this journal was founded. If the weather had only been as kind to me as my friends have been I should have derived more benefit; but the rain—it rained every day and all day long, and the tempests were worthy of this disgraceful year. None the less, the air was invigorating, and I had a blessed interval of rest from editorial cares. I found an abounding interest in psychical matters which set me thinking, for it was such a different state of things from what I remember in all my other visits to Scotland. It is my holiday haunt, and has been for a quarter of a century—the only place, I often say, that I really care to go back to. I have been back many and many a time, always with renewed pleasure. I have fished its lochs and streams from Cape Wrath and Thurso down through all the land, and in doing so I have made acquaintance with a vast number of the people and of travellers like myself. I have talked with them always, learning more than I could have done from books, and far more pleasantly. But I do not remember that the subject of Spiritualism was ever before mentioned. It is a rule of mine not to obtrude that subject, but to wait till there is a knock at the door before I open it. This time all was changed. The "occult" was in the air. Wherever I was, someone was sure to broach the subject. I had some extremely interesting conversations with casual acquaintances, and I travelled from Edinburgh to London with a very hard-headed Scotchman who talked "the uncanny" all the way. At last he asked me what exactly Theosophy was. There he floored me. I referred him to the columns of the "Daily Chronicle."

Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., in the chair at the annual dinner of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, made some very noteworthy remarks on electricity in relation to science. Ignorance, he said, was slow of removal. We had happily outlived the idea that scientific research was time wasted. Electricity was a mighty agency of which as yet we knew little:—

"Substantialists" told them it was a kind of matter. Others viewed it, not as matter, but as a form of energy. Others, again, rejected both those views. High authorities could not even yet agree whether we had one electricity or two opposite electricities. The only way to tackle the difficulty was to persevere in experiment and observation. The light which the study of electricity threw upon a variety of chemical phenomena could not be overlooked. The facts of electrolysis were by no

means either completely detected or co-ordinated. They pointed to the great probability that electricity was atomic, that an electrical atom was as definite a quantity as a chemical atom. It had been computed that in a single cubic foot of the ether which filled all space there were locked up 10,000 foot tons of energy which had hitherto escaped notice. To unlock this boundless store and subdue it to the service of man was a task which awaited the electrician of the future. The latest researches gave well-founded hopes that this vast storehouse of power was not hopelessly inaccessible. Up to the present time they had been acquainted with only a very narrow range of ethereal vibrations. But the researches of Lodge in England and Hertz in Germany gave an almost infinite range of ethereal vibrations or electrical rays from wave-lengths of thousands of miles down to a few feet. Here was unfolded a new and astonishing universe—one which it was hard to conceive should be powerless to transmit and impart intelligence.

One of the vistas of science! Mr. Crookes proceeded to give details of certain results attained by Professor Nikola Tesla. He had succeeded—the technical details I omit—in lighting a room by producing in it such a condition that an illuminating appliance might be placed anywhere and lighted without being electrically connected with anything. From his researches it appeared that a true flame could now be produced without chemical aid—a flame which yielded light and heat without the consumption of material and without any chemical process. To this end they required enormous "potentials." Could they be got by tapping the ether? If so they might view the exhaustion of coal-fields with indifference; they would solve the smoke question, and dissolve all possible coal-rings. Mr. Crookes went on to allude to a question which more directly interests us, though his previous remarks are sufficiently interesting to every thoughtful mind. These are his weighty words:—

Another tempting field for research, scarcely yet attacked by pioneers, awaited exploration. He alluded to the mutual action of electricity and life. No sound man of science endorsed the assertion that "electricity is life"; nor could they even venture to speak of life as one of the varieties or manifestations of energy. Nevertheless, electricity had an important influence upon vital phenomena, and was in turn set in action by the living being—animal or vegetable. In the study of such facts and such relations the scientific electrician had before him an almost infinite field of inquiry. The slower vibrations to which he had referred revealed the bewildering possibility of telegraphy without wires, posts, cables, or any of our present costly appliances. It was vain to attempt to picture the marvels of the future. Progress, as Dean Swift observed, might be too fast for endurance. Sufficient for this generation were the wonders thereof.

It is refreshing to think that the eminent man who speaks, and the man whom he singles out for honour (Dr. Oliver Lodge) have not passed by in their investigations that psychic force of which we know so little except in its modes of manifestation. They were both studying one of its presentations with Mrs. Abbott. Both have more than a bowing acquaintance with Spiritualism.

The November number of the "Arena" is full of good matter, what my American friends call "live articles." There is no trace of blue mould: all is fresh, strenuous, and very provocative of thought. A bird's eye glimpse. Edgar Fawcett scarifies the vicious vulgarity of Wall-street, worse

he says, than any gambling hell. A pitiable picture indeed: "accursed lust of gold," the grave of many a heart and brain that might have done service to humanity. "The so-called great men of Wall-street are foes of society—foes merciless and malign. . . . They play, as it were, with marked cards. . . . Families are plunged in ruin by their subtly calculated frauds: forgery and embezzlement in hundreds of cases result . . . disgrace and suicide are sown broadcast. . . . When and whose will be the extirpating hand?" It was one of our English bishops who pointed to gambling as our national sin, and it seems to be so in the United States. It is terrible to think that in both countries the Stock Exchange should be associated with gambling.

The article that will command most attention in this country is Castelar's estimate of Bismarck. I cannot attempt to reproduce his subtle analysis, nor to quote the words in which he contrasts the Republic of America and its people's sovereign will with the nation that Bismarck created where one will is supreme, and the people are obedient to irresponsible personal power. Bismarck shows says Castelar, that "no man can make himself greater than a great idea." The grasp of personal power proved his ruin. "The death of William I., the Caesar; the death of Roon, the organiser: the death of Moltke, the strategist, all say to him that the species of men to which he belongs is fading out and becoming extinct." The coming age is not an age of blood and iron, though it may conceivably be ushered in by a baptism of fire. No age comes to a sudden and sharp termination. It overlaps its successor. In that overlapping we are now living: and, spite of the armed millions that European monarchs keep ready to loose at the throats of their hereditary foes, one may hear more and more clearly a voice that tells of peace:—

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies.
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

"Doubters and Dogmatists" is a very thoughtful article by Professor Bixby. Amongst other qualities of it this is an age of doubt, prominent everywhere. Nothing so venerable but it must show cause for its existence. Nothing too sacred for unholy hands to be laid upon it. Yet as War ushers in Peace, Doubt is the ante-chamber to the secret closet in which dwells Truth. Dr. Bixby puts his case well, and vindicates a wholesome scepticism from blame. He might have added that in regard to dogma "familiarity breeds contempt" and that well-worn shibboleths run trippingly off the tongue, mere empty forms of words. A similar article that may be bracketed with this is E. A. Ross's "Turning to Nirvana." It is a vivid picture of modern Pessimism, another note of this bad age—bad in some ways, so noble in others. Heartsick is the age: disappointed that free trade, international exhibitions, and the quackeries that have been devised have not yet ushered in the era

When the war-drum throbs no longer,
And the battle flags are furled
In the Parliament of Man,
The Federation of the world.

"The one word 'despair' is the key that opens up the meaning of Ibsen's dramas and Tolstoi's ethics; of Zola's novels and Carmen Sylva's poems; of Bourget's romances and Baudelaire's 'Fleurs du Mal.' It is the spiritual bond that connects Wagner's operas with Turgenieff's novels; Amiel's journal with Marie Bashkirtseff's diary." Then, in addition to other misdemeanours, it is an age of subtle self-analysis. Science is disturbing people's minds. It is lifting the veil of mystery, showing us how all our feelings arose, how our institutions grew, how even our individuality can be dissected. Heredity, transmission

evolution, development, environment and adaptation to it—these are the pin-pricks with which science makes further sleep impossible. And so Pessimism is rampant:—

What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last,
Swallowed in Vastness, lost in Silence, drowned in the deeps of a meaningless Past?

I thank God that I do not believe a word of it. To me the Past is not meaningless; the voices sound to me from out the Silence. There is good work to be done in the world, and I am not ready for Nirvana.

I could linger long with other articles in this most enticing Magazine, but I must not. One is apt to forget that fragmentary notices can give no fair idea of long articles that one has read and digested. But the editor's own remarks on the state of public and social life in America must not be entirely passed over. "Pharisaism in public life," "Cancer spots in metropolitan life," "The saloon curse," "Hotbeds of social pollution," and "What the clergy might accomplish" make up a brave indictment of public and social iniquity which, unfortunately, is not applicable only to the United States. No doubt they do everything on a big scale there, and the Pharisee of Washington is probably taller than his brother of Westminster. But a man may sit on a starlit night, as I have done, at a window looking over the Embankment, with the roar of the Strand behind and the silent highway of the Thames before him, fringed by its thousand lights, and think of what man has done to pollute what God has made. It is an awful problem, that of the morals, ethics, even the lives of great cities. Luxury jostling starvation. A guinea for a peach, a thousand pounds for decorations for a ball, and not a copper to buy bread for some starving wretch who is dying near at hand. We may possibly solve that problem when we are sufficiently awake to tackle it. If we do not, we can study the history of the later days of the Roman Empire with advantage. But, as the race grows more sensitive to surrounding influences, who is to devise means to lift that black moral pall that hangs over our great cities, oppressing the awakened senses, filling us with psychical miasma, making us rush from its baleful influence to a cleaner and purer air? I am not inveighing against fogs; I am deprecating their spiritual analogue. "Their stink shall go up and their ill savour shall go up," we are told in the forcible language of the old prophets, who did not mince matters when they came to deal with them. And so I believe the ill savour of sin, in all its Protean ways, does arise and pollute the spiritual atmosphere and reacts on sensitives in a way that many of them are unconscious of.

This seems the place to say a word of commendation of the broad, rational scheme of religious teaching which Professor Drummond sets forth in his recently printed address, "The Programme of Christianity." There is more of Christ and less of Church in his writings than in those of most other religious teachers. If I except some remarkable lectures delivered before the Christo-Theosophical Society and Mr. Haweis's recent volume, I know no address within the short compass of which there is so much sound sense. It has become rather the fashion to charge on the simple teaching of the Christ the elaborate dogmas that man has erected through many ages on that secure foundation. It is, as I have often written, an age of reconstruction, of restatement of truth, and the Rev. H. R. Haweis, the Rev. G. W. Allen, and Professor Drummond have done excellent service in that delicate work. All of them, I feel sure, would deprecate the laying of any other foundation; all, I fancy, would agree in putting aside much that cumber the simplicity of the teaching that Jesus went about expounding. For

myself, I shall not be accused of any leaning to what Churches have come to consider orthodoxy. In my "Spirit Teachings," which substantially represent what seems to me to be one great aspect of religious belief, and that not the least important, there are sayings that the orthodox will, no doubt, consider hard. I am not concerned to go into the metaphysics of religious teaching. I am not afraid to confess that I have no niche in my mind into which abstruse problems such as the Origin of Evil, for example, will fit. But I have plenty of room for the problems of daily life such as meet a thoughtful man at every turn in a city like London. I brush aside metaphysics, leaving to others what I do not feel competent to deal with myself. And I find myself thinking that the real essence of true religion, the savour of the life that sweetens toil and lightens sorrow, is a very simple matter. If only the law of cause and effect could find place in each mind; if all would only realise that acts are formative of character, and that beliefs are not, or only in a very slight degree; that character is indelible and (to borrow the fashionable term) Karma inevitable—if this might be, I could say with Walter Besant, "The world went very well then."

Some of Professor Drummond's incisive sayings will bear collecting. Here are a few: "To grow up in the complacent belief that God has no business in this great, groaning world of human beings except to attend to a few saved souls is the negation of all religion." "Christ did not come into the world to give men religion. He never mentioned the word religion. Religion was in the world before Christ came, and it lives to-day in a million souls who never heard His name. . . . He gave a new direction to religious aspirations." [That is precisely what we are looking for now, and what we are getting from the ennobling knowledge that Spiritualism brings to us.] "Christ never said, 'Save your soul.' It is a mistranslation which says that. What He said was, 'Save your life.' And this, not because the first is nothing, but only because it is so very great a thing that only the second can accomplish it." "The most prominent note in the Kingdom of God," as interpreted by Jesus Christ, "is gladness. Its first word is *good tidings*, its last is *joy*." "There are earnest and gifted lives to-day at work among the poor whose lips at least will not name the name of Christ. I speak of them with respect: their shoe-latchets many of us are not worthy to unloose. But because the creed of the neighbouring mission-hall is a travesty of religion . . . because the poor, raw evangelist and the narrow ecclesiastic offer their little all to the poor, shall I repudiate all they do not know of Christ because of the little they do know?"

I might add much, but the address is so brief that all who wish can read it for themselves. It will repay them, if only in presenting a rational view from a thinking mind of a matter that concerns humanity. As I close the little book I am sadly reminded that if the author's views of life on earth are sane and wise, he has not yet mastered the gospel of Spiritualism. "The programme for the other life is not out yet. . . . Among the mysteries which compass the world beyond, none is greater than how there can be for man a work more wonderful, a life more God-like than this. If you know anything better, live for it; if not, in the name of God and of humanity, carry out Christ's plan." Doubtless the programme of the future life does not lie open before us. But we know more of it than Professor Drummond thinks. We know that there is no solution of continuity in our life; that death has no power to kill, nor the grave to hold the emancipated soul. We know that we shall go to our own place such as we have made ourselves, no atom of knowledge lost, all gathered up

for use under conditions, changed indeed, but not so reversed as to render nugatory the experiences of earth. We do not profess to have any chart of the promised land, but we know that many of those we love have gone there before us, and they tell us of it and of their welfare, and await our coming to receive and guide us. This and far more is what Spiritualism has done for us. In a word, it has purged belief of disfigurement and has transformed it into knowledge. Therein lies its marvellous power. Founded on ascertained fact it has by orderly sequence given us a religion which rests on a firm and immovable basis.

"THE BIBLE IN THE LIGHT OF NATURE, OF MAN,
AND OF GOD."*

Whatever any reader of this book may think of it, no one can deny its originality and comprehensiveness. In fact, as it appears to us it is too original, and is, perhaps, the most truly mystical work of the present century. As it is marked Vol. I, and only includes the period of Biblical history up to the call of Abraham, other volumes may be expected to complete the Genesis history. The author says "How he came to see the essential structure of the Bible is too mysterious and delicate here to describe, and may be equally unnecessary for the reader to know." In his short preface he says "The Bible is constructed like the subjects whereof it speaks. These are God, Nature, Man, God It is a revelation and representation of these, or of the absolute appearing in the relative of the Divine Being in His self-manifestations." The leading idea of the work is that the ultimate evidence of the being of God is the correspondence between the mind in man and the mind in nature; nature manifests mind, and mind interprets nature, each as correlative of the other." The laws of nature are an expression of volition; and the whole course of nature or world-process is, in its existence, a continued act of will; while in its contents it is a logical course or process." To prove such logical process, Mr. Chisholm endeavours to show the occult relations of the text of the early part of Genesis, with the varied forms of organic nature up to man, whose physiology and anatomy he seems to have thoroughly studied. Amid much that is suggestive there seems, as may naturally be expected in such an endeavour, not a little that is arbitrary and fanciful, as in relations of numbers, the forms and powers of letters, and doubtful etymologies of words. The writer makes very frequent use of the Buddhistic sacred word Om, which he seems to use in various senses; at one time denoting a point of spiritual force, and at others as a complete whole of anything. Thus he treats of Omic days and Omic ages, and says that "each vertebra is an Om; so is each joint in the body; the leading Om in each part being its head-sum grove, of which there is one in each part (lower, middle, and head), the head part being in three parts and three groves in one in a further gradation into one." He seems to have missed the coincidence in respect to his favourite word that an "Ohm" is the recognised term for the standard unit in the measure of electrical resistance; the word, however, being the surname of the German electrician. Mr. Chisholm's book is too abstruse for all but students of occult and mystical literature, and may prove, even for them, a rather tough morsel, yet we feel confident that no one can carefully read it without intellectual stimulus and profit.

IN our Mechanics' Fair there must be not only bridges, ploughs, carpenters' planes, and baking troughs, but also some few finer instruments—rain gauges, thermometers, and telescopes; and in society, besides farmers, sailors, and weavers, there must be a few persons of purer fire kept specially as gauges and meters of character; persons of a fine, detecting instinct, who betray the smallest accumulations of wit and feeling in the bystander. Perhaps, too, there might be room for the excitors and monitors; collectors of the heavenly spark with power to convey the electricity to others. Or, as the storm-tossed vessel at sea speaks the frigate or "line-packet" to learn its longitude, so it may not be without its advantage that we should now and then encounter rare and gifted men, to compare the points of our spiritual compass, and verify our bearings from superior chronometers.—EMERSON.

* "The Bible in the Light of Nature, of Man, and of God, also in its Essential Relations to the Religions of the World." By Rev. Alexander Chisholm. Vol. I. (Inverness: A. Chisholm.)

JOTTINGS.

The subject of enchanted stones is very curious. In all lands and at all times stones have had mysterious qualities attributed to them. What were called "speaking stones" were fabled to call out when a dead body was placed upon them. Some were said to cry out contradiction to a false oath taken upon them.

Such a stone is St. Orlando's, near Glamis Castle, which is said to reveal the future either by sound, sign, or inward response felt by those who invoke its aid. Many a troth has been plighted upon it.

At St. David's Cathedral there is a "speaking stone" which serves as a bridge over the Alyn river. It is not lawful to carry a corpse over it; and it is alleged that when this was once done, it split in an effort of remonstrance. A prophecy of Merlin foretold that a king of England should die on this stone, wounded by a red-haired man. It does not appear that the prophecy was fulfilled.

Stones also are said to travel or to be transported from one place to another without mortal aid (we have seen plenty of such transportations at séances, and some in the open air). The Dancing Stones of Stackpool are said to meet on a certain day and travel to a certain place to dance: the frolic over, they soberly return home. Such is the romance of the neighbourhood.

To digress. This reminds the present writer of an incident in the earliest days of his investigations. He had been present at few séances, but they had been systematically held and some very remarkable results had been obtained. On a certain day he was fishing a stream which could not be reached without wading. He was in mid-stream, throwing the fly with a light one-handed rod. The other hand was hung carelessly down by his left side. In that position a small stone from the bank was slid into his hand—a dry pebble, just picked up, apparently. There was also frequent movement among the stones on the bank. His friend, who stood there, saw frequently stones thrown from what, by the trajectory, must have been a short distance. This by the way.

There is no limit to the superstitious beliefs of the country people about stones. Hunt in his "Popular Romances of the West of England" tells of a stone in Looe harbour, which is now covered by the tide, that it "once stood on the top of an elevated rock near, and, when in this position, when it heard a cock crow in the neighbouring farmyard of Hay, it turned round three times." The Cheese-wring in the parish of St. Cleer was noted for the same peculiarity.

Rocking stones were said to oscillate at the approach of the guilty, among whom a local chronicler, writing of one at Island Magee, in Brown's Bay, enumerates "sinners, landlords, and malefactors generally." Then there is the "Twelve o'clock stone" near Nancledra, Cornwall, so called because, immovable by day, it rocked violently at midnight. Children then placed upon it were cured of all their ailments.

Wirt Sykes, in his "British Goblins," tells of the "alluring stone" in Carmarthen which was supposed to cure hydrophobia. "Grains were scraped from the stone with a knife and administered to the person who had been bitten by a rabid dog." Though often scraped, it never diminished in size.

In the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford is a mutilated St. John's Head, which bears an inscription to the effect that "powder of it is said to have done great service to sore eyes, especially when there was a white speck."

It is hardly necessary to mention the various stones that have been made into amulets: the salagrama stone of India, found only in the Gandaki, a river in Nepaul, and fabled to expel all sin from him who drinks water in which it has been laved: the mysterious virtues of the loadstone: or the necklets that were supposed to defend from witchcraft.

In Iona there is an upright stone which is held to confer the power of steering well to any mariner who will stretch his arm along it. So late as 1851, at Inniskillen, Mayo Island,

a cylindrical stone wrapped in flannel was solemnly produced and importuned to bring some wrecks for the wreckers.

In former days there was a traditionary awe of the monolith in many parts of Scotland. Few persons dared to remove one. The following story is firmly believed:—

According to a tradition of a monolith on the farm of Achorrachin, in Glenlivet, the farmer took this stone as a lintel to a byre door. Before long, all kinds of unearthly noises were heard during night time, and disease fell upon the cattle. Accordingly the stone was taken from the wall and thrown into the river that ran past the wall. Still there was no peace. The stone was at last placed in its old position in the middle of a field, and things at once returned to their usual course. The stone remains in the field, and in some of the crevices were to be seen, it is said, not many years ago, small pieces of mortar.

Then there are certain stones into which persons are, in legendary lore, reported to have been changed for some act of disobedience. Thus, in the parish of Burian, Cornwall, are pointed out the dancing stones, commonly called the "Merry Maidens," and near them two granite pillars, named the "Pipers." The story runs, that one Sabbath evening some thoughtless maidens strayed into the fields, and two evil spirits, assuming the guise of pipers, began to play some dance tunes. The young people commenced dancing, when suddenly a flash of lightning transfixed them all, and there in stone they stand. Among further instances in Cornwall may be mentioned the "Nine Maids," or the "Virgin Sisters," in the parish of Stithians, and other "Nine Maids" in St. Columb Major parish. Further examples are to be seen at St. Cleer—these being known as the "Hurlers," and they preserve the position in which the parties stood when, in the full excitement of a game of hurling one Sunday, they were changed into stone.*

It will be known to Spiritualists that great virtue is attached by some of their invisible friends to gems. They seem to require a material vehicle for the imparting of that "influence" which they desire to convey, i.e., if it is not to be very evanescent. This they do, some of them, by throwing it into a gem, much in the way that a crystal is "charged."

Dr. Lloyd Tuckey has an interesting and entertaining article on Hypnotism in the current "Contemporary Review." In the same number Madame Blavatsky de Bury gives the results of her observation of the spiritualisation of thought in France.

Father Ignatius has been talking about Mahatmas in the Kensington Town Hall. Jesus, he said, was the true Mahatma. He had never seen one himself. He would be glad to find one, but he was afraid they would all be disappointed. Mrs. Besant, though he did not agree with her views, had given them something to think about and bring out their sympathy. She was in search of "the way, the truth, and the life." She would find them in Jesus Christ. The Father is very skilful in adapting a passing train of thought to his own ends.

The "Scottish Review" has an article on "Witchcraft in Scotland." As the craze reached Scotland last, so it departed last. As late as 1678 Sir George Mackenzie strongly asserted his belief in the existence of witchcraft. The same year many witches were burnt at Salt Preston and other places, including Edinburgh. The persecution ended in 1680, the so-called confessions of these poor frightened women having become too silly for credence.

The terror only slumbered. When the Presbyterian form of worship was restored at the Revolution we find a commission issued (1692) for the trial of four women at Dumfries. Three years later two witches were executed at Inverness. In 1697 a commission was issued for the trial of twenty-four persons at Paisley, and of them five were burned. The informant was a spiteful little girl who afterwards confessed her imposture.

Other executions followed, and then there was a lull till 1727, when the last witch who suffered was burnt at Dornoch. The penal laws against witchcraft were finally abrogated in 1735. Sir George Mackenzie estimates that during the first persecution the number of witches burnt could not have been less than fifty annually. This estimate must be considerably increased—at least doubled—during the second persecution.

* We are greatly indebted to the "Echo" for most of this interesting information.

The third persecution raised the estimate to a hundred and fifty. In all Sir George Mackenzie believes that 3,400 unfortunate creatures suffered torture and death.

The "Religio-Philosophical Journal" gives the following strange story of somnambulism from Georgia:—

"The somnambulist mysteriously lost four suits of clothing, one after the other, and his son, unknown to the father, thought he would set a trap for the thief. Invariably the thefts were committed at night. So the son hid himself in the room. The thief came, but it proved to be the father himself. He got out of bed, dressed himself, walked down to the river, and after placing his garments in the hollow of a tree, took a swim; finishing, he couldn't remember where he had put his clothing, and so returned home without it, all this while being asleep, and even not awakening on tumbling into bed again. It was in this manner that he had lost all four suits."

THE ANALYSTS: A FANCY.

(Continued from p. 545.)

OWL LIGHT.

"Take heed, therefore, that the light that is in thee be not darkness."

Shortly after this I heard a sound as of many people assembling in the theatre, which was only just on the other side of the door of my chamber. My gaoler gave me to understand that the assemblage had some reference to me, and he appeared somewhat uneasy and anxious; but as to what was the cause thereof I could not induce him to tell me. Soon a knock was heard at the door. My gaoler opened it, and held a whispered communication with someone outside. Then he came to me with a look of great relief, and even of joy, on his face. "Friend," he said, "you are now to go into the theatre, that you may be examined by our wise men, who are in great doubt as to what you are, and how you are to be classed. I was somewhat afraid that to discover this they might resort even to dissection, but I am rejoiced to learn that this is not to be so; you are too curious a creature to be killed, at least just yet, and they will simply examine you externally without injuring you. Follow me, therefore, without fear." And going on before he led the way into the theatre, which I found crammed with people from floor to ceiling.

I was immediately laid upon a rather ominous-looking table, and bidden to keep quite still. Several of their learned men then approached, and solemnly and earnestly scrutinised me, or rather my clothes, all over with their little eye-microscopes. Having done this to their satisfaction they sat down in some chairs which were placed for them on the stage, and then one, who seemed the chief, spoke in the name of the rest.

"Ye people of Analysis," he said, "know that the being who hath so strangely appeared among us has now been examined by us thoroughly as to his exterior. We find that his body is much of the same nature and substance as ours; that he is in excellent health, and has evidently just partaken of a hearty meal. He suffers, however, from several lamentable defects. He is deficient in sight, hearing, and utterance. He is afflicted with the deformity of having neither sight, hearing, nor speech organs. A certain sound seems certainly to proceed from him, but from external examination alone we have been unable to detect the slightest trace of any organ of speech. The person who has had him in charge assures us that he can with the greatest labour and difficulty pronounce some short sentences in our noble language, but when he speaks what seems to be, and probably is, his own tongue, it is found to be a jumble of confused sounds quite without rational meaning or even phonetic beauty. From what he has managed to speak in our language it appears that his ideas are strangely inaccurate and confused. Nor is this to be wondered at if it be true, as he himself has, I am informed, asserted—that he sees with two eyes, because his vision must thus be a confusion of two objects super-imposed the one over the other, which must necessarily result in a confused mind, incapable of direct and accurate thought. But that this may not remain a bare hypothesis, resting alone upon our assertion, we propose to put the matter to the test by causing him to answer aloud to this assembly a few simple questions which we

shall put to him." Then turning to me he bade me come forward and, speaking as loudly and as clearly as I could, to explain to the people present where I came from; how I got here; and who or what I was in my own opinion.

I therefore began, and spelling laboriously through every letter of every word—which indeed, as he had truly said, I could only do with very real and apparent effort—I spoke as follows:—

"I came here from a world far distant; though exactly how far I cannot say. I was brought by one of those messengers of Him who, as being the Lord of all worlds, I presume you worship as well as we. We travelled with the speed of thought, and I was told I had a mission to accomplish: though of its precise nature I was not informed. I am, as you all are, a child of the Universal Father who—"

But at this point murmurs, partly of satisfaction, partly of disapprobation, began to arise. I stopped, rather alarmed at the bad effect my speech seemed to have produced. Some were evidently quite convinced and wanted to hear no more; others more moved to anger at the drift of my remarks than to pleasure at the demonstration of a point that from the first they were quite sure was true. He who had been spokesman before, with a look of extreme satisfaction on his face, motioned me aside, and spake again to the assembly.

"Theories," said he, "are easy to fabricate; the great point is are they verifiable: and I flatter myself that no one in this hall can now for a moment doubt the truth of the theory I advanced just now. I said, you will remember, that everything concurred to indicate that this creature—so like, and yet so unlike ourselves—would be found to possess a confused mind, incapable of clear and direct thought. And is it not so? What else is this story of a world other than ours, which we are all well assured is the only world in space: and of a Being who is Lord of all worlds, and whom, he assumes, we worship? Among the barbarous populations of some of our outlying districts there are, it is true, some still lingering remnants of some such superstition as this, which seems to have been rife in days now happily long gone by, e'er man emerged from the darkness of ignorance, and when he had not the true, clear vision which, ever since the discovery of these optics, the immortal invention of our great Nill, we now possess. It is, therefore, abundantly clear that from this creature we shall never be able to learn the truth about what he is and how he came here. I will therefore be so bold as to propound a theory: and though I admit that theories should be held tentatively until verification can be attained, yet I venture to be confident that verification will certainly be found and will prove the truth of my theory, which is as follows: This creature is one of those strange freaks of nature which occasionally present themselves. He is defective in reason, or, as we say, insane, and his insanity doubtless arises from the fact that he is also defective in sight and hearing. He has come from some far outlying region of our world, wandering along his aimless way until chance led him here; and now the only question is what shall we do with him? Such an incomplete animal as he is can, of course, have no rights, and it is for us alone to decide upon his fate. Whether by dissecting him at once to ascertain whether the organs of sight and hearing are entirely absent, or present in but a rudimentary form: or by keeping him alive for a time, at all events, gain a wider acquaintance with the peculiarities of his mental disorder; an inquiry in the course of which it cannot but follow that considerable light will be thrown upon this obscure and interesting department of physiology."

Great applause greeted the termination of this speech, amid which I was motioned to retire from the theatre with my gaoler, who conducted me once more to the room I had before occupied.

"You are safe for the present," he said to me, "and I am glad for your sake that they have taken this view of the matter. You see, if they should kill you first they could not observe your characteristics afterwards, whereas by keeping you alive they can observe you as long as they like, and can kill and dissect you just as readily in the end. So you are safe for the present."

THE rule of the common herd is not the rule of the conduct of the sage. He does not overtly attack it, but he does not conform to it.—ELIPHAS LEVI.

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

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Annual Subscription for "LIGHT," post-free to any address within the United Kingdom, or to places comprised within the Postal Union, including all parts of Europe, the United States, and British North America, is 6s. 10d. per annum, forwarded to our office in advance.
The Annual Subscription, post-free, to South America, South Africa, the West Indies, Australia, and New Zealand, is 13s. prepaid.

Light:

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

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21st, 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.

SECOND SIGHT.

I

"The Harbinger of Light," just to hand, gives us some cases of second sight which are worth preserving. They were contributed by Mr. J. Wood-Beilby to the "Evening Herald" (Melbourne). It has been our habit to collect such cases of this and kindred phenomena as seem to be well authenticated, and we now, with all due acknowledgments, add some cases to our collection. For purposes of future reference it is very important that scattered cases should be gathered together.

Mr. Beilby puts the proportion of those sensitive to external influence of a supernormal character at about one in twenty of those who are present at ordinary gatherings. They would be affected in various ways, but so many, he thinks, would be influenced in some one or more of various ways. We are not able to offer an opinion on this point, for we have no statistics to go upon. While we have reason to believe that the powers of mediumship are the common property of the race, it is an undoubted fact that they are more fully developed in some individuals and that circumstances apparently the most fortuitous will lead to their outburst where they have been dormant. But of the proportion we know nothing, nor can we know without prolonged and exact experiment.

The following cases, five in number, we transfer to our columns. They do not present any marked peculiarities, but they are good instances of experience in a man whose eyes are open:—

I.

An uncle of my wife, a lad in Edinburgh, having gone to fish in the Water of Leith there, was apparently seen by his sister or other member of the family in broad daylight approaching the house door, looking wet and woe-begone; but when they went to meet him, he disappeared. Shortly after his dead body was brought home from where he had been drowned.

II.

In boyhood I resided some years at a boarding school at Elie, Fifeshire, Scotland. My schoolfellows there and self never seemed to know fear in those days. There was a Naval or Customs detachment located there, having a fast sailing cutter manned by twelve marines or men under men-of-war discipline and commanded by a Captain or Lieutenant Randall, of what was then termed the Preventive Service. They had also boats to take them to where their three-masted cutter lay at anchor, as there were low tides when all the vessels in Elie Harbour rested on their keels on dry sand within the quay limits. In those days, say sixty years ago, the running and landing of illicit cargoes were rife. We boys, on Saturdays and holidays, were always up to some scheme of outing or amusement, and once the whole of the townspeople and the Preventive men were horrified to see some six or

eight of us seize, by French leave, a Preventive boat, and proceed to sea, to visit in face of a rising head wind and chopping sea, a rocky islet, some two miles off, whereon the waves were dashing spray 50ft. high most furiously. We had made considerable headway, however, all of us rowing, and in the highest spirits, when we were overtaken by the Preventive men, and rather ignominiously treated for our temerity. That night I had a remarkable dream or vision. I thought I was sitting on a smooth rock that was a favourite fishing site on the most eastern point of the coast, before bending towards Anstruther; that I slipped on the tangle, and was in the act of falling into the sea, when a boat with fishermen in it came round the point. The dream went no farther than the sensation of slipping over the face of a perpendicular rock, covered with long flakes of slippery seaweeds, into deep water visible below, when I awoke. I mentioned my dream freely, and though no one thought of such a catastrophe occurring, we boys were specially prohibited fishing there again, unless under protection of the schoolmaster himself. Sometime after this, schoolmaster was with us at a bathing site in that vicinity, and seeing many small fish used as bait, in holes where left by a receding tide among the rocks, I got leave to fish from this rock, known as the Fish Rock, with numerous directions for my safety there until the master and boys came round to me. I was speedily ensconced on it with line and hooks, or a string and crooked pin, perhaps, for such we used at a pinch when otherwise unprovided, and in the excitement of landing a nice rock cod I got too much on the seaward declivity, my feet slipped over the tangle, and in a moment I was in the position of my previous vision. I yelled loudly, and I must have fainted with horror at the thought just as I caught sight of a boat, and men in it, coming round the point below me. I was saved without touching the water however. The teacher, Mr. Kilgour, had just reached the spot, and seizing me by my jacket, he rescued me from the plunge. I was speedily resuscitated from effects of fright, the more appalling as renewing the then remembered vision.

III.

While squatting at Strathdownie, early in 1849, I had arranged conditions of partnership with Messrs. Learmonth, of Ercildoune, by which they were to give me three years' leave to re-visit Scotland, with a guaranteed income of £500 a year upon station returns; and being then well off, I was full of the idea of thus inducing my father, then president of the College of Physicians of Edinburgh, but beginning to fail in health from night practice, to return with me, bringing the family of sons and daughters as intending colonists. These hopes and my then wealthy prospects were shattered by a train of circumstances I may one day narrate. However, while full of the prospects of an early departure, I was mustering some outlying cattle with a stockman and black boy in the Rifle Ranges, and paddocking them at Richard Lewis's Digby Hotel on Portland-road, at night, in May, 1849, when I had throughout one night a vivid vision of being one of the family assembled at my father's death-bed. I not only seemed to see him, and noted his room and bed as unusual, but seemed to hear, and fully realise everything said or done up to the last, awaking in anguish of mind. Weeks and months passed. Letters arrived from home of antecedent date, giving no reason to fear the early death of a man but sixty-five years of age. At length a broad black-edged letter reached me, and for days I could not bear to open it. When I did I found it was from Ayrshire, thanking me for attention to James Crawford, of Rifle Downs station in his last days, and information of these to his parents. Then I began to hope it could not be true, however vivid the vision had been, till one day I got a mere note from a brother—a doctor in Glasgow—on plain paper, informing me of my father's death. I then compared the date of it with Lewis's hotel bill, and the dates were contemporaneous. I had at first been so vividly impressed by my vision, that I wrote down every detail, but it was not until a sister came out in 1852, that an absolute confirmation of these were afforded by her graphic account of the circumstances.

IV.

Years passed on, I had sold out and reinvested in a station near Melbourne, instead of re-visiting Scotland. My wool merchants in Melbourne were Jackson, Rae and Company, Queen-street. James Jackson, of Toorak, was a

most hospitable entertainer of his constituents, as well at Toorak House as in a room over the city office, where biscuits, cheese and decanters of wine, with every facility for letter writing, awaited the dropping in of any of their very numerous customers. Toorak road was then merely a lane between three-railed fences and full of forest trees and stumps. My late brother-in-law, David Ogilvy, with Mr. Jackson, in driving in a gig along this road, was upset and thrown out, and both considerably hurt. Mr. Jackson did not seem to get strong again and decided to visit England, but he had bought largely of wool at depressed prices, and his business was ostensibly to watch the London sales. I was then resident at Tirhatuan, Dandenong Creek, but we were much concerned at his illness as being our valued friend. Just five weeks after Mr. Jackson had sailed I awoke from sleep, saying to my wife, "I've had a vivid vision. I was entering the porch of the office in Queen-street, when Mr. William Sloane, the accountant, came out of the wool-packing warehouse just alongside, and in deep mourning. I said to him 'I am sorry to see you in mourning,' when he replied, 'Yes, did you not get our circular? Mr. Jackson died just five weeks out.'" This is an unvarnished fact. Months passed, we had no ocean steamships or electric cables then, there was no local corroboration available then of the fact. My wife said, "Dreams go by contraries, some of your friends are being married," and so on. I consequently gave no heed to the dream, though I recorded and mentioned it. After being very many times in the interval at the office on business, and reasoning with others on the improbability of any danger of death to a man of Mr. Jackson's physique, I went once, months after, met Mr. Sloane at the porch, made the remark to him, "Sorry to see you in mourning," before the wonderful coincidence struck me, and got the answer above stated, "Did you not get our circular? Mr. Jackson died just five weeks out."

V.

Again, there were two Tasmanian escapees arrested for murder or robbery, I think, at Western Port, under arms and sentenced to death, while I was resident at Tirhatuan. A Mr. Eugene Bellairs, a Government surveyor, whose camp was in the vicinity, one day breakfasted with me, when Mr. Swainson, of Wellington, New Zealand, the author of volumes of the Naturalist's Library, and Botanical Demonstrator then to the Victorian Government, resided with me, as also Mr. Bellairs's mother and sister. Mr. Bellairs stated casually that he and some other officials had taken a window to witness the coming execution. I declaimed against the inhumanity of gloating on dying sufferings; said it was the last thing I should think of seeing, and all present joined in dissuading him, and I narrated to them a singular dream I had had previously: that I was looking up to a high wall with a scaffold at top, and a crowd in front of it; that two men were on the scaffold, who make a mocking obeisance to the crowd. I said I couldn't think how I came to have such a vivid dream, but the scene could not be in Melbourne, for there was a long, grassy slope from my site of observation to the wall, but I certainly would keep aloof from witnessing such a scene. I took no note of the time of the contemplated execution, but some days or weeks later I was engaged to breakfast with Mr. James Service at Emerald Hill and left my brother-in-law's house, top of Punt Hill, with an Albert car and pair to keep my appointment. I went for nearly an hour in and out of the straggling isolated groups of houses of Emerald Hill, and could not find Service's house. When past the early-named breakfast hour, I turned my horses' heads for Melbourne, having to get an iron step repaired at Rawlinson's coach factory, Swanston-street, afterwards Daniel White's. There were crowds of men hurrying northwards along Swanston-street, but I never once thought of the execution till Rawlinson's foreman, who came out to me, said, in reply to my query, "Don't you know that there's an execution to-day? See, the men have just come up!" And as I turned to where he pointed, I saw the precise fulfilment of my vision, and the men made a mocking bow to the spectators below the gaol wall, between which and Rawlinson's there was a long grassy slope, afterwards the site of warders' cottages, now of warehouses. Now, mark that I not only did not seek to fulfil my dream or vision, but did all in my power to be better employed breakfasting with one of the most intelligent and enterprising merchants of early Melbourne, but destiny prevented me somehow.

A FORECAST OF THE GHOST NUMBER OF THE "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

A representative of the "Daily Chronicle" has elicited from Mr. Stead some particulars as to his forthcoming Christmas number. From a lengthy interview published on November 14th we extract what will interest our readers. The number will appear on Wednesday next. As it will doubtless sell rapidly our readers should secure copies early.

This, somewhat abbreviated, is Mr. Stead's story:—

He has for the last month or so been acting as a kind of ghost enumerator or ready-reckoner for the Society for Psychical Research. That is to say, he has employed his paper for the purpose of getting at all the first-hand ghost stories that are available, as rough evidence for after-sifting by the Society. He has also made it a means of spreading the census-paper on hallucinations which was the outcome of the recent congress on experimental psychology. The paper, which contains blank lines for answers from twenty-five persons (giving name and address for verification), puts the following question:—

Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being or inanimate object, or of hearing a voice, which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?

On an average one person in eight answered "Yes" to this question. Among Mr. Stead's immediate friends the proportion of affirmatives was much larger. So much for the percentage of the ghost-seers and the hallucination-ridden among her Majesty's subjects. Now for the ghosts of whom they sent tidings to the "Review of Reviews" office.

Well, they came not in single spies, but in battalions, all verified either by eye-witnesses (the majority of the cases) or by second-hand evidence. They came to the extent of 120 pages of the magazine, including the "haunted houses," which had to be omitted for pure want of space. They came like the rats to the piping of the piper of Hamelin—fat ghosts, lean ghosts, sad ghosts, merry ghosts, good ghosts, and (*entendu*) bad ghosts. The tales included two fearful stories of desperate fights with ghosts—real "knock-out" encounters—one of them described by the mortal combatant. This gentleman had an experience not dissimilar from that which "Lance Falconer" describes in her brilliant little novel, "Cecilia de Noel." A ghost appeared in the shape of a woman. He struck a light: it faded away. He returned to the room, and dropped his matches. The ghost came at him with a rush like Fordham's in the last few strides of a race. He picked up a sheet that lay handy, and rushed at the ghost—going right through it. At the second encounter, which he very graphically describes, he had a sensation as of being wrapped round and round as with darkness that could be felt (see "Cecilia de Noel"), from which he thought no mortal power could ever pluck him. The second ghost fight is much more material. It is vouched for by a name well known in English political history, and by the written statement of the subject of this strange hallucination. Here it is. A caretaker in a northern town went down to the cellar to get his supper. He found himself met by a rough collier-like man with a dog. He asked him what was his business. For answer the man struck full at his face. He felt the impact of the blow, and struck back again. His knuckles cut the wall. The man then set his dog at him, which flew at his leg (he felt the bite), whistled to him, and moved off. The man followed: there was no visible thing. The inevitable sequel was that the collier (a notorious character) had committed suicide in the cellar many years ago.

"But what," asked our correspondent, "has been your arrangement of the department of ghostology?"

"Roughly this. First, I take stories of 'doubles,' or doppel-gangers, then clairvoyance, then presentiments, then helpful apparitions of living people (of whom there are a vast number of stories), then apparitions at and after death, and finally outdoor or animal ghosts—horses, dogs, and the rest. As to the latter, I have got a gorgeous story from the Boer country, told by an elephant-hunter, who was pursued to a Boer encampment by a riderless white horse—the steed of a dead adventurer."

"Well, and do you consider you have proved anything?"

"I shall not use the word 'proved' till I have photographed a ghost, phonographed his voice, and put him under

spectrum analysis. But I am open to confess I think the evidence as to the existence of 'doubles' overwhelming. For instance, I have the story of a well-known temperance advocate, which he has just verified in a letter to me this morning. Dr. L. (our correspondent withholds his name for the present) was alone on a holiday tour. In the enjoyment of a specially lovely view he suddenly exclaimed, 'God bless my wife!' Next day he had a letter from Mrs. L. asking what he was doing at such an hour, for that he had appeared to her and said, 'Bless you!' And there is no end to such stories."

"And as to clairvoyance?"

"Well, I have carried out some strange experiments. A woman living near London declares that she possesses the power of projecting a sort of astral self where she will. While she lay in a trance in her suburban home I repaired to Mowbray House at night, armed with phonograph and photographic apparatus. I saw nothing. But next day the woman gave me an exact and correct account of the room (which she had never seen), of the position of the chair in which I sat, and said that she had a difficulty in sitting down in another chair. The chair happened to be occupied by another person. Her story was that she could only see myself and the room very dimly and as in a mist. A second experiment was carried out with the aid of the keener spiritual sight of a clairvoyant, who sat in the room at Mowbray House, while the 'double-ganger' went into a trance. Again I saw nothing. But the clairvoyant declared she saw the woman, whose physical peculiarities she described with exceeding minuteness and perfect accuracy, though she did not know her from Eve, enter by the window and seat herself on a sofa."

"And now for something practical. You spoke of 'helpful visitations from the unseen,' *par exemple*."

"The instances are very numerous. A woman tells a story of her seeing a neighbour rise suddenly across her threshold. She divined that something was wrong, and on going to Mrs. A.'s house found that her husband had cut her throat, and had then committed suicide. The woman still lived, and her happy knack of 'spooking' saved her. As for the ultimate good and end of such things, who can tell? We are simply feeling after a new law, natural if you will. Benjamin Franklin's kite-flying was foolishness to his contemporaries; the water in the boiling kettle went on bubble-bubble-bubble for centuries, till Watt guessed that there was power behind it."

"But your law, Mr. Stead. Will you explain how it works, and what are its methods and manifestations?"

"Generally I should be inclined to seek it in the dualism which resides in all men's natures, the battle between the fully conscious and material self and the unconscious spiritual self, which acts when we are asleep, or presumably under the hypnotic trance. Judging, however, from my experience with the 'double-ganger' the unconscious part does not act so fully when put in action by the conscious self. Thus most of the 'double' stories relate to appearances, the subject of which was unconscious that he or she was living more than the ordinary single life. The apparitions of the dead, *e.g.*, that of Lord Brougham's friend, belong to a different category. However, I am not a scientific investigator—I am simply preparing matter for sifting, getting at the world's rough knowledge and belief about the supernatural."

"Finally, as to presentiments?"

For answer Mr. Stead gave a chapter out of his own biography. He had, he said, foreseen precisely and accurately such events as his accession to the editorship of the "Pall Mall," his leaving that paper, Mr. Morley's entry into Parliament, and the period of his own imprisonment. "All the presentiments," said Mr. Stead, "I was careful to announce beforehand, so that my silence might not discount them when they were fulfilled."

MAN has no right to live only for himself; his rule of conduct cannot be his own caprice. A child of nature he must respect its laws; a member of society he must accept its duties. His will may make him sovereign; but it is solely on condition of being a constitutional Sovereign; all disorderly wills are shipwrecked and go to pieces. Every caprice is a foolish expenditure of life, and a step towards death.—ELIPHAS LEVI.

AN INTERESTING PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCE.

It is both interesting and profitable to carefully study our own and the spiritual experiences of others, and these interesting subjects become more fascinating and beneficial when illumined by the light thrown upon them as interpreted by what the illustrious Swedenborg designates the Science of Correspondences.

I venture to think that the following narrative of experience read in such a light will be acceptable to a few of your many intelligent readers.

On a recent occasion I had retired to rest about midnight and lay for about an hour sleepless, but in a passive condition of mind. As is usual with me in such experiences as have hitherto occurred to me, I felt gradually passing through my organism a strange sensation somewhat akin to the genial action of a mild electric current. My heart and pulse were quickened in their action—so much so as to make respiration for the time being a little difficult.

I suddenly found myself perfectly easy, but had passed without my dwelling and was conscious of breathing freely in the open air, through which I seemed to be floating in company with one whom I distinctly sensed, but could not see. After travelling for a time through what appeared to be space, and then across an open country, I found myself standing in front of a fine old mansion, the door of which was standing ajar, and seemed to invite my entrance. I passed through the open doorway accompanied by my unseen, though (to me) none the less consciously present, guide; and together we paced the several large and handsome entertaining rooms upon the ground floor, through the unshuttered windows of which were streaming the silvery moonbeams, the light from which was just enough to enable me to make a careful survey of the rooms, which I discovered were large, handsome, swept, and garnished, but devoid of furniture. Here I lingered in a state of pensive meditation for what appeared to me about one hour of time, when my unseen guide conducted me to make an examination of the basement rooms. To these we descended, and by the moonlight available I found the same features observable that characterised the rooms above: lofty, roomy, clean, but unfurnished. In one of these I observed an arched opening, which, upon examination, proved to be the entrance to a long subterranean passage, at the far end of which was just discernible what appeared to be the first faint indication of the dawning day. I traversed this long passage in silent cogitation, my unseen guide still present at my side, who, as we neared its end, withdrew and left me to myself; when, merging into the open, I was much refreshed by the cool crispness of the morning air and cheered by the glimmerings of the glorious day dawn. I walked, or rather glided, along what had the appearance of a footpath leading across a grassy meadow, and soon became aware that I was not alone; for looking a little ahead I discerned a man clad in somewhat flowing and oriental apparel travelling in the same direction as myself. By the simple exercise of will-power my pace was quickened, and without difficulty I soon found myself beside him. We greeted each other with a hearty "good morn," and entering into conversation continued the journey for a little distance, when we reached the house in which my companion lived. He most courteously invited me to linger and partake of the hospitality of his home, which invitation I gladly accepted, and we entered the house and sat ourselves in the same room in which others of the family were busy preparing the morning repast.

After a little time spent in general conversation we merged upon a subject of mutually absorbing interest, which was the laws which govern the human life, present and future. Upon these subjects he and his family appeared to be about as much enlightened as the average men of thought by whom we are surrounded on our plane of life. I ventured to suggest the possibility of a condition of self-conscious life antecedent to that which he then enjoyed, the intimation of which caused the man, and those with him, to look somewhat astonished, for though absolutely conscious of a present and fully persuaded of a future state of life and being, the base idea of a pre-existent condition of human life was something new and hard to comprehend.

The morning repast was now prepared: we seated ourselves at the table to partake of it, but continuing our conversation upon the interesting subject of an antecedent condition of life; we were so absorbed in the—to them—

strange dogma that for a time the food remained untouched, my companions glancing at me as though the mystical subject had awakened in their minds the question of my sanity, or otherwise. At this point I felt constrained to speak more freely, and endeavoured to demonstrate the fact to them from my then present experience. "You doubt," said I, "the possibility of a prior life in other conditions to those in which you have your present conscious being; but be it known to you that though I now appear to be one with you in your present state of conscious life, yet the reality is that in my normal state I have my conscious life and being upon the outer earth, in conditions of embodiment that once were yours, and whilst that state of life to you is *past*, I know that to me it is the veritable *present*, and as a proof of this you will soon be furnished with abundant evidence, for with you in your present state I cannot stay, but must return to the outer earth from which I came, to which for the present I belong, and of which world you were once conscious denizens." All eyes were now intently fixed on me, and here I put forth my hand and took of the food there placed before me; but no sooner had the morsel touched my lips than my then form began slowly to dissolve before their very eyes, and as I took a last glance at them before its final dissolution I saw them still sitting, filled with astonishment at the unexpected phenomenon. I then opened my still sleepless eyes and found the day had already dawned, but there remained a vivid consciousness that the experience through which I had just passed was as vivid and real and as any of my everyday life.

Manchester.

THOMAS POWERS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY FROM TIFLIS.

A DYING PROPHET.—DEAD TWO DAYS A WEEK.

In a humble cottage situated in the picturesque suburbs of Tiflis lives *and dies* one of the most eccentric human beings whose shadows have ever darkened the terrestrial sod. He is a bedridden young man of ordinary education, who, for years unable to leave his house or his room, has lately taken to dying regularly every Saturday of his life and returning to this vale of tears on the following Monday morning, a wiser and a sadder man. The sources of his increased wisdom are the sights and sounds of "the other world," in which he passes two days out of his seven in mysterious occupations, the nature of which he has not yet thought proper to divulge; and the foundation of his sadness is the fatal Book of the Recording Angel, in which he reads the names of the sins committed by all his friends and acquaintances. This latter allegation (says the correspondent of the "Telegraph") is, of course, capable of being verified, and, unfortunately for the young man's friends and acquaintances, has been verified often enough to establish his reputation and to blast theirs, for there is no subject on which he is more communicative or talks with greater unction than that of the sins and peccadilloes of his neighbours. The most curious part of the story is that, accused as some of them have been, not so much of grievous sins as of heinous crimes which may send them to Siberia, they all fearfully plead guilty to the charges and beseech him to pray for forgiveness for them. Nor is this all. To persons whom he sees for the first time in his life he also makes known the long catalogue of their sins and iniquities, ancient and recent, without ever seeming to make the slightest mistake. Nothing like it has been seen in the Caucasus since the remote days of St. Nina. The house of M. Tagarelli (so this "dying prophet" is called) has become a sort of Christian Mecca, to which tens, nay scores, of thousands are wending their way from all corners of the Caucasus—Armenians, Georgians, Ossetinians, Lezghians—all curious and many repentant. The local authorities, whom no miracle would surprise, look rather favourably on the young man; but visit him only one by one after his weekly return from the shades. Even a Russian newspaper correspondent who visited him lately in a cynical mood came back with the cold perspiration standing in large beads on his brow, a firm believer in the hebdomadal death and resurrection of the Dying Prophet of the Caucasus.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

ALL exclusive religions rely on miracles, and each attributes to the Devil the miracles of its opposing Faith. In this latter they are all to a certain extent right. The Devil is ignorance; the demons are false gods. Now all false gods perform miracles; the true God works only one, which is that of the eternal Order.—ELIPHAS LEVI.

THE FALSE METHOD AND THE TRUE IN THEOLOGY.

(Continued from p. 512.)

THE INTERPRETATION OF THEOLOGICAL DICTA.

Time is the self-consciousness of eternity. Eternity is not a different system of calculatory points, but the absence of all consciousness of any system; Being *being*, without thinking about its being. To think implies comparison: comparison involves a system of distinguishing, and thus the timeless comes into time. Eternity and time are not two different phenomenal states, but two different attitudes of mind in the same actual state, whereby the state seems to be differentiated. One is *the thing*, the other is *the consciousness of the thing*, attained by the mediation of the conception of the contradictory of the thing.

So with truth and theology, theosophy, philosophy—call it what you will. Truth is pure *subject*, but when the *subject* seeks to be also to itself as *object* then it experiences a fall in degree. For this reason: that that by which it knows, or examines, itself is not its whole being, but only a part of its being, *i.e.*, its intellectual faculty. But just as the quality of the conclusion cannot be stronger than that of the premise, so it follows that the knowledge which a part of myself can have of my whole self must be partial knowledge.

Directly it is granted that any knowledge is partial it becomes a question of what proportion of truth is likely to be in it, and whether there is any method or process whereby that truth can be disentangled from the error, always to some extent present in all partial knowledge.

For example: There is a little piece of apparatus used by conjurers, which consists of a series of round boxwood boxes made to fit one inside the other, the innermost and smallest just large enough to contain a threepenny-piece. We can see the outside box, but cannot see what is in it until we open it. Upon opening we find another box within the first. Again we see the outside of this second, but cannot see within. Now in this instance, though we do not know all the truth about the box, we do know some. We know that the first box was not an empty box, but we do not know whether or no the second box, which we have not yet opened, is an empty box or not. We are, therefore, justified in making the affirmation, "The first box was but the first, and was not empty," and this is certainly true, even though we cannot affirm whether or no the second box is, or is not, the last, and empty.

Just so, it seems to me, is our knowledge of truth. We do not know all about it, but some things we may say we do know. And it is in the right perception of this principle that the true understanding or interpretation of theological dicta is to be found.

In the presence of the thought of the Divine, the perfect Truth, the Supreme, man's truest attitude is, not criticism and definition, but silence and adoration. Speech only becomes incumbent on the truly discerning soul when fools, unaware of their folly, begin to dogmatise, refusing to silently adore. It may be, and indeed I think must be, true that it is by means of the spirit of folly that God first draws out in man the earnest desire to know; so that by the foolishness of preaching some find salvation. We must always maintain the paradox, and remember that the folly of man is often the wisdom of God, just as the wisdom of man is folly in the sight of God (when it is self-wisdom). Still the necessities of language force us to speak of the blind, bungling self-wisdom of man, so utterly unaware of its own limitation, as folly, even while in the same breath we admit it is the necessary beginning of an evolution whose end is wisdom.

When blind persons, who think they see clearly, utter aloud their ideas about Divine truth; reading all their own limitations into the Divine; saying that there is a great Being outside humanity; that He has given a law for the purpose of distinguishing men into the good and the wicked; that He will eternally reward the former and eternally punish the latter, then it becomes the duty of those who feel that what they see is and must be clearer and truer, to break the silence they would prefer to keep, and utter the truest they can see.

But in considering their statements we must always remember that they are contradictions of other affirmations, and not original affirmations. They do not profess to say what is perfect truth, but what is certainly truer than their

contraries. When man, looking around, sees nothing higher than himself, and formulates the proposition, "There is no God," it is then that the true theologian steps forward and says, "There is one living and true God." Not meaning to say that the truth is perfectly expressed and enunciated in that saying, but that, on the whole, it is truer to say there is than to say there is not. The whole object of formal theology, I take it, is, not to say what is true, but only to say what is truer than its contrary.

There is another way in which it can be regarded: as not so much a contrary as a complementary statement. The theologian is not always true to the wise principle that all he should endeavour to do is to deny partial presentations that represent themselves as whole and perfect. In the time of such false theology, when God is said to be this, that, and the other that is rather fallen human than divine, it may then be that there is more truth in the saying, "There is no God," than in the saying "There is such and such a God" (i.e., wrathful, vindictive, respecting persons, &c.). If we might always understand the negation of Atheism to mean "There is no *such* God as you strive to limit and define Him," then the two affirmations would be absolutely complementary, and from the union of the two the full truth might be obtained. There are many senses in which God is not; there is one sense in which God is.

Thus, I suggest, if we rightly interpret the theologian and the anti-theologian we shall see that the question is not whether of the twain is right, but how, by a judicious use of both, we can extract the paradoxical truth. Nothing is more objectionable than articles of religion, if they be intended to define and express full and final truth. Nothing is so necessary and helpful if we understand them as the attempt to maintain the second side of truth that was omitted in an earlier made enunciation.

It takes two minds to find God. Our Lord hinted at this when he said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I." Why not when *one* seeks alone? Because each mind sees its own side, and God is not one-sided but two or three sided. Hence, when Asserter, Contradictor, and Doubter meet together, there, in the at-one-ment of all three, is the fullest, most perfect possible enunciation of Divine Spirit found.

G. W. A.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

"The Arena." November. [Noticed in "Notes by the Way."]

"Lyra Triumphalis." By T. LAKE HARRIS. (E. W. Allen, 4, Ave Maria-lane. Price 9d.)

"The Programme of Christianity." By PROFESSOR DRUMMOND. (Hodder and Stoughton. Price 1s.) [A striking address elsewhere noticed.]

"Review of Reviews." November. [Character sketch of the Leader of the House of Commons, illustrated with selections from the plentiful caricatures of Mr. Balfour.]

"English Fairy Tales" and "Keltic Fairy Tales." JOSEPH JACOBS. (David Nutt, 270, Strand. Price 6s. each.) [Two beautiful books in illustration and type. Folk-lore tales of much interest.]

"Pictorial World." New series. Numbers 1 and 2. [Price reduced to 3d. The leading idea is the reproduction of the artists' sketches, facsimiles of their work as it leaves their hands. Very cleverly and successfully done. The paper should be a success. It is off the stereotyped lines and is more after the artistic method of "Black and White."]

SEPARATION.—We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the richness of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread, and shelter, and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up, and onward, for evermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the new; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.—EMERSON.

NOTABLE MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRIT-POWER.

By ROBERT COOPER.

In previous articles I have given instances of the wonderful and apparently impossible phenomenon of the passage of one material substance through another. A striking example of the kind always took place at the dark sances of the Davenport Brothers, which I had the opportunity of witnessing scores of times. It took place under these circumstances: The mediums would be seated one at each side of a table, with their wrists bound with ropes, which were sealed, and attached to the back rail of the chair. On a request being made by one of the company, the coat of one of them, a light being simultaneously struck, might be seen flying across the room. On examination the wrists would be found securely bound with the seal intact. A coat belonging to one of the company would then be placed on the table, and on the light being extinguished it was transferred with the rapidity of a lightning flash to the coatless back of the medium. This was generally the end of this experiment. On one occasion, however, the coat was transferred to the back of the other medium over his own coat, and singular to say was placed on inside out. I never knew this to occur but on one occasion, but I have frequently known a coat put on which was so small as to be with difficulty got off, and I have known the waistcoat taken off, still buttoned, from underneath the coat, whilst the hands were fastened behind to the back rail of a chair.

The ropes used to tie the mediums were about six feet long. On one occasion, at the Hanover-square Rooms, a gentleman asked to be allowed to use a long rope instead of two or three short ones. On permission being granted he bound the medium with the rope he had brought, making several knots as he proceeded, and finishing by tying the two ends together and sealing them with wax. The light was then extinguished, and soon after the noise of the rope falling on the floor was heard, where it was found with all the knots untied except the final one, which was the key to all the rest. The late Mr. B. Coleman reported the experiment in the "Spiritual Magazine" at the time. The tying of knots in an endless cord, witnessed by the Leipsig savans, as recorded by Professor Zöllner, in "Transcendental Physics," is an experiment of the same nature. In one case knots were untied in an endless cord—in the other they were tied. I once saw one of the brothers bound with a cord forty feet long, several knots being made in the process of tying. The knots were then all untied and the rope taken off—a guitar by the side of the medium being played during the whole time.

In the first volume of "LIGHT," p. 416, there is a lengthy account of Mrs. M. B. Thayer's mediumship by Colonel Olcott. During my residence in America I was privileged to attend a great many of her remarkable sances, the principal features of which are the bringing of flowers and birds into closed rooms with locked doors. The late Professor Denton, who knew nothing of Mrs. Thayer personally, wrote to me, cautioning me about "endorsing" her. I assured him I was satisfied of the genuineness of her mediumship. "Well," he said, "if spirits can bring flowers into a closed room, let them go a step further and put them into a locked box—that will settle the matter beyond all dispute." I asked Mrs. Thayer if she thought this could be done. She said she did not know, but if I would procure a box she was willing to try. Accordingly the experiment was made, and not only several beautiful and apparently fresh-gathered flowers were found inside the locked and sealed box, but two newspapers and a photograph as well. A paper certifying to the fact was signed by all present, eight in number. The experiment was afterwards successfully repeated, Colonel Olcott sealing up the box and affixing the stamp of his signet ring. This, to my mind, is one of the most remarkable examples of spirit-power in the history of phenomenal Spiritualism that I know of. In it is involved not only the passage of matter through matter, but the transference of several objects from various distant localities in a moment of time. The sance took place on a hot summer's afternoon, and a cold wind preceded the manifestation. The box experiment was followed by a shower of purple roses, about fifty in number. The papers were the "Banner of Light" and the "Voice of Angels," published in Boston, and were folded as if lying for sale on a counter. Mr. Emerson, on being told of it a few days after, said: "Well, I will not say that it is not so, for we do not know all the possibilities of Nature."

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

BY EDINA. T

I formerly adverted in detail to the case of Captain W—, an elderly gentleman who died suddenly of syncope in the church in which I am an office bearer; and gave details of a message got from him ten years after his demise, and which was received through my daughter during the summer of 1890. About the same time details were given in "LIGHT" of the return of an old friend of twenty years' standing, named Mr. S—, who first communicated to me through the table on the day of his funeral and afterwards wrote to us a loving message. Since that time we have been favoured with three messages from each of these communicators, usually written about the same time. Both of them were office bearers along with me in the same church; but with Mr. S— I was brought more closely in contact for reasons unnecessary to state here. Both were men of sincere piety, and neither of them had the slightest knowledge of Spiritualism when in life.

The internal evidence in all the communications received was to my mind very strong, knowing their personal characteristics when here. The Captain discoursed of the vessel he had so long commanded, and more than once reverted, in nautical terms, to his sudden removal by death, and expressed his delight at finding his bark had found a haven on the eternal shore. Mr. S—, on the other hand, who had an intense love for children, and took an active part in the Sunday-school, discoursed regarding it and the young people whom he knew there. He also most touchingly described our little boy now in the spirit world, though he had never seen him when here, owing to a protracted illness which prevented his visiting us during the child's life. All these messages were very touching and convincing to us, but they possess no interest to the public, and I would not have recurred to these communications had it not been for what occurred on the evening of Sunday, October 25th. This was the day on which we celebrated the half-yearly Communion service in our church, and as I took part in the solemn proceedings of the day, I could not help looking back to former days when both my deceased friends had been with me at this ordinance, and wondered, as I have done before, if they were still "near us in spirit." My daughter, owing to her infirmity, does not attend this church often, but goes elsewhere, and she was at home during the entire day owing to slight indisposition. On coming home from evening service I found five messages had been automatically written in my absence. Regarding three of these I shall say nothing at present, but may deal with one of them later. As to the remaining two I was both surprised and touched to find they purported to be from my two former "brethren," Captain W— and Mr. S—.

It is impossible for me to give much of these communications; they are too sacred; but I will give a line or two. The Captain begins:—"Another day on which to see my friends, the elders, to day again in the Lord's Supper. I am with them, and see all that is going on." Then follow some personal details and a paragraph about the vessel he used to command and certain changes in the route or round which she now makes—quite correct in substance; he alludes in nautical phraseology to his Heavenly Captain having suddenly taken him hence, while in the act of silent prayer—just exactly as it occurred eleven years ago, and in that respect the letter is just like the former communications got from this source.

The other communication is equally convincing. It opens thus:—"I have to follow Captain W— in my turn to write, as I was also among the elders at the Sacrament in forenoon." Then occurs a touching reference to our boy, and a personal detail of his present spirit life confirmatory of two communications recently received, one of which was from a lady who never saw our little one when in life. Again he alludes to his favourite topic:—"The dear little children I see always. I wish the ones I taught on earth were in the spirit land. I am sure you would like, dear medium, to be here soon; so many on earth have trouble to bear; there's none in Heaven."

I could add more, but it would be lifting the curtain more than is needful, and my purpose is served by bringing out the fact that in the evening of a specially solemn religious service two friends now "on the other side" who

had been for years "my brethren" in the church, had "power ministered unto them" to send me such loving and cheering messages. There is a great balm in Spiritualism, and although there be many unsolved riddles about it and much that to us can only be "seen through a glass darkly," yet the personality of many communicators is to me as clearly established as if it had been settled by the verdict of a jury.

As regards the handwriting I had never seen that of Captain W—, but the four letters we have are in writing and signature identical. As regards the caligraphy of the other communicator, Mr. S—, only the initial letters of the signature are like. The body of the message and the rest of the signature are not in the least like that of the deceased. That, however, weighs little with me, in view of the internal evidence. In the large mass of messages we have got I can only identify about a dozen as being completely reproduced; but of course, in regard to the bulk of these I have had no means or opportunity of comparison. I can only deal with what "I know."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Universal Kindliness.

SIR,—In your issue of this week Mrs. M. L. Hankin, under the above heading, writes thus: "Surely it is as pernicious to direct 'torrents of invective' against honest men at public meetings as to roar aloud 'Ell and Damnation' in the streets." It puzzles me how the writer failed to see that this sentiment is in direct conflict with one she had just given expression to in the opening portion of her letter, where she says she felt that her "former words, far from being unduly harsh, were not harsh enough." Mrs. Hankin, whilst condemning "invective" on the part of "LIGHT" as "pernicious," believes in harshness when given expression to by herself. It is the old, old story: Men are ever prone to persecution and practise it, but they have a strong objection to it when it is directed against themselves, their friends, or their party. Anything fairer, more judicial, or more able than the leading article which appeared on this subject of the "Ground of Universal Kindliness," in your issue of the 7th inst., I have never perused. It went direct to the root of the matter, and the position taken up was sound beyond cavil.

Evident as it is that Mrs. Hankin is inconsistent with herself, I regard her bearing and conduct as valid in not regretting having used harsh words whilst believing them warranted. Invective or scathing language are often necessary, as was the case when our Saviour denounced the Pharisees as "whited sepulchres," "hypocrites," "children of hell," &c. It matters not whether we believe in the "canons of the philosophy of irresponsibility"—as Mrs. Hankin terms them—or those of responsibility, the object intended to be served by disciples of both schools of thought by their "harsh words" is ever the same, viz., the reformation of the offender; and viewed in that light it is very evident that harshness is quite consistent with Universal Kindliness. How far it is to be employed is a matter for the determination of the intellect.

November 14th, 1891.

W. J. WOODING.

"The Bible's Own Account of Itself."

SIR,—In your careful and appreciative notice of this book—for which I beg to thank you—there is a statement which is so worded as to leave me liable to the charge of having ignored that essential mode of Deity which, theologically, is called "Holy Ghost"; which statement I should like to amend. The sentence to which I refer is this:—"In the word, or sphere of manifestation, there are generated the macrocosm and the microcosm." To make the statement complete, and exonerate me from suspicion of the heresy above specified, there should be added, "in and of and by the Holy Spirit who proceeds from the Father (really, Father-Mother), through the Son; and who, as Deity in activity, constitutes the energy and substance of the universe." So that the Being in and of and by whom all things consist is not Deity in its original and passive state, but Deity in its secondary and active state in which state it is called Holy Ghost or Spirit. And it is accordingly the Holy Ghost, and not the first person of the Godhead in its passive state, who is the "Father" of the Christ. The point is one of first-rate

importance to the theology, or spiritual science of the future. For (1) it corrects the error the Churches have made in identifying the Christ in man with the "Son" in the original and unmanifest Godhead—the Jehovah or Adonai—whereas the Christ is the correspondence or counterpart of this "person." And (2) by exhibiting the universe as necessarily consisting of Deity as Holy Spirit, and therein as essentially Divine, it restores to man the Divine potentialities which make the Christ, not a being unique and abnormal, but the realisation of man's own highest, to be attained through the accomplishment of his due evolution; the Christ being the summit of the ladder of which the Adam represents the foot; the whole ladder being within every man, and requiring but to be ascended.

Your reviewer makes a remark on Re-incarnation which suggests a word of criticism. He says, "If the experience of each is the inheritance of all, we see no need for Re-incarnation; and, indeed, the coming back to conditions once passed through, is . . . not a conceivable thought." Surely, that is a very large "if," for by no conceivable process can the experience of one be transferred to another. It is growth and purification that are wanted. And no one can grow or be purified by proxy, but must do both for himself. And if the "coming back to conditions once passed through" be indeed "inconceivable," how comes it that we find no difficulty in returning ourselves, or sending our children back to school after the vacations are over? And as to my having described the doctrine of Re-incarnation as "only implicit" in the Bible, I described it as—though "implicit"—so inextricably interwoven with the whole tissue of the Bible as to render the latter unintelligible without it; seeing that regeneration—which, and *not* substitution, is the theme of the Bible, and the one method of salvation recognised in it—would be impossible without the opportunities afforded for it by a multiplicity of earth-lives; regeneration being *from out of* the body, and requiring, therefore, to be accomplished, largely if not wholly, while in the body.

EDWARD MAITLAND.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

TESTIMONIAL TO MRS. J. B. MELLON.

TO ALL SPIRITUALISTS.

Friends! owing to the sudden departure from England to Australia of Mr. and Mrs. Mellon and family, on account of Mr. Mellon's continued ill health, his medical advisers having ordered his immediate departure to a warmer climate, it has been decided at a meeting of Newcastle Spiritualists to present to Mrs. Mellon a purse of gold, as the most suitable testimonial under the circumstances, in recognition of her long and faithful services as a "medium" for physical manifestations and materialisation.

The Committee for the furtherance of this testimonial, while regretting the sad necessity for their departure, believe that Mrs. Mellon's numerous friends in many parts of England and Scotland would like to embrace the opportunity of showing their appreciation of her great and continued services to the cause of Spiritualism in this country.

Mrs. Hammarbom, of 155, Northumberland-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, has kindly consented to act as treasurer to the fund.

All friends desiring to contribute will kindly remit their donations promptly to the treasurer, who will duly acknowledge the same in the spiritual papers.

14, Alexandra-terrace, ROBERT ELLISON,
Derwentwater-road, Gateshead, Tyne. Hon. Sec.

Subscriptions already acknowledged, £6 12s. 8d.; Mr. J. H. Lashbrooke, 1s. 6d.; N. S., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. Smith, 2s.; Mr. W. Stephens, £1; Mr. W. Morris, 2s.; Mrs. R. Seed, 1s.; Mr. M. Martin, 5s.; Mr. Jos. Stevenson, 2s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S.K.R.—Not of sufficient interest, thank you none the less.

C.C., N.S., M.J.W. and other correspondents. Various letters unavoidably held over from pressure on space.

"W.A." (Victoria).—Greatly obliged by your kind letter, which is refreshing to a weary mind. I am thankful if labours that illness makes burdensome, sometimes are of value as you say they have been to you. I have resumed my editorial work and am improving.

"THE KEY" is now published at 61, Maryland-road, Paddington, W.

SOCIETY WORK.

ENDYONIC SOCIETY, 16, QUEEN'S PARADE, CLAPHAM JUNCTION.—On Sunday next, Mr. D. Wyndoe, trance, clairvoyant and physical medium, will take the meeting at 7.30., punctually.—UTBER W. GODDARD.

FOREST HILL, 23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD.—On Sunday, November 15th, the guides of Mrs. Treadwell gave an address on "The Spirit World." Much useful information was given, special stress being laid on the value of prayer. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Shelby, subject, "Swedenborg and Spiritualism." Thursday, séance, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Wilkins.—H. W. BRUNKER, Sec.

24, HARCOURT-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—On Sunday morning last we had an interesting lecture and discussion on Astral Bodies. In the evening Mr. Wyndoe dealt with the subject of "Evolution" in a comprehensive manner. Next Sunday at 11 a.m., Mr. D. B. Dales on "Esoteric Development"; at 7 p.m. Mr. Towns. Thursday at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Mason. Saturday at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell.—R. MILLIGAN, Hon. Sec.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION, ATHENÆUM HALL, 73, TOTTENHAM COURT-ROAD.—Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., S. Ramanathan Chelva-Rajan (Pillai) will lecture on "The Christian Propaganda among the Indian Population." He will endeavour to show why missionaries fail to convert the Hindoos. The lecturer is well acquainted with the Hindoo religion and also with Eastern Occultism. Before the lecture an Occult Liturgy will be read.—A. F. TINDALL, Hon. Sec.

MR. HOPCRAFT.—Mrs. Charles Spring will hold a séance and social evening on Sunday December 6th, at Mrs. Warren's, 245, Kentish Town-road, N.W., commencing at 7 o'clock, for the benefit of Mr. John Hopcroft, who is now in ill health and adverse circumstances. Mrs. Spring hopes that friends will rally round on this occasion to make the evening a success. Mrs. Ashton Bingham will give some readings from her own book of poems, and other friends have kindly consented to assist with some good music. Tickets one shilling each, to be obtained of Mrs. Spring, 8, Wilkin-street, Grafton-road, Kentish Town, N.W., or at Mr. Warren's, who has kindly given the use of the room for the evening.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On the 12th inst., we held our free concert which we feel, as the winter comes on, will be a great help not only in affording simple amusement but also in binding us together in brotherly love and unity. On Sunday morning we had an address on the power of prayer, by Mr. Humphries, and in the evening by Mr. Butcher upon Death. Sunday next, at 11.15 and 7, Mr. Veitch. Monday next, at 8, members circle. Tuesday next, 6.30, free healing, at 4, Sidney-road, Stockwell. Thursday next, at 8, free concert. Friday next, at 8, free healing. Sunday 29th, at 11.15, Mrs. Bell.—J. DALE, 4, Sidney-road, Stockwell, Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E. (NEAR THE GREEN).—The social gathering, held on Tuesday in last week, was a decided success. There was a large attendance and the friends thoroughly enjoyed an excellent programme of songs, &c. The total proceeds went to the piano fund, which now amounts to over £4 and as the number of subscribers is rapidly increasing, we hope soon to extinguish the debt altogether. On Sunday morning a members' class for the study of mediumship was inaugurated, and will be continued every Sunday morning; doors closed at 11.30 prompt. In the evening an address was given by Mr. Long, on "Thought," which was attentively followed by a deeply interested audience. It was claimed that the disembodied thinker had still the power to impress the sensitive with ideas, and in some cases to clothe the ideas with words, and that to attribute Thought-transference to the embodied thinker alone was illogical, and at variance with the results of our investigations. Some recognised clairvoyant descriptions by the undersigned closed our evening service. Sunday evening next, "Theosophy," at 7 o'clock.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

THE IDEA.

Beneath this world of stars and flowers
That rolls in visible deity,
I dream another world is ours,
And is the soul of all we see.

It hath no form, it hath no spirit;
It is perchance the Eternal mind;
Beyond the sense that we inherit
I feel it dim and undefined.

How far below the depth of being,
How wide beyond the starry bound;
It rolls unconscious and unseeing,
And is as Number or as Sound.

And through the vast fantastic visions
Of all this actual universe,
It moves unswayed by our decisions,
And is the play that we rehearse.

MARY F. ROBINSON.