

# Light:

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

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

No. 581.—VOL. XII. [Registered as a Newspaper.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1892. [Registered as a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

## CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way .....	97	Coincidences .....	105
Spirit Identity. Part I. ....	100	A Home Seance .....	105
Our German Exchanges .....	101	Thought-Reading .....	106
It is all the Devil .....	102	Dr. Ernest Hart and Hypnotism ..	106
Records of Private Seances .....	103	Vision of the Opened Door .....	106
Injury to the Anterior Lobe and its Mental Consequences .....	104	Mr. Stead's Ghost Stories .....	106
		Experiments in a Private Circle ..	107

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by the Editor.

Among the best known names in Spiritualism, whether in America, his own country, or here, is that of Epes Sargent, author of "Planchette, or the Despair of Science" and "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism." Mr. Sargent was a voluminous contributor to the Spiritualist Press, and



EPES SARGENT.

enjoyed a considerable reputation as a writer. He was for many years a regular correspondent of mine, and some reminiscences of my friend will be found in the "Psychological Review." The portrait reproduced herewith is one that he sent me many years ago. It shows characteristically the alert mind and active personality of the man to whom Spiritualism owes a large debt.

A correspondent, whose letter appears in another column, gives some interesting details of phenomena in a private circle, when phosphorescent hands and the odour of phosphorus were observed. These phenomena she had been unable to parallel from the experiences of others. I have no doubt, speaking from memory, that such phenomena will be mentioned in the course of the records now being

published in "LIGHT." I have seen phosphoric appearances, lights and hands, at the seances of Herne and Williams, as well as at our own seances. I have also frequently smelt a distinct phosphoric odour when these phenomena were observable. I have more than once referred to the phosphorescent hands with which Katie King the elder used to illuminate her face before the "John King lamp" was invented. She used to pass in front of her face and bust, as shown by her over the mid-surface of the table at which we sat, long, thin hands, from the tips of the fingers of which streamed long phosphorescent ribands of light, smoky and fitfully gleaming through the smoke with a dullish phosphoric light. Through this we could see the features imperfectly lit up. From time to time the hands disappeared, "to get more power," and then the illumination was renewed. The smoky strips of phosphorescent appearance gave off a distinct odour of phosphorus, more or less offensive, according as the conditions were good or bad. I remember the occasion when Katie gleefully announced that there would be no further need for this expedient, as they had now got something better. This turned out to be the well-known "John King lamp." In form and size it was like a large cake of soap enveloped in some gauzy drapery. It was hard to the touch, quite cool to the hand—I have had it in my hand repeatedly—and shone, when I first saw it, with a bluish phosphorescent light. It also vanished after a brief interval to be renewed by the mysterious "power" which the manifesting spirits got from the medium or circle or both. I made special observations respecting the length of time that this lamp would shine without disappearing from sight, and found that it was about the same as a bottle of phosphorised oil would give light without renewal from the outer air by the removal of the stopper, *i.e.*, at this time to which I refer, only two or three minutes at most, perhaps not so much. I have reason to believe that the John King lamp afterwards lasted longer, but I have no personal knowledge as to that.

We had the same kind of light in our private circle. It presented a similar appearance, but a different shape, that of a solid self-luminous cylinder. It was solid, for it would rap on the table by request. It shone with a pale phosphoric light, not unlike that given by phosphorised oil, but yellower and more mellow. It was not usually encircled by drapery, and it possessed this distinguishing peculiarity, that it remained in view, undimmed and unrenewed, for a great length of time, on some occasions for forty minutes, and even for the whole time (except for a short space at the beginning) during which our seance lasted. This would be about an hour. I was led to notice this point by a desire to mark the difference in colour and persistence without renewal between this abnormal light and that given off by a bottle of phosphorised oil. To this end I asked the assistance of the manifesting intelligence, and, in answer to my request, the light or lamp was placed near my arm which rested on the table, and it remained there in full view of all present till we broke up. At other times



it would be removed from that position on the table and be carried round the room, rapping audibly on the ceiling, curtain-poles, and walls. From this lamp none of us ever detected any odour. Very different in appearance and size were other lights which we had frequent opportunity of observing. They were large, eighteen inches up to thirty and even more, as I should judge, in height; of various shapes, but generally like an oval or circular Chinese lantern. They presented the appearance of an outer covering, like tissue paper or filmy gauze, inflated with a phosphorescent vapour. They were generally formed under the table at which we were sitting. For the purpose of providing a dark chamber, in which, we were told, the operation was most easily carried on, we covered the table with a cloth that reached to the floor. Through the opening of this draped cloth we could see the light shining before it was brought out. It then sailed about the room, and remained visible for a varying length of time; but not usually for more than two or three minutes, so far as I remember.

On one occasion Dr. S. and I were sitting alone. One of these large lights, the size of the globe of a moderator lamp, was just sailing out from under the table when it burst or broke by some accident. I have not my notes at hand for reference, but details will come in the proper place as my records are printed. The point to which I wish to draw attention is this. As the oval shape of the light collapsed, we both saw great rolling phosphorescent clouds surging up from under the table. These rapidly filled the room with vapour smelling very strongly of phosphorus. Dr. S. kept his place at the table, but I was fairly frightened. I felt as if I was being suffocated, and jumped up and made for the door. As I turned the handle my hand left on it a bright phosphorescent appearance. I rushed to the front door, and gasped for air. I seemed to taste the phosphorus in my mouth, and it choked me. I drank in the air, and my breath, as I exhaled it, seemed phosphorescent. The handles of the outer and inner doors that I had touched were covered with phosphorescent vapour, which rolled over their surface, and remained visible for a considerable time after I had shut the doors and had returned to the seance-room. It was one of the most startling occurrences I ever witnessed. My own sensations of being drenched with phosphorus, my very breath being impregnated with it, and appearing phosphorescent in the night air, my hands streaming with it, and leaving phosphorescent marks on all that they touched—all these things remain vividly in my mind.

Some correspondents have drawn my attention to the following paragraph, clipped from the "Review of Reviews," and ask my opinion of it:—

#### WHAT IS CLAIRVOYANCE?

"Lucifer" is publishing one of Madame Blavatsky's *Midnight Stories*, "The Bewitched Life," in the course of which she incidentally explains the Theosophical theory of clairvoyance. This power, which is with most clairvoyants intermittent and spontaneous, can be exercised at will only by the help of evil spirits who are apt to prove savage taskmasters. In the story of "The Bewitched Life" the hero refuses to submit to the act of purification necessary to seal his soul against the evil spirits who had aided him in seeing in Japan what was going on in Germany. The initiate who implored him to be purified thus addresses him and explains the consequence of his refusal:—

Know that the developments of "long vision" (clairvoyance)—which is accomplished at will only by those for whom the Mother of Mercy, the great Kwan-On, has no secrets—must, in the case of the beginners, be pursued with help of the air Dzens (elemental spirits), whose nature is soulless, and hence wicked. Know also that while the Aribat, "the destroyer of the enemy," who has subjected and made of these creatures his servants, has nothing to fear, he who has no power over them becomes their slave. Nay, laugh not, in your great pride and ignorance, but listen further. During the time of the vision and while the inner perceptions are directed toward the events they seek, the Daij-Dzin has the seer—when, like yours-elf, he is an inexperienced

tyro—entirely in its power; and for the time being that seer is no longer himself. He partakes of the nature of his "guide." The Daij-Dzin, which directs his inner sight, keeps his soul in durance vile, making of him, while the state lasts, a creature like itself. Bereft of his divine light, man is but a soulless being; hence, during the time of such connection, he will feel no human emotions, neither pity nor fear, love nor mercy.

My answer is the same as I gave to Madame Blavatsky herself, in the course of a conversation, when this, among other subjects, was touched upon. There is nothing in my experience, nor within my knowledge, that confirms the statements made. They may, of course, be true for all that, for no one knows better than I do that my knowledge is limited. But Mr. Stead's rider, that "this power can be exercised at will only by the help of evil spirits," I have every reason to know to be false. I do not know anything of the "Mother of Mercy, the great Kwan-On," nor of the "air Dzens," whoever they may be. Nor have I any evidence at all that the "Daij-Dzin, which directs his [the clairvoyant's] inner sight, keeps his soul in durance vile." Such allegations, to be of any value, need to be supported by something stronger than assertion. And I have personally found that Madame Blavatsky's assertions were apt to be very sweeping at first, and underwent considerable modification when I challenged them. An instance in point is her frequent allegations as to the evil spirits who infested mediums, and by whose aid the phenomena of Spiritualism were produced. When I put forward my own experience she did me the honour to say that I was a great exception, and that my experience

—the experiences of "a Theosophist *malgré lui* (as she called me)"—must not be cited. Well, they exist, they are real, and I believe them to be true. That is more than I can say for the Mother of Mercy and the Daij-Dzens who, for aught I know, are myths.

Some correspondents—a letter from one such appears in another column—complain of Mr. Stead's *carelessness* as to meddling with Spiritualism. But these complaints seem to me a little unreasonable. Mr. Stead states only what he knows, and seeing that he has only lately made personal acquaintance with the complex subject of Spiritualism, his opinion, as I am sure he would admit, can be valuable only so far as his limited experience takes him. In the nature of things there must be much, very much indeed, that has not come



under his notice. He has done us a considerable service by collecting and publishing a large number of authentic ghost stories. Each of these numbers of the "Review of Reviews" will reach a vast audience that we have no means of coming at. Each of his records, it is no disparagement to say, has a value of its own which no hasty generalisation of his can equal. For myself, I am thankful for the help he has given us, and I am not disposed to be more terrified by his warnings than I am by Madame Blavatsky's Daij-Dzins. That the dangers to which he points a warning finger are real I am as thoroughly convinced as I am that he exaggerates their importance, while he ignores altogether the blessings which the Spiritualist, perhaps, too exclusively contemplates. It seems to me to be by no means an unmixed evil that someone should preach to us the need for care, caution, discretion, and moderation both in our practical investigations and in the conclusions that we draw from them. If Mr. Stead has used what he describes (wrongly) as an unholy and dangerous thing, and has drawn from his slight investigations conclusions not warranted by the larger experience of others, he errs in the company of many who, if they will reject his advice, may perhaps be influenced by his example.

"David Grieve" is undoubtedly a remarkable book. There are some *obiter dicta* of Mrs. Humphry Ward's on which I should like to say my say. But the insane fashion of publishing such a book at a guinea and a-half is in the way. I can't buy it—even a novel by Mrs. Ward is not worth that. I can't get it from Mudie's and keep it till my busy life has a day's leisure, for there is a run on it, and I have mercy on my fellows who want to read it. Why will not some writer, who is sure of an audience, break through this stupid rule, made in the interest of circulating libraries, and let us have a book that we want at a price that readers can afford to pay? I should like to put "David Grieve" on my shelves, but I can't afford to be so heavily fined for that privilege. There must be many of my way of thinking: readers to whom it is no satisfaction to gallop through a book procured from Mudie's which they want to assimilate at their leisure. I should like, for example, to say something about the gospel according to Dyson, as set forth by Mrs. Ward, but I have not the book at hand to quote from. There is a passage from one of that preacher's sermons on a sinner's death-bed which is a masterpiece of the blood and thunder theological scene-painting that finds a vogue among some sects. The colours are lurid; they are laid on with a trowel, and there are no half-lights. The preacher has worked the picture up in his lonely rambles over the moor, and has added touch after touch till the gruesome horrors of his imaginative panorama are calculated to frighten a nervous hearer more than recent newspaper accounts of the influenza. Mrs. Humphry Ward, I hope, has no sympathy with this red-hot gospel of damnation and death-bed terror. She is too good an artist to hint so much; but the thing should not have seen the light. It is not true, it is inconceivably brutal, it is horribly calculated to work on a weak mind and produce grave mischief. As a matter of fact, sinners, even the worst of us, do not fancy such horrors on their death-beds or anywhere else unless they are suggested to a failing mind and shattered nerves by some such ghastly narratives as this of Mrs. Ward's. Death is not a painful process, nor does the dying man, unless he is dominated by the worse than hypnotic suggestion of some malign theological torturer, paint for himself any such gaudy flame-coloured daub of the future. When Death the Revealer raises the curtain it is not on any such sight that the purged eye will rest. Even in anticipation there is no such horrible imagining. To paint it may startle, but it will also revolt; and though the art be good, it is open

to question whether such methods can be sanctioned by right reason.

"Mrs. Ward," I read, "is a woman of emphatically 'sane' views on most questions of the day, with the possible exception of Biblical criticism. The bent of her nature is towards comprehension rather than sympathy, and though *savoir c'est pardonner* may be true, yet to be forgiving and appreciative is not the same as to be enthusiastic. In all this, close students of Mr. Matthew Arnold will recognise one who has fallen very deeply under his influences, and who has sworn allegiance to his cult of 'culture'—a word which in many cases might be replaced by 'receptivity.' That deep sense of responsibility in the use of the intellect—that burning desire to 'feel deep, think clear, bear fruit well'—that perpetual anxiety lest some side has been left unheard, lest some case has been overstated, or some personal bias taken the place of clear vision—all these traits of the great Matthew are to be found in his niece."

It may be so; I am glad to think that it is so. But in the highly-painted passage on which I have been commenting she certainly does not show those traces of "responsibility in the use of the intellect" or of the imagination which the critic claims for her. There have been some pictures exposed to the public gaze in London which are enough to frighten a nervous woman, and which should never even have been painted. I am thinking just now of the "Moorish Execution," with its headless corpse on the stairs, the head with its staring eyes rolling towards the spectator, and the grim executioner standing by it with reeking sword in hand. There are some grim imaginings which should never be printed, unless it be with the avowed and clearly stated object of putting a brand on them. And this death-bed scene is one of them.

#### PROFESSOR ELLIOTT COUES.

The many friends of Professor Coues who were so deeply concerned for his health some months ago, will be delighted to learn that he is rapidly recovering his normal vigour. After two months' stay in California he is now at Prescott, Arizona, and writes that he finds it the best place he has found for a health-seeker—at least, for him. The Prescott "Morning Courier" of January 4th, speaks of the learned visitor thus:—

Dr. Elliott Coues, whose arrival with his estimable wife was previously announced in these columns, is being visited by quite a number of Hassayampa friends and comrades with whom he fought Apaches and to whom he lent professional aid in those ancient times which tried men's souls. Like most of the Hassayampers, the doctor is as active and vivacious as most men twenty or thirty years younger.

While in California Dr. Coues made some experiments in psychics which were attended with remarkably successful results. The record of some of these experiences will appear soon in the "Religio-Philosophical Journal."

#### A BALHAM NEWSVENDOR, FIN DE SIECLE.

We have received the following, which we have no reason to believe other than genuine, as it came to us from Mrs. Rudd. Mr. Southon is welcome to our gratuitous advertisement of his methods of business. The papers ordered were "LIGHT" and the "Christian Life." We have no means of knowing what there was in the periodicals ordered by his customer that caused this Solomon thus to come to judgment. The simplest course is for our readers in that district to order their papers elsewhere and to leave the Balham wiseacre severely alone. "Pianos Easy Terms"! Perhaps he prescribes the tunes to be played upon them. If not, why not? He tunes them, we see, and seems to have mistaken "LIGHT" for one of his pianos.

#### MEMORANDUM.

FROM  
JULIUS A. SOUTHON,  
BALHAM, S.W.

FEB. 6th, 1892.  
TO MRS. RUDD.

Pianos Easy Terms. Pianos Tuned Repaired, or Exchanged,

DEAR MADAM,—I have sent the papers for this week that you kindly ordered, but please not to expect them in future, as I much regret they are not of a class I feel it right to supply, but I thank you for the favour of your custom.—Yours truly,

J. A. SOUTHON.



## SPIRIT IDENTITY.

THE CASE OF DR. LIVINGSTONE AND THE REV. R. MOFFAT  
(AFRICAN MISSIONARY).

BY "EDINA."

## PART I.

Like the case of Charles Dickens, the one with which, with your kind permission, I now proceed to deal raises difficult and complex problems, but as in my judgment it received very scanty justice from the delegate of the Society for Psychical Research, it is now sent you for publication as another contribution to the great question of Spirit Identity. Mr. Moffat's portion of the case was not dealt with at all by the Society for Psychical Research delegate, for what reason does not appear, as, in my view, it has a distinct bearing on the case, and goes to support the theory that Livingstone had communicated with us.

## I.—THE CASE OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

In April, 1890, very soon after our family medium became a clairvoyant, we went for the Easter holidays to our house in the country. A few nights after we had settled down, while we were sitting at supper the medium stated that there was an elderly gentleman in the room wearing a kind of uniform coat with brass buttons on it, who said he was "Dr. Livingstone, the African traveller." At this early period of our daughter's mediumship we were disposed to take a very guarded view of a statement of this kind, especially as, till that night, she had only been able to see a few of our relatives who had passed over, and "outsiders" had not yet appeared on the scene. The figure, she stated, only stayed for a few seconds and then disappeared.

Two days after this, my wife was sitting at the table alone for messages. Communication was opened up by tilts in the usual manner. The intelligence controlling the table gave his name as Dr. Livingstone. Questions were put as to identity, and most satisfactorily answered, so much so, that we began to think the communicator had some claims on our credence. There the matter rested till our return to town in May, 1890. As I have already stated, by reason of her infirmity our daughter takes no interest in literature of a "heavy kind," or the life and work of great men, and, though it may seem almost incredible, I state it as a fact that she did not know there was a statue of Livingstone in Prince's-street Gardens, near the Scott Monument. On our return to town I took her to the statue, and she at once stated that it was extremely like the face of the person she had seen in our country home on the evening before referred to. This identification goes for very little, however, as the name of Dr. Livingstone was on the statue, and I only use it as one link in the chain of events. A few days after our return to town, when we were sitting chatting together in the dining-room, not expecting any ghostly visitors, our daughter suddenly informed us that Dr. Livingstone was here again, pointing to the place where he stood. I said, "If you are Dr. Livingstone, have you anything to say to us?" There was little that was satisfactory in the reply as spoken by the visitor to the medium. He first of all complained that his statue was far too near the Scott Monument, which dwarfed it and made it insignificant (which is the fact); secondly, he spoke of Stanley's visit to Edinburgh and of a handsome cane which had been presented to him. We knew of this event, but as we had all forgotten the name and address of the donor, we asked if he could enlighten us on this point, which he immediately did. On examining the file of the "Scotsman" next day I found the statement to be absolutely correct. I now put this test question, as the fact was known to myself alone. "Tell us the name and address of your daughter." The reply came at once though the medium, "Mrs. Bruce, Regent-terrace." This was quite correct, and I am satisfied no one in the room was aware of this fact but myself. Still, this was not enough to prove identity, and as unfortunately I had no Life of Dr. Livingstone in the house, we had to let the communicator go without putting any more crucial questions to him, and very soon thereafter the medium stated he had disappeared.

Shortly after this occurrence the medium wrote automatically the following message:—

"George Livingstone, African traveller. You saw me at your country house at the Easter holidays. Your mother

did not believe at first till I spoke to her at table, answered her questions."

Now in our judgment the whole value of this message was destroyed by the communicator writing his name "George" instead of "David," and consequently the writing was laid aside as worthless. We have learned a good deal since then, and now trust more to internal evidence than to correctness in names, as we have often found an error in a Christian name does not destroy the evidential value of a message.

On July 30th, 1890, the message which recently appeared in "LIGHT" as a part of the report of the delegate of the Society for Psychical Research, was automatically written. I shall not reproduce it, but send the original M.S. for your inspection. I merely quote the first two lines for a purpose. It begins thus: "David Livingstone, African traveller. I wrote you a few days ago and your pen went off the wrong line of another spirit." This I take to be an attempt to explain that another spirit had used the pen and written "George" instead of "David" in the former message. As we are totally in ignorance of the spiritual agencies at work in the production of these messages, who can tell how many "personages" are engaged in the office? All that we can deduce, however, from the two lines above quoted is that it is an attempt on the part of the communicator to explain that a former message was not satisfactory by reason of the action of another, and, it may be, of a counteracting spiritual intelligence.

Looking at this message as a whole, one must candidly admit that it is a rambling and somewhat puerile one, incoherent, and unfinished in parts and sentences, not such as we would expect to emanate from a "high spirit" like Dr. Livingstone. But, as I have already pointed out in discussing the Dickens messages, the communicator was not writing a document for the perusal of the readers of "LIGHT," or the cold and critical dissection of a delegate of the Society for Psychical Research, but simply for the benefit of a deaf person of limited mental capacity, and possessing a very simple and transparent character. Viewed from this standpoint, and in the light of the subsequent appearance on the scene of the Rev. Robert Moffat, the message condemned as unauthentic by the delegate of the Society for Psychical Research is conceived by me to be an "adminicle" or link in the chain of evidence of spirit identity. *Per se*, it could never convince any judicial mind that it was produced by Dr. Livingstone, but in the light of other incidents it assists us towards solving the question of identity.

Going on to dissect the details of the message, I note (1) —The communicator says he was born in Lanark, but buried in London. I knew that Dr. Livingstone was born in Blantyre, county of Lanark; but I am certain the knowledge was confined to me alone. As to his burial, as has been formerly stated, my daughter when eight years of age, and on a visit to London with us, saw his grave in Westminster Abbey; but at that early period of her life she would know or care little about such an event, and her memory does not usually extend so far back. (2) The allusion in the message to Stanley having put a wreath on his (Livingstone's) stone in Westminster is, I am informed, not correct, although a specific statement to the effect that Mrs. Stanley had done so on the marriage day appeared in the "Scotsman." Mr. Myers recently informed me that from "personal knowledge" he was aware no such incident had occurred. (3) There is an apparently unintelligible reference in the message to a thistle and a prayer-book. The medium informs me that it has some bearing on identity, as the communicator on his second appearance to her had a prayer-book in one hand and a Scottish thistle in the other. As written, however, the passage appears to us to be unfinished, and certainly detracts from the evidential value of the message. As regards the handwriting I cannot speak, never having seen any of Dr. Livingstone's calligraphy except that reproduced in his last journals, which would not give one a fair idea of his handwriting when in ordinary health. I may mention, however, that the signature "David Livingstone" was one of the forty odd names or subscriptions reproduced by the medium at one sitting in the country, while I had the original signatures and automatic messages lying under lock and key in Edinburgh (see "LIGHT," June 27th, 1891), and on examining the one last written in the country I find it is almost a facsimile of the one of July 30th, 1890.



You now have all the facts connected with Dr. Livingstone's appearances and messages in the year 1890, which have been stated as carefully and judiciously as possible. You may also take it as a fact that of Dr. Livingstone's life history the medium knew little or nothing, and I may here say his biography was never in my house, while his last journals were read by me alone many years ago, when the medium was quite young, so that knowledge of the great traveller acquired out of books on her part may be said to be *nil*.

As regards the Rev. Robert Moffat, the father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, with whose appearance on the scene I will proceed to deal, we have only to note that the medium never heard of his existence until the circumstances occurred which will be related in the next article.

### OUR GERMAN EXCHANGES.

Alfred Ohagen sends to the "*Neue Spiritualistische Blätter*" an account of two experiences of a friend of his, H., a materialist, fully persuaded that death was the end of all things. This belief was a little shaken by intercourse with the narrator, and soon after H.'s brother-in-law died, of whom he had been fond, and who shared his materialistic views. H. was sitting beside the bed on which his brother-in-law was laid, a few hours after death, at two o'clock in the night. The door was half open. Near it a candle was burning, the sole light in the room. He laid his hand on the cold brow of the dead man, and said, half aloud, his face turned towards him, "Albert, can you not tell me whether there is an after-life or not?"

Scarcely had he spoken these words when the half-open door shut suddenly with a bang, and the light went out. H. got up quietly, lit the candle again, fetched a piece of chalk out of the adjoining shop, tried whether the open door showed any inclination to shut of itself from any point, which was *not* the case, held the light high up, low down, and in the middle of the opening, and convinced himself that there was not the slightest draught; the windows were shut, as were also all other doors opening into the passage outside. He next put the door back as it had been at first, and made a long chalk line on the floor to mark its position. He waited; the door did not move. Then he repeated his challenge: "If this was really a sign from you, Albert, shut the door again!" He remained, however, standing by the door, with the candle in his hand, so as not to make the boards shake with his footsteps. The door slammed to just as it did the first time.

H. then went to his sister-in-law, who was resting on a sofa in the next room, and who, somewhat startled, asked him why he had twice slammed the door so violently. He in return asked her whether the door ever shut to of itself. She answered, "No; never."

Next morning he again experimented with the door, but without asking for it to be shut; the door stayed open in every position he put it in. That the occurrence in the night was no creation of his fancy was proved by the chalk mark, which the servant rubbed out in his presence.

The second experience was at a funeral, of which H. had to superintend the arrangements in a business capacity.

H. had occasion to confer with one of the mourners before the coffin was closed, and cast a half-glance on the corpse, clothed in white satin, with myrtle wreath and long bridal veil, the face being covered. He noticed that the dress was covered with little pictures of the saints, as the deceased lady was a Catholic. At the cemetery he saw a figure, like in all particulars, close above the foot of the coffin, between it and the priests. At first it did not strike him as anything unusual, but then he became aware of the strangeness of it. He gazed fixedly at it for some seconds, then turned away to banish the impression by another, and rubbed his eyes. Then, thinking he had got rid of the illusion, he again turned his eyes towards the coffin; but no; "as though drawn by a wire" the figure of the dead person hovered in front of her coffin, always at the same height above it. After going away and endeavouring to divert his thoughts by attending to his duties, he returned to the chapel where the coffin had been placed and where the priest was delivering a discourse. Again the dead stood before the coffin, her back turned to him, her face towards the priests. He now noticed that the figure seemed transparent. No one

else seemed aware of the presence. On returning to the grave H. saw it no more. It is noticeable that H. was firmly persuaded that the deceased must have been about twenty-eight years old, whereas in reality she was fifty-one.

The same paper relates an extraordinary case of hysterical catalepsy in Linz. A peasant girl, twenty years old, strong and healthy, falls at certain times in the day, generally between half-past ten and noon, and from seven till after eight in the evening, into a cataleptic sleep, in which state she first distinctly repeats Latin quotations and passages from prayers, and then preaches a sermon in German on the prayer of the Rosary. The doctor of the town has satisfied himself that there is no deception, and that it is a case of hysterical catalepsy, in which the girl is insensible to pain. On awaking, she feels refreshed by the good sleep, and knows nothing of what she has said. She knows no Latin in her normal condition.

The leading place in the next week's number is occupied by a letter from the German Spiritualists in Chicago who have recently organised themselves into an association. They hope to utilise the occasion of the Exhibition, to be held in Chicago in 1893, for the furtherance of our cause.

The prophecy that before the end of the century a chair at the Universities would have to be founded for the investigation of Spiritualistic phenomena seems likely to be fulfilled. Dr. Max Dessoir has been appointed "*Privatdocent*" in the Faculty of Philosophy at the University of Berlin, while he has entered at the same time as a student of medicine, intending to devote himself to the study of experimental psychology. Dr. Dessoir has already written a Bibliography of Hypnotism, and a treatise on "the Double-Ego." "We may hope," says our contemporary, "that his lectures on experimental psychology and kindred subjects may be the cause of these topics being studied from the side, not only of philosophy, but also of the natural sciences, and give rise to the general recognition of the genuineness of Spiritualistic phenomena, so that at last the cry of swindling, cheating, and conjuring must be silenced."

In No. 4 a continuation of a manifestation by writing after death by the father of Margaretha Schilze, who contributes it, is chiefly noteworthy for the mention of a star (or planet) as his "local habitation," to which he returns in the evening from revisiting the earth, and whence he goes "with a teacher, who tells him how to become good, to heaven (Venus-sphere)." This is a little startling to people accustomed to consider heaven as a state and not a place, but the tone of the communication is throughout so good that one is slow to discard it. Ideas of this character belong to the idiosyncrasy of the medium, and are not to be accepted literally.

Warmbrunn, November 25th. Yesterday afternoon at three, Frau G., aged sixty-five, of this place, was buried. She had faithfully nursed her husband, her senior by ten years, through an illness of many years. The body was brought to the family burial place at Hermsdorf a R. In the church the officiating clergyman was interrupted in his discourse, and it was made known to him that knocks had been heard in the coffin. The coffin was carried into the sacristy and opened; but the body was found unchanged. This interruption naturally caused great alarm among the bystanders, and especially the mourners. After the coffin had been replaced the ceremony was proceeded with, but the interment was postponed till a doctor, hastily summoned, had attested the actual death. On their return home the relatives of the deceased found her husband a corpse.

### DONATIONS TO "LIGHT" AND THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

	£	s.	d.
Donations already acknowledged . . . . .	199	0	6
Mr. P. H. Nind . . . . .	2	2	0

"HOW I WAS TAUGHT OF THE SPIRIT," by the late Lady Sandhurst. A few copies of this pamphlet still remain on sale, for which early application should be made. Price, post free, 6½d.—Office of "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C.

THERE is no sort of wrong deed of which a man can bear the punishment alone; you can't isolate yourself, and say that the evil which is in you shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air they breathe. Evil spreads as easily as disease.—GEORGE ELIOT.



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

## Light:

EDITED BY W. STANTON-MOSES.

[ "M. A. (OXON.)" ]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27th, 1892.

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.

### IT IS ALL THE DEVIL.

By "M.A. (OXON.)"

It is borne in upon my mind that there is some need to combat a fear of the Devil and his hosts as existent agents in Spiritualism. The Devil has been at the bottom of every new thing, and there are many reasons why he should be credited with much that is perplexing in the occult phenomena which are sure to have ranged against their study the hosts of theological prejudice. The step from the general intervention of spirits to the deception of evil spirits under the command of the Devil is a very easy one. The Miltonian Devil is so convenient: he explains so much, he has been found such a practicable working figure ever since the Jews brought him back with them from Babylon, that he is sure to be furbished up for each new fray. It is true that there is considerable confusion in the Old Testament about the functions of Satan as Accuser. Sometimes he is not clearly distinguished from God, being, indeed, a sort of god himself, and good being not always clearly distinguishable from evil, but any reader of the oldest book in the Bible will know that Job had his Satan, though, perhaps, he had not his Devil in the full sense of later days. Ormuzd and Ahriman, the Christ and the Devil, the Prince of this world and the God of the world of spirit, the personified chiefs, are as necessary as the impersonal good and evil that they represent.\*

Such a Devil as post-Miltonian theology has framed for itself is practically an omnipotent God of Evil, and is naturally imported by those who believe in him when they sniff what they are pleased to call evil. There is no part to which he is unequal—this merciless, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, unslumbering God of Evil, lord of man's passions, intruding into his most secret soul, astute tempter whose lures are so cunning that man finds them irresistible, and falls into his toils amid much wailing, till he finds, it may be, that, like the writers in the inspired volume, he has sometimes mistaken the Devil for God, and owes him thanks rather than blame.

But this is a vulgar conception of the horns and hoof type, and can influence only a mind steeped in the crudest and rankest theology. A more refined Devil is needed for a more refined age, and the Church provides a less repulsive fiend. A letter of the Rev. Archer Gurney's to the "Spectator" (January 8th, 1873) gives us the conception of the cultured Churchman. He had been talking with Lord Lytton, who may be admitted to have known a good deal of the magical and occult side of what is presented in another aspect by Spiritualism. He had satisfied himself that there was "something in it: but nothing to benefit mankind." He was perplexed by the "puerile nonsense" talked by self-styled Shaksperes, Miltons, and their kind. Angels of light would not, he thought, "tell

so many lies." They had none of "the lingering majesty of a fallen angel"; they were elves and kobolds rather than demons. Mr. Gurney suggested that "absence from light for ages may have a tendency to obfuscate. Man not an intellect be narrowed which is allied to a moral being devoid of sympathy and probably blind to goodness and beauty?" This is the contention which Mr. Gurney amplifies in his letter. He sees that spirits oppose *creeds* that man has fabricated as exponents of his gradually developed conceptions of spiritual truth, and he, on his part, opposes Sacramentalism to Spiritualism. He will have the Church's law and order as against the liberty of spirit: Sacerdotalism, with its elaborate machinery in which a Devil plays so large a part, is to stand up against the demoniacal agency which it has not originated, but which inconveniently obtrudes itself, as he thinks, for a purpose that he seems to recognise. The purpose? "Why not as a rebuke to crass materialism, constraining it to recognise the existence of imponderable, but most real forces?" Well: I suppose all forces are imponderable: and it is a new view to me that the Devil may so act as to make us "recognise" the force, say, of gravitation or magnetic attraction and repulsion. But let this pass. A *deus ex machina* is sure to creak somewhere, and Mr. Gurney's puppet seems to want oiling.

Lord Lytton and he might have remembered, before they imported their fallen angels to play the parts of personating spirits, that "there is a good deal of human nature in this world" of ours, and that death is persistently at work recruiting from our ranks the denizens of the spirit-world. There is nothing of the angel, fallen or unsullied, in the communications that come to us. A very little study might suggest so much to a careful observer, and prolonged study will only confirm the conviction. These beings who speak to us from over the border are above all things human. They say nothing, they do nothing, which human beings might not say and do: and, what is more, they act and speak exactly as men and women would. Even when presumably off their guard they never betray an alien nature. They never present us with a study of personality which clashes with our knowledge of our own kind, so that we are forced to the conviction that whatever they may be, to whatever of the myriad types of life unknown to us they may belong, at least they are not human. Clear above all else their humanity stands out. They may lie—so do men! They may play tricks and posture in borrowed robes—so do we! They may contradict some dogmas that some men hold as matters of faith—alas! the dogmas of the faith are in themselves contradictory! They need not be devils to do so much as this. They may utter the sublimest truths that are the common property of all earth's religions: they may support the wavering, they may console the mourner in his darkest hour, they may reveal to us a glimpse of Heaven: they do: but they need not be angels for that. There have been saintly lives on earth, known and revered by all men: and it has been the sympathy that is most truly human that has brought man nearest to his God: as it was the wail of human woe that first hymned the liturgies of the Church.

Neither angels nor devils, but human beings like unto ourselves. Not to be worshipped—"for I am thy fellow-servant. . . . Worship God," said the angel to John the Divine—not even to be implicitly obeyed—the higher spirits never seek for that homage—not to be feared and repelled—for that seems to be to those who come to us with love and tenderness in their human hearts the "most unkindest cut of all"—but just beings like ourselves. So they say to us with one accord: so they act even when least dignified: so we see them when the inner senses are opened, or when they once more assume the garb of flesh and are visible to our eyes. Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace

\* For a more complete discussion of these and like points the reader is referred to my "Higher Aspects of Spiritualism."



(if I mistake not) has pointed this out. The so-called "materialised spirit" is a human being and nothing else. I never saw a monster of an unknown type: no devil with horns and hoofs: no angel with wings and sexless form: but I have seen and touched and handled men organised like myself: in no way, so far as my minute search could discover, different from those who on this earth now wear a body of flesh.

In all this I find no Devil, but I find an absolute contradiction of the devil-theory. I see no more reason for importing his Satanic majesty into the seance-room than I do for postulating the presence of elemental spirits or elementaries to account for what I see, or than I do for crediting all I witness to latent powers of my own soul. I do not deny the existence of spirit of all grades, non-incarnated and incarnate, too, of those higher and lower than man, as well as of those that this life has made what they now are when they re-visit us. I am not concerned to speculate on the influence for good that planetary spirits may exercise, for I have no grounds to go upon. I am not at all concerned to deny the influence that may be and is exercised on us by undeveloped or unprogressed spirits. I believe that influence to be very real and terrible. If what is told to me is true, the action of these obsessing spirits is very actual and deadly. But so are the temptations of those low spirits that are in the body: so is the power for evil that a malign will may exercise over a vacillating and feeble trifier. It is all very human, as I believe it to be very real, and, though the weapons of my warfare against such are spiritual, they are the same as I employ whether the assaulting spirit be or be not embodied. It is against the importing of a Mediæval Arch-fiend that I contend. For by so doing we shall miss our way: we shall spend our force on the air: we shall neglect a foe by our side while we gape in terror at a bogie of our own creation. Let us come down from this Devil in the air to the facts that surround us. We shall find much to welcome as well as much to shun.

For, though I have not found a devil or *the* Devil in my Spiritualistic researches, I have found plenty of spirits on a low plane of development. I have made acquaintance with some of these when they have first come to this earth, I mean as *révenants*. I have watched their growth and have failed to detect, even amidst their horse play and buffoonery and uncultured gambols, any signs of the devil. They have seemed to me to be conscious of their defects and to seek for human sympathy and help in the upward struggle. Few things have been to me more touching than this almost dumb desire for betterment. I have personal experience of a large number of earth-bound spirits who crowd to a helpful source, seeking for prayer—hardly a characteristic of devils. I have made the personal acquaintance of those spirits who come nearest to what I suppose may be called devils—the obsessing spirits. They are not desirable company, their power is malignant and often very terrible. But they are usually animated by some lust or desire or animosity that has partially survived the death of the body. They are no worse than some of the products of our civilisation that may be found in the courts and alleys of our great cities. Are they as bad as the gin-sodden brute who kicks his wife to death and leaves his children to starvation? Are they as bad as the aged ghoul who gratifies the filthy remnants of his long stimulated lusts by preying on the bodies of helpless children whose parents sell them for his gold? Are they even as bad as that suave, unctuous, and most pious fiend the Inquisitor General? These be devils, if you please. I have met with none like them in my experience of Spiritualism.

## RECORDS OF PRIVATE SEANCES FROM NOTES TAKEN AT THE TIME OF EACH SITTING.

### No. V.

#### FROM THE RECORDS OF S.M.

September 2nd. The usual manifestations continue. In my notes I write, "I cease to record minutely what is of daily occurrence, however marvellous each individual case may be. The passage of solid objects through other solid bodies is now with us a usual occurrence. This will, perhaps, convey more forcibly than a laboured description a notion of the rapid development of the manifestations." During this seance I was twice lifted in my chair and thrown on to and across the table, and twice levitated. I again quote from records of mine made immediately after the seance. "On the first occasion I was sitting in my usual place at the table, when I was thrown right across the top of it, not violently, but at full length with my head across Dr. S.'s hands and my feet towards the north. After a time I got up and resumed my seat. I was not conscious of any touch, nor was the chair withdrawn from the table before I was thrown forward. On the second occasion I was thrown from my chair on to the sofa (see plan, p. 91), or rather to a position in which I leaned on the sofa and knelt on the floor. While in this position I felt the chair touching my back. It was removed and left by my side. On the third occasion I was placed on the table standing in an upright position. In this case my chair was drawn back from the table, and I felt myself raised straight up from the floor until I reached (I suppose) the level of the top of the table. I was then impelled forward until I reached the middle of the table where I was placed standing. I was not aware of any external pressure; my consciousness was perfect throughout. I was also levitated until I must nearly have touched the ceiling, for my hand and forearm rested on the old-fashioned heavy frame of a picture distant about eighteen inches from the ceiling. I was extended horizontally, and Mrs. S. touched my feet, which were on a level with her face as she sat at the table. I was lowered gently to the floor, after having been what seemed a couple of minutes—but may have been less or more—in this position. On another occasion during this seance I was thrown on my knees from the chair in which I was sitting. My arms rested on the table, and the chair touched my back, pressed upon it, and seemed to beat time to a sort of tune. I was perfectly conscious throughout."

September 3rd. Another similar case of levitation. Dr. S. heard loud raps on the outside framework of the window in the adjoining room where I had been sitting before the seance. On going into the room he found his son at the window, remarking that somebody wanted to come in. He described the knocks as very loud.

September 4th. Gentle taps on my chair. As Dr. S. could not hear them, I requested that they should be made on the table, which was done. Alphabet was asked for by the usual signal (five raps) and message given, "Dieu vous garde." We were astonished at a French message being given, as we have not been in the habit of speaking or thinking in that language, though Dr. S. speaks it fluently. We inquired, and were told that the message was from a little child-sister of Dr. S.'s who passed away at Tours before Dr. S. was born, *i.e.*, some fifty years ago, at the age of seven months. I was completely ignorant of her existence. Further message, "Je suis heureuse, très heureuse." Some interruption here occurred, and finally the seance was closed by a message given with quite different raps, "Benedictus benedicat," the old college grace before meat: also, I believe, an old monastic grace and a form of general benediction. We still persisted, though this seemed to close the seance, in trying to get the name of the spirit who had communicated in

M. LEYMARIE announces the marriage of his daughter, Mademoiselle Jeanne Leymarie, with M. Louis Gacon, Sous-Lieutenant of Marines. Our good wishes.



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

## Light:

EDITED BY W. STANTON-MOSES.

[ "M. A. (OXON.)" ]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27th, 1892.

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.

### IT IS ALL THE DEVIL.

By "M. A. (OXON.)"

It is borne in upon my mind that there is some need to combat a fear of the Devil and his hosts as existent agents in Spiritualism. The Devil has been at the bottom of every new thing, and there are many reasons why he should be credited with much that is perplexing in the occult phenomena which are sure to have ranged against their study the hosts of theological prejudice. The step from the general intervention of spirits to the deception of evil spirits under the command of the Devil is a very easy one. The Miltonian Devil is so convenient: he explains so much, he has been found such a practicable working figure ever since the Jews brought him back with them from Babylon, that he is sure to be furbished up for each new fray. It is true that there is considerable confusion in the Old Testament about the functions of Satan as Accuser. Sometimes he is not clearly distinguished from God, being, indeed, a sort of god himself, and good being not always clearly distinguishable from evil, but any reader of the oldest book in the Bible will know that Job had his Satan, though, perhaps, he had not his Devil in the full sense of later days. Ormuzd and Ahriman, the Christ and the Devil, the Prince of this world and the God of the world of spirit, the personified chiefs, are as necessary as the impersonal good and evil that they represent.\*

Such a Devil as post-Miltonian theology has framed for itself is practically an omnipotent God of Evil, and is naturally imported by those who believe in him when they sniff what they are pleased to call evil. There is no part to which he is unequal—this merciless, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, unslumbering God of Evil, lord of man's passions, intruding into his most secret soul, astute tempter whose lures are so cunning that man finds them irresistible, and falls into his toils amid much wailing, till he finds, it may be, that, like the writers in the inspired volume, he has sometimes mistaken the Devil for God, and owes him thanks rather than blame.

But this is a vulgar conception of the horns and hoof type, and can influence only a mind steeped in the crudest and rankest theology. A more refined Devil is needed for a more refined age, and the Church provides a less repulsive fiend. A letter of the Rev. Archer Gurney's to the "Spectator" (January 8th, 1873) gives us the conception of the cultured Churchman. He had been talking with Lord Lytton, who may be admitted to have known a good deal of the magical and occult side of what is presented in another aspect by Spiritualism. He had satisfied himself that there was "something in it: but nothing to benefit mankind." He was perplexed by the "puerile nonsense" talked by self-styled Shaksperes, Miltons, and their kind. Angels of light would not, he thought, "tell

so many lies." They had none of "the lingering majesty of a fallen angel"; they were elves and kobolds rather than demons. Mr. Gurney suggested that "absence from light for ages may have a tendency to obfuscate. Must not an intellect be narrowed which is allied to a moral being devoid of sympathy and probably blind to goodness and beauty?" This is the contention which Mr. Gurney amplifies in his letter. He sees that spirits oppose creeds that man has fabricated as exponents of his gradually developed conceptions of spiritual truth, and he, on his part, opposes Sacramentalism to Spiritualism. He will have the Church's law and order as against the liberty of spirit: Sacerdotalism, with its elaborate machinery in which a Devil plays so large a part, is to stand up against the demoniacal agency which it has not originated, but which inconveniently obtrudes itself, as he thinks, for a purpose that he seems to recognise. The purpose? "Why not as a rebuke to crass materialism, constraining it to recognise the existence of imponderable, but most real forces?" Well: I suppose all forces are imponderable: and it is a new view to me that the Devil may so act as to make us "recognise" the force, say, of gravitation or magnetic attraction and repulsion. But let this pass. A *deus ex machina* is sure to creak somewhere, and Mr. Gurney's puppet seems to want oiling.

Lord Lytton and he might have remembered, before they imported their fallen angels to play the parts of personating spirits, that "there is a good deal of human nature in this world" of ours, and that death is persistently at work recruiting from our ranks the denizens of the spirit-world. There is nothing of the angel, fallen or unsullied, in the communications that come to us. A very little study might suggest so much to a careful observer, and prolonged study will only confirm the conviction. These beings who speak to us from over the border are above all things human. They say nothing, they do nothing, which human beings might not say and do: and, what is more, they act and speak exactly as men and women would. Even when presumably off their guard they never betray an alien nature. They never present us with a study of personality which clashes with our knowledge of our own kind, so that we are forced to the conviction that whatever they may be, to whatever of the myriad types of life unknown to us they may belong, at least they are not human. Clear above all else their humanity stands out. They may lie—so do men! They may play tricks and posture in borrowed robes—so do we! They may contradict some dogmas that some men hold as matters of faith—alas! the dogmas of the faith are in themselves contradictory! They need not be devils to do so much as this. They may utter the sublimest truths that are the common property of all earth's religions: they may support the wavering, they may console the mourner in his darkest hour, they may reveal to us a glimpse of Heaven: they do: but they need not be angels for that. There have been saintly lives on earth, known and revered by all men: and it has been the sympathy that is most truly human that has brought man nearest to his God: as it was the wail of human woe that first hymned the liturgies of the Church.

Neither angels nor devils, but human beings like unto ourselves. Not to be worshipped—"for I am thy fellow-servant. . . . Worship God," said the angel to John the Divine—not even to be implicitly obeyed—the higher spirits never seek for that homage—not to be feared and repelled—for that seems to be to those who come to us with love and tenderness in their human hearts the "most unkindest cut of all"—but just beings like ourselves. So they say to us with one accord: so they act even when least dignified: so we see them when the inner senses are opened, or when they once more assume the garb of flesh and are visible to our eyes. Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace

\* For a more complete discussion of these and like points the reader is referred to my "Higher Aspects of Spiritualism."



(if I mistake not) has pointed this out. The so-called "materialised spirit" is a human being and nothing else. I never saw a monster of an unknown type: no devil with horns and hoofs: no angel with wings and sexless form: but I have seen and touched and handled men organised like myself: in no way, so far as my minute search could discover, different from those who on this earth now wear a body of flesh.

In all this I find no Devil, but I find an absolute contradiction of the devil-theory. I see no more reason for importing his Satanic majesty into the seance-room than I do for postulating the presence of elemental spirits or elementaries to account for what I see, or than I do for crediting all I witness to latent powers of my own soul. I do not deny the existence of spirit of all grades, non-incarnated and incarnate, too, of those higher and lower than man, as well as of those that this life has made what they now are when they re-visit us. I am not concerned to speculate on the influence for good that planetary spirits may exercise, for I have no grounds to go upon. I am not at all concerned to deny the influence that may be and is exercised on us by undeveloped or unprogressed spirits. I believe that influence to be very real and terrible. If what is told to me is true, the action of these obsessing spirits is very actual and deadly. But so are the temptations of those low spirits that are in the body: so is the power for evil that a malign will may exercise over a vacillating and feeble trifler. It is all very human, as I believe it to be very real, and, though the weapons of my warfare against such are spiritual, they are the same as I employ whether the assaulting spirit be or be not embodied. It is against the importing of a Mediæval Arch-fiend that I contend. For by so doing we shall miss our way: we shall spend our force on the air: we shall neglect a foe by our side while we gape in terror at a bogie of our own creation. Let us come down from this Devil in the air to the facts that surround us. We shall find much to welcome as well as much to shun.

For, though I have not found a devil or the Devil in my Spiritualistic researches, I have found plenty of spirits on a low plane of development. I have made acquaintance with some of these when they have first come to this earth, I mean as *révenants*. I have watched their growth and have failed to detect, even amidst their horse play and buffoonery and uncultured gambols, any signs of the devil. They have seemed to me to be conscious of their defects and to seek for human sympathy and help in the upward struggle. Few things have been to me more touching than this almost dumb desire for betterment. I have personal experience of a large number of earth-bound spirits who crowd to a helpful source, seeking for prayer—hardly a characteristic of devils. I have made the personal acquaintance of those spirits who come nearest to what I suppose may be called devils—the obsessing spirits. They are not desirable company, their power is malignant and often very terrible. But they are usually animated by some lust or desire or animosity that has partially survived the death of the body. They are no worse than some of the products of our civilisation that may be found in the courts and alleys of our great cities. Are they as bad as the gin-sodden brute who kicks his wife to death and leaves his children to starvation? Are they as bad as the aged ghoulish who gratifies the filthy remnants of his long stimulated lusts by preying on the bodies of helpless children whose parents sell them for his gold? Are they even as bad as that suave, unctuous, and most pious fiend the Inquisitor General? These be devils, if you please. I have met with none like them in my experience of Spiritualism.

M. LEYMARIE announces the marriage of his daughter, Mademoiselle Jeanne Loymarie, with M. Louis Gacon, Sous-Lieutenant of Marines. Our good wishes.

## RECORDS OF PRIVATE SEANCES FROM NOTES TAKEN AT THE TIME OF EACH SITTING.

### No. V.

#### FROM THE RECORDS OF S.M.

September 2nd. The usual manifestations continue. In my notes I write, "I cease to record minutely what is of daily occurrence, however marvellous each individual case may be. The passage of solid objects through other solid bodies is now with us a usual occurrence. This will, perhaps, convey more forcibly than a laboured description a notion of the rapid development of the manifestations." During this seance I was twice lifted in my chair and thrown on to and across the table, and twice levitated. I again quote from records of mine made immediately after the seance. "On the first occasion I was sitting in my usual place at the table, when I was thrown right across the top of it, not violently, but at full length with my head across Dr. S.'s hands and my feet towards the north. After a time I got up and resumed my seat. I was not conscious of any touch, nor was the chair withdrawn from the table before I was thrown forward. On the second occasion I was thrown from my chair on to the sofa (see plan, p. 91), or rather to a position in which I leaned on the sofa and knelt on the floor. While in this position I felt the chair touching my back. It was removed and left by my side. On the third occasion I was placed on the table standing in an upright position. In this case my chair was drawn back from the table, and I felt myself raised straight up from the floor until I reached (I suppose) the level of the top of the table. I was then impelled forward until I reached the middle of the table where I was placed standing. I was not aware of any external pressure; my consciousness was perfect throughout. I was also levitated until I must nearly have touched the ceiling, for my hand and forearm rested on the old-fashioned heavy frame of a picture distant about eighteen inches from the ceiling. I was extended horizontally, and Mrs. S. touched my feet, which were on a level with her face as she sat at the table. I was lowered gently to the floor, after having been what seemed a couple of minutes—but may have been less or more—in this position. On another occasion during this seance I was thrown on my knees from the chair in which I was sitting. My arms rested on the table, and the chair touched my back, pressed upon it, and seemed to beat time to a sort of tune. I was perfectly conscious throughout."

September 3rd. Another similar case of levitation. Dr. S. heard loud raps on the outside framework of the window in the adjoining room where I had been sitting before the seance. On going into the room he found his son at the window, remarking that somebody wanted to come in. He described the knocks as very loud.

September 4th. Gentle taps on my chair. As Dr. S. could not hear them, I requested that they should be made on the table, which was done. Alphabet was asked for by the usual signal (five raps) and message given, "Dieu vous garde." We were astonished at a French message being given, as we have not been in the habit of speaking or thinking in that language, though Dr. S. speaks it fluently. We inquired, and were told that the message was from a little child-sister of Dr. S.'s who passed away at Tours before Dr. S. was born, *i.e.*, some fifty years ago, at the age of seven months. I was completely ignorant of her existence. Further message, "Jésuis heureuse, très heureuse." Some interruption here occurred, and finally the seance was closed by a message given with quite different raps, "Benedictus benedicat," the old college grace before meat: also, I believe, an old monastic grace and a form of general benediction. We still persisted, though this seemed to close the seance, in trying to get the name of the spirit who had communicated in



French. The name was being spelt when Mrs. S. imagined that a rap came at the letter O. She cried out, "That is a mistake; it ought to be P. The name is Pauline" (the name of Dr. S.'s living sister). The rap *was* P., and I do not doubt that the name would have been spelt out correctly if Mrs. S. had not interrupted. It was no use going on then, and the test was lost.

My mind was carried off during this communication to the fact that on two occasions at Herne and Williams's seances a child-spirit had been clairvoyantly seen leaning on my lap. I had told Dr. and Mrs. S., and we all wondered who it might be, as I had lost no relation or friend in childhood. I was now very strongly impelled to ask whether this child-spirit had ever been near me before. A perfect shower of little taps responded. "In London?" "Yes." "At Herne and Williams's?" "Yes; yes; yes," in most jubilant manner. This little spirit had apparently sought means of approach to her brother, and had used me as the bridge: this, mind, without my knowledge, and long before a channel of communication was actually established.

September 13th. Passing over unimportant seances, I note that on this day a pocket compass and small purse were brought to Dr. S. and me as we sat together in the seance-room from the drawing-room upstairs, in which Mrs. S. was then sitting. The articles were on the table, and the room was fully lighted. She heard raps on table, sofa, floor, door, walls, and all parts of the room. Various other articles were brought from other parts of the house, notably a paper-knife (which I use only when travelling) from the inside pocket of my travelling bag, which was closed, and put away under my bed. This is, perhaps, the most complicated case of the import of an object into our seance-room that we have yet had.

September 19th. We darkened the seance-room, leaving the gas burning brightly in the adjoining dining-room, Dr. and Mrs. S. and I at the table. On the floor under the

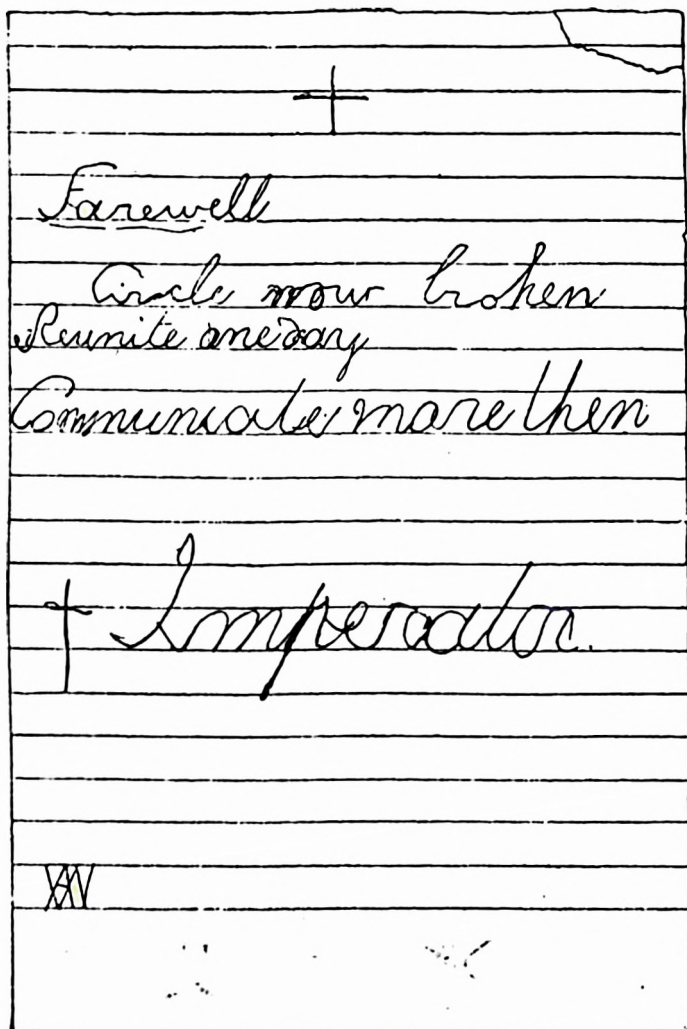
brought in, and a noise rather like sawing wood. When light was called for Mrs. S. stooped and picked up the paper. The upper surface was blank. Her endorsement on the back of the paper afterwards written reads, "I took the paper from under the table with the writing downwards," i.e., on the surface touching the carpet. Dr. S. and I wrote and signed this endorsement. "The above corner was torn off by me (S. M.) before the light was put out, and was given to Dr. S. I (S.M.) afterwards put the two pieces together." They fit exactly, and are secured by a couple of halfpenny stamps, with the initials of Dr. S. and myself upon them.

The message follows the ruled lines exactly. A facsimile is appended, omitting only the initials of a deceased friend. The monogram in the lower left hand corner is that of another deceased friend of mine. It will be noticed that the writing is clearly and laboriously executed *on the ruled lines*. In no case are the lines deserted. I fancy the message is written backwards. Emperor's signature is of his usual decided type, very like what is automatically written by my hand. I suspect that the message was written by two hands. Emperor very rarely wrote before or after. The knowledge of my movements was exact. I left for London the next morning. My month's stay had been one uninterrupted demonstration of spirit presence and power. We sat daily, and never without some remarkable evidence of the presence of those whom we had come to regard as our friends.

### INJURY TO THE ANTERIOR LOBE AND ITS MENTAL CONSEQUENCES.

FROM THE "PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL."

In April, 1889, E. J. McCrary, a farmer living near Waco, had a horse with colic, and thinking to relieve the horse put a boy on the horse's back, while he walked behind with a whip. The horse becoming angry at the blows laid on him, kicked Mr. McCrary in the forehead, crushing in the skull over the faculties of eventuality, individuality, locality. From size and weight Mr. McCrary was a man with a full square forehead, a prominent development of all these faculties named, and the skull was crushed in at the root of the nose to a level with the eyes, the fracture extending upward to the middle of the forehead, showing now an unsightly depression at the seat of the injury. The physician who was called made no effort, as he should have done, to raise the fractured part and relieve the pressure upon the brain, and Mr. McCrary was at times in a semi-unconscious condition for several weeks after the occurrence, but has so far recovered that he can walk about and look after his farm affairs a little, but he does not work, and says he does not take any interest in carrying on the business as formerly. Furthermore, he takes no interest in trying to learn and observe things as before. His memory, too, has suffered considerably, and he says that he does not remember dates, names, or even recognise faces, forms, &c., as readily as before. I asked him if he could measure distances with the eye as before, he said he could not; for instance, he says, "I know my orchard is one hundred and fifty yards from here, yet the distance seems different from what it did; in fact, it seems further away, and I can't locate it as I did." "Now," said I to him, "does that tree in your yard, that awning post or that fence board appear to you as before?" "No," he replied, "form, size, width, height, &c., seem changed to me, and I can't measure things by the eye as I could before." I then asked him if he could shoot a gun. "I don't think I could," was his answer. "I used to be a good shot with the rifle, but don't think I could be now. For instance, a vulture in the air will seem a great way off, when in fact it will be very near or almost directly over me. You see, I can't properly locate it." I then asked him if he was ever good at guessing at the weight and size of cattle, horses and hogs. He said he used to be a good, close guesser, but did not think he would be now. "My children tell me I am more irritable and cross than I used to be, but I don't think I am. I think it is because



Facsimile reduced from original. The paper was blue, with faint blue lines. The corner at the top right hand was torn off for identification of the paper.—ED. OF "LIGHT."

table we put a piece of ruled paper and a pencil. A corner of the paper I tore off and handed it to Dr. S. to identify the sheet of paper if necessary. Various raps, some objects



my hearing is more defective, and, as a consequence, it is more difficult for me to distinguish sounds."

At the time of the accident, Mr. McCrary was sixty years old, a hard-working, practical and successful farmer. He frankly gave me the above history of his case, and I give it to the readers of the "Phrenological Journal" as some evidence of the great truths of Phrenology.

W. E. HALL, M.D.

### COINCIDENCES.

The "Daily News" prints these two coincidences. If it were not that our collection of such stories has impressed us with the extraordinary nature of some of these so-called coincidences, we should reject the first as beyond the pale of credibility. It is incredible as a coincidence: is there not a better explanation?—

More reminiscences of Mr. Spurgeon are sent to us by Mr. Arthur Maw, Severn House, Ironbridge, Salop, who writes: "At the time of his visit to Mentone in the winter of 1886-7, Mr. Spurgeon remarked to me, 'I am like two men, one at perfect peace, the other (from constitutional depression) desiring strangling rather than life.' Upon the remark that such experiences were perhaps needful to his ministry, he smiled, and replied, 'I don't think they are needful to me, but I am sure they are very needful for the sake of others.' The great preacher was a man of very tender sympathies, and some of the incidents of his life, which doubtless (though trifling) lent a support to his faith, savoured of the miraculous. Parting from his invalid wife, on the usual round of visits to members of his congregation, he asked if she could suggest anything which could relieve the monotony of her sufferings. With apologies for what she called the 'childishness' of the idea she replied that she had a fancy for the possession of a piping bullfinch and an opal ring, objects which the worthy minister would not have felt justified in buying. Having concluded a visit to a family who were about to emigrate he was recalled to hear that the lady had a piping bullfinch which she could not take with her, and requested permission to present it to Mrs. Spurgeon. On his return home a member of the congregation called to submit a question of conscience to his minister. He had picked up an opal ring, which, failing the discovery of an owner by the police, had been returned to him. Was he justified in possessing it? On receiving the obvious assurance on the subject he begged to present it to Mrs. Spurgeon."

It is a singular coincidence that the sermon by Mr. Spurgeon printed in advance in the last "Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit" series is a discourse on the passage in James iv. 13-17, which includes the words: "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." In this sermon on the uncertainty of life Mr. Spurgeon's readers are counselled to "finish up" their work so that nothing shall be left undone at the close of life. As far as Mr. Spurgeon's own work is concerned, this counsel appears to be even bettered by his example. His publishers announce that the weekly sermon and "The Sword and the Trowel" will be continued as usual, as they have on hand a large quantity of manuscripts and sermons hitherto unpublished; and as far as the sermons are concerned this is apparent from the fact that this printed discourse, so far from being the last of the preacher's sermons, brings us no nearer the end of his preaching than October 16th, 1890. It was a Thursday evening discourse delivered in the Tabernacle on that date in reference to the illness of Mr. William Olney, then senior deacon of his church, who was at that time on his death-bed. The sermon was being printed in the ordinary course: and two announcements, one referring to Mr. Spurgeon's serious illness and the other to his death, have been obviously inserted on the last page just as the publishers were about to go to press.

We are all more or less affected by the mental atmosphere in which we live; none of us can get wholly outside the spiritual air that environs us, and see things from different points of view.—MARIA EDGEWORTH.

UNDER every protracted ill living creatures will find something that makes a comparative ease, and even when life seems woven of pain, will convert the fainter pang into a desire.—GEORGE ELIOT.

### A HOME SEANCE.

FROM "THE BETTER WAY."

The subjoined account of phenomena witnessed at the house of Mr. C. C. Stowell, of "The Better Way," at the close of last year, we reproduce chiefly on account of the directness of the evidence given by observers of unimpeachable qualification:—

Master Benjamin F. Foster, a lad of eighteen years and son of Mr. F. N. Foster, the well-known spirit photographer of this city, has recently developed into a medium for a series of manifestations which, to Spiritualists, are not uncommon and known to be the work of spirits—departed human beings.

As an exhibition of his powers—or that of the spirits through him—and his claims to genuineness, young Foster held a seance at the home of Mr. C. C. Stowell, of "The Better Way," on the evening of December 31st, 1891. Besides this gentleman, the hostess, Mrs. Stowell, Mrs. Dr. Berry, Mr. Stowell's mother, Mrs. Foster, the medium's mother, Mr. O. E. Ackley, the editor and a reporter of "The Better Way" were present—all experienced persons in the art (if such it can be termed) of testing mediums.

At the appointed hour a dark curtain was hung across the corner of a room, behind which was a solid brick wall. The enclosure contained only a small table on which were placed an indelible pencil, some blank paper, two small bells, and a tambourine. Beneath the centre of the curtain was placed a chair, on which the medium took his seat. Next a request was made to secure the medium's hands, which was effectually done by the reporter himself by first tying three inch strips of long cloth around his thighs, then drawing through them strips of long worsted braid, which were knotted around his wrists and sewed to prevent untying. The curtain was then drawn over his body, but which had an aperture at sufficient height to permit the medium's head to protrude, thus keeping him in sight of the circle. The lamp which illuminated the room had but an ordinary shade to protect the eyes of the medium and the circle.

But hardly was the medium placed in position and the reporter in his seat, about six feet in front of the medium, when a delicate white hand appeared above the curtain some four or five feet away from the medium's shoulder, proving in the offset that it could not possibly be the medium's hand. Other hands followed in quick succession, showing themselves on both sides. Next the medium's pockets were rifled, his keys thrown out, and his watch carefully handed over until taken by Mrs. Foster, who left her seat for that purpose, but immediately resumed it. Following this manifestation the medium's necktie and collar were taken off by spirit hands and thrown out. Handkerchiefs were called for, slightly dampened in the centre. Each sitter handed one in by turns, but in every instance it was thrown out again in about fifteen to thirty seconds (in some instances all knotted up), and on each handkerchief was drawn the face of either a baby, a lady, or a man, excellently executed. At the close a basket of flowers was passed over the curtain, and in a few minutes neatly tied bouquets were thrown out into the laps of the sitters. During the intervals of the above-named manifestations the table was moved about, the bells were rung and thrown down, the tambourine played upon and held aloft a distance behind the medium, and on various occasions a portion of an arm, besides the hand, was exhibited, and on the wrist of one was noticed a heavy silver bracelet.

Such are the facts, simply stated, and without exaggeration. There is no room left for doubt, because during some of the manifestation the hands of the medium, though secured against use, were held by both Mr. and Mrs. Stowell in turn. At the same time they were watching the spirit hands as they appeared over the curtain, which, too, was an exhibition for the entire circle. The spirits also permitted those who desired to shake hands with them in order to eradicate all doubt as to their tangibility and the hypnotic theory that sceptics like to apply when discussing the wonders of Spiritualism.

HALF the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter.—GEORGE ELIOT.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

[The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents, and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with, for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.]

## Thought-Reading.

SIR,—Gerald Massey related the following incident to my late friend, Mr. C. (vicar of N. in H.-shire), who told it to me.

In the many years that have since passed some inaccuracies may have crept into my remembrance of the story, but the main point of it, Home's thought-reading of Gerald Massey's unwritten verses, I am sure, is stated as Mr. C. stated it to me.

Going up to London from Hertfordshire one day, Gerald Massey met Home at the terminus, and they entered into conversation.

Presently Home said "he hoped Gerald Massey would go on with his poem." . . . "What did he mean?" "The poem," said Home, "you composed four lines of just now, in the train." It was true: Gerald Massey had composed, but not written, four lines of a new poem in the railway carriage, as he journeyed up. He challenged Home to repeat them, and he did so without hesitation, word for word.

M. B.

## Dr. Ernest Hart and Hypnotism.

SIR,—Allow me through the medium of your valuable paper to add to the criticism of the article, "Hypnotism and Humbug," in the "Nineteenth Century" for January, by Dr. Hart?

If apparitions, clairvoyance, &c., are mere humbug and impostures, how very deep in the mud must be the numerous readers of "LIGHT," as well as large numbers who attend seances at various places in this vast empire; seances from which they undoubtedly receive food for the mind and spiritual comfort.

Many are they, earnest men and women, I have heard give their testimony to the vitality of "Spiritualism" (which in my humble opinion cannot by any means be separated from the Bible); persons who have nothing to gain in a financial sense, yet by a determined energy endeavour to propagate what they consider to be the truth. The term "belated" applied to the Society for Psychical Research, would not be misapplied if it related to the "mental attitude" of Dr. Hart himself, for what right has any person to set himself up as an egotist and condemn something which thousands hold as a truth based upon indisputable evidence?

Does not the Society above named contain within its ranks men of scientific attainments—those whose names will be handed down to posterity as having done much in their special departments, and who would rank by no means below the writer of that article?

Has Dr. Hart ever attended with an unprejudiced mind any meeting where these phenomena were exhibited? has he read with an unbiassed mind the investigations made by the Society he so hastily condemns? Did he ever make a study of the fallacy contained in that word Materialism? No; or he would not have taken up his pen to indite so readily an article which, to my mind, is unworthy of the paper upon which it was written. I should recommend those who have not yet read it to get the book "Birth and Death," by Baron Hellenbach, as one worthy of attention; in which the "Transcendental Basis by means of perception" is fully treated, as well as the "Severance of Meta-Organism from Coll-body." This valuable work also contains a chapter devoted to "The Apparent Severance," and explains many things which to me were at one time a puzzle.

February 14th, 1892.

H. C. JOHNSON.

## The Vision of the Opened Door.

SIR,—In my conclusion on that vision, published in "LIGHT," February 6th, I was so far right that no connection of it was indicated with the vision communicated and then recorded in 1851, which clearly represented Christ's descending on the clouds to the earth. I now know that the visitor issuing forth from that open door was not dressed like a Rabbi. From a learned friend I received the following information: "The kind of garment worn by a Rabbi in the time of Christ was an outer garment made of white wool interwoven with blue stripes, resembling in shape very much that still worn by the Abba in Syria. It was furnished

with fringes in accordance with Mosaic injunction. This was worn over an inner garment or tunic which fitted close to the body with a girdle on the loins. There is no record that the Rabbis used drawers—these were worn by the High Priests—nor did they wear stockings. They wore sandals on their feet, and phylacteries on their foreheads. It was the absence of stockings and the shape of the sandals which exposed the feet to the contraction of dust and dirt in walking, and hence gave rise to the custom of washing the feet as a token of hospitality."

The mysterious visitor was dressed in more modern clerical garments. The centre of the vision was the closed and opened door. Oh, that it might refer to the so generally-expected but mysterious second coming of Christ which, since the days of Paul, has been so misleadingly interpreted as a phenomenon which he expected to see with his contemporaries! It can only refer to the return of the spirit in its fullness, as it was in Jesus, and without some inexplicable and in this sense miraculous manifestation men could not be convinced of a trustworthy conveyance of Christ's Spirit. Can it be that mediumistic writing will be resorted to as the means of opening up a subject now shut up, as the Kingdom of Heaven, the rule of the Spirit had been shut up by Moses and the prophets until John? David acknowledged that he had been made to understand certain things "in writing from the hand of the Lord." (1 Chron. xxviii. 19; cf. 2 Chron. xxi. 12.)

ALPHA.

## Mr. Stead's Ghost Stories.

SIR,—In the New Year's number of "The Review of Reviews" Mr. Stead gives particular prominence to his "Experiments with a Double," and it would appear that these experiments, of which he gives a minute and detailed account, were undertaken with a view of proving the existence of the Double. It is, therefore, perhaps, a regrettable fact that he feels bound to commence his second chapter with the words, "The experiments recorded in the preceding chapter are inconclusive," but if regrettable I think it can be easily shown that if they are inconclusive they are so only because Mr. Stead did not bring more than an elementary knowledge of the subject to assist him in the investigation.

Mr. Stead's attitude would appear to be that the only evidence he will accept as proof of the existence of the Double is its capability of being photographed; consequently, instead of allowing the Double to prove itself in its own way, he dictates and limits the evidence to be given. Now Madame C., whom he describes as a psychic, is quite correct in her opinion that the Thought Body cannot be photographed, and in order to prove this let us see what the Thought Body really is, how it is emitted to a given place from the material body, and how a consciousness of the place to which it is emitted is retained by the person emitting it.

Man, as I conceive, is composed of body, soul, and spirit. The soul is the individuality of the man, while the spirit is that portion of the man which is derived direct from the Deity, and if it is not actually a portion of the Deity it is certainly an essence or efflux from Him, and is consequently that portion which gives to man eternal life; while the material body is that portion of the man which belongs essentially to this earth plane; but if we are to believe the law of correspondence, which I venture to think we are bound to do, then the material body must have a spiritual body in correspondence—man, therefore, has a spiritual or astral body which, although not in use while he is in the material, yet is now an actual existing fact, and is an exact counterpart of the material body now in use. It should be remembered that this body is distinctly spiritual in character, and consequently is operated upon by spiritual laws only. It is generally conceded that the spirit-world is not so much a world of places as it is a world of states, and that by an effort of will we are able to change from state to state with the rapidity of thought. Therefore it is not difficult to understand that it is possible for the spiritual or astral body to momentarily leave the other component parts of the man, and we can more readily conceive that this can be done because both the departure and the return would be done with the rapidity of thought, and also because the spiritual body would then be performing one of those functions to which it will become more accustomed when the connection between it and the soul and spirit will be more closely cemented, that is,



after the death of the material body. This, then, is what happened to Madame C. at Mr. Stead's house on various occasions, and this is what Mrs. Spring, the trance-medium, saw on the occasion of the second experiment, and this also is what they were anxious to photograph. Before giving my reasons why this could not be done, I purpose to deal with the other part of the subject and to explain how, if it was only Madame C.'s astral body which visited the company at Mowbray House, she was able to see and describe with more or less accuracy the people assembled, together with incidents of a more or less trifling character.

It will be remembered that Madame C. is described as being in a trance condition, and it would be necessary for her to be so in order that she might obtain a consciousness of the surroundings and position of the people visited by her astral body. In considering the method by which this consciousness is obtained, it will be well to bear in mind that which I have already stated, that the spirit-world is not so much a world of places as it is a world of states, and, further, according to the law of correspondence, to which I have also referred, there must be a spiritual correspondence or counterpart of the place which it was desired to impress upon the mind of Madame C. Then, to use Swedenborg's term, than which none other is more fitting, Madame C. would be, as far as her spirit was concerned, intromitted into a spiritual state in correspondence with the material state with which it was desired to impress her. So that the spirit would retain a consciousness of the state into which it had been intromitted, which it would transmit to the brain of Mrs. C. with sufficient vividness for her to be under the impression that her spirit had accompanied her astral body, and that therefore she herself had actually seen the room materially.

The reason, then, why Madame C.'s Double, or, as I prefer to call it, astral body, could not be photographed, is simply that it was the spiritual counterpart of her material body and consequently in no way under the influence of material laws. We expect much of photography, but I venture to think that it is going a little too far when we ask that it shall produce photographs of the spirit-world and its inhabitants. I am fully aware that we have what are ordinarily termed "spirit photographs"; but it has never been suggested that these could be obtained without the presence of a physical medium, from whom the spirit obtains the necessary power to enable him to appear on the plate.

In conclusion, Mr. Stead is entirely wrong when he says that the "consciousness" of Madame C. can be projected "with her astral self," and this I have endeavoured to show. Nor is he any nearer being right when he states that when "the Double leaves the body spontaneously, and appears visible and tangible," "the psychic will retain no memory of the journey" as the only condition necessary for the psychic to retain a consciousness of the surroundings of the place visited by the astral body is that she shall be at the time in a trance state. I can, however, agree with him that "it is impossible to generalise on data so limited" and, because impossible, it is probably foolish to try, and one feels almost inclined to regret that with the limited knowledge he evidently possesses of Spiritualism he should pose as an exponent of it.

72, Grove-lane, Camberwell.

A. V. B.

SIR,—I have not yet seen any reference in your valuable paper to the inconsistency of Mr. Stead in making so prominent the advice *not* to investigate Spiritualism—although he himself has resorted to the medium and the seance-room. If Spiritualism is true, then let us investigate and spread the truth. I think it is much to be regretted that such advice should be given, and rather grotesque after dishing up such a remunerative collection of our facts!

The last half of the chapter devoted to Spiritualism and Spiritualists is, I consider, very misleading and far-fetched, and by no means representative of either the one or the other.

No reference is made in this chapter to anything of importance coming from the world of spirits; of the incomparable blessing a knowledge that our "loved and lost" still live has been to thousands who could see nothing beyond the grave.

A most repulsive case of haunting occurring sixty years ago is included in this chapter as a specimen of modern Spiritualism; and though Mr. Stead has a right to think

what he likes on the subject, yet I think a protest should be made against a chapter which conveys such false impressions to so many thousands, on a matter of such importance.

8, Colville-villas, Nottingham.

JAMES F. HEWES.

February 17th, 1892.

#### Experiments in a Private Circle.

SIR,—I am deeply interested in the "Records of Private Seances" now appearing in "LIGHT," to which journal I am a subscriber. Some years ago I was one of a small party (never more than five persons) who sat tolerably regularly over a considerable space of time. I am quite prepared to give our names and addresses, provided strict secrecy is observed—this, of course, as a proof to you of our good faith and credibility.

Two of our party, a lady and gentleman, were evidently strongly mediumistic. I may here observe that none of us had or have ever been at any public seance, nor except once or twice had any of us sat with a professional medium, and that only in our own circle.

No professional mediums were present on the occasions to which I now refer. So much that was of a private nature took place that none of us have ever talked much about it since. A great effort was apparently made to induce one of our number to take a certain step. And the manifestations were so extraordinary that we must either believe that one of our party was cheating, or that we, indeed, had the most ample proofs of the reality of Spiritualistic phenomena.

Three of our party were ladies and two gentlemen. The table, a huge old-fashioned "pillar and claw" table, was repeatedly raised two or three feet from the ground. Violent blows fell on it, raps were heard on the walls, phosphorescent hands were seen in the air, a curious whispering sound was constantly heard, also snapping of fingers. A footstool was thrown across the table as well as some other small objects in the room. We were also repeatedly touched. But one accompaniment, which I have never, except in the "Record of Private Seances" No. III., which appeared in "LIGHT," February 6th, 1892, heard of, and of which no one to whom I have ever spoken of it has heard, was the *odour*, a strong phosphoric smell, so strong that it was a day or two before we could get the room free from it.

One of the party went into a trance. The sofa on which he lay seemed impregnated with the odour; phosphorescent hands were waved all about him while he was entranced, and, when he came out of the trance, he literally streamed with phosphorescence.

What has now chiefly induced me to write to you is the mention in the "Record of Private Seances" of this odour. Is this usual? There is much more that I think would interest you to tell, and I confess I have often desired to have your opinion on the occurrences that took place, but the inexplicability to me of this odour has deterred me. Even advanced Spiritualists have never had a similar experience. I may mention that while in the trance our medium No. 1 was controlled by a young girl, who gave us the fullest particulars as to her past life. I wrote to the vicar of the parish where she professed to have lived to make inquiries, of course *not* giving my reasons—but I never got a reply.

If you think you could make inquiries more successfully, I should be glad to furnish you with names, &c.

AN INQUIRER.

#### A Case for Charity.

SIR,—Allow me, through your columns, to call attention to the case of Dr. Wilson, a Spiritualist, who, through illness and other causes, is in very straitened circumstances. He is eighty-four years of age, and has outlived any relations who could have helped him. A few small sums have been sent to him, and five pounds more would pay his present arrears for rent and taxes. When in a better position he was always ready to contribute his mite to advance the cause, and to help the poor with free advice in regard to health, and free medicine (homœopathic). If forty readers of "LIGHT" will send him postal orders for 2s. 6d. each they will help to ease the mind of a good old man. But those who can might send larger sums. His address is 103, Caledonian-road, King's Cross, London, N.

G.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S. (Gisborn).—Thanks for remittance; also for kind words of appreciation.

W. R.—No, thank you. The "Saturday Review" is not a serious publication from the point of view of the Spiritualist.

"C. B. F."—No, thank you; would breed unnecessary contention. We advocate no such notion, and do not propose to allow it to be advocated in our columns.

J. B. S. (Toowoomba).—Your remittance for current subscription, &c., duly to hand, with many thanks. We have forwarded the book you name by mail.



## SOCIETY WORK.

17, MAIDEN-LANE, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.—Mrs. Ashton Bingham will gladly welcome investigators into Spiritualism at her seances on Thursdays, at 8 p.m. Mr. Hagon, medium.—J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

16, QUEEN'S-PARADE, CLAPHAM JUNCTION, S.W.—Mr. J. Burns favoured us with an excellent address on Sunday, of an hour's duration, on "Man an Epitome of the Universe," taking "The flag of life is never furled," as a text.—G.D.W.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL.—An appreciative audience listened attentively to Mr. Rodger on "Man as a Spiritual Being" on Sunday last. Excellent seance on Thursday last, Mrs. Bliss being the medium, and many old friends being present. Sunday next, Mrs. Bliss.—W. H. BLACKMAN, Sec., 23, Devonshire-road, Forest Hill.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, E.—Services every Sunday at 7 p.m. February 28th, speaker, Mr. G. D. Wyndol. On Monday, February 29th, a *soirée danteuse* at 8 p.m. Admission 6d., to assist the funds of the society. Tickets obtainable at the Hall, or from the hon. sec., Mr. J. Chapman, 3, Park-avenue, Wall End, East Ham.—J.A.

PECKHAM SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET.—On Sunday last Mr. Veitch's address, "The Power of Spiritualism," was greatly appreciated. He pointed out the reformatory influence of Spiritualism when its higher aspects were fully grasped and understood. Sunday next, morning at 11, discussion; evening at 7, Mr. Dale. Wednesday, "Psychometry," at 8 p.m.—J. T. AUDY.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—On Sunday last, Mrs. Ashton Bingham kindly recited some of her original Spiritual poems. Mr. W. E. Long gave us an instructive discourse upon "Spirit Control," and also some successful clairvoyance under very harmonious conditions, full names even being given. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., open meeting. Tuesdays, at 8 p.m., seance, Mrs. Mason. Saturday, at 8 p.m., seance, Mr. Hagon.—J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET, W.—Mr. Joseph Watmore was the speaker on Sunday, and in relating his experiences in Spiritualism he met with hearty appreciation from the audience. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., friendly discussion on "Future Punishment"; at 7 p.m., Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, "Answers to Written Questions on the Facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism." March 1st, at 8, open discussion; 3rd, at 7.45 p.m., seance, Mrs. Spring; 5th, at 7.45 p.m., seance, Mrs. Treadwell.—C. I. HUNT.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—The Thursday weekly meeting afforded an opportunity to impart some useful information to inquirers. Next Thursday, at 8.30 p.m., "How does a Spirit Control a Medium?" All friends welcome. On Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock, addresses by ladies, and Tuesday, March 8th, *soirée* and social party; tickets 6d. each. Last Sunday Mrs. Kemmish opened with a reading from the pamphlet which we distribute, "If a Man Die shall he Live Again?" which gives a clear exposition of our principles. Mr. Ward then followed with an admirable address on "Prayer."—W. G. COOTE, Asst. Sec.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' CORRESPONDING SOCIETY will assist inquirers. Copies of "LIGHT," leaflets on Spiritualism, and list of members sent on receipt of stamped envelope. Address J. ALLEN, Hon. Sec., 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex, or W. C. Robson, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor Park branch will hold the following meetings at 14, Berkley-terrace: Sunday, at 11.30 a.m., for students and inquirers; also the last Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m., reception; Thursday, at 11.30 a.m., seance; Friday, at 8.15 p.m., for Spiritualists only, "The Study of Mediumship"; and at 1, Winnifred-road, White Post-lane, Tuesday, at 8.15 p.m., experimental seance. Also the first Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m., experience meeting.—J.A.

## BOOKS AND MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

"Dreams of the Dead." By EDWARD STANTON. (Boston, U.S.A., Lee and Shepard. 1892.)

"Three Sevens: A Story of Ancient Initiations." ("The Phelons" Hermetic Publishing Company, Chicago, 1889.)

"The Vegetarian." Vol. V., Nos. 2 to 5. (Containing a series of papers by LADY BOWYER on "Woman and Dominion: The Unfoldment of a Prerogative.")

"Power and Force; Spiritual and Natural: their Discreet Differences, Mutual Inter-relation, and Specific Atmospheres."—By JAMES BODDELY KEENE. (Fisher Unwin, 1891.)

"The Lyceum Banner," for January and February, have been good and worthy numbers, well adapted to the purpose for which they are issued. "A child," wrote A. J. Davis, "is the repository of infinite possibilities." When Spiritualists have settled their own faith they will see how important it is to teach their children the truths that they themselves have learned.

## THOUGHTS ON THE FUTURE.

## AFTER A SUDDEN DEATH.

In that room where she and I  
Used to pass the midnight hour,  
Laughing, talking merrily,  
Free from all restrictive power;  
Now still she lies, alone all day,  
Alone all night. She cannot come away.

Where her soft voice, silver clear,  
Kept the drowsy night awake,  
Not a sound may tremble near,  
Lest the heavy hush it break:  
Till to her bedside footsteps go,  
To take her to a colder bed below.

Joyous friend! thy laugh, thy smile,  
Lingers in the altered scene,  
Like sweet scent indelible  
Where the sweeping winds have been:  
And snatches of thy wit come back  
At every turn of life's forsaken track.

All the rooms look blank and cold,  
Startled silence seems to stare,  
When we enter as of old,  
Looking round us as if there  
With thy lifeless works of skill,  
The warm, kind welcome tarried, smiling still.

Sunshine taken from our path!  
Dark what once it fell upon!  
E'en the dogs beside the hearth,  
Sadly feel that thou art gone,  
And, restless, oft look up in vain  
As if the vanished could come back again.

But the poor who thronged thy gate,  
Finding daily charity,  
Think upon the happier state  
Where so sweet a soul must be;  
And fondly measure present bliss  
By all the patient mercies which they miss.

Oh! we grudge thee not release,  
Blessed spirit, sorely tried!  
Thou hast entered into peace—  
In the battle we abide.  
But one by one the Lord will call  
His wounded soldiers, and will heal them all.

A. J. PENNY.

(In the "New Church Independent," Chicago, U.S.A.)

## IN ANTICIPATION.

The shadows are deepening, darling,  
The river is rushing by;  
My clasp on your hand is loosening,  
In my heart is a fond "Good-bye."  
But with never a touch of terror,  
And scarcely a thrill of pain,  
For "Good-bye," in its grand old meaning,  
Is a bond between us twain.

It means "God be with you," darling:  
The passion, the grief, and tears  
That will come with the falling curtain;  
And the end of the love of years  
Will be changed to a chastened sorrow;  
God will be with you, my own,  
Ever helping, upholding, guiding,  
As you walk on your way alone.

Yet not quite alone, my darling,  
For back from the "silent shore"  
I shall come, by the Master's guidance,  
To a place in your life once more.  
It may be, you will not see me;  
It may be, you will not hear;  
But the love that knows no ending  
Will whisper that I am near.

I shall clasp your hand, my darling,  
And smooth down your shining hair;  
And come in the flickering firelight  
To my place in the vacant chair;  
And my voice will join in the singing  
When the "old, old songs" you raise,  
In prayer for a heavenly blessing,  
And in every hymn of praise.

Then "kiss me good-night," my darling,  
For oh! such a little space,  
Till hand in hand together  
We look in our Father's face;  
And the fallen veil is lifted  
And the darksome days are past,  
And we stand in His holy Presence,  
In the Spirit land at last.