

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by the Acting Editor.

In another column will be found a letter from "F. O.," calling attention to proposed legislation in the State of New York tending to restrict the right to hypnotise to duly licensed physicians. The clauses of the proposed Bill (according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*) are as follows:—

1. It shall be unlawful for any person, except duly licensed physicians, in the course of lectures to medical students, or before scientific bodies, to give exhibition of, or perform, hypnotic demonstrations in public. 2. It shall be unlawful for any person not a duly licensed physician to hypnotise another. 3. Any person violating either of the foregoing provisions of this Act shall be guilty of a misdemeanour.

This is a case of "Codlin's your friend, not Short," with a vengeance! After having moved Heaven and earth to have the believers in Mesmerism condemned as frauds and impostors; after having proclaimed the thing could not possibly be true, and shut their eyes as hard as they possibly could against demonstration, the medical faculty, obliged, in spite of themselves, to recognise the facts, now seek to procure for themselves the monopoly of investigating that which, as long as they could, they condemned; and propose to exclude from any further participation in the study those who first discovered and gave to the world the knowledge of this most valuable therapeutic agent.

I cannot bring myself to believe that in an enlightened country like the United States, such a thing can ever be enacted by the Legislature. It is so palpably unfair, upon the face of it, and it is so entirely retrograde in spirit. Monopolies such as the proposed shutting up the right to investigate psychical phenomena from all persons who do not happen to be "licensed physicians," were all very well in the reign of Charles II., but are antagonistic to the whole spirit of modern progress. There is no analogy whatever here with the proposed Local Option legislation which is so largely supported both in this country and in America. The advance of knowledge is in no way affected by forbidding palatial temptations to drunkenness to stand at every street corner; and the animus of the publicans is not the investigation of new fields of psychical research, but simply and solely the making of money.

To make the two cases analogous we must suppose that the medical faculty, after for long inveighing against beer and spirits as most deleterious and even poisonous drinks, at last was forced to admit that they were, on the whole, beneficial and useful; but because they were concocted of elements which were of the nature of drugs and chemicals, and might, if taken in excess, be deleterious, they main-

tained that no one should be allowed to manufacture such liquids but duly "licensed physicians," and this although the recipes, and the whole process of brewing and distilling, had been invented and discovered by persons who were not licensed physicians, the result of whose labours was thus coolly taken over and monopolised by the faculty.

Every intelligent person has a very high opinion of the general sincerity and earnestness of the medical profession as a whole. They are felt to be a high-minded, conscientious class of men, discharging very important functions in a way which is beyond all praise. Yet to admit this is not to admit that medical men have any right to claim to monopolise the practice of hypnotism. Nay, speaking with all respect of them as to their true and legitimate functions, I think many people will feel that they are, as a fact, the very last class to whom a monopoly of the right of psychical research should be granted. They are, as a class, intensely conservative, and they have committed themselves to a materialistic basis of judgment, which must prevent them from making any but the very slowest progress in the really important, and to all Spiritual psychologists, most interesting side of this study. And it looks a little as if the real animus of this claim to exclude all non-members of the faculty from this study was to prevent this spiritual side of it from being further investigated. They have made up their minds that there is nothing there, and they are seeking to place on the statute-book an Act to prevent anyone who does not wear their spiritually purblind spectacles from looking any further into it, for fear they themselves should once more be proved to have been wrong.

Therefore, it behoves all who believe in the free discussion of these subjects to combine to oppose in the most strenuous way such proposals as these, which, being carried in one country, will soon be proposed to be enacted in others. All legislation to prohibit is difficult, and often disastrous, work, and should only be resorted to in cases where nothing else will avail to prevent unscrupulous persons from oppressing their weaker brethren. Most of all will it be difficult—and, indeed, as I believe, absolutely impossible—to apply it to a matter where, from the nature of the case, the law-breaker can so easily and perfectly cover his tracks. The only person who will be deterred by such an enactment as this from practising hypnotism will be the conscientious investigator whose sense of right will not permit him to break the law. But nothing will be easier than for an unscrupulous man to make use of the very hypnotic power he possesses to conceal his breach of the law, by conveying the suggestion that not himself but some innocent third person has been the agent.

If what the doctors required was the discouragement of displays of hypnotism on platforms at places of public amusement, we should have a great deal more sympathy with them. Nothing is more to be deprecated than that this subject should be lightly played with for the sake of

making money out of psychical power. But that is a very different thing from taking this investigation at one sweep of the pen out of the hands of hundreds of conscientious and painstaking inquirers, by whose exertions the reality of the power has been brought to public recognition, and who know a great deal more about it than the vast majority of that class who are thus seeking to secure for themselves the entire monopoly of this practice and investigation.

"C. J. W." writes: "I have come upon an old phase of clairvoyance, and I want to find out whether it is common. On two occasions our medium has described to me someone neither living nor passed away, but a creature solely of my own imagination; a character, in fact, out of one of my own stories." Our correspondent goes on to state that the medium described a sick girl looking out of a doorway, depicted exactly as she herself (the correspondent) had described it on paper not an hour before she left home. The matter had not pleased her when she wrote it, and she had torn it up, but it was still in her mind when she went to the seance. She was not sitting next to the medium.

Speaking on the data given, I should say this was a simple case of thought-transference. Physical contact is by no means necessary to such, though "C. J. W." seems to assume that it is. Inspirational speaking is not quite the same as ordinary sensitiveness, such as is shown by Mr. Alfred Capper and other professional thought-readers. This latter is (probably) the self-sensitiveness of the own Ego of the thought-reader; the former is possession for the time being by some other Ego, who, by virtue of being untrammelled by a physical body, can see with far finer sense organs than we here possess. But I believe the annals of the Society for Psychical Research contain records of thought-transference without physical contact, without any suggestion of the mediation of spiritual beings; and if so, *a fortiori* is this possible when such mediation is assumed to be the case. Perhaps some readers of "LIGHT" can elucidate the matter further?

There is a short but admirable article in the "Arena" for this month upon "Christianity and Buddhism," by Charles Schroder, in which he points out how closely as to ethical standard the two agree. "There are," he says, "only two differences; the one real, the other apparent." The apparent difference he finds in the fact that Jesus did not definitely teach Re-incarnation, while, as everyone knows, Buddha did. The difference which he calls real consists in the fact that Buddha gave a detailed law, defining carefully good acts and bad acts; while Jesus was content to give a principle which can be applied universally, and which each person can follow for himself. This principle is *Love*, love to God and love to man. And he adds: "This is the *Law*, not because Jesus taught it, but because it is the *Truth*. . . . It is a universal law, belonging to no religions, beliefs, or peoples. It is the Divine in man, which only needs to be called out to do infinitely more for us than all Buddha's teachings can do for the Buddhist. Jesus taught it, lived it, and died for it. He is the perfect man because of this, and this perfection can be gained by all who, by following Him, clothe themselves with His mind."

There is evidently something in human nature which is continually urging us to want to contrast and compare things together, so as to determine which is the better and the worse, the right and the wrong. We do not seem to understand that though two contrary things cannot both be right, for the same man, at the same time, and under the same circumstances, there is nothing in all logic to forbid them each being right for two different men, at

different times, and under different circumstances. I yield to no one in my reverence for our Lord, in my admiration of His character and respect for the teaching. But I don't think that my service to Him involves that I should hate and execrate and say all manner of evil of a great religious teacher, who—if he does not quite come up to my estimation of Jesus—was yet undoubtedly a far nobler, truer, and, I will add, more truly Christ-like man than I am. It will be never merry world until people understand the secret of true liberality, viz., to hold firmly and consistently to the truest that we do see, and believe that it is—so long as we see it—the best for us; and, on the other hand, concede to every brother the free right to do the same.

Controversy is the grave of truth. Theoretical accuracy is a small matter in comparison with the practical spirit of our lives. Nowhere in Scripture is there any authority for saying, "If you are not true theoretically you cannot be right practically." On the contrary, the reverse is the case. Our Lord found no fault with the theory of the Scribes and Pharisees. He said, "All things, therefore, whatsoever they bid you, these do and observe, but do not ye after their works, for they say, and do not." (Matt. xxiii. 3.) And He made knowledge of the truth a result, and not a prerequisite, of doing right, of doing, that is, what—apart from intellectual knowledge—our own intuitive feeling tells us is the true and Divine thing.

A COINCIDENCE.

In the "Sunday Sun" the veteran journalist tells a story which I feel sure that he will allow me to use as a coincidence. Mr. Sala was at Rome. The waiter knocked at his door at the moment that the name of Hogarth was falling from his pen and brought in this letter:—

Hotel de Londres, Rome.

DEAR SIR,—Some fifteen years ago, upon the death of my father, I came into possession of a copy of Hogarth's works, a large volume bound in red, and over your signature the following are written on the fly-leaf: "This book was given to me by the late Thackeray (*sic*) when I was engaged in writing the Hogarth Papers in the 'Cornhill Magazine' in 1860-61." I should very much like to have the assurance that the above is genuine, and that the book was really in your possession.

Yours, &c., ———.

On this Mr. Sala makes the following remarks:—

I fancy that this copy of Hogarth—the large one—was in a portion of my library which I sold in 1865-6, before starting on a two years' tour in foreign parts. Only if the inscription on the fly-leaf was written by me, my memory must have played me a trick at the time. It was Mr. Thackeray who gave me the little book. Mr. Charles Dickens had previously lent me the same book, which he had borrowed from W. M. T., which suggested to me the series of papers entitled "Twice Round the Clock," but he did not give me the "Hogarth." The donor thereof was Mr. George Smith, jun., the founder and proprietor of the "Cornhill." One of the leaves of the huge tome must be slightly stained, for Mr. Edmund Yates, paying us a visit in Sloane-street, Knightsbridge, in the full uniform of a lieutenant of the Post Office Volunteers—he had come from the *levée* at which the Volunteer officers were received by her Majesty the Queen—was shown the Hogarth, and inadvertently dropped a cup of tea over one of the engravings.

It is, perhaps, another coincidence that at the moment of writing a near friend should have engaged my attention as to a copy of Hogarth's life, respecting which there was some dispute as to value. I saw and heard the two things almost simultaneously.—[ED. "LIGHT."]

A GENTLEMAN residing in Edinburgh wishes to meet with others in that city who are interested in Spiritualism. Address, A. F., "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C.

SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. —A general meeting of this society will be held on Friday next in the Council Chamber, Westminster Town Hall, Caxton-street, Victoria-street, London, S.W. The chair will be taken at four p.m. The following papers will be read:—I. "Hypermnestic Dreams," by F. W. H. Myers. II. "Records of a Haunted House," by Mrs. H. Sidgwick.

INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING A FACT IN NATURE.

FROM THE "RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL."

Professor Elliott Coues contributes to the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" two remarkable articles, from the first of which we now make some extracts, the length of the article exceeding the space at our command. Our readers will learn with much pleasure that the Professor has restored his health after the great strain that his labours had put upon it.

Dr. Coues writes :—

In the course of my sojourn in California I had many interesting experiences in psychical research, some of which I wish to make public. I make my first narrative a circumstantial account of certain phenomena which may be justly characterised as astounding, since they appear to be contrary to the laws of nature as formulated by the science of our day. Nevertheless, I have repeatedly seen that which justifies the caption of this article. If I am to accept the evidence of my senses, independent slate-writing is a fact in nature, the verity of which I am prepared to affirm without qualification or reservation. If I am to accept the logical consequences of that fact, I must revise my ideas of the motions of which inanimate matter is capable under some circumstances. I write not as a Spiritualist, not as a Theosophist, not as a theorist of any sort; but simply as a man of science, of good ordinary powers of observation, who has made some experiments in psychical research which he desires to give an account of, but which he does not expect to account for.

That there is such a thing as genuine independent slate-writing I have long been willing to believe, on the testimony of others in whose good judgment and good faith I had confidence. But until lately I had seen nothing myself of the sort that was not either, first, a mere trick; or, second, something so obscure and baffling that it amounted to nothing satisfactory, and could not be put in evidence at all. I am also aware that the vast amount of fraud perpetrated in this particular matter, and the large number of intelligent persons who have been deceived, have together put the whole thing into bad shape, and brought it into worse odour. The affirmation of independent slate-writing as a fact in nature therefore requires to be doubly guarded and fortified. Yet in face of all this, I am ready to declare that I have seen, in broad daylight, a few inches from my face, a piece of pencil rise and move, no one touching it, and write of its own motion legible and intelligible sentences which conveyed intelligent thought; and that this same phenomenon was witnessed at the same time, in the same manner, and to the same effect, by other persons besides myself, of equal if not superior eyesight.

What do we mean by "independent slate-writing"? I understand that term to signify the formation of legible letters and words on a slate by a pencil which no one touches while the writing is being done. If that definition be correct, then I know that independent slate-writing is a fact in nature. By the phrase "automatic writing" I understand to be meant the formation of legible writing when one holds the pen or pencil but is not consciously aware at the time of what is being written. That is another phase of the problem, to be kept clearly apart from the former phase, and concerning which I have now nothing to say.

While in San Francisco in October, 1891, I had the pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of Mr. W. E. Coleman, well known to readers of the "Journal," whom I had also long known by correspondence, but had never met. At his suggestion arrangements were made for an experiment in independent slate-writing at the house of Mrs. Mena Francis, of 811, Geary-street, whither I went by appointment, accompanied by my wife, on Friday, October 10th, about noon. On entering her parlour we were met by a pleasant-faced elderly lady, in a simple, unaffected manner, which rather prejudiced both my wife and myself in her favour. As soon as she had finished with a sitter who had preceded us, she invited us into a back room, facing south—or at any rate, the sun was shining brightly in at the only window, near which we took our seats. Mrs. Francis occupied a low easy rocker, my wife sat opposite, and I close between the two ladies, on Mrs. Francis' right, while before us was a small deal table with an ordinary cloth cover. On

the table were a couple of thin "silicate" slates, frameless, perhaps four by six inches in size, a glass of water, and a wash-rag. Mrs. Francis invited us to examine the table and its accessories at our pleasure. We did so and found them as just said. She took one of the slates, dropped on its open upper surface a bit of pencil perhaps a third of an inch long, and passed it quietly under the table out of sight, holding it by one corner, with one hand, in the manner in which anyone would naturally hold out a slate or similar object—her other hand being in view on the table. She rocked back and forth a few times, while two pair of eyes were upon the proceeding, and said, in a quiet voice :—

"Will the dear spirits please write"? or words to that effect.

This gave my scientific conscience a twinge, for if there is anything I do not like, it is something just like that. However, I sat still, and in a few moments, tick, tick, tick, went something under the table, as if the pencil were writing. So it was in fact; and my astonishment may be judged when, whilst the ticking was still going on, Mrs. Francis slowly withdrew the slate from under the table, and then and there, in full view, a few inches from my face, I distinctly saw the pencil write "of itself," and finish the last word or two of a sentence which straggled over most of the slate! This my wife did not see, simply because the table intercepted her line of vision; but that I saw it, just as described, is simply true. To make a long story short, this sort of thing went on for an hour or more. Sentences were repeatedly written as said, a part of the actual writing of several of them being done under my wife's eyes as well as under my own, with no one touching the pencil. Several times Mrs. Francis varied the experiment by holding the slate high up in the air over the table, and placing upon it a handkerchief, or a book half opened, to make a sort of shield from the sun's rays. One variation was especially interesting. She desired Mrs. Coues to grasp her hand while she held the slate in the usual manner under the table. Mrs. Coues did so; and while the medium's hand was thus firmly grasped by my wife, the writing went on, we heard the sound as before, and Mrs. Coues tells me she felt a singular sensation, a sort of throbbing, as if a pulsation, or a regularly continuous set of impacts, were passing at once through her own hand, the medium's hand, and the slate.

I imagine that the last-mentioned circumstance may have an important if not conclusive bearing on the explanation of the phenomenon, or at least afford a clue to the rationale of the physical means by which independent slate-writing can be accomplished. But I am not now offering any theory or attempt at explanation. Neither am I now concerned with the substance or intelligible content of the writing. The physical fact of the production of readable words that made sense is my whole present attestation. But I may state, without prejudice to the case in any particular, that the writing was certainly not at random, for it included intelligible and intelligent answers to various questions, and thus kept up, to some extent, a continuous and rational conversation. The writing also referred in part to persons, places, and things, respecting which Mrs. Francis must, humanly speaking, have been absolutely ignorant. The writing furthermore purported to be, ostensibly was, and was evidently believed by Mrs. Francis to be, a series of communications from the living spirits or souls of several different deceased persons, some of whom Mrs. Coues and I recognised as deceased persons whom we had known in this life, some of whom we know nothing about, two of whom bore suspiciously historical names, namely, Emanuel Swedenborg, the seer, and Sir Astley Cooper, the famous surgeon, each of which names was signed to certain of the writings.

I suppose that in all, during this sitting, some forty or fifty sentences were written more or less exactly in the manner described. The letters as a rule were very badly formed, and many of the words were illegible. In some such instances the illegible words were rubbed out by the medium, and the—shall I say spirit, or communicating intelligence, or stub of a pencil?—the whatever it was that was doing it, was politely requested to write more plainly, and as politely complied, sometimes underscoring the newly formed word. I should add that between each message the slate was cleansed of the former writing, with the wet rag, just as anyone would rub out what had been written, to write something else on the same surface; and that I gave both slates a thorough cleansing myself at the beginning of the

experiment. I kept one of the slates with the message from "Sir Astley Cooper," and have it yet.

At the end of this interview I took one of the slates, laid the pencil upon it, and occupied myself for several minutes in trying to make the pencil leave some mark. It was easy enough, holding the slate as Mrs. Francis did—or in any other way, in fact—and joggling it about, to make the pencil jump and wriggle all over the surface; but the weight of the bit of pencil was not enough to leave any perceptible trace of its movement—to say nothing of forming a letter or a word in this way. Some force, unknown to me, has during the writing pressed the pencil hard enough against the slate to rub off some of its substance and thus leave the visible and legible trace of its movements. This "force" was also the means of transmitting an intelligent volition; and it was not the muscular force of Mrs. Francis or of any other living person known to me.

It is morally certain that Mrs. Francis did not know who her sitters were until we made ourselves known at or near the end of the experiment; but as I am not now analysing the content of the writing, nor indeed raising any question of "spirit communication," it is immaterial to the point at issue whether she knew who we were or not. She accepted a very modest fee, and we parted.

Mrs. Coues and I went carefully over the whole interview, to find ourselves in substantial agreement in every material particular; so that if either of us were hallucinated, the other was also, and thus it becomes a case of "collective hallucination." Nevertheless, I must confess that for my part I was inclined to discredit the evidence of my senses. My only other alternative was to discredit my life-long experiences of gravitation, inertia, momentum, and like attributes of the material of this physical world. In this embarrassing predicament I did probably a sensible thing in filing the apparently inexplicable occurrences for future reference. I left San Francisco, rusticated at Santa Cruz for several weeks, and returned to the city late in December. At my invitation Mrs. Francis came to my parlour at the Occidental Hotel, and at this second seance I arranged for Mr. Coleman to be present, with my wife and myself.

With much variation in detail, and especially in the content of the alleged messages, the result was the same as before. Mr. Coleman and I washed the slates, which were clean already, just to be able to say we had done so, for the benefit of a certain class of Thomases. We four sat about one of the ordinary tables that are found in hotel parlours. It was about noon of a bright day. We all simultaneously, at times, and each one of us successively, at other times, saw the bit of pencil move of itself, no one touching it, and write legible, intelligible sentences. It wrote rational and sensible replies to various questions, answered some mental interrogations with a pertinence at times startling, professed to be writing on the part of various deceased persons, whose names were signed (none of whom I, for one, recognised), and otherwise conducted itself like a volitional intelligence, and not at all like a small lump of inanimate mineral. All this, too, under our very eyes and ears for much of the time, during which we distinctly traced by sight and sound the movements of the pencil as it straggled over the slate and left the scrawly letters in its wake; and for the rest of the time while Mrs. Francis held the slate by one corner, with one hand, just under the table, her other hand being in sight meanwhile. Some persons may not unnaturally cry out: "What did she put it under the table for? What is the use of hiding it at all?" To which I reply: "I do not know, and I wish I did, for if I knew that, it would help me perhaps to explain the thing." But this is as absolutely certain as anything in the range of human experiences can be, namely, that Mrs. Francis' hand never touched the pencil during the writing. This I can assert most positively: and I am sure that both Mrs. Coues and Mr. Coleman stand ready to corroborate the assertion.

One more point, and I have done with a narrative already longer than I intended it to be, but which I have found myself unable to shorten without weakening. Once during this second sitting Mrs. Francis desired me to hold her hand, as she had desired Mrs. Coues to do on the first occasion. I did so, and with the same result as Mrs. Coues had before experienced. Mrs. Francis held out the slate before me, in full view; she had it by one corner, her fingers bent under it, and thumb over it, as one usually holds such an object; I grasped her hand firmly, partly in fact holding the

slate myself; I felt a strong, peculiar, almost convulsive twitching of her flesh, and she seemed, both to my touch and to my eye, to be as it were clutching the slate, with a force in her clenched fingers that made the silicate bend a little; there was the pencil upon the surface, and then and there the pencil wrote, right under my eyes of its own motion.

Mrs. Francis declined to take any fee on this occasion, and seemed only anxious that I should be satisfied, by any means in her power, of the genuineness and verity of a phenomenon which to her at least is fraught with the deep significance of a message from the dead to the living. She was not very well in health, having a bad cold, was worried over a slight misunderstanding about the hour of our engagement, and besides all that, had got out of breath by climbing several flights of stairs that did not lead to my room. So altogether she was in bad order, either for a successful experiment in psychical science, or for a clever trick in sleight of hand. Knowing what I do about such things I think it remarkable that we got any result, in view of the medium's nervousness and fear of failure.

I hardly know what will be thought of this narrative: probably different persons who read it will form different opinions of it and of its writer. But a little while ago, I could hardly have imagined myself as the author of such a recital. Yet I cannot be untrue to my convictions without violence to my mental integrity; and I cannot be silent in the face of such facts as I have narrated without conviction of moral cowardice. Let the facts speak for themselves; I am only responsible for the veracity and substantial accuracy of this article, which though penned at one sitting, from memoranda taken at the dates of the experiments respectively, has been on my mind for several months, and is now worded with some care, after mature deliberation.

Prescott, Arizona.

THEORIES OF A WORKMAN.

Mr. Edison is nothing if not practical. He says that he is not speculative. In spite of that he is the most speculative of men, otherwise where does he get his inventions from? This is the account, a little condensed and very imperfect, no doubt, of an interview with him, which is published in the "Progressive Thinker" (Chicago).

Being asked:—

"What is life?" His reply follows:—

My mind is not of a speculative order (said Mr. Edison); it is essentially practical, and when I am making an experiment I think only of getting something useful, of making electricity perform work.

It is my belief that every atom of matter is intelligent, deriving energy from the primordial germ. The intelligence of man is, I take it, the sum of the intelligences of the atoms of which he is composed. Every atom has an intelligent power of selection and is always striving to get into harmonious relation with other atoms. The human body, I think, is maintained in its integrity by the intelligent persistence of its atoms, or rather by an agreement between the atoms so to persist. When the harmonious adjustment is destroyed the man dies, and the atoms seek other relations.

I cannot regard the odour of decay but as the result of the efforts of the atoms to dissociate themselves; they want to get away and make new combinations. Man, therefore, may be regarded in some sort as a microcosm of atoms agreeing to constitute his life as long as order and discipline can be maintained. But, of course, there is disaffection, rebellion, and anarchy, leading eventually to death and through death to new forms of life. For life I regard as indestructible. That is, if matter is indestructible. All matter lives, and everything that lives possesses intelligence. Consider growing corn, for example. An atom of oxygen comes flying along the air. It seeks combination with other atoms and goes to the corn, not by chance but by intention. It is seized by other atoms that need oxygen, and is packed away in the corn where it can do its work. Now, carbon, hydrogen and oxygen enter into the composition of every organic substance in one form of arrangement or another. The formula $C H O$, in fact, is almost universal.

Very well, then, why does a free atom of carbon select any particular one out of fifty thousand or more possible positions unless it wants to? I cannot see how we can deny

intelligence to this act of volition on the part of the atom. To say that one atom has an affinity for another is simply to use a big word. The atom is conscious if man is conscious, intelligent if man is intelligent, exercises will power if man does, is in its own little way all that man is. We are geologists that in the earliest periods no form of life could exist on the earth.

How do they know that? A crystal is devoid of this vital principle, they say, and yet certain kinds of atoms invariably arrange themselves in a particular way to form a crystal. They did that in geological periods antedating the appearance of any form of life, and have been doing it ever since in precisely the same way. Some crystals form in shapes like a fern. Why is there not life in the growth of a crystal? Was the vital principle specially created at some particular period of the earth's history, or did it exist and control every atom of matter when the earth was molten? I cannot avoid the conclusion that all matter is composed of intelligent atoms, and that life and mind are merely synonyms for the aggregation of atomic intelligence.

Of course, there is a source of energy. Nature is a perpetual motion machine, and perpetual motion implies a sustaining and impelling force. I made an experiment with a frog's leg. I took a leg that was susceptible to the galvanic current. The vibration produced a note as high as a piccolo. While the leg was alive it responded to the electrical current; when it was dead it would not respond. After the frog's leg had been lying in the laboratory three days I couldn't make it squeal. The experiment was conclusive as to this point: The vital force in the nerves of the leg was capable of acting with speed enough to induce the vibration of the diaphragm necessary to produce sound.

Certainly this rate of speed is much greater than physiologists appear to allow, and it seems reasonable that there is a close affinity between vital energy and electricity. I do not say they are identical; on the contrary, I say they are very like. If one could learn to make vital energy directly without fuel, that is, without beefsteak in the stomach, and in such manner that the human system could appropriate it, the elixir of life would no longer be a dream of alchemy. But we have not yet learned to make electricity directly, without the aid of fuel and steam.

I believe this is possible; indeed, I have been experimenting in this direction for some time past. But until we can learn to make electricity, like nature, out of disturbed air, I am afraid the more delicate task of manufacturing vital energy so that it can be bottled and sold at the family grocery store will have to be deferred. Electricity, by the way, is properly merely a form of energy and not a fluid. As for the ether which speculative science supposes to exist, I don't know anything about it. Nobody has discovered anything of the kind. In order to make their theories hold together they have, it seems to me, created the ether. But the ether imagined by them is unthinkable to me. I don't say I disagree with them, because I don't pretend to have any theories of that kind and am not competent to dispute with speculative scientists. All I can say is, my mind is unable to accept the theory. The ether, they say, is as rigid as steel and as soft as butter. I can't catch on to that idea.

I believe that there are only two things in the universe—matter and energy. Matter I can understand to be intelligent, for man himself I regard as so much matter. Energy I know can take various forms and manifest itself in different ways. I can understand also that it works not only upon matter through matter. What this matter is, what this energy is, I do not know.

However, it is possible that it is simply matter and energy, and that any desire to know too much about the whole question should be diagnosed as a disease; such a disease as German doctors are said to have discovered among the students of their universities—the disease of asking questions. The great German philosopher Lotze, for instance, holds that all atoms are conscious and of a spiritual nature. In this way he undertakes to account for the soul. What we call soul is, according to his theory, only a dominant atom. This view is reconcilable with the laws of evolution on the hypothesis that the strongest atoms survive, or more correctly, perhaps, that they control the weaker atoms. The difficulty, of course, arises when we begin to select words with which to express so abstract an idea as

life. Whatever form of expression is adopted, it is not likely to mean the same thing to all men.

An atom, we understand, occupies some space. But is not the first principle immeasurably illimitable? But anything that occupies space cannot be the first principle. Lotze, holding that the so-called facts of life can be explained by mechanical forces, eliminates the term life or vital force and believes only in the soul. Lotze must believe that the soul can come into mechanical relations. This consciousness of atoms he extends resolutely to all material objects, even to crystals. However, the atoms, he contends, have no distinct existence, but are all purely dependent upon the soul, which is God.

Dr. William Thompson, professor of physiology in the University of the City of New York, says on this:—What that nerve force is we do not know. We know what it is not. It is not chemical; it is not magnetic. There is much that is very suggestive with regard to Mr. Edison's proposition that all matter is conscious. Man, we know, is not a simple organism. He indulges in what physiologists call "conscious and subconscious cerebration." We are pleased to call this subconscious cerebration automatic. But although our higher consciousness is unaware of what our lower consciousness is doing, this does not alter the fact that the latter may be just as conscious as the former, although a wall keeps the two centres of volition from exchanging confidences.

If, then, we admit this much, the hypothesis that each individual protoplasm and each individual atom contributing that protoplasm is conscious, is certainly quite reasonable, although from the point of view of physiology there is no life, properly so-called, without protoplasm.

Professor T. Sterry Hunt, mineralogist and mine engineer, says:—Mr. Edison's hypothesis has nothing to fear from the physicist. Crystals certainly live. When it is considered that it is demonstrated that these stone plants are affected by light, it can be realised that they are not so insensible as popularly supposed. The life of crystals is a different kind of life than that of plants, but, if I understand the term, they live in their own way quite as decidedly as do plants and animals.

William M. Chase, as the exponent of art, selects a word slightly different from those used by the other thinkers.

Life is impulse, says the President of the American artists. A truly artistic life does not depend upon environment. We have had art under all sorts of conditions and in every kind of environment. Of course, an artist must have his schooling, but this alone does not constitute the artistic life. This depends upon the mental state of the artist, and the accomplishment of an artistic result must spring from activity, this activity again from an impulse. The vital principle of this impulse no one can analyse. The artist alone feels it, knows it, finds in it his inspiration and success. The true artist can say this much of a life: he is satisfied with it. His means of expression are so varied, so full, so complete: his energies are so delightfully occupied with all a world of light, colour, atmosphere, form and sentiment that he is content. Content to live because it is delightful to live—content to die because he has lived indeed.

We may recur to this article. Meantime it is worth pondering.

CHRISTO-THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.—The last meeting of the present session will be held at 33, Bloomsbury-square, W.C., on Thursday next, April 7th, at eight o'clock p.m., when Mrs. M. Boole will read a paper on "The Negation of Idolatry." The present session of the Society has been a very successful one; the social element has been greatly increased, and a number of valuable papers have been read. There will be a short Spring Session, commencing (probably) at the end of April and running on till the end of May, particulars of which will be duly announced.

"GOD IN THE STREETS OF LONDON."—A discourse by John Page Hopps will be given at a quarter to seven on Sunday evening, April 10th, at the Free Christian Church, Clarence-road, Kentish Town-road, in connection with *Our Father's Church*. A special welcome is offered to those who feel the need of something more rational, spiritual, and modern than the conventional Christianity of the sects. The church is close to Kentish Town-road, and to Camden Town and Kentish Town stations. Trams and omnibuses from many parts of London pass quite near. All seats free. Books containing the hymns to be sung will be provided. Voluntary offerings at the doors, to cover expenses and to help on the work of *Our Father's Church*.—ADVT.

Light:

EDITED BY W. STANTON-MOSES.

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 2nd, 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.

CRIME AND OBSESSION.

A series of crimes of revolting cruelty perpetrated in Austria have resulted in the death on the gallows of the male criminal, while his wife is to be imprisoned for the rest of her life. Medical experts examined the brain of the man, and found it so disorganised that he could have had no moral sense, in other words he was about as responsible as a well-developed shark. Another story of similar but somewhat more varied atrocity and callous indifference is now again stimulating the imagination of latter-day journalism, while we have had the piteous spectacle of a woman, young, well-nurtured, and with all the surroundings of refinement, pleading guilty to offences of the most ignoble character, and for her also is urged the plea of irresponsibility. The case of the Austrian monster, Schneider, is, perhaps, at present the one most easily considered, though, when the stories of the two other cases referred to are fully known, they will, perhaps, be even more instructive. If, as the doctors assert, Schneider, owing to the condition of his brain, was not responsible for his actions, that indeed he had no moral sense, the conclusion must be got at from one of two suppositions, either that the brain contains in itself the moral sense, and so the moral sense is not there when that part of the brain is not there, or that a certain part of the brain is the seat of the moral sense. If the first hypothesis be true, then criminality is physiological, and it would be just as absurd to punish a man for having a criminal brain as for having an undeveloped arm. But if the other hypothesis be right we must find out what that moral sense is which has its seat there.

It would naturally suggest itself to anyone making this inquiry to go to the writers on psychology. But what a hopeless task it is. Speaking of conscience, an essential element in the idea of moral sense, Dr. Alexander Bain* says:—

I maintain that conscience is an imitation within ourselves of the government without us, and that, even when differing in what it prescribes from the current morality, the mode of its action is still parallel to the archetype.

What is meant by "within ourselves"? And to what shifts such a psychology is driven. After doing his best to prove that there is no such thing as morality outside custom, Dr. Bain allows that the individual conscience "may differ in what it prescribes from the current morality," in fact, he adduces this abrogation of moral rules as a most illustrative fact. "A number of persons banding together," he says, "may set the general opinion at defiance." There is no answer to the question as to what there is in these people that sets public opinion at defiance. Dr. Alexander Bain and his kind give us no help; let us ask the physiological psychologists. Dr. Bastian† speaks of the growth of an "inward monitor":—

Equally important, however, among savage races, are those limitations which "expediency" compels the individual to recognise, as imposed by his fellow-men upon the freedom of his own actions. Such considerations, in concert perhaps with a strengthening sympathy, gradually tend to build up within him an inward monitor, or "conscience," at the same time that there arise embryo notions of Right and Duty, constituting the foundations of a dawning "moral sense."

An inward monitor; what does the inwardness mean?

We get but little help from anyone. Even G. H. Lewes can only say:—

Both intellect and conscience are products of the animal impulses and social impulses acting and reacting.

Whence and how do these impulses arise?

That by development a certain entity is produced which entity is called moral sense, and has its habitation in the brain may be true, but there is much difficulty in seeing how a thing which is spiritual in its effects is material in its origin. But if this development includes a concurrent development of something which is spiritual, which uses the brain as its instrument, and which cannot act if the brain be not equally developed, we get at something which is more intelligible.

Nevertheless, both these hypotheses contain elements of difficulty which are not encountered in the hypothesis of a developing—possibly automatically developing—instrument, which instrument is subservient to, and generally used by, one experimenter alone, though either from necessity or from choice it may at times be used by other and more powerful agencies.

Such a combination would often be unequally balanced, and indeed the combination of intelligences of different capacities, whether moral or intellectual, with perfect or imperfect instruments, would largely explain the varieties of men and women that we daily meet with. And further, if the brain be an instrument, and if not only the intelligence which manifests itself in the individual as we know him, but other intelligences, can use this machine, then is no difficulty in assuming that strong, though evil, intelligences can fasten on to the nervous systems which are best suited for their fell purposes. What else is the meaning of the loss of will power arising from drunkenness or inordinate lust?

If the moral sense be itself of itself nothing but the outcome of a development, why should this loss of will power always lead to evil results? The only possible assumption would seem to be that of the existence of evil agencies ready to fasten on to any human person whose nervous organisation is such as to permit the ingress of such agencies.

Given then the existence of an undeveloped or atrophied brain, that is, undeveloped or atrophied in certain parts, and an evil but intelligent being ready to seize the opportunity, and we have sufficient conditions for the production of any amount of crime.

These are very probably not the only conditions—the incarnation of an evil spirit is a possible supposition. A case which seems to support this view is that of the boy-murderers of Liverpool. But, after deducting all such extreme cases, how many are left which can only be accounted for by the incoming of a malign influence, which the unhappy sufferer has not been able to withstand from want of knowledge or from lack of will. How much in the sum of human woe is due to this we can never know, but we do know that the religious teaching of the churches gives no help towards keeping the enemy at bay. It is the professors of neurotic science to whom we owe most, even though they have reasoned rather about the instrument than about the agent.

ANNIE ABBOTT, "The Georgia Magnet," has been re-engaged to appear at the Alhambra Theatre (for a few nights only), and will on and after Monday next, April 4th, give a full exhibition of her marvellous powers every evening at 8 o'clock.

"HYPNOTISM." BY JOSEPH DAREY. (London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. Price 1s.)—An interesting pamphlet which will repay perusal. At p. 43 he narrates how Dr. Kean in 1845, in India, cured sixty-four insane patients out of seventy-four cases. I have not met with this statement before, but having always been impressed that a large proportion of insanity was demoniacal possession, I have for many years urged on the managers of our asylums the use of mesmerism, and I understand that in some asylums hypnotism is now being tried; but as hypnotism ignores the spiritual element, I should not expect that method to be so successful as mesmerism might be with the insane—G.W.M.D.

*The Emotions and the Will," pp. 234-235, third edition, 1875.

† "The Brain as an Organ of Mind," p. 416.

LIFE OF LAURENCE OLIPHANT

An edition of the book, originally published at the close of 1890, in two volumes, has been sent out by Messrs. Blackwood, in a single volume, at the reduced price of 7s. 6d. The life of Oliphant has been noticed in these columns. It is now a matter of public property, and there is no need to say more about it. But Mrs. Oliphant prefixes to her new edition some remarks about Mr. Harris. He has recently married, and has engaged a good deal of attention previously. Mrs. Oliphant's notice will cause even more attention to the career of a remarkable man.

She complains in her preface that she tried to get every kind of information about Mr. Harris without success—"mere gropings in the dark."

Then came her book "and lighted up candles everywhere," not throwing, as their manner is, much light. "The explanation of such a man," says Mrs. Oliphant, "is beyond my power." It is probable that it would tax the greatest powers of interpretation to place an exact explanation on such a problem. But Mr. Harris has been heard through the mouths of his disciples, of whom Mrs. Oliphant is not one, and some people have said of him and his Brocton house things that are not complimentary. Between these opposing forces we do not propose to intervene; if only for the reason that it does not concern us. For, though Mr. Harris had great powers, and though he is said to have renewed them, he is not in any way a power to be reckoned with now. No doubt Mrs. Oliphant writes from a hostile point of view, but we have given space to those who write from the other point of regard, very much more than she and those who agree with her have required. Therefore, the extracts which we feel it right to make from her preface to the new edition of Laurence Oliphant's life will close our notice of the subject, unless unforeseen circumstances should invoke our attention on the score of fairness and impartiality.

Mrs. Oliphant remarks in the preface to her new edition:—

Since this book was first published, the reign of Mr. Harris has been expounded and interpreted on all sides: some of these explanations have come from his remaining disciples, whose argument is simply that all things he has done are right, that all his motives are pure, that Laurence Oliphant, having been in the later part of his life rebellious to the Master's authority, was righteously, he and his wife, swept out of his path, and given over to destruction—arguments to which, as I conceive it, there is no answer, since those who can put them forth are beyond the limits of reason, as ordinarily understood; and some from other quarters adding detail upon detail on the story of his spiritual despotism. My table is covered with American papers in which these details have been worked into sensational articles, thrilling with descriptions of the luxurious seclusion of Fountain Grove, where a man, who cannot err, and will never die, lives surrounded with every luxury, while his dependants, who have furnished all his revenues, live and toil in a subdued humility, working his vineyards, accumulating wealth which is not for them, and giving up heart and soul to his service. It is not for me to attempt to penetrate that retirement. Mr. Harris himself has recently spoken from it, announcing his discovery, after many researches, of the method by which eternal youth and power is attained, and by which he, a man of seventy, has been re-endowed with all the forces of his prime, and enabled to enter afresh, with increased strength, upon the Propaganda which for many years he would seem to have practically given up. He does not deny, but allows with calmness, that the Oliphants having rebelled against him, he warned them of the fatal consequences that must follow, and if he did not absolutely execute his own vengeance, permitted it, by the unseen powers, to be carried out. That Mr. Harris should say, and permit his champions to say, such things as these, carries the question far beyond anything to which I can reply. The elixir of life, the command of death, the right of one individual to rule for time and

eternity the destinies of others—these are the questions of a fairy tale, not of human argument. My indictment was far more modest than his own assertion. I did not mention in my record of Laurence Oliphant's concluding years the letter in which Harris' last warning and sentence were conveyed, desiring myself, as I had not seen it, to believe that the report of it might have been exaggerated. Mr. Harris himself, however, not only admits but asserts that he gave that warning, uttered the threat, and that his verdict—a sentence of death—was righteously executed. The statement seems sufficient for all purposes. If it is true, the Magician in California is the most wonderful of human beings; but at all events he thus meets every charge brought against him boldly, by allowing it, on the ground of his own unique and irresistible power.

February 15th, 1892.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND SECOND SIGHT.

A WEST HIGHLAND EPISODE.

By "EDINA."

During his recent visit to Edinburgh for a painting seance, Mr. D. Duguid told me of a rather remarkable experience he had in the West Highlands some years ago, which indicates that what has long been known there as "second sight" is a gift still possessed by some of the denizens of the "Highlands and Islands of Scotland." Mr. Duguid stated that at one time he was in the employment of a well-known firm of removal and furnishing contractors in Glasgow, and had often to go to the country in connection with the business contracts of the firm. On the occasion in question it was his duty to pay a visit to a large mansion in Argyllshire, and to enable him to reach his destination he found it necessary to hire a rowing boat with four sturdy Western oarsmen to convey him across one of the "lochs" or "arms of the sea" with which the Argyllshire coast is so much indented. Shortly after starting on their voyage across the loch, which is several miles in breadth, the wind rose and lashed its waters into huge waves, which threatened to swamp the boat and throw its occupants into the sea. After toiling for some time against the storm, the "bow" or front oarsman cried out to the party, "It's of no use; we must turn the boat back, or it will go down." At this time, Mr. Duguid states, he sat in the stern, and was busily engaged in bailing out the water which was coming in in large quantities, and just as the boatman made the proposal to turn, above referred to, the "form" of "Jan Steen," the Dutch painter, one of Mr. Duguid's spirit controls, came into the boat right in front of him and cried out, "If you turn the boat now nothing can save you." On hearing this exclamation and warning, Mr. Duguid says that he cried out, "Go on, go on; don't turn back!" and no sooner had he used these words than he was much surprised to hear the boatman, who had just a second before proposed to put the boat back, now cry out, "Yes, yes; we'll go on." After a great deal of severe toil, and a considerable amount of peril, the boatmen were able to land Mr. Duguid on the other side of the loch, where there was a small hostelry, to which the drenched and tired-out party adjourned for refreshment, of which they stood greatly in need. During its consumption Mr. Duguid states that he had the curiosity to ask the boatman before referred to why he had so suddenly changed his mind about turning the boat back during the storm, and he was rather astonished at the reply he got. "Oh," said the boatman, "I saw the 'wraith' who came to you at the stern, and I heard what it said to you, and then I knew we must go on if we wished to be safe." Mr. Duguid unfortunately did not pursue the subject any further, as he has always been very reticent about his controls and does not parade his mediumship, but the incident goes to show that "second sight" is still to be found in the Highlands, and is not at all uncommon. In the case of the boatman, there seems little doubt that he was both clairvoyant and clairaudient, although probably he did not realise or set much store by the gift, and took it as a matter of not unfrequent occurrence in a part of the country where the belief in "wraiths" and "visions" still lingers, and what is often called "Highland superstition" still extensively prevails. All the same, Mr. Duguid is firmly convinced that but for (1) the timely interference and counsel of his control, "Jan Steen," and (2) the gift of "seeing and hearing" possessed by the boatman the craft would certainly have been turned back with the probable result of its being swamped and the occupants all drowned.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD AND BUDDHISM.

It is reported that Sir Edwin Arnold has gone to India for the purpose of consolidating the Buddhist faith. He is to arrange for the transference of the great temple to a commission drawn from all the chief Buddhist countries in Asia. If this is accurate information, he is pursuing the work which Colonel Oleott so successfully carried out and himself initiated.

This is an account given, as to his alleged intentions, by an American interviewer:—

"I am bound there on a most curious and interesting mission," he said, "one, I doubt not, which will change the great current of Buddhist belief and cause hundreds of thousands of Buddhist followers to be turned into a new channel, affecting and influencing hundreds of thousands of others until Buddhism shall take possession of a great country.

"I go through Japan to India in the cold season, taking perhaps Siam upon my way, on a curious and interesting mission.

"It is to endeavour to arrange for the amicable transfer of the Great Central Temple of the Buddhist faith from the hands of the Brahmins now holding it to those of a commission, drawn from all the chief Buddhist countries in Asia. At Buddha Gyai, near Patna, is the place where Prince Siddhartha, founder of Buddhism, attained knowledge under the Bodhi tree. On that site King Asoka, three hundred years before Christ, founded a commemorative temple, which is the centre of Buddhism, as Mecca and Jerusalem are of Mahomedanism and Christianity. Late princes have embellished and beautified it, and the sacred tree still grows on the very spot where Buddha sat. This, therefore, is the heart of the Buddhist peoples, numbering four hundred millions, inhabiting Siam, Burmah, Thibet, Ceylon, China, Japan, &c. But these holy precincts, being in Bengal, have fallen into the care of Shraite Brahmins, and some years ago I suggested to the Buddhists that they ought to receive the guardianship of them. The idea has spread like wildfire in Asia, and I received a request to communicate with her Majesty's Government on the subject. Lord Cross and Lord Laundowne, the Viceroy, have shown themselves well disposed to the transfer, if it can be arranged without the slightest ill-will or offence to those concerned, and it may be hoped that by the influence of good sense and friendliness this great act of religious equity will be accomplished, and the Buddhist world of Asia be placed in possession of its own metropolis.

"The effect of that would be in all probability the gradual, visible return of Buddhism to the country from which it has been exiled, in presence, but never in spirit."

Then he talked of the strange Oriental country, which in later years has engaged so much of his attention.

"The destiny of China and America," continued he, "are to me strange. What China will, in the lapse of time, do with so many of her people is a problem. She does not know now what to do with them.

"They threaten to override you as Russians do us. The Russians are pushing on toward the south, toward Constantinople. I cannot blame them. They want to get out of that cold country and get where it is warm and congenial. It is a mighty theme to contemplate. Some day, it appears to me, they will endeavour to overrun us, as the Chinese will to overrun you. It is the old question with the people of the north, and on toward Constantinople is their evident object and possible destiny.

"The same problem confronts you from the people of China. Let me tell you that it is not your laws against the Chinese, nor the wish of the Chinese Government that keeps the people out, but a little sentence written away back there hundreds of years ago by Confucius. It is this:

"Every Chinese must be buried in his own soil."

"They do not know that Confucius meant by this that a pinch of Chinese earth in their last resting place would answer all purposes and save them at the last day, and those who have dipped into the works of Confucius and caught the real meaning have not been anxious to tell them.

"I said to my China boy once, 'What is the use of your thinking when you die you must be taken back and buried in the earth of China? A little pinch of it would do just as

well. Confucius did not mean you would actually have to be buried at home.'

"But he could not believe it. 'Die here, go hell,' said he; 'die there, go top side.' It is this that keeps the vast throngs of Chinese from invading your great country. That one little sentence of Confucius, which has become an axiom among them, keeps them back, and only that. Nothing else could do it.

"The fact that every Chinese realises that if he goes away from his country and dies he must be pickled and sent back, or that at least his bones must be, keeps hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of them back. Were it not for this they would come upon you and overrun you. But in the present state they are afraid that if they come over here they might die and not be sent back.

"When the time comes that they no longer believe this, are satisfied with the pinch of earth of which Confucius told, they may come upon you as the whirlwind in innumerable throngs.

"On the other occasion of my visit to San Francisco I came on the Central Pacific railroad. This time I came by the Southern Pacific. I was on that line interested in what I saw in Arizona, as I had been in Nevada and other States and territories more or less arid.

"They remind me much in appearance of India, and though the soil looks sterile it is destined even in the most forbidding parts to support at a distant time great populations.

MULTIPLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

FROM THE "RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL."

Mr. T. W. Davenport, who has an article in "The Journal" this week on "Independent Writing," is a clear thinker and a good writer; indeed, he has the reputation in his State of being the most intellectual man in the county in which he lives. His thoughtful articles contributed to "The Journal" from time to time abundantly prove his large experience in the investigation of Spiritualism, as well as his earnestness in defending its claims. But Mr. Davenport appears not to have given much, if any, consideration to the curious psychical phenomena which seem to admit of explanation only on the theory of what is called sub-consciousness, secondary personality, multiple personality or consciousness, &c. Mr. Davenport says:—

"Is it philosophically conceivable that the mental perceptions and reflections, the feelings and emotions, are registered in two places, or that there are two conscious sensoriums, the sub and the supra; the latter being the responsible, operating individuality, possessing everyday attributes, but wholly unconscious of any co-existence or co-use of the faculties; knowing nothing of the sub, who really knows all that supra is and knows, and much more, and has ideas, purposes, disposition, &c., that make him an entirely separate and independent individuality? Now, this latter is not science of any description; there is no vestige of positive, materialistic knowledge in it. Sub-consciousness is a most fantastic evasion of everything rational, and requires more gullibility in the one accepting it than ever was supposed to belong to straight Spiritualists. Instead of explaining everything, it gets one deeper into unexplainable hallucinations. What is the use of it, anyway?—when the adoption of a single fact reconciles all seeming contradictions and makes independent writing an entirely rational affair."

Now, Spiritualism cannot be successfully defended by ignoring a class of phenomena which is receiving the attention and study of the best thinkers in France, England, and America, and "The Journal" deems it a duty to call special attention to this class of phenomena with a view to the careful consideration of the subject and its discussion in these columns by able thinkers, like Mr. Davenport. A few instances of multiple consciousness are here given to illustrate the character of the phenomena.

In the November number of "Revue des Deux Mondes" M. Jules Janot relates the following experiment:—An hysterical subject with an insensitive limb is put to sleep and is told: "After you awake you will raise your finger when you mean Yes, and you will put it down when you mean No, in answer to the questions which I shall ask you." The subject is then wakened and M. Janot pricks the insensitive limb in several places. He asks, "Do you feel

anything?" The conscious-awakened person replies with the lips, "No," but at the same time, in accordance with the signal agreed upon during the state of hypnotisation, the finger is raised to signify "Yes." It has been found that the finger will even indicate exactly the number of times that the apparently insensitive limb has been wounded.

A case in which conscious personality has been replaced by the subconscious or secondary personality is that of Felida X., in which the somnambule state has become the normal one, the first state now recurring but for a short time and at long intervals. Of the second state it is said: Felida's second state is altogether superior to the first—physically superior, since the nervous pains which had troubled her from childhood have disappeared; and morally superior, inasmuch as her morose, self-centred disposition is exchanged for a cheerful activity which enables her to attend to her children and to her shop much more effectively than when she was in the *état bête*, as she now calls what was once the only personality that she knew. In this case, then, which is now of nearly thirty years' standing, the spontaneous readjustment of nervous activities—the second state, no memory of which remains in the first state—has resulted in an improvement profounder than could have been anticipated from any moral or medical treatment that we know. The case shows us how often the word normal means nothing more than "what happens to exist." For Felida's normal state was in fact her morbid state; and the new condition, which seemed at first a mere hysterical abnormality, has brought her to a life of bodily and mental sanity which makes her fully the equal of average women of her class.

The experiments of Professor Pierre Janet with Madame B. show that there may be not merely two alternating personalities, the primary and the hypnotic self, but that the two may act concurrently in the same individual, and furthermore that there may be a third personality, a second somnambule life, which emerges from the subconscious depths or comes from the superconscious realm of being. The second personality knows of the first, and the third is aware of the other two, and in some respects is superior to either. The third personality knows the ordinary life of Madame B.; knows the second personality and distinguishes itself from both. The woman in her normal state is gentle, quiet, timid, and melancholy. In her first hypnotic state she is just the opposite, and says of the ordinary self, "That good woman is not I; she is too stupid." The third self is a serene, dignified character that does not want to be identified with either of the others. She gives good advice to the second character, to whom she also issues commands that are obeyed.

The three characters—Madame B. in her normal state, in her first somnambule life, and in her second somnambule life—are known as Léonie, Léontine, and Léonore.

To illustrate the concurrent action of the normal self and the hypnotic personality may be mentioned an incident when Léonie had been hypnotised and had become Léontine; she was told by Professor Janet that when she came out of the hypnotic trance and had resumed her ordinary life, she, Léontine, was to take off her apron and then tie it on again. Of course, there was but one apron—the joint apron of Léonie and Léontine. When Léonie came out of the hypnotic trance Professor Janet talked with her as usual on ordinary topics. But in that waking state she untied her apron and took it off. Her attention was called to the loosened apron by Professor Janet, when she exclaimed, "Why, my apron is coming off!" and tied it on again, continuing to talk. But Léontine wanted the apron off, and at her prompting the hands took off the apron again, and again replaced it the second time without Léonie's attention having been at all directed to the matter. Léontine was not satisfied to have the apron tied by Léonie. Her impulse to tie it herself, as Mr. F. W. H. Myers says, "resembles the insect which must needs bore its hole or build its nest in its own way, and will not make use of any assistance offered to it." The next day Léonie was again hypnotised by Professor Janet, when Léontine in control said: "Well, I did what you told me yesterday. How stupid the other one looked while I took her apron off. Why did you tell her that her apron was falling off? I was obliged to begin the job over again." Léontine always calls Léonie "the other one." In this reference to her act, and to Léonie's discomfiture, Léontine shows readiness to do what she is told to, whether it has any meaning or not, and shows that

she sees the absurdity of Léonie's doing in her ordinary life what she knew nothing of in fulfilment of Léontine's wishes. Many things Léonie, while awake, did as directed by Léontine, such as writing letters signed Léontine, and condemning Léonie and threatening to demolish her.

What is the meaning of these facts, and hundreds of others similar to them, which might be mentioned? Are there really two or more personalities in every human being? That is hard to believe; more reasonable is the view advanced by Mr. Myers, who says: "I hold that we each of us contain the potentialities of many different arrangements of the elements of our personality, each arrangement being distinguishable from the rest by difference in the chain of memories which pertains to it. The arrangement with which we habitually identify ourselves—what we call the normal or primary self—consists, in my view, of elements selected for us in the struggle for existence with special reference to maintenance of ordinary physical needs, and is not necessarily superior in any other respects to the latent personalities which are alongside of it, the fresh combinations of our personal elements which may be evoked by accident or design in a variety to which we can at present assign no limit. I consider that dreams with natural somnambulism, automatic writing, with so-called mediumistic trance, as well as certain intoxications, epilepsies, hysterias and recurrent insanities, afford examples of the development of what I have called secondary mnemonic chains—fresh personalities, more or less complete, alongside the normal state; and I would add that hypnotism is only the name given to a group of empirical methods of inducing these fresh personalities—of shifting the centres of maximum energy, and starting a new mnemonic chain." According to Mr. Myers' theory some phase of the personality is conscious of whatever the organism does or experiences, which is registered in some mnemonic chain, but the consciousness of any given act or experience may form a part of a chain of memories which has never obtruded itself into the waking life and may never form any part of that life. Mr. Myers thinks that much of what we are wont to regard as an integral part of us may drop away, and yet leave us with a consciousness of our own being which is more vivid and purer than before. "The web of habits and appetencies, of lusts and fears, is not, perhaps, the ultimate manifestation of what in truth we are. It is the cloak which our rude forefathers have woven themselves against the cosmic storm; but we are already learning to shift and refashion it as our gentler weather needs, and if perchance it slips from us in the sunshine then something more ancient and more glorious is for a moment guessed within." The subject is one of profoundest interest. The "Journal" must, however, call attention to this important fact in the so-called automatic writing by Mrs. Underwood and others, which distinguishes it from all the phenomena of multiple consciousness. Such writing is done when the medium is entirely conscious of it, when there is no interruption or disturbance of the medium's normal condition, when instead of being in a state of distraction or absent-mindedness the medium may be a careful observer of the writing and a curious questioner of the intelligence which gives the thought and directs the writing. Facts like these should not be forgotten in discussions of the phenomena of Spiritualism and of multiple consciousness.

APRIL.

In April time the world awakes,
Green buds to thought provoke us;
And the old pain a newness takes,
With daffodil and crocus!

For the old love no freshness brings,
The old love dead and faded,
That sprang from God's eternal springs,
Yet lies in death degraded.

Ah, me! the pain to think that we
Were slaves to foolish fancies,
And having eyes yet could not see
Our faults and ignorances!

Rejected the immortal truth,
Light, life, in love's bright focus,
And weep to see the world's fresh youth
In daffodil and crocus.

—KATE BURTON.

THE portrait which appeared in our last number should have been described as that of Mrs. Stanhope Speer.

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.]

"Edina" and the Quoted Verses.

SIR,—In "Edina" and the verses quoted by Livingstone through the medium's automatic writing—unless the defect is solely in the caligraphy this is evidently, as you will see, an imperfect memory quotation from a poem by Thomas Pringle in his "African Sketches." He was one of the Scotch South African pioneers to Graham's Town and Port Elizabeth, about 1828, I think. I have not Pringle's book by me, but I have a quotation from it in a book of travels when my extract was made (published about 1870), by Major Harris, entitled, I believe, "Wild Sports in South Africa." I have been always interested in South Africa, because my brother was one of the pioneers of Natal in 1850. The ninth and tenth lines of "Edina's" version appear to be a repetition or refrain unduly inserted. The eleventh line he gives is an odd insertion, unconnected—unless it be in the memory of the "revenant" (whoever he may be)—except by an imperfect rhyme. Or it may be a line from another part of the poem, of which I have not the copy. From faint memory I almost think there is a line about the "Brown Karroo." The "Karroo" is the small desert north of Cape Town that Olive Schreiner describes in her "Life on an African Farm."

You will note the spirit uses "love-d" instead of "I love," as in the original, evidently thus adapting the lines to himself and his own feelings at the time he was thinking of. This, probably, would be his journey across the Kalahari Desert, north of Bechuanaland and west of what has since become the Transvaal, when he discovered Lake Ngami, the first found and southernmost of the African Lake discoveries. As to slips of this sort in spiritual communications, it rather ought to be felt to enhance the humanness and genuine character of the message than otherwise, if it be a personal (of the spirit) mistake. Much more if we accept the information professedly from personal and repeated experience of Thomas Lake Harris and Swedenborg, that messages through the spiritual world and into our earthly spirit life are often transmitted through a long line of spirits as "mediums," and "hypnotically," as we should now say. Swedenborg calls spirits so used "subjects," implying their passivity.

I am sure, sir, all Spiritualists and even doubters ought to be grateful to "Edina" for his great pains, labour, and candour.

GEO. H. HUNT.

P.S.—I am much interested in Mrs. Speer's reminiscences of you, especially regarding Mrs. Holmes, where I met you and had a talk one evening, along with a friend, when you told us of sixty cases of "matter passing through matter," as one then called it, in a few months of your commencing to investigate, and up to that point. I have a coin in my pocket yet that was "dematerialised" at the previous night's seance, and afterwards returned to me by the little "Indian spirit" in exchange for another. There is not a shadow of a doubt of this coin's evanishment into the immaterial or at least invisible world, and of its return!

The Medical Profession and Hypnotism.

SIR,—According to the "British Medical Journal," a Bill to restrict the use of hypnotism, and granting a certain monopoly for exercising it to the physician, has been introduced into the New York Legislature. This is the second legislative body which has undertaken to legislate on this matter, the Belgian Chamber of Deputies having been the first.

On carefully considering the subject it may be easily understood that such a decision can only be due to both ignorance and want of appreciation of the requirements of their own dignity, on the part of those who legislate, and to the intrigues of those interested in securing the monopoly.

It is, therefore, to be deplored that the Ministers and legislators who propose, and carry such a measure into effect, should be quite unacquainted with the nature of hypnotism. They do not comprehend its principal aspect, that is to say, the extensive field which it opens for investigating and discovering the influence which the mind (I take the word *mind* in its widest sense) exercises on the body, and vice versa, a knowledge of the greatest importance in every respect, and without which it will never be possible to

establish what I think must be called transcendental physiology, one of the branches—and no doubt the most interesting—of one of the fundamental sciences—biology. It follows from what I have stated, that hypnotism belongs to science, whether psychology be included in biology, according to Auguste Comte, or not, according to Herbert Spencer. There is also another reason in support of my statement, and that is that the hypnotic state is an abnormal physiological one, although transitory. From the said considerations we be concluded how absurd was the proposition of the Belgian Minister, when he said in the "Exposé des Motifs" of the Bill, that hypnotism belongs to therapeutics, because it can be used as a chirurgically anæsthetic, which proposition amounts to the same as to say that heat, electricity, light, atmospheric air, water, &c., belong to the therapeutic art, not to the cosmological sciences, for they are used for therapeutic purposes. The consequence of this is, following the reasoning of the Minister, that nobody, medical men excepted, will be allowed to meddle with such natural agencies.

It is also a great pity, that through ignorance as to the nature of the relations existing among all the different kinds of human knowledge—particularly the sciences, which are all only branches of a parent stem—the classification of them has been very imperfect, and consequently the systems of education have become so unmitigated as to distort the mind, instead of favouring its processes, rendering more difficult the acquisition of knowledge, and, therefore, retarding human progress. A consequence of this ignorance, whenever it was the question of determining what kind of mental culture is required for certain professions, has been that some sciences or sciences have not been included, or they have been classified in improper association, and this only because it has been supposed that there was no connection, and less still any dependence, between them all. Thus, it has been believed that anatomy, for instance, has no relation to mechanics, and consequently, that this science must be relegated to engineering and architecture, when it is evident that without mechanics, the structure of the human frame cannot be well understood. A similar thing has occurred with regard to sociology, although it is impossible to grasp without it the subject of biology, the one explaining the phenomena of life considered in the individual independently, the other, the action and reaction among individuals. In the same way, it has been believed that meteorology must be relegated to astronomy, although the medical men cannot penetrate without it how the action of the cosmological agents of nature on human beings can produce, or can cure, many ailments. The same reasoning may be applied to other subjects, to which man devotes his energy, for instance, politics. It has been established that biology in its different branches—anatomy, physiology, &c.—is required only for medicine, and, therefore, that medicine must be the exclusive depository of it, without considering that politics must be almost empirical without social science, and the latter will never be well understood without biology.

Another source of error and one of transcendence has been the absence of due distinction between science and its applications to satisfy human necessities, that is to say, art. This confusion producing, among other natural consequences, that of giving origin to excessive and ridiculous pretensions on the part of certain classes. They speak of the science of engineering, medical science, the science of politics, &c., instead of the art of engineering, medical art, the art of governing, or politics.

It has only been by taking advantage of the ignorance and confusion I have mentioned, that it has become possible to propose, and to carry out in Belgium, the abuse sanctioned there, by restricting the power of the scientist for the use of this great and indispensable instrument for scientific investigations known as hypnotism, and giving full power over it, under the form of a monopoly, to the men of medical art, when it is just this art that depends principally on the sciences. And this is so much the more inexcusable in Belgium, as there medicine is always officially called "the art of healing" (*l'art de guérir*), and therefore, the Minister who is the author of the Bill, like all the deputies, in taking part in the discussion, gave medicine this denomination. The following curious incident during the discussion of the Bill is worthy of mention. The Minister having called medicine "the art of healing," the laugh of the Deputies induced him to add: "or, if you prefer it, the art of treating the patients." It is extremely offensive even to common-sense, to find that

under such a regulation as that dictated in Belgium, eminent men of science, like Professor Tyndall, Professor Huxley, Professor Crookes, and others of similar attainments, should be prevented from acting as they think convenient, to enlarge through hypnotism the field of biological and other knowledge, while the men of the yet, in a great measure, conjectural art, could use it as they think conducive to their views, not only for therapeutic purposes, but even so as to retard the propagation of it, they having been always opposed to it in the most decided manner, expressing their apparent contempt by calling it charlatanism and imposture.

In order to legalise such a scandalous abuse, the dangers of hypnotism have been exaggerated, the medical men acting in this matter according to their wonted system of alarming and intimidating the public. But that the dangers are not such as have been represented, is evidenced by the statistics of the result of thousands of experiments made in different countries. According to these statistics no more than 5 or 6 per cent., even if so many, are the number of people who are susceptible of hypnotisation, and of these, very few become quite unconscious under it. Based on this knowledge, several intelligent hypnotisers, and with them Dr. Berillon, Editor, and a prominent writer, in the *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, published in Paris, are of opinion that hypnotism is not more dangerous than several poisons; and they believe that the only step which the legislators must take in the matter should be directed to fix the punishment corresponding to the different bad effects produced by incompetent hypnotisers, and to the degrees of the offences incurred by malice, in order to remove by a sufficient deterrent the temptation so easily occurring in such cases to the mind of ignorant, and especially, to unscrupulous or corrupt people. And, in fact, this is what the Belgian Minister of Justice should have proposed to the Chamber.

But, as I said at the beginning of this letter, it appears that this high functionary, unacquainted, as he has shown himself to be, with what it is necessary to know, in order to act properly in such a position, put himself entirely at the disposal of the medical class, as one must believe seeing him expressing the following sentence on the discussion of the Bill: "It may occur that the medical man does not know anything at all about hypnotism; notwithstanding his diploma authorises him to make use of it." That is to say, that he need not have sufficient knowledge to manage so "dangerous" an instrument, so long only as he possesses a diploma. And this is the more astonishing, emanating as it does from the Minister, who at the same meeting of the Chamber said: "There are medical men, who, under the pretext of administering a medicine, poison their patients." Other and equally significant expressions on the part of the same Minister, denoting a complete submission to the medical class, were: "I have in some measure written the 'Exposé des Motifs' and the Bill at the dictation of the Academy of Medicine."

I content myself in such a matter to be merely the obedient organ of the opinions expressed in the deliberations of the Academy of Medicine." He does not know, and the same thing can be said of the majority of the Deputies, that it is not the function proper to authority, be this exercised in legislative, executive, or judicial affairs, to make itself the mere instrument of a class, and to support it in carrying out its illegitimate ambitions, to the detriment of others, and of the public in general; but to regularise the action of all of them, of all the social forces, avoiding encroachments, or usurpations productive necessarily of difficulties disturbing the normal course of human evolution.

Considering all the preceding statements, one cannot help asking, What title medical art has to a monopoly which subordinates to it science and gives to it every kind of facility to make of hypnotism any use it may think fit, even be it for selfish objects? The answer is not very satisfactory, although it does not emanate from the enemies of the faculty, but from distinguished medical men, among them Sir Astley Cooper, who says: "The science of medicine (*sic*) is founded on conjecture, and improved by murder"; Dr. Baker, who says: "The drugs administered for scarlet fever destroy far more than that disease does"; and the famous Magendie, who says: "Medicine is a great humbug."

Fortunately for the tranquillity of mind of those interested in the progress of England in every direction, and in its prestige abroad, the well-known wisdom of its Ministers and Parliament, and their true appreciation of their own dignity, removes any fear that could be entertained as to the

possibility of seeing reproduced here what has occurred in Belgium, and may be expected to occur in New York.—Yours &c.,

March 26th, 1892.

F. O.

Mr. Spurgeon's Phases of Faith.

SIR,—That Mr. Spurgeon was an undoubted clairaudient medium, I remarked during his life, in a letter you were so obliging as to publish on August 15th last. That such was the case accounts since the lamented death of that great preacher and earnest, conscientious man have abundantly confirmed. We find that he was called to his important work by a voice. The "Daily Telegraph" of February 1st says, quoting from Mr. Spurgeon's own records:—

Soon after I began to preach at Waterbeach, my father and others begged me to enter Regent's Park College, in order to make myself a learned minister. . . . Before I had given up all thoughts of the college, I was walking by myself over a common, fixed in deep meditation. Suddenly I seemed to hear a loud voice, saying: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not." In an instant I remembered my poor but loving people, and the souls given over to my humble charge, and I determined to abide with them. Had it not been for those mysterious words I had not been where I am now.

That Mr. Spurgeon was clairvoyant also, I think we may safely surmise; not only because clairaudience and clairvoyance frequently, perhaps usually, go together, but from his own words in the very last sermon he preached at the Tabernacle. The "Daily Graphic," quoting from that sermon, gives this extract: "Young men, if you could see our Captain, you would down on your knees and beg Him to let you enter the ranks of those who follow Him." And, if it were the case that Mr. Spurgeon had such belief that he saw the Christ Himself, he would not be singular. I have a friend who tells me that he sees the Lord Jesus as plainly as he sees any man in the flesh; and he is no simple enthusiast, but an aged captain in the merchant service, a man of great talent, the head of a large shipping establishment in the town where he lives, and a Nestor in the town council. He believes, also, that he is in personal communication with his great Master by clairaudience. He believes it as much as Laurence Oliphant believed it, as much as a lady friend of mine believes it, as much as a martyr of the fourth century—St. Agnes—believed it, and as much as the Roman Church expresses the belief that the Lord Jesus placed a ring on her finger at the beginning of that fourth century, shortly before Rome became Christian, and during the last great persecution of the Emperor Dioclesian.

Cardinal Wiseman, in his preface to "Fabiola," says:—"It is clearly represented to us, that St. Agnes had ever before her the unseen Object of her love, saw Him, heard Him, felt Him, and entertained, and had returned, a real affection, such as hearts on earth have for one another. She seems to walk in perpetual vision, almost in ecstatic fruition." I might go further with the excellent and enthusiastic Cardinal on this same subject in this same preface, and elsewhere in his book, but I think I have said enough.

But this comforting belief does not guarantee the seer from beholding sights less gracious, less genial. My friend, the captain, tells me that he has also seen the devil; and if he can be seen, it is not inconceivable that he can be heard. I do not imply this last personal experience in any way to that good man, the late Mr. Spurgeon. I have no ground for it. Indeed, I may have my private doubts whether anybody ever has experienced that sight or heard that especial voice, but I have a right to presume that deplorable sights may reach the clairvoyant eye, as well as that deplorable sounds may reach the clairaudient ear, which it would be madness to regard as gospel. This idea is not less prominent in my mind since I read the following in "LIGHT" of February 27th: "Mr. Arthur Maw, of Severn House, Trowbridge, Salop. 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.'" Of course, it pained him, as well it might (I think, probably, more from natural kindness of heart than from "constitutional depression") to say some things that he thought "needful for the sake of others,"

especially as Mr. Maw tells us "he was a man of every tender sympathies." And here I think I see the struggle of a kindly nature with a false impression, which may well account for his sometimes "desiring strangling rather than life," when he felt he had conscientiously to say things that must shock to the quick every generous heart, every pitiful soul, every real believer in a God of mercy and love, who has made us and not we ourselves. But still the question remains, whether what Mr. Spurgeon thought "needful" to say to others, in a very categorical manner indeed, concerning their eternal agony, was not a groundless hypothesis that he would gladly have disbelieved? Whether, for instance (without going further into the details I gave in your number of August 15th) his threat to the sinners: "Thyself put in a vessel of hot oil, pained yet coming out undestroyed; every vein a string on which the devil shall be ever playing his diabolical tune of hell's unutterable lament," whether in feeling that he had to say such things, he did not do violence to a noble heart? As I said before, the above strange denunciation is not Scriptural. So to have supplied these accurately precise particulars, as fact, from his own mind, would have been glaringly dishonest. But to have supplied them from the dictation of a spirit, in whom he had the misfortune to implicitly believe, would have been natural in one who had learned that Jesus taught the eternal torment of the sinful sons of men. And we may say, moreover, that he never might have believed in the eternal agony of sinful men for the sins of one short life if he had gone to Regent's Park College and studied the Greek Testament, where he might have found that the most important text in the Bible (inasmuch as the misunderstanding thereof has sent more people to the mad-house than any other) has been mistranslated. That text is Matt. xxv. 46, where the Greek word *kolasis* is translated "punishment," its third and derivative meaning, instead of by its first and proper meaning, "excision"; excision from life as a branch cut from a tree, which describes the kind of punishment, and puts it in antithesis with the context, which the word "punishment" does not. Now, though such excision is itself a punishment, one asks, Who were the first culprits who, in such a supreme case, committed this abominable crime of metonymy? Were they the writers of the Latin Vulgate? I cannot tell, as I have not the opportunity of consulting it, so am still ignorant of who were the first great calumniators of their master.

T. W.

Letter from Emma Hardinge Britten.

SIR,—As I have just at present no organ of my own through which to address my friends, may I take advantage of the courtesy already extended to me in your paper to express my great thankfulness for the many kind responses I have received to my recent announcement of my forthcoming new publication, "The Unseen Universe;" also to express my earnest hope that the Magazine in question may be found worthy of the unexpected liberality of the patronage that has been already bestowed upon me? That my friends so generously trust me will, I venture to assure them, add tenfold to the zeal with which I shall endeavour to wield my pen in their service; meantime, I beg many of my good supporters whose subscriptions I have received to excuse the fact that their letters remain unanswered. Even independent of the urgent business which occupies me in preparing for my new undertaking, my husband's recent absence from home, and the overwhelming pressure of our correspondence, have combined to make me hope that the speedy production of the work so liberally subscribed for—and its appearance on the 3rd of next month—will speak for itself, and allow other acknowledgments than this letter to remain inscribed only in the "Unseen Universe."—Thanking you in anticipation, dear sir, for the insertion of this letter, I am, &c.,

EMMA H. BRITTEN.

The Lindens, Humphrey road, Cheetham Hill,
Manchester.

"THE MILLION," Mr. Newnes's new magazine, is not yet as good as it will be. "The Strand" is even better than it has been. The account of the House of Commons in the paper and "Monkey Society" in the magazine are especially worthy of notice. Sherlock Holmes is as good as ever, and the whole magazine is bright and readable. "The Million" is a problem of which the future alone can provide the solution.

SOCIETY WORK.

16, QUEEN'S PARADE, LAVENDER HILL, S.W.—On Sunday next, April 3rd, we hope to have Mr. W. O. Drake with us.—G. D. W., 21c, Victoria-dwellings, Battersea, S.W.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, E.—Service every Sunday, at 7 p.m. Speaker for Sunday next, Mr. W. E. Long; subject, "Spiritualism: Faith, Fraud, Fact, or Folly?"—J. A.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL.—Our meeting on March 24th was the largest we have had. The clairvoyance by Mrs. Bliss was well received and acknowledged. On the day last Mr. Bertram addressed a good audience on "Martyrs." Sunday, April 3rd, at 7 p.m.—F.V.

PECKHAM SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET.—Last Sunday morning "Bible study" was the subject of discussion. In the evening Messrs. Ash, Munns, and Dale gave their reasons for being Spiritualists and narrated some of the evidence which convinced them of spirit return. Sunday next Mr. Veitch on "Trance." Monday, at 8 p.m., Bible study. Thursday, at 8 p.m., psychometry.—J. T. AUDY.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CANNON WELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—Next Sunday, Lyceum at 8 p.m. A. L. Ward at 7 p.m. On Sunday, April 10th, a special service (floral) will be held to commemorate the birth of William Long into the spirit world. Addresses by various mediums and speakers, interspersed by sacred songs and vola, at 1 o'clock. Friends are requested to bring or send flowers on the Saturday previous if possible.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—On Sunday last Mr. Percy Smythe gave us an able discourse upon "The Idea of a Future State." Miss Cusdin kindly officiated at the organ. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. May, clairvoyance. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., seance, Mrs. Mason. Mr. Horatio Hunt, inspirational medium of Halifax, on April 10th and 12th, and May 1st and 3rd. As the number will be limited, tickets should be obtained at once of Mr. Mason, 14, Orchard-road, Shepherd's Bush, W.—J. H. B., Hon. 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, 160, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor Park branch will hold the following meetings at 14, Berkley-terrace: On Sunday, at 11.30 a.m., for students and inquirers; on Friday, at 8 p.m., for Spiritualists only, the study of mediumship; at 1, Winifred-road, White Post-lane, on Tuesday, at 8 p.m., experimental seance; and the first Sunday in each month at 7.15 p.m., reception.—J. A.

SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—On Sunday last Dr. F. R. Young lectured on "Personal Experiences in Spiritualism." It is evident that the speaker had abundant proof, clear and unmistakable, through his own mediumship, of the continued life of man—personal, conscious life. On Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. T. B. Dale on "Christianity and Buddhism Compared"; at 7 p.m., Mr. Stanley, inspirational address. Tuesday, at 7.45 p.m., Mr. T. B. Dale, discussion on astrology. Thursday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Wilkins, seance. Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., Mr. Hawkins, seance. On Good Friday, April 15th, a tea meeting will be held, tickets 9d. each; brief speeches, music, &c.—C. I. H.

CARDIFF.—At the Lesser Hall, Queen-street Arcade, on March 20th, a short service was led by Mr. R. C. Daly, who read an interesting paper upon the continued existence of animal life of all grades after the death of their physical organism. After the service the second annual general meeting of members was held. Those in attendance, although not numerous, were unanimous in their support of the continuance of the work of the society. The annual accounts for the past year and the report of the retired executive having been presented, and the usual votes of thanks accorded, the election of the new executive took place. It is felt that great thanks are due to the old executive for their self-sacrificing labours in the interests of the society under many adverse circumstances. The new executive will, it is hoped, be wisely guided by past experience and receive encouragement from the warm and loyal support of all the members.—E. A.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOME letters unavoidably held over.

"E. K." and "H. H."—Next week.

J. C. S. (F. T. S.) makes strong protest against "Alif's" remarks as they affect Theosophy and the memory of Madame Blavatsky, but the tone of his letter is prohibitory of publication.

"L. H."—It is a very vast subject, quite beyond treatment in an article. There is an enormous literature dealing with it. We fear it is out of our power to treat it. We must act upon our lights, feeling, as you say, the responsibility of all and leave the consequence. We will try, if we can.