

# 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 Editor.

In the current number of her magazine Mrs. Besant has some remarks, kindly conceived, which I wish to note, and to aid by such further publicity as I can give them. I reproduce her words first of all:—

Acting on the advice of some valued friends, I have been devising a scheme to make clear the points of agreement and of difference between thoughtful Theosophists and thoughtful Spiritualists, so that we might all see each other's ground and either argue out our differences or amicably agree to differ. To this end I drew up the following letter, and sent it to Mr. Stainton-Moses, Mr. A. R. Wallace, Professor Crookes, Miss Florence Marryat, and Mr. Theobald. On the side of the Theosophists, I invited the assistance of Countess Wachtmeister, Miss Emily Kislingbury, Herbert Burrows, and G. R. S. Mead. Here is the letter:—

London, March 28th, 1892.

DEAR SIR,—It is proposed to hold a Symposium in "Lucifer" of a few representative Spiritualists and Theosophists, with a view of clearly defining the points of agreement and difference in the two schools, with regard to superphysical phenomena. The following questions have been sketched, as a basis for the discussion; it is proposed that each taking part in the discussion shall begin by stating his position on these points, limiting the statement to about a thousand words; the following month these statements can be criticised and discussed by the controversialists. I very cordially invite your assistance in the carrying out of this plan, which may help to clear away some regrettable misunderstandings.

### PROPOSED QUESTIONS.

1. What do you understand by the word "Spirit"? Does it include all that survives the death of the body, or do you distinguish between Mind and Spirit? *E.g.*, is the casting up of a line of figures an act performed by the Spirit?
2. To what agency do you attribute—
  - (a) The moving of physical objects.
  - (b) The materialisation of human forms or parts of human forms.
  - (c) Automatic writing.
  - (d) Direct writing.
  - (e) Inspirational speaking.
  - (f) Speech during trance.
3. Do you think a disembodied Spirit—using the word Spirit as defined by you under 1—can communicate with persons in Earth-life? If you distinguish between Mind and Spirit, will you state clearly what you think can communicate, and what you think cannot?
4. Do you consider that physical death separates at once the permanent and impermanent parts of man, or do you believe in any further disintegration, and if so, what?
5. In what does mediumship consist, in your opinion?

Will you kindly let me know, at your early convenience, whether you will take part in the proposed Symposium? MSS. should be in my hands by April 26th at latest.—Sincerely,

ANNIE BESANT.

This seems fairly to cover the moot points, and categorical statements by representative men and women on these would be of great interest. When these were published, the statements themselves could be criticised and fully discussed by both sides. Unfortunately, so far, things do not look promising. Up to the time of going to press four answers have reached me: Mr. Stainton-Moses is too ill, and Miss Florence Marryat too busy, to undertake extra work. Professor Crookes is too fully occupied with his scientific labours. One knows how heavily burdened are those who earnestly throw themselves into militant movements; so one cannot wonder, though one may be permitted to express regret. The famous naturalist takes other ground. He says:—

Parkstone, Dorset, March 31st, 1892.

DEAR MRS. BESANT,—I could very easily answer the questions you send, but I do not see what purpose it would serve. *Opinions are of*

no value without stating the evidence on which they are founded. Again, the questions seem altogether one-sided, as none of them touch on the special teaching of Theosophy. Yet further, so few Spiritualists see "Lucifer" that the discussion would not reach them. It seems to me that to serve any useful purpose the questions should be so put as to bring out the crucial differences between Spiritualists and Theosophists. The evidence for each special doctrine should be summarised in the answers. And, lastly, arrangements should be made to have the whole discussion published in "LIGHT" as well as in "Lucifer."

Yours very faithfully,

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

My own views on the question on which Mrs. Besant writes must be well known to any one who cares to know them. I have been for the last twenty years in favour of compromise and comprehension. We are explorers of an unknown country. Perhaps others know more of it than I do; but I think I know something. If they can teach me more I shall be grateful. But my view is that those who go into unexplored places bring back various forms of observation, governed by experience and perhaps by prepossession. Very often the eye sees what it expects to see. These varied views, I think, should be compared and discussed. It is, therefore, a source of regret to me that my unfortunate state of health prevents me from acceding, as I should most cheerfully have done, to Mrs. Besant's request to assist at her attempt at unity between those who have a common object in view. If I had felt able to do what was requested I should have tried to insist on facts now so abundantly proven that no reasonable man who has studied the evidence for them can resist its force. It is they who have *not* studied the evidence who are incredulous, and their opinion is obviously worthless. The position I take up is that the facts of Spiritualism are actual, real, and proved by evidence sufficient to hang a man in a court of justice on a charge of murder. It is the interpretation of the facts that alone remains a moot question. This is precisely the point at which I join hands with the editor of "Lucifer." She desires what I have long desired—a comparison of views between those who are concerned in the same quest.

Then comes the difficulty. I tried hard to organise Spiritualism and to band together those who, the world over, have a common faith. The attempt was a failure. They were not ripe for it, and I know too much of the action of the spiritual forces behind this great movement not to be convinced that they did not wish it. If they had been able to impress on Spiritualists, as they impressed on me, the value of organisation we should be in a different position to-day. But evidently the time had not come, and I accepted the situation. If it were impossible to band Spiritualists together, how shall we try to organise a much more comprehensive scheme with any hope of success? Substantially, Mr. Alfred R. Wallace expresses my views. It has always been a perplexity to me that I can get no real evidence which I can build upon as to Theosophy. I had the advantage of an intimate knowledge of Madame Blavatsky. Piles of her letters are in my possession. I tried hard to get at facts. I found only theories—clever word-spinning. Yet I got from them some



illumination, and I will gladly seek for more, for I believe wholly in the listening ear. Where we all know so little

or, perhaps, it would be more proper to speak in my own name only—it is impossible to say when such light may break on us. It is an encouraging sign of the times that acrimony is giving way to comity. We have had too much of the former. I have no patience with the policy which emphasises minute points of divergence and loses sight of infinitely more important points of agreement. There has been a suspicion of dogmatism in all of us. We have no grounds on which to dogmatise. We have certain facts that, as Spiritualists, are most surely believed among us. When we look for facts elsewhere we find theories. That is our difficulty. It is easy to spin cobwebs, and perhaps they may look very pretty, and no doubt they have their use—to the spider, and are inconvenient to the fly.

I have followed with care the statements put forward in "Lucifer" by Mrs. Besant. They are models of lucid exposition. But they are mere exposition of theories. It would be the easiest thing to say that they rest on no provable basis. It is better to say that they are an attempt to explain from another point of view what Theosophists and Spiritualists *now*—but not once—agree to believe. If there be one thing more wholly proven to my mind than another it is that those who have been incarnated on this earth are able at times to return to it. Of the beliefs that differentiate the Theosophist from me, I have no evidence at all that carries to my mind conviction. I have no proof, for instance, of the existence of a Mahatma, as he is now called. The evolution of the "great soul" in the light of Madame Blavatsky's early letters to me is very curious. But I have no objection to that. I believe in evolution. But the process has been singular, and Koot Hoomi, or whoever it was, did certainly go wrong. That is the only tangible fact that I have got at, except, perhaps, that he was not the only person who did the same. I regard these things as matters of spiritual development, and I believe that in these days the impact of the world of spirit on the world of matter is very strenuous. Nothing in the world is wholly without admixture, and it is a portion of our spiritual training to learn to refuse and to choose. The principles of Theosophy are admirable. The work that Theosophists propose to themselves, if I am not mistaken, will be one of urgency in the near future, and I believe that they will contribute to the benefit of the race by carrying it out. If they are right in the interpretation of our facts, if the East is the source of light, I will turn my face Eastward. But I am a convinced Spiritualist, and I do not as yet see that any light is thrown on my present knowledge by what I try to learn from Theosophy. That may be my fault: but the issues are serious; and truth—that which each man troweth—is precious. It is the inheritance of his soul, that of which he is bound to make the best that he can, that with which he dare not palter.

It remains only that we, seekers after truth, must seek it in our own way. No single-minded lover of truth will hesitate to do what he can to learn from and to help those who are trying themselves to learn what he himself only dimly understands. There comes the point of union. There I dare not break off: and for that reason I am unable to say no to any effort at unity of action between those whom I venture to call co-workers. Let us have as much of human kindness as we can. "Sirs, ye are brethren." The only thing we must not do is to sacrifice principle. We cannot both—the Spiritualist and the Theosophist—be wholly right. It may be that a friendly discussion would show that we are both a little wrong. Origination is the salt of life. If there were no originators with us the world would soon become poverty-stricken, and sink into inanition.

## A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

The following narrative appears in "Truth," the Editor of which assures his readers that it "happens to be well authenticated":—

Some seven-and-twenty years ago there lived in London a certain Mrs. Z., a widow, well known in society. Mrs. Z. had at that time three sons and two daughters. Of the former, the eldest, who was in the Diplomatic Service, was then an attaché at the British Embassy in Paris; whilst the second, who was a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, was absent with his ship at a distant station in the Pacific. One night Mrs. Z. dreamt a curious and disturbing dream. She fancied, in fact, that the ship upon which her sailor son was serving returned to Portsmouth at the close of its lengthy cruise, and having been apprised of its arrival, that she had hastened on board to welcome him home. But, to her great surprise, no sooner did the captain and other officers of the ship perceive Mrs. Z. on her stepping on deck than they immediately turned their faces sorrowfully from her, as if unwilling to communicate some information which must inevitably cause her disappointment and distress. At length, unable further to conceal the intelligence, with the utmost kindness and consideration the captain informed Mrs. Z. that her son had died in a far distant land. At this precise moment she awoke from her disturbing dream.

The following morning Mrs. Z., who was in the daily habit of writing to her eldest son in Paris, forwarded to him a full account of the occurrence, to which, of course, neither he nor she, however, attached the very slightest importance, though the former kept this letter of hers, as he did all other communications at that period which he received from his mother.

In due course H.M. ship — did eventually return to England, when an official from the Admiralty, an intimate friend of the Z. family, hastened to Portsmouth to meet young Mr. Z., for the purpose of facilitating, if possible, his securing his immediate leave. The first piece of intelligence, however, communicated to him upon reaching the ship, was that on a certain date, and at a certain time, young Mr. Z. had been missed, and that, though a long and careful search had been made for him, neither he nor any traces of his remains had since been discovered.

This very date and hour were the identical date and hour at which Mrs. Z. had dreamt her distressing and remarkable dream.

A year, or a little over a year, after this, the body of the late Mr. Z. was found upon the island on which he was lost. — Believe me to be very truly yours, MARGARET.

## BLUCHER'S DREAM.

One of the most terrible and pathetic stories of warnings by dreams, says a writer, is told by the biographers of the great military hero, Field-Marshal Blucher. Some months after the battle of Waterloo Blucher retired to the solitude of his country estate, and when invited to the palace of the King of Prussia declined the honour. The King then went to see his favourite general and found him in great distress. He told the monarch how, while a youth, he had served with the Swedish army, but, having been taken prisoner by the Prussians, could only get leave to visit his parents on condition of accepting a commission in the Prussian army. When he knocked at the door of his father's house there came no answer. He burst it open and hurried through the corridors to the reception-room, where he found his father, mother, and sisters all in deep mourning. His father repelled his advances with indignation, while mother and sisters shrank from his embraces. Finally he knelt at his mother's knee, but at the first touch of his hand the dress fell and he found that he held a skeleton in his arms. There was a shout of derision as the whole company vanished into space. "Three months ago, sire," said Blucher, "I had a dream in which that old scene was exactly reproduced. All the members of my family said, 'We will meet again on the 11th of August.' This is the ——" The old man leaned back in his chair, and as the King looked upon his general he saw that he was dead. — "Religio-Philosophical Journal."

THE works of a wise man are a monument that mortal man cannot destroy. They endure when monuments have crumbled to dust.



## IMPRESSIONS DURING SLEEP.

FROM THE "HARRINGER OF LIGHT."

In "Le Temps," M. Legouvé, the veteran dramatist, mentions a very curious fact with respect to the origin of "La Joie fait peur," one of the most charming of modern French comedies, and very well known to English play-goers, by the late Mr. Boucicault's adaptation of it under the title of "Kerry." The original is from the pen of Madame Emile de Girardin, who was still better known, perhaps, as a writer under her maiden name of Delphine Gay, and was the inventor of the psychograph.

One morning Regnier, the great actor, called upon Madame de Girardin, who exclaimed on seeing him, "You have come most opportunely. I want to tell you a dream I had last night. One of my friends, the Duchess of —, lost a son, a month ago, and this had filled her mind with such a feeling of despair that her own recovery appeared to be hopeless. Well, I dreamt last night that her son was not dead, and that they were afraid to tell her so for fear her son would kill her; and all night long my mind was exercised in revolving all the touching devices, all the delicate inventions, that could be resorted to by her family, so that the good news should be imparted to her, bit by bit, in order that her poor heart might not burst with happiness. It seems to me that this dream suggests the materials for a play." "Excellent," said Regnier, and the whole plot presently unrolled itself in the mind of the dreamer—the characters, the situations, and the incidents; the faithful servant, Noel, being the personage which Regnier afterwards played with such a delightful commingling of humour and pathos, as the elder Boucicault did in Melbourne.

How many another work of genius has grown out of the germinal idea dropped into a receptive mind during sleep, by some kindly spirit! If artists, authors, orators, inventors, and brain-workers generally, were only conscious of their obligations to the inhabitants of the unseen world, what a remarkable diminution would take place in the sum of human self-conceit!

It would be interesting to collect all the recorded instances in which spirits have spoken to human beings in a dream. The Hebrew Scriptures abound with monitions of this kind. The first is that in which Abimelech was warned against taking Sarah from Abraham. Then came that of Jacob with respect to his cattle; that of Laban, the Syrian; and those of Pharaoh, Joseph, and the king's butler and baker. In the Book of Numbers occur the words: "If there be a prophet [or medium] among you, I, the Lord, will make Myself known unto him in a vision, and speak with him in a dream." In the First Book of Kings it is written, "In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night"; and in the Book of Job occur the remarkable words, "For God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man, in slumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction."

That the Jews should have imagined these spiritual voices to be those of God Himself was only natural, considering their ignorance and vanity, and their anthropomorphic conceptions of the Most High, under Whose personal guidance they believed themselves to be. But the writers of the New Testament, better instructed in this respect, described the spirit that speaks to men in visions of the night by the epithet *Pneuma*: which is also applied to the Spirit of Christ when He appeared to His disciples after His judicial murder. So, too, in the Book of Revelations the writer says: "Let him who hath an ear hear what the Spirit (*To Pneuma*) says."

Of course, there are thousands of dreams which are the mere result either of the imperfectly torpid, and therefore unreflecting, condition of the brain in sleep, or of the unhealthy state of some portion, or even of the whole of it. Such dreams are wholly unworthy of attention. But, on the other hand, there are numerous well-authenticated cases of spiritual impressions or inspirations having been received during sleep. Everybody is familiar with the fact that Coleridge's musical little poem of "Kubla Khan" was whispered to him in this way. Several verses in Voltaire's epic poem, the "Henriade," were communicated to him in the same manner. Tartini,

one of the greatest of violinists, and the discoverer of "resultant tones," that is to say, of the phenomenon that when any two notes are sustained with great intensity, a third note is heard below them, whose vibration number is the difference of those of the two primary notes—composed his famous "Sonata del Diavolo" under the following circumstances:—"One night, in 1713 [we quote his own words], I dreamt that I had made a compact with the devil, who placed himself at my service. Everything succeeded to my wishes; all of which were anticipated, and my desires were all exceeded by my new domestic. I imagined that I gave him my violin, to see if he could succeed in playing me some beautiful airs. Judge of my astonishment when I listened to a sonata so singular and lovely, and executed with so much superiority and intelligence that I could conceive nothing capable of equalling it. I experienced so much astonishment, rapture, and delight that it took my breath away, and the sensation was so violent as to awaken me. I immediately seized my violin, hoping to recover a part of what I had listened to; but it was in vain. The piece which I then composed is, indeed, the best I have ever written, and I call it 'La Sonata del Diavolo'; but it is so very far inferior to that which I had heard that I would have broken my violin, and given up music for ever if I had been in a position to do so."

Had Tartini been a Spiritualist, he would have sat down to his desk, and addressing "a prayer of earnest heart" to the spirit that had visited him in his sleep, while placing himself in a perfectly passive and receptive frame of mind, would probably have received from his impressor the score of the composition he had just been listening to.

Tartini's religion will explain his attribution of the work to the devil; that strange creation of the Oriental mind which the Hebrews borrowed from the ancient Persians, and the early Christians took over from the Hebrews, and the Church of Rome has always represented as such a powerful antagonist of God. Tartini was brought up in that faith, and the two years he spent in the monastery at Assisi probably strengthened the hold which its superstitious beliefs had taken on his mind in childhood. Tartini's "devil" was doubtless his guardian spirit, who had been in his own earth-life a great violinist, and had learned the secrets, in the other world, of that harmony which, as Shakspeare says, "is in immortal souls."

To revert, however, to the subject of dreams, it may be pointed out that the late Sir Benjamin Brodie, when treating of the question in his "Psychological Inquiries," and while admitting the caprices and irregularities to which the imagination is addicted during sleep, states that he has heard of mathematicians who have solved problems, and of other persons who have composed poetry in their sleep.

The book takes the form of a dialogue, and one of the speakers, Crites, says: "An acquaintance of mine, a solicitor, was perplexed as to the legal management of a case which concerned one of his clients. In a dream he imagined a method of proceeding which had not occurred to him when he was awake, and which he afterwards adopted with success." And the other speaker, Eubulus, adds: "A friend of mine, a distinguished chemist and natural philosopher [Sir Humphrey Davy?] has assured me that he has more than once contrived an apparatus for an experiment which he proposed to make, in a dream. And another friend, who combines mathematical with all sorts of knowledge besides, has solved problems in his sleep which had puzzled him when awake."

Pseudo-psychologists attribute these phenomena to the imagination; but what is the imagination? One of the best definitions of it is probably that of Vacherot, who says: "To imagine, in the lofty and true sense of the word, is to realise the ideal; it is to cause intelligible truth to descend in the forms of sensible nature; to represent the invisible by the visible, the infinite by the finite." But a much simpler definition of imagination would be SCEPTIBILITY TO SPIRITUAL IMPRESSION. The ancients acknowledged this when they used the same word (*Vates*) to denote poet, prophet, and seer, each implying a divine inspiration; and also when they discriminated nine sources of such inspiration, from whence were derived all human arts, sciences, and literature; the spirits or muses through whom this inspiration was transmitted being regarded as the daughters of Jove, and as communicating ideas to historians, musicians, writers of tragedies and comedies, the inventors of dances, lyric poets,



vocalists and rhetoricians, epic poets, orators, and astronomers.

Thus inspiration or impression covered the whole field of intellectual activity among the Greeks, and they reverently recognised what M. Vacherot rightly called the "descent" of intelligible truth from the highest of all sources—Creative Power. So did that devout Spiritualist, John Milton, who before sitting down to the composition of his poems, was accustomed to address a "devout prayer to that eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His Seraphim with the hallowed fire off His altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases." And so the greatest of poets, Homer-Shakespeare, commences his prologue to "Henry the Fifth" with the invocation:—

"Oh for a muse of fire that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention!"

### AUTOMATIC WRITING.

#### W. J. R. IN THE "RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL."

Having read the article entitled Sub-Consciousness, or What? by Sara A. Underwood, I propose to present some disconnected specimens of automatic writing given through mediums in my family.

One, No. 1, writes with his eyes open, and in the normal condition. The other in her normal condition with eyes closed, and unable to open them. Both are unconscious of what is being written through their hands. No. 1 is unable to stop the writing through the hand until I remove my right hand from the medium's left. The other is unable to open the eyes without the consent of the controlling power.

The communications of one medium are very long when coming from strange controls. The other medium's (No. 2) are comparatively short and are for those who sit with the medium, often giving points, tests, and circumstances unknown to all the sitters but one, who claims to know the control and the gist of the matter written. Both mediums are as anxious to read their communications as the interested sitters are. The communications have a wide range of thought, and as wide a range of control. Some controls are personal friends who claim to be in spirit life endowed with a perfect personality familiar to the sitters. Others present themselves with names and earthly residences, unknown to the medium or sitters. Others come with names familiar to the medium and sitters, known to all who know the history of famous men and women of the world.

I believe that automatic writing is the best phase of mediumship known, because writing is a matter of record and can be preserved for all time. The specimens which I will give you commenced in 1883, and have continued to the present time, 1892. The first specimen came in response to a remark by the medium, who said, "I wish I could comprehend how spirits control my hand to write."

Medium No. 1: Comprehend, sir. You cannot comprehend how the tiniest blade of grass springs forth from the earth under the genial rays of the sun. Comprehend it, you cannot do that in your simplest form of existence. How much less can you comprehend the workings of the Great Over-All, the spirit universe permeating and controlling the physical.

ANNE SEARLES.

Name unknown to medium or sitters.

January 21st, 1884.

I predict a new comet within five days.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

From the New York "Herald": "A New Comet." Buenos Ayres via Galveston, January 23rd, 1884. Last night a comet was visible in the East at an angle of 45deg. It has a very brilliant nucleus, but the tail was hardly visible.

A call was made for a personal friend, when the following was written:—

Mr. Rand,—Strangers can do better than relations sometimes, sir. If your brother, whose letter you have just read (a fact), will only do as he is advised by the spirit father (a fact) he will find it to his advantage and profit. I am, sir, a woman of business sagacity,

JENNIE RATHBORN.

Address to medium No. 2: Your aunts Maria and Alice are soon to be rowed over the river, the beautiful river. I want you to go and see them. They love you and long to see you once more. Do not let religion stand in the way, for

they are reconciled now to all and would like to clasp you to their hearts with all their love.—Your own mother,

SARAH L.—

Q. Do you have Catholics and Protestants in Heaven?

A. Some hold their old views, but most of us give up all thought of creed in this "Palace of Love." Our religion here is charity and humanity.

SARAH L.—

In February, 1884, the writer had a rather serious abscess on his neck, and appealed to an old uncle of Mrs. Rand, by name Dr. Hezekiah Eldredge, late of Massachusetts, for help and advice, when the following came:—

Mr. Rand,—You are welcome to any advice I can give you, but I am very weak. Your friend Doctor Hezekiah Eldredge asked me to come because you might consider him very old-fashioned. I am a more modern spirit doctor.—I am,

J. MARION SIMS, M.D.

#### SECOND COMMUNICATION.

Dear Mr. Rand,—Your face and throat can have no other treatment at present than nature. It will have to run its course. You will receive the best and most efficient treatment from your friend and family physician. Your blood is in a bad condition owing to your age, but life may be very long, or very short, just as you choose to make it. Any questions you would like to ask, I will answer with pleasure, but medically, your physician whom I knew in life will do materially better for you than I can. Trust him and no other.

J. MARION SIMS, M.D.

Q. Doctor, can you help our physician in my case?

A. I can and do, but it is almost impossible for him to feel my presence, for he is so very positive. If you will make an appointment with me at his office I will try to help him. As he is to leave the city for a few days, you had better see him before he goes.

J. MARION SIMS, M.D.

A visit to my physician the following morning disclosed the fact that he was about to visit Albany to attend the State Medical Convention, and would be absent for several days.

Dear Friends,—I never dreamed when on earth that I could come back and communicate with my friends, but I have opened the way and I intend to keep the avenue open. This land seemed grand and beautiful when I passed over, but it took me three days to find out that I was born again.

J. MARION SIMS, M.D.

Doctor Sims, why did you not investigate the subject when you were in this life?

A. Because, like your M.D., it would have been money out of my pocket to have ever looked into eternity.

J. MARION SIMS, M.D.

At this point a force controlled the medium's hand making Oriental characters, when we asked some intelligent spirit to explain them.

A. The Egyptian says to you: "Do not look upon me as a heathen, for out of the crypts and catacombs of forgotten ages are evidences of spirit return as full and complete as you now have. The Orient kisses the western land and in spiritual fellowship says, "Excelsior." ANNIE SEARLES.

I will try to get his name through his own hand.

This name came, "MADRI ELI."

He says that he worked with chisel in stone on the borders of what you call the Red Sea.

Hail! Hail! Hail! O, ye mortals seeking after immortality. By the great pyramids and sphinx, by the relics of bygone ages, by the Pharaohs of our once glorious land, the land of the Pharios and the bright land, by all the past glory of departed ages, we greet you in your land of progress and advanced ideas. But with all your glory old Egypt stands beside you for light and immortality.

MADRI ELI.

MISS FLORENCE MARRYAT will lecture on Sunday, May 8th at the Spiritual Hall, 86, High-street, Marylebone, W. (opposite music hall); Mr. T. Everitt in the chair. Doors open at 6.30 p.m. Lecture to commence at 7. Tickets 2s. and 1s.; a limited number of platform seats, at 4s. Tickets to be obtained of Miss Rowan Vincent, 31, Gower-place, W.C.; Mrs. Treadwell, 36, Belgrave-road, St. John's Wood, N.W.; Mr. Milligan, 1, Ladbroke-road, Notting Hill Gate, W.; and of Mr. White, hon. secretary, or any members of the committee, at the hall.



## DREAMS FULFILLED.

The "Review of Reviews" publishes the following communication recently received from South Africa:—

DEAR SIR,—I shall be glad if you will kindly allow me to state a few indisputable facts in relation to *dreams* that have proved too true, for they will, I am sure, interest your large constituency of readers generally, and especially those of a psychological turn of mind.

The facts are these: The Rev. Charles Denyer, Baptist minister in Cradock, and president for last year of the Baptist Union in South Africa, died suddenly in the street while attending to his pastoral duties on Saturday morning, May 23rd, 1891. Mr. Denyer had been a student in the Rev. Mr. Guinness's College, England, was about thirty-four years of age, and one of the most devout and useful pastors in this colony. He has left a widow and four dear little children to mourn his loss, but I am thankful to say that a very handsome sum of money has been raised for the assistance of the family of our beloved brother. The town in which I live and labour is nearly three hundred miles away from Cradock. In my church I have a brother of the late Mr. Denyer, a young man, twenty-five years of age. His name is James Denyer, and he is employed as overseer on the floors of the De Beers Mining Company, Limited. Mr. James Denyer is a strong, healthy young man of unimpeachable character.

James was working on the night shift the week that his brother died.

On Thursday morning, May 21st, and between seven and nine o'clock, he dreamt that he was in the drawing-room of his deceased brother, which room is on the left-hand side of the lobby and near the front door, and while there he heard something which resembled the heavy footsteps of men. He went out into the lobby, and there saw a number of men bearing on a stretcher a dead man, whom he recognised to be his brother.

On the morning of Friday, May 22nd, he dreamt the same thing with this addition, that he went into his brother's study, which was on the other side of the lobby, with its door directly opposite the drawing-room door, and there in the study he saw his brother in his coffin.

On Saturday morning, the very day that his beloved brother died, he dreamt that there were thousands of people in front of his brother's house—that a funeral proceeded from the said house, that he was the only family mourner following, that they proceeded to the church, where a service was conducted, and thence to the graveyard, which graveyard he recognised.

In the afternoon of this day Mr. James Denyer had to return to his duties on the floors. While there, the floor manager, R. Archibald, Esq., who had married the first cousin of the wife of the late Rev. Charles Denyer, received a telegram informing him of the sad fact of the sudden death of the aforesaid Rev. Denyer that morning about 10.30, and requesting him to break the news to the brother of the deceased. When the doleful message arrived Mr. Archibald was in the act of paying the men in his department, and therefore could not go and break the sad news to Mr. James Denyer. He sent one of his subordinate officers in his conveyance to make known the fact that his brother was dead. As this messenger drove up over the floors to the place where Mr. James Denyer was employed, the latter came away from his work to meet the cart, and said to the messenger: "I know what you are come for; you are come to tell me that my brother is dead." The reply was, "I am sorry to say that that is the case."

Mr. James Denyer took train and arrived at Cradock on Sunday morning about eight o'clock. He proceeded at once from the station to his brother's house, he entered the study as he had always done, and there he saw his brother in his coffin—exactly as he had seen in the vision. He found that his brother had been carried home on a stretcher as he had dreamt; thousands did attend the funeral; a service was held in the church; he was the only member of the family who followed the corpse to the grave, and it was the same graveyard that he saw in his dreams. In fact, the whole series of events corresponded exactly to the visions of the surviving brother. These dreams were actually *made known* before he had heard of the death of his brother. Moreover, he had not heard from his departed brother for more than a

month, and had not the slightest reason to suppose but that he would live for many years. These facts I can vouch for—the young man is still in Kimberley and in the employ of the powerful and generous company known as the De Beers Company, and as your "Review of Reviews" is extensively read here I am sure your many readers will believe that what I have stated is literally true. I have made these facts known from my own pulpit to a crowded congregation.

Now, sir, what is the meaning of all this? Certainly neither a disorganised stomach nor a diseased liver can account for such dreams. Is there not a science which we have greatly neglected, and are there not voices from the other side of the veil which we have culpably neglected?—Believe me, dear sir, very truly yours,

JAMES HUGHES, Baptist Minister.

Kimberley, South Africa, February 6th, 1892.

## A FRESH AIR FUND.

From "Pearson's Weekly" we extract the following. We believe that the plan advocated is thoroughly good. We believe in a sane mind in a sound body, and will do anything to secure it:—

We are very anxious (says the Editor) to induce our readers to enable us to make arrangements which, during the coming summer, will result in many poor London children having a breath of the pure country air, which to most of them is such a rarity.

To begin with, we are glad to say that we have succeeded in securing the co-operation of Mr. John Kirk, secretary of the Ragged School Union, a gentleman who has, we suppose, a wider and more practical knowledge on such subjects than anyone else in the kingdom, and whose assistance will be simply invaluable.

We believe that with Mr. Kirk's help we shall be able to arrange for children to have a day in the most beautiful piece of country within a radius of twenty miles of London for ninepence a head, this sum including railway fare and a plentiful supply of good food.

Parties of two hundred children with twelve adults to take charge of them, will be made up. The railway fares of these latter will cost sixpence each, and refreshments for them sixpence, or twelve shillings in all. So, as two hundred children at ninepence a head means an expenditure of £7 10s., the whole party will be provided for at a cost of £8 2s.

The committee of the Ragged School Union have been good enough to place at our disposal a structure capable of sheltering two hundred and fifty children, which will be used for meals and in case of wet. They also express their willingness to provide all plant in the way of crockery, &c., and all the working expenses, including the salary of a man in charge, and further to permit their staff to spend as much of their time in helping us to carry out this scheme as will lead to its proper working.

Now, what we have set our hearts on is to raise enough money to enable us to send a party of two hundred children away for a day's outing every weekday between Monday, June 13th, and Saturday, September 17th.

Railway tickets will be supplied to the superintendent of the party, who will be required to make himself or herself responsible for the children throughout the day.

GENTLENESS IN SERVICE.—The great work of the world's uplifting nowadays is not to be wrought by the stern prophet of wrath moving amongst men with the austerity as well as with the inspiration of the wilderness, but by the mild and earnest seer who comes like the Son of Man, "eating and drinking," of genial soul and blithe companionship, and divinest pity; who counsels without haughtiness, and reproves without scorn; and who bears about with him the reverent consciousness that he deals with the majesty of man. . . . Society is like the prodigal, whom corrective processes failed to reform, and whom gaol discipline only tended to harden, and whom enforced exile only rendered more audacious in his crime; but adown whose bronzed cheek a tear stole in a far-off land at some stray thought of home, and whose heart of adamant was broken by the sudden memory of some dead mother's prayers. Let us recognise this truth in all our endeavours for the benefit of men. It is quite possible to combine inflexibility of adhesion to the right with forbearing tenderness towards the wrong-doer. Speak the truth by all means, let it fall upon the hearts of men with all the imparted energy by which the Spirit gives it power; but speak the truth in love, and, perchance, it may subdue them by its winsome beauty, and prompt their acknowledgment that it is altogether lovely.—DR. PUNSHON.



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

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## Light:

EDITED BY W. STANTON MOSES.

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 23rd, 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.

### THE REFINER'S FIRE.

There never was, so far as we know, a time of more vigorous attempt on the part of the world of spirit to influence this world of ours. It is a hard time for those who are sensitive to these influences. They feel them first, and they cling to them last. For no time of such a sort can possibly come without revolution. No doubt it may be that the upsetting may be a matter of one's own physical state, or shall we say of one's psychical state? For the externalisation is only the resultant of the inner self. We are what we make ourselves, and that which meets the eye in our daily life is only the expression of that which is our real self—the soul that will live when the body is done with.

If this new revelation comes home to us, it is a continuation of that which has already come to us—a continuation of that Divine work of which the Bible is the record. No doubt the Scriptures contain some things which are not now acceptable to our knowledge, or what we please to call by that name. But they are an imperishable record of the evolution of man's soul. That is what we have to study, and that concerns us most.

We want the "Refiner's Fire." All of us as individuals: all of us as Spiritualists. The gold goes into the furnace and comes out, the dross remains behind. But the gold has been refined. The dross has gone, and only the fine gold remains. It seems to us that some such process is being spiritually carried on with us now—with us who can realise its need, which means only that we are fit to receive it. If we may borrow the phrase, it is a purgatorial time: a time of searching and of trial. And Spiritualism is on trial too. It has revealed to us much that it is good for us to know. It has taught us much that we are the better for. But all the methods of Divine illumination are the same. "We have these treasures in earthen vessels." How could it be otherwise? We have to make the best we can of the opportunity offered to us. We must take the trouble to digest the food that is given to us.

Some of it should be rejected at once on the ordinary common-sense of a plain thinking man. It may be that the average man is unable to understand those new developments which do not at once commend themselves to his common-sense—which is the aggregation of his experience and knowledge: common-sense will prevail, and, we say, rightly.

We have been led into this train of thought by one or more books and pamphlets that lie on our table. The most

striking is one that Mr. J. M. Roberts has left behind him. It is sent to us by the Oriental Publishing Company of Philadelphia. Mr. Roberts, whose photograph reveals the face of an amiable gentleman, was the Editor of a paper called "Mind and Matter." There is nothing to be said about that paper, except that it is dead, and was no credit to Spiritualism when it was alive. As to the book that he has left behind him, we have in it communications from all sorts of departed spirits, except those who are unknown to fame. The list is too long to recite, but here are some: Apollonius of Tyana, Plotinus, Pope Gregory the Seventh, Vespasian, Pliny, Caracalla, Pontius Pilate, Livy, and the rest of them.

Now, does not Spiritualism want disburdening of this intolerable load? It is unthinkable that all these eminent folk—not a John Smith among them—returned to earth for the purpose of talking to this Mr. Roberts. It is surprising how the communications came. We are not informed in the book. Mr. Roberts is so good as to refer us to various encyclopedias for the verification of the facts contained in his communications. Perhaps we might have been more sure if he had told us that the encyclopedias to which he refers were out of the medium's reach.

The evidence contained in the book is valueless, and goes far to confirm the opinion that we were forced to form of Mr. Roberts' work. It is not important to say anything more of the late Editor of "Mind and Matter," but it is very important that Spiritualism, which has had far too much of it already, should be saved from the intrusion of what makes it ridiculous in the eyes of those who have never themselves been led to try to understand what it all means. We have no desire to force this question, but we are of opinion that on its solution depends the future of what we regard as a most important epoch in the life of this age. We want the "Refiner's Fire."

The best minds of the age are being led to concern themselves with what we know. It is profoundly important that Spiritualists should provide them with that which is of value. If they do not, their efforts will fail to engage further attention, and that at the time when they should enlist the most.

### "SPIRIT TEACHINGS."

I have to acknowledge the receipt, by the courtesy of the publishers, from Stockholm, of a Swedish translation of my "Spirit Teachings." I am glad that they should be available in that country in "a tongue understood of the people." They are, I am thankful to know, widely read, and, I believe, other translations are in process. They contain, as I believe, much matter that may well be honoured.—"M.A.(OXON)."

### LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

The usual monthly social meeting of members and friends of the Alliance was held at 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, on Tuesday the 12th inst. In the absence of Mr. T. Everitt, who had been announced to give some account of his varied psychical experiences, but who, in consequence of illness, was unable to attend, Miss Rowan-Vincent, by request, kindly consented to occupy the evening in giving illustrations of her power of reading by psychometry. Many objects were handed to her by the friends present, and in each case a description was given of places and people somehow connected with the object or its owner, in several instances with marked success. With a letter Miss Vincent was able to sense the surroundings and mental condition of the writer; with a glove the surroundings and condition of the wearer at a critical time of his life, some twenty or thirty years ago; while with a ring and a watch descriptions of their former owners and their individual characteristics were given. To Miss Rowan-Vincent the Alliance is much indebted for so willingly affording its members an opportunity of becoming acquainted with one of the phases of psychometry, a subject but little understood and one well worthy of systematic investigation.



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

## No. XII.

FROM THE RECORDS OF MRS. S.

February 13th. We sat this evening in subdued red light. Raps and movement of the table as usual. Imperator controlled easily. Dr. S. informed him that Dr. Thompson, of Clifton, with whom the medium had been staying, had through Imperator's influence received communications from his wife, who had been in spirit-life about a year, and he wished through the medium to send his thanks to Imperator for the assistance given. Imperator said: "We are very glad to have had the power to assist George Thompson in communicating with his wife, and also to help one so interested in our work, but it is through God's permission that the efforts made have been successful, therefore to Him the thanks are due." Dr. Thompson would like to know through whose power the communications had come? Imperator said he was not sure whose direct influence it was, as he had several mediums in his family, his eldest and second son, also a little child who would have great power, but he thought in this case the communications had come through the mediumship of the eldest son. "Could you visit Dr. Thompson's circle?" "We should be glad to help one so friendly to our work, but to visit him would be impossible, as we are concerned with this medium alone." "When he comes to London will you admit him to this circle?" "I can give you no opinion until the time comes, but if possible we will do so. We must preserve the speciality of the circle, and cannot allow anything to interfere with a circle of so much importance. We have long been preparing it, and it must not be interfered with." Dr. S. then asked how spirits influenced those who were not mediums. Imperator said the direct influence came to the medium, and through him the circle was influenced. A medium was chosen, the truth was given to him for the good of the world, the influence is immediate and complete, but God's influence is not alone limited to them, as He is over all His creatures, and the influence is confined to none, or limited to no Church. It reaches to the lowest, to the most unworthy, but not to them is given the deposit of Divine truth. You all have a guardian angel who strives to draw the soul to the pure breath of Heaven. It would be well if men could know and see how by their sins they drive the good guardians from them.

February 15th. On Saturday afternoon Mr. S. M., Dr. S., and myself (the circle) went to Mr. Hudson's studio to sit for spirit photographs, under test conditions. We sat several times, the first time all three together. We found on looking at the plate, beside our own figures, that of a kneeling woman in drapery, my arm round her; fronting her, and placed between Dr. S. and myself was a pretty little baby spirit, apparently a few months old, with marked eye-brows for so young a child; she was also enveloped in spirit drapery. On the second plate was a large body of light in front of Mr. S. M. The third time Mr. S. M. and I sat alone, while Dr. S. superintended the operations. On this plate was a full-sized figure clothed in spirit drapery. The last two plates had much spirit influence on them, but no figures. We held a seance in the evening, hoping for information about the different plates and figures on them, but so much power had been used in the afternoon that we could get no coherent information.

The next day (Sunday) during dinner the table, a very large one, covered with things, was raised, and the rapping was perpetual. When the children and servants had left the room the alphabet was called for, and message given through the table, "Look for message in study."\* Dr. S. went into his study, and in a dark corner under a piece of furniture he found a piece of paper had been placed. On it was a cross and the words, "I am spirit of love. I cannot communicate, but am near. The photograph was of little Pauline." After returning into the room Mr. S. M. was partly entranced, and message given by raps, "Wait a few minutes and then look in study for another message." We did so, and upon looking in the room found another piece of paper with the following

\* It is important to note that we were all sitting in the drawing-room, that the study was a room used only by Dr. S., and that no one of us had gone into it except for inspection when told to do so.

message: "The spirit of Wisdom controlling the band greets you. The image of Philosophus, &c."

February 17th. On Monday evening our circle joined Miss Florrie Cook's. We went for the purpose of seeing spirit faces through her mediumship. Added to our circle and the Cook family were Mr. Harrison, Editor of the "Spiritualist," Mr. Blackburn, and another gentleman. We sat in light. The medium was tied and shut up in a dark cabinet in one corner of the room; we all sat opposite. In a few minutes someone said they saw black hands in the cabinet. The medium then became deeply entranced. We waited for a very long time talking and singing, but neither sound was heard nor face appeared. After watching for more than an hour we felt something must be wrong, Katie King, Miss Cook's controlling spirit, having warned the family the previous evening on no account to let her medium sleep. The cabinet at last was opened, when Miss Cook was found in so deep a trance that it was almost impossible to bring her out of it. Everything was done we could think of, and after some time had elapsed she became a little conscious, and then told us that she had seen a very bad spirit in the cabinet with her, and as soon as the door was closed he darted his long hand, which looked like a claw, upon her head, and she was instantly entranced. She still felt the bad influence about her. She wished us to hold a dark seance, for Mr. S. M. to arrange it, and sit by her. We returned to the seance-room and formed a circle round the table. Mr. S. M. made the sign of the cross upon sitting down. When we were all arranged in our places he looked at the evil spirit, which he could see behind Miss Cook's chair, and solemnly adjured it in the name of the Trinity and of the "Band of Holy Angels" around us to be gone. In a minute or two the medium cried out, "Oh, I feel all right now. I feel so much better." Mr. S. M. watched the spirit depart: he described it as very dreadful to look at—an awful face covered with patches, and a greenish, greyish looking vapoury body. Our circle sat together at one end of the table. We felt our band around us; and soon after sitting down the corner of the table near us was very gently lifted three times. We knew it was done by our spirit friends, and felt assured. In a few minutes after the departure of the evil spirit I heard Imperator's voice saying very low, "Friends." I said, "Imperator?" "Yes. Sing 'Hand in hand with angels,' and in a few minutes I will speak." When the singing ceased Imperator said, "Friends, I have come here to-night on an errand of mercy, and also with a solemn warning. There has been a very powerful evil spirit here to-night attaching himself to the medium (Miss Cook), but he has departed now, and she will not permanently suffer. The air is filled with good and evil spirits, and if men will put themselves into communication with the spheres under bad conditions, they do it at their peril. Evil influences are admitted, and danger like the present must arise."

Mr. Harrison said he thought the present circle was harmonious. "Yes, the circle to-night is so, but your conditions have been disturbed at previous seances. I was not present, and do not know what happened to disturb the conditions, but they have been upset, and will be so if you let in carping men, or those who come out of idle curiosity. A circle should be composed of pure-minded people, who are seekers after truth. I have come to warn you of the danger, which at present is over. God bless and God speed you, friends." After Imperator had finished speaking Miss Cook was controlled by "Katie," who thanked Mr. S. M., and through him the "big spirit" for having driven away the evil spirit, which might have killed the medium. She said he had been waiting for days to get possession of her, and while she was looking away for a moment he had done so. She said he was so powerful that she could not get near her medium until he had been driven away. She answered many questions, and directed her mother how to act in case such a thing occurred again. The power becoming weak she bid us all good-night and so ended this remarkable seance.

## IN MEMORIAM.

DE CARTERET-BISSON. — In sympathetic and deeply affectionate remembrance of Mary Kate (*née* Holmes), the beautiful, devoted, and loving second wife of Captain Frederick Shirley Dumaresque de Carteret-Bisson, of the Island of Jersey, who, on December 29th, 1885, passed away to the higher life, at Queen's Anne's Gate, Westminster, in her 44th year. "God's finger touched her and she slept. Sleep is beautiful, far more so is the awakening, for there is no death."



## ON THE HYPNOTISING OF SNAKES.

The "San Francisco Examiner" gives an account of hypnotic experiments on snakes which we think so new to science and to ourselves that we reproduce it. The original copy sent to us is illustrated. We cannot reproduce the illustrations, but we give the facts. Shortly, they are these.

Mr. J. Franklin Brown, who appears to be a professional hypnotist, thought that he could operate on a rattlesnake. He had made previous experiments which led him to believe that he could succeed. The statement made of his methods and results must be given, without any knowledge of our own, in the words of the paper that has given them publicity.

It may be said, however, that such powers over what we call the lower animals are known and acknowledged. We see no antecedent reason against the fact stated, and much in support of it.

The "San Francisco Examiner" states as follows: We do not pretend to improve on the writer's style, and prefer to quote it simply, with a few curtailments which do not affect the facts. The paper comes to us from a trustworthy source, and we give the story for what it is worth. We see no reason to doubt that it is true:

The subjects, three lively, healthy rattlesnakes from their homes among the rocks and desert sands, were brought in a barrel. They objected to being moved, and made the room ring with the music of their castanets. One was a big fat fellow from the rocks of Amador county. He had nine rattles and an undershot jaw. As he drew his four feet of ugliness around the barrel he did not look like a good subject for hypnotic experiment. His body at the thickest part was as big as a man's wrist, and his repulsive, arrow-shaped head was erect and alert for a chance all the time. It looked like a head that had death and all manner of evil inside of it. He did not really allow his dignity to be ruffled until the snake-stick was introduced into the box. A snake-stick is simply a rod a few feet long, with a little eye in the end, through which a string passes, making a loop. The idea, of course, is to get this loop over the snake's head and draw it tight about its neck. In this way a serpent can be handled safely.

In a moment the little loop was fast around the neck of the biggest snake, and he was lifted, coiling, writhing, rattling and trying to strike, from the barrel.

The loop had caught him about two inches at the back of the head. So he could turn and sink his fangs in the stick and in the leather string.

There was no more of reserve and gentleness about that snake. He was angry and fierce and active, but the loop held him fast. He was put into a wire cage before he was released, however; a string was put about his neck, and the ends of this being held he could not draw his head inside the cage. All he could do was to writhe and twist.

When the snake was in the box—all except his head—he was ready for the experiment.

Mr. Brown came slowly toward the snake with his finger pointing directly at the head.

"Hold that string tight," he said. "I don't want to take any chances."

He kept his eyes directed into those of the big serpent and brought his finger closer and closer to the wicked head. When there was only a foot between the point of the finger and the darting tongue he stopped. The rattler redoubled his efforts to coil, and his tongue played in and out faster than the eye could follow it. The wriggling was marvellous to watch.

A minute passed and the snake showed not the least sign of succumbing to the influence of the big grey-eyed man who watched him so closely. It did not take the snake many seconds to find out that the finger was hopelessly beyond his reach. Another minute and the serpent had ceased to regard the finger, and was looking intently into the hypnotist's face, but the castanets did not cease their music nor the body its writhing.

"I've got his attention now," said Brown; "it's only a question of time when I will have him."

He never moved his eyes from the snake as he spoke. So another two minutes passed.

The hypnotist gave a pleased ejaculation. The snake had dropped his head and was again observing the finger intently.

"There are only two things he can watch," said Brown, "my eyes and the point of the finger. For relief from one he can only turn to the other."

As if the reptile had heard, he lifted his head and again looked Brown in the face.

As the minutes passed the snake changed his attention from eye to finger and back again, and curious tremors passed through the long body. The rattles sounded more softly and the body coiled more slowly.

"As soon as I get his attention concentrated on the finger I've got him," said the hypnotist.

At last the rattles almost ceased to sound, and the snake lay quiet, with his eyes fairly blazing. A snake's eyes never seemed so bright and prominent.

Brown moved his finger. In an instant the castanets sounded again and the snake strained at the string.

"Not yet," said the hypnotist, and his finger came back to the old position. In a minute or two the snake was again quiet. This was repeated three or four times. At last, when Brown moved his finger the snake simply moved his head correspondingly. Brown slowly moved the finger in a circle, and the snake's head followed it faithfully.

Twenty-two minutes had elapsed. The hypnotist was perspiring and the nerves of every man there were strained to the utmost.

"Let him come slowly," whispered Brown, drawing his hand a little away.

The man who held the string hesitated. He was afraid to loose the evil monster.

"It's all right, I think," said Brown, "but keep hold of the string for a moment; there's no use taking chances."

The man let the string slack and the snake glided slowly from the cage towards the extended finger.

Brown moved his hand in a curve and the snake's body described a similar curve. "Let go; he can't hurt anything now."

The cord was loosed and the free serpent remained in the middle of the room spellbound. The tail moved a little, but otherwise it was as a snake carved in stone.

The body lay in a double curve, the head raised to about four inches above the carpet and the brilliant gaze fixed on the operator's finger tip.

When that finger moved the snake moved. When it was still he was still. Then began a strange march round the room. Brown withdrew his hand to about thirty inches from the snake and moved about slowly. The snake followed faithfully. Brown lifted his hand, and the snake lifted his head until it was more than a foot above the carpet. The snake was led by one of the lookers-on. He jumped out of the way.

"You needn't be afraid; he can't even see you," said Brown.

When it had been demonstrated that the rattlesnake would follow the hypnotist's finger anywhere Brown suddenly jerked his hand back and stood erect.

The serpent's head fell to the floor, and he lay there like a dead snake.

"Well, now that it is done, what is it?" asked one of those who had watched the process.

"Nothing supernatural, nothing unearthly," replied the hypnotist. "My influence over that snake is purely physical. I can't make him do things as I can a man, after reducing him to a cataleptic condition, because that is a mental process—suggestion. You can't suggest anything to a snake. I have reduced that snake to this condition according to a natural although not clearly understood law. Why does the concentration of attention on my finger hypnotise the snake? I don't know. Why does poison kill a man?"

All this time the snake lay on the floor in a dead heap. He was turned over, pushed about, and finally lifted on a lead pencil, but except for a barely perceptible movement of the tail, gave no sign of life. He was dropped four or five feet on to the floor and never moved a coil.

While he lay there another snake was put in the box. It was a smaller snake of the same variety. In seventeen minutes he was in a dead heap beside his brother.

It was different with the third snake. He was a short, fat, vicious one from the Arizona deserts. Brown worked



nearly half an hour on him and then had not wholly gained control over him. While the two larger snakes lay where they had been tumbled he shook off the influence of the hypnotist again and again. He would be brought down to a condition when he would lie quite still as long as the finger was before him, but he would not follow it. When ever it was moved he began to rattle sleepily, and if the finger did not immediately catch his eye he would wake himself from his partial trance and begin to fight again. It was not deemed quite safe to slip the cord off him and he was returned to the barrel.

"I know I can get him as well as the others," said Brown. "I'll experiment with him again some other time."

Then attention was again directed to the other subjects. They had not moved.

"I'll show you the most peculiar thing that can be done with a snake."

He took the smaller serpent by the tail and laid him on a desk. Then he placed his thumb and forefinger on the back of the snake's neck and pressed firmly. The head and neck straightened out rigidly. Slowly he brought the fingers back along the snake's spine, still pressing firmly. As the fingers passed down the body the curves straightened out and the body became quite stiff. He went over the snake twice in this manner, and then suddenly caught it by the tail and lifted it. The creature that had so short a time before been so full of soft curves and suppleness was now as stiff as a stick. The hypnotist pointed with it, used it as a walking-stick, drew lines by it as by a ruler, and the reptile never moved. It was as if stretched and frozen.

The same process was gone through with the larger snake with a similar result. Both were paralysed stiff. They were laid side by side in the desk, and the cover was shut on them.

This was to oblige one curious observer, who had a theory that the snakes would come out of the trance if put in a dark place.

Brown said they would not, very positively. Nevertheless, when the time came for opening the desk he prised up the cover from one side with a cane. The caution was unnecessary; the rattlesnakes lay just as they had been put.

By simply passing his hand back over the snakes Brown took away the rigidity and left them in the condition they were when they followed him from the box. He easily got their attention again, and led them round the room one at a time as before.

He restored the largest one to the wire cage, putting back the wires through which it had passed out. The snake lay there half on its back apparently dead, except for its open eyes. Brown inserted a boy's putty blower through the bars and almost touched the snake's head. The reptile did not even flinch away.

Suddenly Brown blew violently through the tube. There was a convulsion inside the cage. What happened could not be seen, but that snake was in a coil, his tongue going in and out, and his tail whirring like an alarm clock.

He was again a deadly rattlesnake, angry and ready to strike.

**SOUL AND MATTER.**—Is it true that these great, loving, passionate souls of ours are dependent for a medium of communication one with the other upon service clumsily rendered by the lip, or eye, or ear? Has that spiritual essence, with its mighty foretaste of life, apart from all the conditions imposed upon it by time and space, to yield itself to the puerile powers of the material body and be dependent upon it for its means of expression? Must the soul with its throbbing heart—aye, heart that is but faintly imaged in the slowly pulsating one of flesh—must it pant, and agonise, and leave the bitter workings of its life-blood to be expressed through mortal channels? Has the soul, with powers scarcely other than divine, been thus chained during the far-gone vista of years wherein wave after wave of generations ebbs back into the sea of the golden age, and is lost upon its shore? or did not men in that happy time consciously live in their dual world, the spiritual part untrammelled by the material, and without voice or sign or gesture of their grosser form communicate in a speech now lost to man? Is it the remembrance of this power which brings to us in fantastic moments, or are we dreaming of orient beams which, as faint shafts foretelling the rising of the king of day, are stealing upon us with promise of a dawn full of roseate splendour, to be followed by a meridian of glorious light?—MISS VARTY SMITH.—"Matthew Tindale."

## MR. INGERSOLL ON WALT WHITMAN.

Mr. Ingersoll has the grave disadvantage of being devoid of faith. His horizon is bounded by the tomb. He has no belief in the future, but he makes it up by a very strong belief in the sweetening of the present. Some of the finest things that we have read have been said by a man who, exceptionally gifted as an orator, is also full of the wholesomeness of the home life of which he never tires of singing the praises. He is, above all, the advocate of that life which is represented in the word "home." We could wish that he was able to realise the home beyond. That will come:—

Mr. Robert G. Ingersoll, without the least note or memoranda, spoke as follows before Walt Whitman's grave to the many thousands assembled to pay a last tribute of respect to the author of "Leaves of Grass":—Walt Whitman is no more. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar—a sunken ship. For, whether in mid sea or among the breakers of the further shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jewelled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy—as sad, and deep, and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word. Walt Whitman's fame is secure. He laid the foundation of it deep in the human heart. He was, above all that I have known, the poet of humanity, of sympathy. Great he was—so great that he rose above the greatest that he met without arrogance, and so great that he stooped to the lowest without condescension. He never claimed to be lower or greater than any other of the sons of man. He came into our generation a free, untrammelled spirit, with sympathy for all. His arm was beneath the form of the sick. He sympathised with the imprisoned and despised, and even on the brow of crime he was great enough to place the kiss of human sympathy. One of the greatest lines in our literature is this. Speaking of an outcast—and the line is great enough to do honour to the greatest genius that has ever lived—he said, "Not until the sun excludes you will I exclude you." He was the poet of life. It was a joy to him simply to breathe. He loved the clouds. He enjoyed the breath of morning, the twilight, the wind, the winding streams. He loved to look at the sea when the wind and waves burst into the white caps of joy. He loved the fields, the hills. He was acquainted with trees, with birds, with all the beautiful objects on the earth. And he saw not only those objects, but understood their meaning. And he used them that he might exhibit his heart to his fellow-men. He was also the poet of love. He was not ashamed of that divine passion that has built every home in the world—that divine passion that has painted every picture and given us every real great work of art—that divine passion that has made the world worth living in, and gives some value to human life. He was the poet of the natural, and taught men not to be ashamed of that which is natural. He was not only the poet of love, not only the poet of democracy, not only the poet of the Great Republic—he was the poet of the human race everywhere. He has uttered more supreme words than any writer of our century, and possibly of almost any other. He was, above all things, a man. And above genius, above all the snow-capped peaks of intelligence, above all of art, rises the true man—greater than all. He was a true man. And he walked among his fellow-men as such. He was also, as has been said, the poet of death. He accepted all—life and death. And he justified all. He had the courage to meet all, and was great enough and splendid enough to harmonise all, and to accept all there is of life as a divine melody. To-day we give back to Mother Nature, to her clasp and kiss, one of the bravest, sweetest souls that ever lived in human clay. I loved him living, and I love him still. And now, to you who have been chosen from among the many men he loved to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was—there is—no gentler, stronger, manlier man.



## DOUBT IN RELIGION.

The object of all religions worthy of the name has ever been the raising of humanity from the despair of materialism, and the lower planes of unthinking animalism, to the heights of spiritual enlightenment in which, according to its measure, there is the enlarged life of a matured manhood. And this object the great religions of the world have set about affecting partly in two ways—the way of the head and the way of the heart, of the intellect and the affections, or more generally by both combined as in Christianity and Spiritualism. By way of the head thought, leading to a quickening of the “feelings,” and the feelings in turn leading to an expansion of thought, and thought, too, in its highest form, namely, that of intuitional discernment, both conducing to the progressive evolution of the individual singly and the race collectively.

Now there would have been no place for the exercise of thought, the trainer, if the revelations given to mankind had always been given in such a way as not to have admitted of doubts as regarded interpretation and validity. Had the revelations not been purposely veiled in allegory and interpreted, though symbolic with seeming contradictions, admitting of divers interpretations according to the insight of the individual inquirer, there would have been no room for the exercise of thought, and therefore apart altogether from their utter profanation by the unadvanced and unworthy, universal stagnation of the intellect would ensue. But being so veiled their hidden meaning had to be sought out with much thinking, and when so found by the wise and industrious, were esteemed as pearls of great price that added beauty and lustre to the wearer.

So doubts and denials in matters of religion, inasmuch as they stimulated thought, have been of prime importance in the higher education of man both collectively and individually. But people in general, forgetting even the Scriptural injunction to prove all things before acceptance, instead of welcoming doubt, scepticism, and opposition as indirectly all important in the evolution of the spiritual man, are continually up in arms against them. Hence the intolerable war of sects and parties everywhere so conspicuous in the world. Men, ever prone to dogmatise, want conformity to their narrow doctrines, not questioning; setting up as they do hard and fast lines of belief, they have always tried, by all means in their power, to suppress all open avowal of doubt as to the authority and validity of their narrow sectarian creeds to the detriment of all true religion, and the retarding of human evolution towards the higher planes of spiritual enlightenment. But further, the divers sects, while warring bitterly with each other, have always regarded even the conscientious sceptical inquirer with particular aversion. Even the Spiritualist loses patience when people do not more readily express their belief in the great facts that are to him so patent, and especially so when they deny their genuineness or try to refute them by silly arguments that it would be a waste of time to answer at all. Yet, would they but consider a moment, they would see that these same doubts and denials have been to Spiritualism as previously they have been to other religions, of the utmost importance, for they have served to place it upon an impregnable basis—a basis that could never have been reached by any ready unquestioning assent to its leading facts; for the facts of Spiritualism are in themselves the very foundations on which its higher teaching securely stands; and any ready assent to the facts, without the exercise of thought by the individual, would be disastrous in its results, for a mere appreciation of certain phenomenal facts as these, without a careful study and digest of the superstructure of higher thought that has been raised by earnest inquirers into the meaning of its varied phenomena, will lead to nothing.

It was such ready and unthinking assent, whether forced or voluntary, that crushed the life out of Medieval Christianity and kept the world so long in spiritual darkness; men, leaving all their thinking to be done by others, were further encouraged to believe that a blind and unquestioning assent to certain man-made dogmas and creeds was in itself most meritorious: and there is even a lower stage than this—there are those who, disregarding churches and pastors, believe that their “salvation” is assured by their acceptance of a mere formula of words, without either thought or feeling in the matter, never once considering that this

external belief, this mere assent of the lips, to one or two isolated texts of Scripture is a literal tying-up of their talents in a napkin, and a burying of them out of sight in this life, so that these believers, so-called, become the petrified fossils of certain formulas into the meaning of which they do not trouble themselves to inquire.

Co. Donegal.

WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

## 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.]

## Madame Blavatsky Returns.

SIR,—It may be of interest to your readers to know that on the evening of Saturday last, the 9th inst., Madame Blavatsky controlled Madame Elsa Greck, at 41, Redcliffe-road, South Kensington—it being the first seance at her new residence—in the presence of the undersigned and two friends, one of whom was a lady disciple of Madame Blavatsky. I enclose both names in support of my statement. Several questions were put by this lady as to the reality of the control and the possibility of her return. She said her knowledge had been enlarged since she had been in spirit life, and that she now realised that mediumship was a fact. Asked as to the statement of Lady Caithness, she replied that this was the first occasion she had controlled any medium and, addressing me personally, said that the much desired opportunity to come back and control a physical body, was entirely accomplished through my being present with her friend, she (the control) being thoroughly within my sphere. I may state that I met this lady friend that night entirely by chance, not having seen her for several years, and not knowing she had studied Theosophy.

Madame Blavatsky stated very positively that she would be able to prove her identity to her friends in the near future through Madame Greck's mediumship.

Lawndene, Wimbledon.

EDWARD BARRINGTON NASH.

April 12th, 1892.

## H. P. B.'s GHOST.

FROM “THE THEOSOPHIST.”

A rubbishing report is circulating to the effect that H.P.B. chose Mr. Foulke, of Philadelphia, as her “Successor,” and ratified her act by appearing in a Spiritualist circle and painting for him her portrait. As to the picture having been painted I say nothing save that it is no more improbable than other portrait paintings in mediumistic circles: but this does not imply that she painted it. And to offset that theory one has but to refer back to an old volume of the “Theosophist,” to find that she and I, anticipating some such nonsense, published our joint declaration that under no circumstances should we visit after death a medium or a circle, and authorising our friends to declare false any story to the contrary. As for her naming a “successor,” Beethoven or Edison, Magliabecchi, or Milton, might just as well declare A, B, or C the heirs of their genius. *Blavatsky nascitur, non fit.* H.S.O.

## “X and not X.”

SIR,—I do not wish to enter into argument with your valued correspondent as to the differentiation between “progressive experience” and “re-incarnation,” but there are one or two points in his letter to which I should like to refer without touching the main question. The danger of mixing up the language and symbols of mathematical investigation where those methods are not applicable is the first of these points.

“G.W.A.” has under the, to the mathematician, clumsy symbol  $x + (\text{not } x) = 1$ , quietly written down an indeterminate equation, which equation is asserted to be the representation of the “Unity Law.” If this equation  $x + y = 1$  admits of all positive solutions, including fractions, of course you can assert anything you please about it, and one fails to see the use of it. The mistakes that may occur from any such forms is evident in the article, where it is asserted that there can be “nothing higher in degree than Eternity,” and so if  $e$  represent one state, therefore the rest of things is the  $q$ , on the supposition that there is only one eternity. Now I should like to put this case to your correspondent, and his introduction of mathematical methods must be my excuse for writing about them. Through two



fixed points in a plane, an infinite number of circles can be drawn having their centres in one straight line. Now let one point remain fixed and be coupled up with every other possible point in the same plane, through every such pair of points an infinite number of different circles can be drawn; therefore in one plane we can draw a number of circles, such number being represented in mathematical language by the square of infinity. Again, if this same point be joined to all possible points in three-dimensional space we get an infinity of a third order. What order we get when, instead of the one point being fixed, it is itself allowed to move about in space, I leave to the consideration of "G.W.A."

Now as the line of centres in the first case, the line for the circles passing through two fixed points in one plane, represents your correspondent's notion of eternity—for he speaks of the "various states of being through which we have passed, are passing, and shall pass," that is the ordinary one-dimensional time—it is, I think, quite clear that if this be represented by unity, then the second case must be represented by 2, and the third case by 3, and so on. I ask you, how does the Unity law hold here?

The second point is the danger of the argument from the analogy of experimental physics. "Vibration" (says "G.W.A.") "does not cease to be vibration because our senses are not fine enough to apprehend it directly, and we know there are vibrations which we can feel directly as vibrations, and there are vibrations which we can only cognise through their effects indirectly; and so with consciousness." Now? It is possible, certainly, that a lump of granite, or a fuchsia, may possess consciousness, and that "wherever there is differentiation there is consciousness." It may be a safe generalisation, but that it is so because our own consciousness fails to perceive the vibrations of light as such is a little difficult to see. We possess consciousness most certainly, and that consciousness is variously developed, and seems to be in some way connected with a nervous system; but it is a little straining the analogy of variety to argue that therefore the consciousness of a diamond differs from that of a pomegranate, neither of which apparently has any nervous system. I hope "G.W.A.," for whose work and earnestness we all have so much respect, will forgive these remarks. I do not think his work should be spoilt.  $\pi$ .

#### A Few Words from a Distant Friend.

SIR,—Our cause, like every other creed or ecclesiastical system, has to be supported on a business (*i.e.*, money) basis; that being the mighty lever that moves mankind. Having done my pioneer work—practical investigation of spirit intercourse, over twenty years ago—one cannot help constantly forming new circles for developing the latent psychical gifts in sitters, and to try and find out a telescope (medium) to further prove what we believe. Therefore, for many years past I have been satisfied by distributing "LIGHT." I always direct it to some known or unknown person, and post it after reading, and other standard works on our subject: in fact, I keep a book with the names and addresses of those to whom I have lent books, as I find they soon get astray.

In December, 1891, Mr. Eglinton was in Cape Town for a short time, where he met his brother, who came out per Scot (a "greyhound" new steamer) for the benefit of his health, with an eye to business at the same time. Mr. William Eglinton left by the same boat for England, where he hopes to float a Cattle Ranch Company for Bechuana-land, and I sincerely hope and trust he may succeed. Whilst in Cape Town Mr. Eglinton had a long chat with me on our subject, and I was only too glad to be able to show him a little attention, in gratitude for the wonderful manifestations I witnessed in my home in South Africa (Cape Town), in 1878, where he stayed for over half a year. We did not have any sittings, as the feeling was mutual that it was not prudent to open up new channels of spiritual intercourse at the time, for fear of ignorance and prejudice with an indiscriminating public doing his business cause (cattle ranching) great harm.

Being fully convinced of the truth, and the great gift exercised by him, I rested content to enjoy the truth of past experience, as I continue to do, and try to live up to the principles I found embedded in the teachings derived from the other world. We have also welcomed Mr. and Mrs. William Tebb, who returned by the same steamer after having visited Natal. Mr. Tebb's visit here was

specially made, at his own expense, to obtain official data as to leprosy and kindred subjects. I was very pleased to meet Mr. and Mrs. Tebb, having had the pleasure of being at their home when in London in 1881.

One word for "M.A. (Oxon)" and his "Notes by the Way." In almost everything he writes I fully agree—Theosophy particularly—and trust he may be spared many years to wield his editorial pen in our cause. Mrs. Besant and Mr. Stead's "Review of Reviews" are doing great good by their whetting the public appetite for things Occult, Theosophical, and Spiritualistic.—With fraternal greetings.

BERKE T. HUTCHINSON, L.D.S., R.C.P.

Cape Town, South Africa.

#### A Remarkable Dream.

SIR,—I was much interested on reading in the last issue of "LIGHT" the account of your experience of writing an essay in a somnambulistic state. Some years ago when preparing for examinations I frequently did the same thing. I made it a practice when retiring to rest to place under my pillow my books on any subject that I had difficulty with, and next morning I knew my lessons perfectly, being often able to repeat six or ten pages without a single omission. I have drawn many maps, putting in seaports, towns, rivers, and other details in a far more finished manner than I could in my ordinary state. One examination for which I was preparing much worried me. I was really afraid of failure, as the subjects were difficult and many candidates had failed in preceding years. About two or three weeks before the examination I dreamt that the inspector, who was a stranger to me, handed me a question paper; these I fully remembered next morning, and wrote them in an exercise-book, showing them to my fellow students, most of whom ridiculed the idea of their being of any importance. A few were impressed and worked them up with me in our leisure hours. When the examination morning arrived these questions were those actually set by the inspector, whom I immediately recognised as the gentleman I had seen in my dream. This is one of many remarkable experiences I have had.

April 12th, 1891.

M. F. A. C.

P.S.—My sister who slept with me was frequently much alarmed on awaking out of her sleep in the dead of the night to find me sitting in the dark in an unconscious state busy with my studies.

#### Esoteric Christianity and Theosophy.

SIR,—"LIGHT" is one of the best conducted journals I have ever seen, and every week it brings over here to me such a wave of sympathy, besides all its valuable information. In your issue of April 9th it was particularly the leader on Mr. Judge, Mr. Moncreu Conway, and Madame Blavatsky which was of the greatest interest to me. I am fully in accord with "G. W. A." to his closing sentences:—

I deprecate very strongly seeking to discredit the Theosophical Society upon the matter of the *bona fides* of Madame Blavatsky, because I feel, firstly, that the tendency of the actual evidence is by no means all on one side; and so serious a charge should only be persisted in on the clearest and most unanswerable evidence; and, secondly, that the particular moral character of Madame Blavatsky, even if it could be proved to be all that it is asserted to be by its traducers, in no way affects or invalidates the philosophical teaching of a large and influential society, that contains within its membership-roll many names of persons admittedly honest, earnest, and capable. The true matter of controversy is not whether a particular and—if you will—leading member has never done anything which was mistaken, ill-advised, or even from our point of view immoral, but always and only whether the philosophical system of the Theosophical Society is, or is not, in all points true.

But before that, "G.W.A." says:—

I do not accept its principal doctrines of *Karma* and *Re-incarnation* with their corollary of *free will* as an absolute independent human power. I am, at all times, perfectly willing to meet and discuss with the society these and other points, and maintain against them those teachings of *Christianity* (on its *Esoteric* side), which are to me so much fuller, and deeper, and better.

I think there is no matter of higher interest and importance than this, and many—and not the least spiritually advanced persons, too—are looking forward to nothing else with more eagerness than to the discussion of this subject. Will not "G. W. A." render to all these the great service of giving us his views on "Esoteric Christianity"? But let me add here at once that there are two principal points to be explained:—

1. How can the apparently cruel and unjust inequalities of birth in talents, disposition of character, wealth, education, and all subsequent destinies which determine evidently



the varying results of everybody's life—how can these be made to accord with everybody's innate feeling that love and justice rule the world, *unless* we accept the doctrine of Karma, that all our natal dispositions, character and destinies are the result of our own conscious lives in previous incarnations?

2. All beings strive towards perfection; this is the train of all evolution and the aim of all religions. But how can perfection be attained without *further incarnations*? How can a Papua or a Botokudo become a Shakspeare, and how can a Shakspeare become a perfect man, a Christ, without Re-incarnation? And does not also the progress which we see in history prove Re-incarnation? Why such a progress, if it is not necessary for the perfection of the human souls, if these do *not* return into this progress of nature and culture, and if a soul living at the early part of this progress under many hardships and adversities could attain perfection as well as any living later on under the much more favourable circumstances of an advanced age? This latter argument for Re-incarnation has been forcibly put forward by Lessing in his "Education of Mankind."

DR. HUBER-SCHLEIDEN,

Neuhausen, near Munich.

Editor of the "Sphinx."

April 11th, 1892.

### AN INFANT SMILING INTO VACANCY.

Gently uncurtained from golden-hued slumber,

Wide opened the eyes of a pure infant child;

Clear from Earth-shadows which vision enumber,

Crystalline wells of sweet truth undefiled,  
And bright as the light of the stars without number,

It woke in its cradle and joyously smiled—

Innocent all of the turmoil around it,

Nor heard it the roar of Life's ocean so wide;

Blank to the ties which to Earth's bosom bound it,

Blank to the great throbbing world outside;

Nor feeling the web of affections which wound it;

Nor knowing its drifting on Time's mystic tide.

And the infant awoke like a pilgrim returning

From wand'rings in beauteous realms far away,

The light in its eyes of a spirit discerning

The home it had left where always 'twas day.

And it smiled as tho' with a rapturous yearning

To join with its cherubim brothers at play.

The babe it awoke to its cradle surrounding,

Its own little world in its measure so small;

Yet there may in its range have been myst'ries abounding,

Could eyes only see through our world's prison wall,

And truths to our wisdom for ever confounding—

Yet a babe may perceive them and understand all.

H. GORDON SWIFT.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It having been repeatedly requested that all communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor of "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to any other address, it is now respectfully intimated that letters otherwise addressed will not be forwarded. Foreign correspondents are specially desired to note this request. It does not, of course, apply to proof sent from the printer and marked to be returned to 13, Whitefriars-street, E.C. So much expense and delay is caused by neglect to read the standing notices to correspondents that it is hoped attention may be paid to the plain directions therein laid down.

SEVERAL articles and letters are unavoidably held over. The pressure on space is severe, and the holiday time makes arrangements difficult.

A. D.—If you seek news from America, the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" and the "Banner of Light" will supply you.

F. L.—There is a Library at 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. There is also a fairly comprehensive guide to it in "LIGHT." We cannot add any further information.

MAJOR CHADWICK.—We are not able to recommend any one to you. Experiments are best made privately, and personal experience is best. There are full directions in "LIGHT," which you can find available. If you make any efforts in the way of experiment, and feel any difficulty, we shall be most happy to try and solve it.

E. J. B.—Persons described as of a passive temperament are the reverse of those called positive. No question of sex is involved. There are masculine women, *i.e.*, positive, and there are men of a negative or passive character. With regard to your further questions we can only say that you must make your experiments and not abandon them too easily. Some study of works published might help you. There is a fairly complete list of books published in "LIGHT."

### SOCIETY WORK.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL.—Last Sunday a lecture was given by Mr. Bertram, dealing with "Easton from a Christian and Spiritualist Point of View." Thursday next, Mrs. Bliss, at 8 p.m.; Sunday next, Mrs. Bell.

KING'S CROSS SOCIETY, 181, COPENHAGEN-STREET. Next Sunday morning, at 10.15, public seance, Mr. Hunt medium; tea and reception at 5 p.m., admission 6d.; at 7 p.m., short address on "Ghosts," followed by psychometry and clairvoyance. A. M. R.

WANDSWORTH SPIRITUAL HALL, 132, ST. JOHN'S HILL, CLAPHAM JUNCTION.—Mrs. Ashton Bingham will open the above new hall on Wednesday, May 4th, with a concert and reception. All friends will be welcome. Thursday, May 5th, seance at 8 p.m., Mrs. Whitaker; Saturday, May 7th, at 8 p.m., seance, Mrs. Mason. J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE. E. Service every Sunday, at 7 p.m. On Sunday last Mrs. Stanley's controls chose for their subject, "Love," which was dealt with in a manner at once impressive and logical. Next Sunday Mr. James Veitch will give psychometry and clairvoyance.—J. CHAPMAN, Hon. Sec.

LONDON SPIRITUAL FEDERATION.—We shall hold our annual meeting at the Athenaeum Hall, 73, Tottenham Court-road, on Sunday, May 1st. There will be a business meeting for members only at 3.30 p.m., and a public meeting at 7 p.m. All Spiritualists are invited, the subject for consideration being "The need for further investigation of Spiritualism." We are about to form committees for holding seances. Many prominent Spiritualists will speak at the meeting, and we hope to see a large addition of members.—A. F. TINDALL, A.T.C.L., Hon. Sec., 4, Portland-terrace, N.W.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH, 14, ORCHARD-ROAD.—On Sunday last the open meeting was well attended, and Mr. Mason in a few well chosen sentences introduced Mrs. Ashton Bingham, who recited two of her poems, "Prayer" and "The Factory Girl." Mr. Prout gave a very interesting address on "Geology." Mrs. Mason gave good clairvoyant descriptions, which were recognised especially by Mr. Prout, a stranger to Spiritualism. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., the Rev. Dr. Rowland Young will give an address on "Christ's Resurrection." May 1st and 3rd, Mr. Horatio Hunt's special seance, by tickets only.—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, 166, 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 8.15 p.m., for Spiritualists only, the study of mediumship; also, at 1, Winifred-road, White Post-lane, on Tuesday, at 8.15 p.m., experimental seance.—J. A.

SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—Members and friends enjoyed an excellent tea on Good Friday, after which our good friend Mr. W. Whitley presided. Music and song were ably sustained by Mrs. Bell, Miss Cooper, Messrs. Edwards, Smith, &c. Miss Hunt played a solo. Brief speeches were given by Miss R. Vincent, Mrs. Treadwell, Messrs. Hocker, Hunt, and Cooper. On Sunday Mr. W. E. Long gave an able and practical address upon "Spiritualism—Fact, Folly, or Fraud?" Sunday next, at 11 a.m., friendly meeting; at 7 p.m., lecture; Tuesday, at 7.45 p.m., lecture; Thursday, at 7.45 p.m., seance, Mrs. Wilkins; Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., seance, Mrs. Hawkins.—L. H.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—On Sunday next, spiritual seance at 11.30 a.m.; Lyceum at 3 p.m.; "What are Apparitions?" by Mr. W. E. Long, at 7 p.m. Tuesday, social soiree, at 8.30 p.m. Wednesday, public seance, at 8.30 p.m. Thursday, debate, at 8.30 p.m., "Modern Spiritualism Confirmed by the Bible;" affirmative Mr. W. E. Long, negative Mr. Morrison. The holiday social gathering was a great success, a large company, including many visitors, spending a very happy evening. On Sunday last we had an instructive evening with Mr. Killick, who read an interesting paper on "Primitive Spiritism," which was much appreciated.—W. G. COOTE, Asst. Sec.

PECKHAM SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET.—On Sunday morning Mr. Veitch reopened the subject of "Insanity." Cases were instanced of persons considered mad, and thus in danger of losing their liberty, who were, by the process of passes and the casting out of evil spirit influence, cured. Two medical men joined in the discussion, and concurred in many of the arguments, &c. given; and further, stated that it was a fact that not a few practitioners were fully alive to the efficacy of "Will power," which they frequently exercised upon patients. In the evening the question of "Materialisation" was well handled by Mr. Veitch. Sunday next, Mr. Dale, at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Monday, at 8 p.m., Bible study.—J. T. AUBV.