

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

When Dr. Virchow delivered the Croonian lecture before the Royal Society last month, reference was made in many quarters to his great discovery of the independent "life" of the cells of which the human body is composed. In other words, that the entity which we call our body is, after all, nothing but an aggregate of lives almost indefinite in number. We, in our investigations and arguments, always consider the body as a whole, whether we are treating of it as material in itself or as a material presentation of a spiritual condition. But this discovery of Virchow, which is accepted by the modern physiologist, shows that we are somewhat wrong in doing so. We get apparently, a certain modification of the meaning of the spiritual part of man—it becomes either force which acts on and co-ordinates certain pre-existent lives, or it brings together these cells and energises them with life in their proper places. Both considerations presuppose a spiritual existence for man, which in so many ways physical science is rapidly demonstrating.

The following is a passage from an article in the "Agnostic Journal" on the "Consciousness of Matter," by T. Williams, F.T.S. Mr. Williams has before now, if we remember rightly, sent letters to "LIGHT." We should be glad to have from him a somewhat clearer expression of the assertions in the paragraph. Mr. Williams is probably on the right tack, but his expressions are somewhat confusing:—

Well, then, to return to the brain: heat, being evolved both by thought and by matter, is common to both; while ether, its medium, is that through which their junction in heat is effected. Occultists say that fire pervades all; and the ether of the ancients, says Madame Blavatsky in "The Secret Doctrine," was also fire, having for them a spiritual, psychic, and material aspect. In order to find the approximate relation which this threefold ether bears to that of orthodox science, I will take it only by its material aspect as material heat. Now, we know that heat which is felt by us is not capable of registering itself in the human brain as thoughts; while we also know that the fire of an idea is imperceptible to the senses. Therefore, the ether of science is on the plane of our senses; but that of thought-transference is on a deeper plane of consciousness, lying behind the senses, and represents substance whose substantiality is different to that of the ether of science. But, since both are transmitters of one element—heat or fire—we must consider them degrees of the same ethereal medium; and to find out how this gradation may happen we have but to refer to the ether of light and the ether of radiant heat. Here the difference is due to the length of wave motion, each being set to a different scale. So that ether exists in various modes of motion, each possessing its own particular relation to the consciousness of the world and to that of man. That which I may call thought-ether differs in this respect from the lower and coarser forms of ethereal manifestation, and by its more subtle rates of motion appeals to subtler manifestations of consciousness. Yet heat, like consciousness, is the common link which binds matter and mind

together on all its planes; and through fire we may pass from the objective to the subjective states of existence.

We wish God-speed to Theosophists as well as all others who are endeavouring to raise the moral standard and therefore increase the happiness of the world, but the following from "Lucifer" seems just to verge on the worship of the young lover in presence of his as yet idolised mistress:—

The years are not many since a Great Soul volunteered to go forth into the world of the West and to carry to it the Message of the East. Many a similar Messenger had gone forth in other centuries, and the volunteer of the nineteenth century was not a novice at the task. A lion heart was needed, an iron endurance, a fiery strength, and the Soul which possessed these chose for its garb a woman's body born of an untamed Russian stock. The body was trained for its work physically by many a perilous adventure, and trained otherwise in the Raja Yoga schools, and then the Messenger set forward to her work, ill-equipped enough as the world might have judged when she set foot on the American shore and had to maintain herself for awhile by making artificial flowers, but sufficiently equipped, as the results proved, to make what Burnouf has called one of the three great spiritual movements now potently affecting the thought of the Western world.

Recently the consideration of automatic writing, and other presentments of what Mr. Myers calls the "subliminal consciousness," have put aside another question of great importance—that of "spirit identity." In connection with this subject it may now not be wrong to give one proof of that identity which occurred in the life of Stainton Moses, though he did not publish the account at the time the occurrence happened, because it involved using the names of people who might have objected. Even now the country house is not named, though the story is correct.

In the "Records of Séances by Mrs. S." the musical sound of G. is frequently referred to. G. is Grocyn, the scholar and friend of Erasmus. A few years ago, about 1887 or 1888, Stainton Moses went to spend Whitsuntide at the house of a friend a few miles out of London. The house was old, but had a somewhat modern frontage. During the first night of Stainton Moses' stay, the musical note of G. was sounded in his bedroom. Stainton Moses being used to these notes paid but little regard, and wondering what Grocyn wanted there, went to sleep again. The next morning, after breakfast, his host said to Stainton Moses, "I must leave you for awhile, but here are some archaeological books that may interest you. By the way Grocyn, the scholar, once lived here. You slept in his room last night."

We have just received a volume on "Psychography," published in San Francisco, containing accounts of slate writing done through the American medium, Fred Evans. As the book has a chapter entitled, "How the Writing is Done," we shall refer to it more fully in our next issue. We sincerely hope that the conditions, as to the non-possibility of fraud, were as good as they should be in such cases.

"THROUGHTH."

Mr. Stead has adopted this word for the fourth dimension of space. If that fourth dimension exists, "throughth" may be as good a word as any other, though it is really only made from a word which may stand for either of the other three by the addition of two letters. The "Review of Reviews" for this month contains a record of certain of Mr. Stead's experiments, some of which our readers are very familiar with; whether "throughth" explains them is matter for argument. At the outset an assumption is made which is startling, to say the least of it, to a geometrician; to a non-geometer such a slip as length being known to us as a straight line is excusable, and the confounding of the particular case of the square with flat surfaces generally is in the same case; but the assumption referred to is not so excusable. It is this, "As a square is to a line, and as a cube is to a square, so will the fourth dimension be to the three-dimensional space in which we live at present." This is a very, very loose way of talking. But let us quote Mr. Stead on "Life in the First Dimension":—

The first dimension consists of length without breadth or height. In order to be able to imagine such a condition of space, let us, with Mr. Willink, imagine a tube of glass perfectly straight, with so infinitesimal a cavity that it was perfectly filled by the smallest atom of matter. Now, let us suppose that this atom of matter was endowed with life and intelligence. As, although it is extremely small, it entirely fills the orifice of the tube, it cannot move either to the right or to the left, or up or down—the only motion that is known to it is backwards and forwards. This atom may be said to live in a space of one dimension, or rather of one direction; that is to say, it can move backwards and forwards, but is capable of no other motion. Imagine further that this tube is darkened so that no glimpse of anything either to the right or the left, above or below, can be had by the imprisoned little molecule, which travels backwards and forwards in its narrow groove. No matter how close you may be to the little atom of matter darting backwards and forwards, it will not be able to see you unless you stand at one end of the tube, and therefore, however intelligent it may be, it will seem to it to be arrant folly to talk of things to the right and left of it, for it has no right and left—it only understands backwards and forwards. That is what it is to live in space of one dimension or of one direction. The fact that only one motion is possible limits the possibilities of existence, which nevertheless exist both to the right and left and the top and bottom of the tube. The fact that anything exists outside space of one dimension is quite unknown to the intelligent little atoms, which, of course, build a theory of the universe entirely upon their own experience, and as they can see nothing and are capable of no motion excepting backwards and forwards, they are quite convinced that no other motion is possible, and that no other creatures exist, excepting on the same line as themselves.

Surely a worse illustration of one-dimensional space than this can hardly be imagined. We have here a physical atom which itself has spatial extension moving along a tube of very small bore. This apparent illustration, which is due to Mr. Willink, is not an illustration at all; the only correct one is that of the motion of the imaginary mathematical point moving along the equally imaginary mathematical line. This was admirably done in a book called "Flatland," published some few years ago. This "illustration" is followed, however, by something worse:—

But imagine that in time some benevolent being outside the tube in which these busy little atoms ply to and fro with ceaseless monotony were to clear away the dark coloured matter on either side of the tube so that now and then a glimpse of light should shine in upon the atoms, who until then had been perfectly secure and content in their own limited conception of space of one dimension. At first these little inlets in the darkened face of the glass would be almost infinitesimal and would be only

occasionally noticed by the atoms; but, by-and-by, when a benevolent power outside cleared away more of the darkened matter which rendered it impossible for the atoms of the first dimension to see either to the right or to the left, the atoms could begin to discern that the possibilities of nature were not exhausted by a simple backwards and forwards movement, and to see that there was a right and left as well as a backwards and forwards, and that a whole new world stretched before them. At first they would see it before they could enter into it.

"An intelligent atom" which could appreciate light falling upon it from the side is already in more than one dimension, and the analogy falls through. This may appear hypercritical, but such criticism is necessary when the purely scientific notions of many-dimensioned space are being used for the explanation of occult phenomena. "Electricity" is pretty well played out, and "vibrations" have had their day: now we are confronted with the "fourth dimension."

However, as the "fourth dimension" seems very likely to be talked about, it may be as well to give some idea of what the transcendental geometers, such as Lobatchewsky and Riemann, mean by their geometry of space. They mean this, that there may be a kind of space in which the lines supposed "straight" are in reality "curved"—in other words, that if a point—not a "molecule"—were to travel along the "straightness" of such a space it would possibly, after a long interval, come back to its starting place; in such a space an individual accustomed to our own or "flat" space would not recognise the motion except where it was coincident with the motion of the point in his own space. But seeing that a surface may be "projected" on to a line, and a "solid" on to a surface, and from these projections some properties of the original surfaces and solids may be arrived at, therefore it is reasonable to suppose that the properties of certain things in four dimensions may be arrived at from their projections, as we get them, in the solid of three dimensions. If that be so, many of the phenomena of Spiritualism could be explained.

There is, however, underlying all this the assumption of an experimental proof of the material existence of space, and as to this proof there is serious doubt at the least. As a matter of fact, the geometrical line, surface, and solid have never yet been seen or felt, and space itself, as we understand it, is probably a concept, and a concept only. That we are on the eve of some great development of knowledge which may change all our hitherto accepted concepts is probably true, and Mr. Stead is quite right in anticipating this development, but it is not so certain that "we are in very deed and truth on the eve of the fourth dimension" of space. An exaltation of old faculties, or the development of new ones, whereby a more perfect knowledge of things as they really are is obtained, is a very different thing from a change in the nature of those things themselves. "Telepathy," for example, "by which the mind of a man in Edinburgh can impress itself on the mind of a percipient in Dublin," involves no new notion of space, any more than does the electric telegraph, which was familiarly said to have annihilated space and time. That things are not what we have thought them to be is one thing; to say that the discovery is the "eve of the fourth dimension" is another. Yet, whatever may eventually be found to be the truth, Mr. Stead has again done good service in giving to the world his ideas in the "Review of Reviews."

THERE are certain irrepressible thoughts which no biting gibe, nor chilling system, nor pitiless logic can subdue. Like the grass of the field, or even like the flowers, the dreary winds of some cold autumnal philosophy may cut them off; but with the returning spring of more genial times they re-appear and laugh at the winds which sought to kill them. You cannot silence love with an argument, nor slay man's noblest aspirations with a sneer, nor wither his royal faith with a sarcasm. —BISHOP OF RIXON.

MADAME BLAVATSKY.

We think it nothing but fair that the following account of certain corroborations of Madame Blavatsky's asserted attempts to re-enter Tibet, should be reprinted from the current number of the "Theosophist." The article has the well-known signature H. S. O. There are appended other stories connected with the late leader of the Theosophists, which are of much interest :—

On the 3rd of March, 1893, S. V. Edge and I met in the train between Nallati and Calcutta, Major-General C. Murray (retired), late 70th Bengal Infantry, now Chairman of the Monghyr Municipality, who met H. P. B. in 1854 or '55 at Pankabaree, at the foot of the Darjeeling Hills. He was then a Captain, commanding the Sebundy Sappers and Miners. She was trying to get into Tibet *via* Nepaul "to write a book"; and to do it, she wished to cross the Rungit river. Capt. M. had it reported to him by the guard that a European lady had passed that way, so he went after and brought her back. She was very angry, but in vain. She stopped with Captain and Mrs. Murray for about a month when, finding her plan defeated, she left, and Capt. M. heard of her as far as Dinajpore. She was then apparently about 30 years of age.

The above facts were so interesting that I wrote them out in the railway carriage and got General Murray to append his certificate, as follows :—

"The above memo is correct.

(Signed) C. MURRAY,
Major General."

In the presence of H. S. O. and S. V. Edge.

It will be seen that General Murray's story substantially confirms H. P. B.'s narrative of one of her attempts to enter Tibet, which Mr. Sinnett gives on page 66 of his "Incidents in the life of Madame Blavatsky," where he approximately fixes the date of her arrival in India "at quite the end of 1853." She had come out here in company with an English gentleman, whom she had met in Germany, and a Hindu "Chela," whom she came across "at Copan, in Mexico" (Copan is really in Central America), with the design of making the attempt jointly. Owing to some disagreements, the little party broke up, and H. P. B. tried her luck by way of Nepaul. Her plan failed, chiefly she believed, through the opposition of the British Resident then in Nepaul. She then "went down to Southern India, and then on to Java and Singapore, returning thence to England."

The British Resident probably did have something to do indirectly with her detention, for strict orders had been given to Captain Murray, in military command of that Frontier District, to permit no European to cross the Rungit, as they would be almost sure of being murdered by the wild tribes in that country.

I got trace of another of her Tibetan attempts from a Hindu gentleman living at Bareilly (?) while on one of my North Indian official tours. The first time H. P. B. came to that station after our arrival in India, this gentleman recognised her as the European lady who had been his guest many years before, when she was going northward to try and enter Tibet *via* Kashmir. They had much pleasant chat about old times. I have written to friends who I think were present when the story was told me, and shall have their replies in due time. For my part, I shall not be at all surprised to get from time to time the evidence to corroborate all her, hitherto unsupported, narratives of her various attempts to penetrate the "Land of Snow."

All H. P. B.'s personal acquaintances are aware of the devoted affection she always expressed for her aunt, Mdme. N. A. F., of Odessa: an attachment far stronger than any she ever felt for either of her associates in the T. S. They will hardly be surprised, then, to read the following letter to myself from her sister, Mdme. de Jelihovsky, replying to my inquiry as to the truth of the rumour that the stone of a certain ring which H. P. B. had given Mdme. N. A. F. some years before had mysteriously changed its colour at or just before H. P. B.'s death. Mdme. de J. writes :—

ST. PETERSBURG, 14-26th January, 1893.

"She (H. P. B.) gave my aunt a ring, which had this strange property, that it became quite black two or three weeks before my sister's last illness, and after her death came back to its original colour. Here is what my aunt wrote me about it: 'I had a warning, but at first I did not understand it. You know the ring she sent me from India? A plain, large ring with an agate; the stone is oval, flat, of a light yellowish colour,

quite transparent, and with a minute sprig of moss embedded in the middle of the crystal. [It was a simple moss-agate which she bought out here. H. S. O.] I have worn it some twelve years, and its colour never changed—it was always clear as glass. But since about a month (the date of this letter was 4-16th May, 1891) I perceived that it was darkening, and had lost its brilliancy. Finally it became black as coal, so that the sprig of moss could no more be seen. I could not imagine how a quartz stone like this could darken. I washed and cleaned and rubbed it, but to no effect. The stone remained black until Helen's death, when it gradually cleared, and after some days returned to its natural transparency.'"

I have permission to publish the foregoing extracts. While we were in New York, H. P. B. possessed and used to wear a silver Rosicrucian jewel, set with garnets in the cross and legs of the compasses, and with larger-sized, white, crystals in the arc connecting the two limbs. The jewel had belonged to an Adept, who had given it her in Tibet—I believe, as a talisman. The white crystals in question were in such a mysterious auric relation with herself that they would change colour when she was ill, and change back again upon her recovery. I have seen them turn of a dirty brown, an emerald green, and even black. What was strangest of all was, that they would not all become discoloured at a time, but only some. Upon coming to India, she laid the jewel away in a box, and after we moved to Madras, I got her to give it over into my possession so that I might watch for changes. Some of the crystals were then bright green, and the others dirty white. I kept the jewel several years, but no changes occurring, I, fearing it might be stolen, took it with me to London in 1888, and gave it to H. P. B. at Lansdowne-road. Babula can testify to having packed it in my box. The jewel remained in H. P. B.'s possession until her death, and was seen by members of the London Headquarters family, who are my informants. It has now disappeared, perhaps was taken in the confusion after her decease.

Before H. P. B.'s decease, there were many mysterious warnings in the Odessa family mansion. I quote further from the aunt's letter to Mdme. de J.

"On Easter Monday (1891, and forty-one days by our calendar before H. P. B.'s death—H. S. O.), we heard, in the very middle of the dining-table, a knock so loud that everyone was startled. She was alive then; but all those subsequent days we heard strange sounds, as of the breaking of glass and snappings and blows in the furniture, night and day. When I received Countess Wachtmeister's letter that things were going worse, she (Helen) was no more, but we were not aware of her death. I was busy reading it in the drawing-room to my sister (Mdme. Witte) who, after listening to my reading, said, 'I am sure she will recover.' At the same moment there was a crash; we jumped to our feet in affright and ran to look what had happened, for the noise, which came from one corner of the room, was as if the wall had crumbled into pieces. Then we thought, perhaps, the dining-table with all the glasses and porcelain on it were smashed. Not at all; all was in order and unharmed. After I received Vera's letter and your telegram, all noises ceased."

Before the family messages had reached Odessa, however, and two days after H. P. B.'s death, the aged sisters, Mdme. N. A. F. and Mdme. Witte, were in their large drawing-room as usual in the evenings, trying to read but really thinking intently about their distant dear niece. Suddenly, Mdme. Witte, gazing fixedly into the same dark and distant corner of the room, whispered: "I see her! There she is!" She described the wraith as clad in white, and with great white flowers on her head, exactly as she was laid out in her coffin. This was her farewell to earth.

WITCH-HUNTING.

Natal advices describe the termination of a celebrated case, in which seven natives were charged with "smelling out" and killing an alleged witch. It appeared from the evidence that the victim was accused of causing the death of a chief, the idea being prevalent that no chief can die from natural causes. Three of the prisoners were convicted, and one of these, on being asked if he had anything to say, declared that they had consulted a witch-doctor in the matter, and only did what they were told. All three were sentenced to death. The Natal "Mercury" referring to this case, says that smelling out and witch murder are rife among the Pondos just now, and expresses little surprise that the natives near the Pondoland border are being infected. The writer says that it is just as necessary to put down witchcraft as witch-hunting, for natives often seek to "bewitch" the victims of their hate and jealousy and to kill them by poison or other subtle agency.—"Hampshire Telegraph."

CLAIRVOYANCE.

The "Review of Reviews" contains a very readable account of the life of Mr. W. Parker Snow, the Arctic explorer; but what will chiefly interest the readers of "LIGHT" are two stories of clairvoyance in connection with Sir John Franklin's ill-fated expedition. One or both have, we believe, appeared in print before, but they will bear reproduction. The first is by Mr. Parker Snow himself:

What I did see, or fancied I saw, was the following:—At three o'clock in the morning of January 7th, 1850, the curtains of my sleeping-room were drawn aside from the bottom and a picture appeared before my eye. This picture represented a flat ice-covered region, which from its configuration seemed to be a triangular extension of James Ross's King William's Land, also a portion round the magnetic Pole and another part embracing the estuary of the Great Fish River with the country, including the Boothian Isthmus and all the land between the longitudes of 90 and 100. Two apparently deserted ships were to be seen, one embedded in the ice south-west of the magnetic Pole and north-west of the Point Victory, James Ross's farthest on the off-hand shore of King William's Land. The other ship was away down in a bay—MacLoughlin Bay—or close to O'Reilly Island. Crossing King William's Land and along its shores were a few men, while several bodies lay seemingly lifeless on the ground. Further south, at the mouth of the Great Fish River, also about the Salmon Lakes and Boothia and the Gulf, likewise away to the west, appeared other parties of white men. It seemed to me in my waking dream that they were calling aloud to me for aid, and their call appeared to be strongly sounding in my ears. This so thoroughly startled me, that, as my wife well remembers, and often expresses how it woke her, I sprang out of bed shivering with fright, horror and pity, towards the sitting-room. I found the curtains closed as we had left them, but I promptly threw on my attire, and with the candle I had lit, proceeded to my desk. The early morning was cold, yet I did not appear to want a fire; I was like as though heated enough by what my dream or vision had pictured me. Thus I commenced writing and copied what I wrote. I put on paper what had so singularly come before me. But as I was not a mere so-called "visionary," I also compared what I had written down as apparently seen with what was known or conjectured in regard to the missing explorers. I frequently walked about my room during hours, and I logically reasoned to myself *pro* and *con* on every possible bearing of the case that my mind could conceive. I brought all the powers of my intellect upon it, and of what I had mentally seen I drew a map to guide my thoughts. This rough outline map was the original of those exact but larger ones I have ever since used in my lectures and addresses before institutions or elsewhere. It was before the Royal Geographical Society, the British Association, and various philosophical or learned societies here and in America. A faithful reproduction was again made in 1875, and it is still hanging up on the walls of my present dwelling. Thus nine years before McClintock's discovery, which proved my literal accuracy with regard to the position and fate of the Franklin expedition, though never acknowledged by him or officials, I had a map drawn by me foreshadowing and representing the truth.

The second clairvoyant vision is as follows:—

Five months before October, 1849, E. Louisa Coppin, daughter of Captain Coppin, of the Board of Trade at Londonderry, died of gastric fever. But no sooner had she died than according to the testimony of her brothers and sisters, her spirit haunted the house. A ball of bluish light was distinctly visible, and all the children declared they saw her going about from room to room, just as she did before death. All the children declared that their little sister Louisa, or Weesy, as they called her, was walking about in the house. A chair, knife, and fork were always placed for her at the table. One night on going to bed her sister told her aunt that she saw written up that Mr. Mackay was dead. Next morning the aunt sent to inquire how Mr. Mackay was. The messenger brought back the news that Mr. Mackay had just been found dead in his bed. Six weeks later the aunt asked her niece to ask Weesy if she could tell them whereabouts Sir John Franklin was. The spirit immediately disappeared, and almost immediately afterwards there appeared on the wall in large, round-hand letters, about

three inches in length, the following inscription: "*Erebus and Terror, Sir John Franklin, Lancaster Sound, Prince Regent's Inlet, Point Victory, Victoria Channel.*" After reading the letters, which were bright and shining, on the walls of the room, the question was asked again, and immediately the child saw upon the floor a complete Arctic scene, showing the ship surrounded by ice and almost covered with snow, including a channel that led to the ships. The representation was so vivid that the child shuddered with cold, and clutched hold of her aunt's hand. At the request of the aunt the child drew a small plan of the picture she saw, upon the floor.

When Captain Coppin came home he compared the child's rough plan with the maps which then existed. It seemed to him impossible that his child could be right, because the existing maps did not show any water-way between Prince Regent's Inlet and Point Victory. But the following year, seeing that the *Prince Albert* was about to start on an exploring expedition, Captain Coppin crossed over to London and saw Lady Franklin, and gave her the chart. Lady Franklin had only heard half of the story when she suddenly exclaimed, "It is all true, it is all true—your children are right! Three months before Sir John set sail, we were sitting by the fire, when he said, 'Jane, if I find any difficulty, I shall seek to return by the American continent, and if I fail in that I shall go up by the Great Fish River, and so get to Hudson's Bay territory.'" Lady Franklin communicated Captain Coppin's revelation to Captain Forsyth and Mr. Snow on the very night before the *Prince Albert* sailed. The original chart was, till her death, in the possession of Miss Cracroft, Sir John Franklin's niece, who refuses to give it up. Mr. Parker Snow, however, made a rough copy of the map in his note-book. The curious thing about this was that none of the existing charts showed the inlet which was discovered and named three years afterwards, Bellot Strait, after an unfortunate French officer who was drowned in 1853.

These statements of the child communicated to Lady Franklin in 1850 were confirmed to the letter by McClintock's voyage of exploration in 1859. McClintock very naturally, and Snow says justly as to its effect upon the voyage, endeavoured to pooh-pooh the story when it appeared in 1889, but the evidence of Mr. Parker Snow and the existence of the copy of the map taken down by him from Lady Franklin on the night before the *Prince Albert* sailed in 1850, seemed to place beyond doubt the fact that if the Admiralty had paid attention to the suggestions and strange notifications given they would have saved the country half-a-million of money, and probably rescued at least one-half of the Franklin Expedition.

MYSTICISM AND MAGIC.

If all the odd scraps of information illustrative of occult science were collected as they appear in the newspapers and other publications, there would be such a mass of matter as must convince even the most dogmatical sceptic of the existence of such things, or else reduce him to say at his leisure what David said of man in his haste. Now that thought-transference is in the air, we get this from a correspondent of the "*Pall Mall Gazette*":—

Years ago there appeared in a weekly paper in London a letter or article on "*Brain Waves*." I remember the story distinctly. A young wife sitting in her boudoir one wet day heard her husband—who had gone out in the morning—return to the house, hang up his overcoat in the hall, put his umbrella in the stand, and afterwards saw him enter the room where she was sitting with her little girl of seven or eight, stand by the fire for a few minutes, and finally leave the room without speaking, although she had addressed some remarks to him. An hour or two later she heard her husband enter the house for the second time, as she believed, and saw him go through the same actions as she had already witnessed. On being questioned, her husband denied having previously returned to the house. His wife and child having both been witnesses to his first appearance, the former naturally pressed him to explain, and the only explanation that he could offer was that his *apparent* return on the first occasion was the result of a thought or intent of which he was distinctly conscious as he sat in the court-house, where he was acting as magistrate. Some people possess this power of concentration of will unconsciously, and are unaware of it until it is suddenly evoked. In the following story the force

was applied to thought-communication without apparition of any kind. This power of thought-communication has been much called in question of late. A friend of mine, staying at one time in a hotel at Nice, was surprised by a lady, with whom she was very slightly acquainted, requesting her to come to her room, as she wished to speak to her. My friend, Madame L—, consented, and when they were alone Madame B— turned to my friend and said, "I don't know if you are aware of the power you possess. With your help I could obtain extraordinary results. To prove this, are you willing to try some experiments?"

Madame L— answered in the affirmative.

Madame B— then darkened the room, placed herself at a table, put a sheet of paper before her, and took a pencil in her hand.

"Now," she said, "will you stand behind me, place your hands on my spine, and ask a question *mentally*? I will reply to that question."

Madame L— was at this time anxious about a friend of hers who had sent in his papers to the authorities at Rome with a view to obtaining an official appointment then vacant. Madame L— determined to send a mental telegram on this subject; therefore, with her hands on Madame B—'s spine, she wired, in her brain, the following message:

"Have the papers of Monsieur F— been favourably received, and is his success probable?"

Madame B— began moving the pencil vaguely on the paper, and Madame L— was conscious of a jerky movement of Madame B—'s body, as if she were working a telegraph machine. After a few moments, Madame B— began writing, and after a little while handed the paper to Madame L—. On it were these words:—"Rome. The papers have been received; there is some irregularity about them, and some steps will have to be taken in the matter."

This paper my friend still possesses. In course of conversation Madame L— inquired if she had the power at a distance of sending Madame B— a thought-telegram.

"Certainly," Madame B— replied, "and you can try it if you like. You are leaving Nice. Send me a message at a certain fixed hour on a certain day, and I will write and tell you what it was."

This was arranged. Later on my friend went to Lyons, from whence she had to proceed to Marseilles. At Lyons she was to meet her daughter, who did not appear at the time she was expected, and consequently Madame L— was nervous and anxious, and was not thinking in the least of the message she had promised to send. At last Madame L—'s daughter came, and they hurried to the restaurant that Madame L— might dine before starting for Marseilles. Suddenly at her dinner Madame L— looked up at a clock which was opposite to her, and saw that it was a quarter before nine, the time fixed upon for sending the mental telegram. Instantly she sent it in these words:—"My child has come. She is quite well. I am now eating my dinner." Some days afterwards Madame L— received a letter from Madame B—, saying, "On such a day at about a quarter to nine I received your message, 'My child has come. She is quite well. I am now eating my dinner.'" This story was told to me by Madame L— herself. She told me that she has made no further use of her extraordinary powers, as she fears she might be led to give herself too entirely to the development of them. I fancy that these two people—the man of the brain-wave and the woman of the brain-message—have in them the quality required for the making of a magician—the power of separating themselves from all thought but one, and giving to that thought the full force of their will. Honest, intelligent men in Paris believe in magic. I have talked to them, and have tried to learn as much as possible; but I have only been confirmed in my own thought that supernatural power is incommunicable, nor would the possessors of it, if they could, instruct anyone therein.

DANTE.

A charming volume comes to us entitled "Dante's Pilgrim's Progress; or, The Passage of the Blessed Soul from the Slavery of the Present Corruption to the Liberty of Eternal Glory," with Notes on the Way by Emelia Russell Gurney. Selections from Dante on the left hand page are illustrated by corresponding selections from the Bible and elsewhere on the right hand page. Every one of these pages is full of thought. Elliott Stock is the publisher.

MRS. BESANT.

Mrs. Besant has returned from her American tour. We welcome her back. Earnestness of purpose is not so common that we can afford to ignore it when we meet with it, and that earnestness Mrs. Besant has in full measure. That we do not always agree with Mrs. Besant does not militate against our respect and admiration. With Mrs. Besant's remark in "Lucifer," on taking up her editorial work again, we are in full accord: "The tie between writer and readers is a very real one, none the less real that in face we are unknown to each other."

THE DUTCH PAPERS.

A Mr. Pelekhine has been collecting some ghost stories in the Russian provinces, and has sent an account of them to "The Rebus," whence they appear in the "Weekblad." The two following are interesting. In May, 1892, a country girl, Marie N—, who was nursemaid in the family of a cavalry officer named Karavaieff, related that during the war a battle was fought in their village (Lachintzy). There were many killed, and the bones of the dead are still found. She says, "Our house stands at the end of the village on a little knoll. In 1889, Joseph Gouljanowsky built a house behind ours, and when it was ready he had a mass said and went to stay in it. But he did not remain long at rest. On one occasion he and his wife came running and told us that a tall soldier had entered their house. They did not know how he came nor where he came from. They simply suddenly saw him sitting on the dresser. He said to Gouljanowsky, 'You must get out of this. This is my land and not yours. I shall not allow you here.' It was hoped the strange appearances would by-and-by cease, but they didn't, and curious accidents began to occur. The horse and then the cow had their heads driven so far into their fodder boxes that they stuck, and other animals about the place were served in somewhat similar fashion. At the end of three months the owner was glad to break up his home. He collected entirely fresh material and built another house at the opposite end of the village, where he was allowed to remain in peace." Another story is that of a lady whose husband on his death-bed begged of her to remain by his body until he was buried. She did so until the evening before his funeral, when she went to an adjoining room. She had no sooner left than she heard her name called. She thought, at first, it was her stepdaughter, but again the words, "Emma, don't go away," sounded in her ears, and immediately thereafter the voice of her stepdaughter cried out, "Mamma, papa is calling you." No longer doubting she rushed back, expecting to find some sign of returning life. But there was no change. The spirit of the dead man had plainly spoken, and his widow remained by his side until the body was taken to the tomb. An interesting case of forewarning is contributed by C. J. Van Arkel-Koudsijn. A gentleman who usually spent a portion of his evening in a certain chair found it on one occasion occupied by a person whom he did not know. Suddenly, while the owner of the house was gazing, the visitor disappeared. Next evening the same thing occurred, and on the third night when the proprietor found once more the same figure in the chair, and looking very earnestly, the experience so upset him that he went to a neighbour's and passed the night there. That evening his own house fell down.

The same journal quotes from an article by a writer named Geluk, who maintains that such perfectly developed "hallucinations" as the above, and as those which occurred with the Berlin bookseller, Nicolai—who constantly saw spooks on his premises as plainly as he saw people in the flesh—are all to be ascribed to degeneration of the nerves. Whether Nicolai's spooks or his fellow men were the "hallucinations" is not stated, but the writer goes on to say that in the lives of famous men we have various examples of similar phenomena, and cites Descartes, Dr. Johnson, Lord Byron, Goethe, and Sir Walter Scott. Apart from the incoherency of this writer's reasoning, one may think that the diseased nerves of the gentleman whose house collapsed stood him in very good stead. It is not generally known that Byron related that he was sometimes visited by spirits, or that Sir Walter Scott saw Byron's ghost, but it is hinted that these instances, and Goethe's admission that on a certain occasion he saw his own double approaching him, are symptoms of nerve degeneration. Perhaps, after all, such a very large conclusion does not betoken more than a lack of modesty in a small writer.

[April 22, 1893.]

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

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

The Annual Subscription for "LIGHT," post free to any address, is 10s. 10d. per annum, forwarded to our office in advance. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to Mr. H. D. Godfrey, and should invariably be crossed "A.C." All orders for papers and for advertisements, and all remittances, should be addressed to "The Manager" and not to the Editor.

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Light:

EDITED BY "M.A." LOND.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22nd, 1893.

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. H. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

"I AWOKE." *

This anonymous book has already been referred to in a "Note by the Way" in last week's issue. The preface informs us that three friends "were told that they could have a connected account of the life on the other side—as far as such could be put into words—if they sat together occasionally for that purpose." The outcome is this book, which the writers assert to be presented exactly as it was received. It is greatly to be wished that the names of the three friends had been given; much, very much, of the value of the book is lost through this omission. If "Spirit-Teachings" had been published anonymously, and without the guarantee of good faith which always was implied in "M.A.(Oxon's)" name, it would have fallen flatly on a doubting world. That the writings in "I Awoke" are not what they pretend to be is not for a moment insinuated; at the same time there is not much more than a thoughtful investigator of the Unseen, unused to rigorous phraseology, might have produced. The book is divided into two main sections—The Psyche and the Pneuma—from which it will be seen that the old tripartite division of the human entity is adhered to. Of the Psyche the theory given is that it is formed within the earthly body during earthly life, but the "materials of which it is composed are not earthly, but are finer, rarer, though still material." This fine "material" is capable of outward manifestation to the psychic vision. It is this Psyche that goes over at the "passing" into an intermediate state. In this state the Psyche can communicate in some way with earthly beings, for says the writing: "We are still earthly enough to be able to put our psycho-electric force into touch with your electric currents; this touches your sub-conscious brain." This is one of the assertions which, having a certain scientific inexactness, makes one feel that the writing might have been produced unconsciously by the writer; nevertheless, this is followed by a few sentences which put it on a different footing. Speaking of the writing the communicating agency says:—

The choice of words, the style, is greatly limited by your own powers, but not entirely; we can sometimes use words and phrases with which you are unacquainted. Then as we progress here, and the spirit gradually dominates the soul, our power to give you words will fail; we shall only reach you by the voiceless power of love and of sympathy, and our intercourse

will be confined to that soul-raising influence which you call sometimes worship, sometimes ecstasy.

This is higher teaching, as in the following striking passage:

Pain is caused by the conflict of the physical with the psychical; and by the conflict of the Psyche with the Pneuma. Both are real blessings, for they stir the forces into stronger and better action.

Death is defined as the "point at which" the communicating spirit is speaking "your life joins ours." This change renders the Psyche visible to those in the intermediate state, the body which it inhabited having previously been invisible to the dwellers in that state. Death having taken place, the Psyche sleeps, a sleep varying in duration, some sleeping so short a time that they verify Paul's assertion, "We shall not all sleep." On the awakening from this sleep the soul becomes conscious of its new surroundings, and enters into that state which is the immediate result of the previous earthly life. Under various types we get a description of some of these states. Of the "carnal" man this is given:

The next class includes those whose spirits are so earth-bound that they seem unable to tear themselves away from their former surroundings. Those whose passions have been strong on earth, and strong for earth alone, finding little or nothing in their new life which is sympathetic to them, return in spirit to the world they have quitted, and live over and over again the past. From this class most of the appearances, the *revenants*, are drawn; for anxious to renew, however faintly, their old impressions, they draw to themselves a physical covering, a body, which as a medium they can use to see, and hear, and know the old life. This, however, they succeed in doing but very partially, for the link between the psychical and the physical is not truly re-united, and the sensations are but dim and shadowy. It is such as these that have been sometimes helped by counsel from those on your side.

Of the conditions of life in the psychic world much is said, and here come certain passages of which some seem to support the genuineness of the communications, such as the following on Time:

In the earthly life the limitations of time are greatest in the physical, less in the mental, still less in the spiritual side of your nature. In strict reality the moments roll on, one by one, each filled by the same amount of motion and active force in the invisible atoms making up the molecules of which phenomena consist; but in the mental life the thoughts, the memory, can live through a year in a few moments, or mental anguish may draw out a moment into an hour. The spirit seems almost beyond these laws of time—and love, truth, justice, pity are not of time, but beyond it. In our life we enter into the second of these states which becomes our lower one, we are not beyond the influence of time, but we are less strictly bound by it.

This is good, but then as to space we get in an appendix this description of a fourth dimension:—

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

The conception of the fourth dimension is not made much clearer by this, and it almost looks as if the automatic writer, unconsciously to himself, but penetrated with the notion of such a fourth dimension, set down, of course again unconsciously, his own notions about it. There is nothing fourth dimensional about the whole thing; "through" is a word which belongs to our ordinary three-dimensional language. It would perhaps be as well for all, whether in the psychical state or elsewhere, to let the fourth dimension alone. In this appendix a fifth dimension is also spoken of—that of "trans-progression," the fourth being that of "inter-progression." We get, moreover, a sixth! which is a pity.

* "I Awoke: Conditions of Life on the Other Side," Communicated by Automatic Writing. (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1893.)

We now come to the consideration of the Pneuma. The pneuma is distinct from the Psyche, and passes into the next state by a process which is the analogue of physical death:—

Our psychic form dissolves, fades away, is folded up, is dissipated into the sphere from which it was taken, leaving our spirit free to pass beyond into purer and rarer air more fitted for it. There is no pain or struggle in such a dissolution, nor any break in consciousness. Our friends bid us farewell for a time, but we need not say farewell to them, for we shall see and know them more intimately even than before. Their eyes may not perceive us, but our clearer vision will embrace the past as well as the present, the old as well as the new. . . . Man is now pneuma or spirit; not that pure, invisible, immortal essence of which we have spoken, but approaching more closely to it. The true, the real man yet remains hidden from comprehension; the final, the deepest mystery of all.

The mystical spheres treated of by the book we must leave its readers to make out for themselves. Man becomes a seven-dimensional being, and the old fetters of time and space fall away from him. He is at peace with himself, though there are still some traits to be developed, and some evil, perchance, to be burned away:—

Though he is no longer out of harmony with his surroundings, we do not imply that there is no conflict or growth; his powers may be taxed to their utmost, but not beyond; the strength is always sufficient to the day, and he grows as a plant might, the surroundings of which were perfectly suited to its needs. All his powers are living, in motion, not intermittently but constantly: this is a very high development of life.

Here, however, the account begins to get confused. The communicators say themselves that they do not know, they have only been told, and there seems little which might not be evolved from that inner consciousness which even on this plane may be put into touch with the higher powers about us. There are generalities certainly, but the definiteness is far from complete. "Light, life, music, beauty everywhere, a constant overflowing stream." "In the other life we first willed and then acted; we desired and then accomplished; the inner preceded the outer. Here these are not two but one; we seem neither to think nor to act, we are. I not not wish and then perform, I am; there is no need to desire anything and then obtain it: it is all within me and I have only to breathe it out; I have only just to be and all things are included." These expressions may mean anything, and they may mean nothing. Nevertheless, a remarkable and worthy book.

TRANSITION.

On the 8th inst., at 5, Angell Park Gardens, Brixton, S.W., Mrs. Catherine Withall, in the eighty-fourth year of her age.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

A meeting of the members and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance will be held at 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, at 7.30 on Tuesday evening next, when Miss Rowan Vincent will give an address on "Psychometry," with illustrations.

INSTINCT STRONGER THAN WILL.

The "New York Sun" has the following:—

There is a story about Darwin and the snakes. He used to go into the Zoological Gardens in London, and, standing by the glass case containing the cobra di capello, put his forehead against the glass while the cobra struck out at him. The glass was between them; Darwin's mind was perfectly convinced as to the inability of the snake to harm him, yet he would always dodge. Time after time he tried it, his will and reason keeping him there, his instinct making him dodge. The instinct was stronger than both will and reason. Superstition or a belief in the supernatural is like instinct. It makes us dodge what we know cannot hurt us.

What a pretty instance of false analogy!

DEATH A DELUSION;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF
SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES
ON THE
BORDERLAND BETWEEN SENSE AND SOUL.

BY JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

(Continued from p. 177.)

VII.

One's early education and what we sometimes call "surroundings" ought probably to be included amongst personal experiences on this subject. At the age of fourteen I was an intensely interested reader of Swedenborg's "Memorable Relations"; and before I was fifteen, I think I had quite mastered his brilliant distinctions in relation to the "spiritual" and the "natural" worlds. He made me feel the intense reality of spirit-life and of spirit-people; and yet, as in a mighty light, I saw the distinction between substances "spiritual" and "material," and, ever after, found it easy to follow modern science in its subtle penetrations into the unseen.

My mother also was a great help to me. One of the most vigorous-minded persons I ever knew, and not a sentimentalist, she used to amuse me by telling me about her strange experiences in her young days. She must have been absolutely without fear, and yet keenly open to occult influences. After the death of Lady——, her friend, and a somewhat eccentric character, several remarkable events occurred to my mother when alone in the house, producing, not alarm, but the clearest conviction that her old friend had not lost her hold upon what we call "life."

Indeed, although my mother was more of an agnostic than anything else, I always felt that she was a kind of "medium," and I well remember the time when a torrent of scribbling poured from her hand, upon a sheaf of pages, much to her bewilderment, seeing that she could neither read it nor tell what it was about or whence it came. The scene was amusing;—a vigorous-minded woman, inclined to doubt everything unseen, pouring out a score of pages of illegible scribble, and not knowing what it was all about! I, with my wide experience in reading other people's scribbling, read it to her: but neither of us knew what to make of it—as an incident.

VIII.

Amongst my personal experiences, I must cite the effect produced upon me by the literature upon this subject, and by personal communion with such notable characters and strenuous believers as William and Mary Howitt, C. F. Varley, William Crookes, Alfred Russel Wallace, Gerald Massey, and S. C. Hall, representing keen science, shrewd insight, fine taste, and the ideal truthseeker's resolution and patience. I knew also that such men and women as Thackeray, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lloyd Garrison, President Lincoln, John Pierpoint, Robert Chambers, Garth Wilkinson, Professor de Morgan, Victor Hugo, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and a vast number of our brightest men and women were either seriously favourable or altogether convinced. My personal communings with William and Mary Howitt, C. F. Varley, William Crookes, and Alfred Russel Wallace were specially helpful, and very seriously impressed me. These keen, mature, and resolute seekers after truth seemed to carry me to the farthest point of testimony: and each one told of personal experiences which had left no room for doubt. Mr. Varley, as one of the very first electricians of his day, told me that he took up the subject in the hope of exposing "the tricks of mediums." He said to me, "I thought it all turned on tricks of electricity, and I knew I should be able to expose them." As the result, he became one of the most determined spiritualists I ever met. He assured me that he had pitted elec-

tricity against "the spirits" for the conveyance of messages, and that "the spirits" won. Some things which he told me, over twenty years ago, are now being curiously repeated in the experiences of Mr. Stead. I hope Dr. A. R. Wallace will not object to a special reference to him. In his own home and mine, I have listened to his deliberate descriptions of incidents in his own patient and truth-loving life, which, if true, left no room for doubt as to the reality of the activity of unseen beings in the sphere of the seen; and I have felt that if testimony had any value its full value was reached when it came in such a way from such a man, the habit of whose life was fine discrimination and steadfast abiding by facts. I do not hesitate to cite my intercourse with such investigators, as itself, in its way, a personal experience.

Literature on the subject seemed to abound when I began to seriously inquire for it, and though I had to be occasionally as patient as I could with some of it, I had often to admit its gravity, its fascination, and even its loftiness. I was impressed, too, with the fact that, in different parts of the world, there were about fifty journals devoted to the subject. Then I reflected that all or nearly all those whose testimony I was considering declared that their belief was based, not upon hearsay but upon experience, not upon dogma but upon knowledge, not upon one incident but upon experiments conducted again and again, and most frequently in the privacy of the laboratory or the home. It was at the moment when these considerations were impressing me that I read the Report of the London Dialectical Society's Committee, consisting of thirty-six of its members (mostly unbelievers) who had been appointed to investigate the subject. From this I learnt that the majority of the investigators were, in the end, convinced of the reality and spirit-origin of the phenomena, and I was much struck with the Report's concluding words:—

"Your committee, taking into consideration the high character and great intelligence of many of the witnesses to the more extraordinary facts, the extent to which their testimony is supported by the reports of the sub-committees, and the absence of any proof of imposture or delusion as regards a large portion of the phenomena; and, further, having regard to the exceptional character of the phenomena, the large number of persons in every grade of society and over the whole civilised world who are more or less influenced by a belief in their supernatural origin, and to the fact that no philosophical explanation of them has yet been arrived at, deem it incumbent upon them to state their conviction that the subject is worthy of more serious attention and careful investigation than it has hitherto received."

But, if we talk of literature on the subject, we shall soon leave the nineteenth century, and shall be led on and on, until we approach vast fields of research that make all modern books seem juvenile and thin. Slowly it dawned upon me that the hand of the despised modern spiritualist held the key to half the great ancient religions of the world.

And now it is here that I must cite, as one of my personal experiences, the gradual discovery that the Bible, when rationally treated, is one long record of instances of spirit-communication and spirit-activity. I say "when rationally treated" for, while we regard the Bible as an exceptional, supernatural, and non-human book, it is easy to treat its element of Spiritism as removed from the sphere of natural law. I found that in proportion as I became a rationalist I became a kind of spiritualist in reading the Bible. This seems a contradiction, but it is not. A rational treatment of the Bible brings it within the sphere of natural law and of our ordinary human life, and really puts us in full possession of it. In proportion as I rationalised, I said; This book is not one, it is tenfold: it is not one book but many books; and these cover a period of many hundreds of years. And I was led to the conclusion that where there was so much and such long-lasting smoke there must be fire;

and, as a rationalist, I could add the Bible to other evidences of a similar kind in all ages, only to be led to the conclusion that communion with the unseen seemed to be within the sphere of ordinary natural law.

When a rationalist arrives at this conclusion, it is sometimes said:—"You have escaped from what you call superstition about the Bible to the less creditable superstition of belief in Spiritualism." But that is not an exact account of what has happened. What has happened is this,—that the rationalist says: "If these Bible-records are true, there must be laws of nature to which they bear witness: and, as laws of nature are for all time, the events recorded must all, in similar conditions, be possible now. Thus, superstition is entirely got rid of, and a firm stand is taken on natural law."

IX.

In passing on to my own direct experiences by way of experiment, I find it extremely difficult to put these experiences into words: and many of them I could not put into words at all. Besides, no one can be better aware than I am that they are open to misunderstanding and ridicule on the one hand, and liable to be regarded as crude and old-fashioned on the other hand. All I can say, in arrest of judgment is, that I began as a sceptic, and with every sense on the alert; and that by far the greater part of my experiments occurred in my own house where there was not the slightest possibility of deception: but deception was in many cases out of the question, as, for instance, when names, dates and other particulars were given known only to myself, or to some other person who was not the "medium." Here, from notes taken at the time, is a record of one such case: a simple case enough, but impressive from its very simplicity:—

I was in the house of a gentleman nearly 200 miles from my own home. A "medium" was present—a bright, intelligent, but imperfectly educated girl or young woman. She knew very little of me, and had only seen me for a few minutes on the previous day. Without asking me a single question, she presently told me she could "see" something she would like to describe to me. She did so in a quiet and gentle manner—deliberately, and yet without hesitation. What she described was what happened to me twenty years before, when I was a mere boy, what passed in my little study between me and a favourite little sister, who was very dear to me then, and whose childish love is not forgotten by me now. The incidents described were of a nature so peculiar, and, what the outward world would call so trivial, that I deemed it utterly impossible this stranger, of her own knowledge, could have been acquainted with them. They were incidents, I think, I have never spoken of to anyone, and which no one would be likely to know or remember but myself. But her descriptions as to time, place, events, and persons were marvellously minute and accurate. She might have had a series of photographs before her, which she slowly turned over and described one by one. What she said was that she saw it all in a series of delicate pictures which my "spirit-sister" showed her. I was not a "believer" at the time; but, from first to last, the whole thing was so exquisitely touching, so beautiful, so charming in its method of identification, if the thing were true, that I should have felt a thrill of horror if anyone had called the "medium" an impostor or a fool.

On another occasion, in an unconscious or trance state (into which she passed at once, and without aid from without), this same young lady spoke to me in the name of this sister; and for nearly half an hour, touched and delighted everyone present by the simplicity and beauty of her language.

I took this "medium" to a small meeting of friends at Manchester, and am perfectly sure that she knew nothing of the majority of the persons present, as she was between one and two hundred miles from home, and a perfect stranger to the town. She sat next to me, farthest away from the door. In the course of the evening the proceedings were interrupted for a moment by the entrance of an elderly gentleman who at once took a seat near the door. Almost as soon as this was done, she

"medium" addressed him, and proceeded to describe a scene of a most touching kind, with many minute details. He quietly said that he recognised the truth of it, and then the "medium" took paper and pencil and began to write, I looking at what was written. When it was finished, the "medium" was about to push it across the table to the new-comer when I hurriedly said, "Oh, do add your name." This was at once written, and the paper was sent across to the gentleman. He said it was a message exactly suited to his need, and the name was correct, as the name of the person prominently appearing in the scene that had been described. This gentleman was known to me as a man of good position and of the highest possible character—cautious, almost severe in judgment, and seriously anxious to have the truth; and I am practically certain that the "medium" could not have known anything about him.

The same "medium," in my own house, very much interested us with a similar instance. A student from Manchester, in like manner, came in late, and we quietly made room for him at the table, without introduction of any kind. The light was low, and the "medium," who could not possibly have known anything about him, would hardly be able to see his face clearly. In a few minutes she turned towards him, and, with a low "dreamy" voice, began to take that young man to pieces in a way that he will never forget. She described his character, his temperament, his very style of speech, and what he did when alone in his room. She then proceeded to describe a companion who had passed on to spirit-life: face, hair, beard, dress, everything perfectly described, ending with, "and he died almost in your arms." This young man was a critical and rather hard sceptic; but, though at the time he said not a word, he afterwards admitted to me that everything which had been described was true.

"These are cases of thought-reading," some critic will say. Very well; all I know is that the critic who now cites "thought-reading" as an explanation would have laughed at thought-reading fifteen years ago. It is something to have got the critic into such a region. Personally, I think that if we now admit the possibility of mind reading mind apart from what we know as sight and sound, we may as well get rid of the body altogether, as a necessary factor, and admit what is at once the larger explanation and the larger hope. If the tenant is so independent of the house, and, apparently, so superior to it, is it so very difficult to believe that it may survive the house when it removes from it?

I again quote from notes taken at the time:—

At another time, in another place, and in presence of another "medium," phenomena of another character presented themselves. I sat with the "medium" at a very small table, without a shred of covering on it, in the middle of a large and sunlit room. The "medium" did not know my name, and had never seen me before. Without preliminary conversation we sat down, and before we had been seated three minutes we heard gentle but very distinct sounds (those who want to laugh can call them "raps"; I should prefer to call them *signals* produced by those who, as spiritual beings, are at the very fountain-head of the marvellous magnetic forces of the universe). The medium said, "I think it indicates the presence of a little child." Suffice to say that, as fast as I could ask questions, I got names, dates, and descriptions of almost every kind, for which I had not to credit the veracity of the "medium": the wonderful correctness of which I alone knew. One of the strangest things given to me was an exact copy of an unusual inscription on a tiny stone which had only just been placed in a country churchyard, nearly two hundred miles away. The touching "messages," with their suggestions so full of meaning to myself, and so little understood by the "medium," I need not repeat. I can only say, my heart worshiped the Great Spirit that day as it had seldom done before. On this occasion two or three things happened, however, which were more singular and demonstrative than touching or graceful. For two or three minutes the little table rose up under my hands, and rose up so high that, even with standing up, I could hardly keep my hands on. This

happened after a very odd occurrence in the spelling out of "messages." All at once we had these letters signalled—P—I—L—I—F. It was our first piece of what seemed "nonsense," and the "medium" who seemed a little annoyed at so absurd a reply to what I believe was a grave question, said; "Let us go on to something else." I declined, and began casting about to find what "Pilif" could mean. At last, I asked; What or who is "Pilif"? The answer came at once; "Uncle." I saw at once what was meant. One of the very first playthings my little child ever had was an old portrait of "Uncle Philip," whose name she learnt amongst her first half-dozen words. Does it not seem ridiculous that a little child "in heaven" (so runs the phrase!) should "come down" to talk to me through a table; and that, when it came, it should spell Philip backwards, in a funny way? Well, I am hardly sure. I think if she loved me, she would desire to be near me if she could. And, if she was near me that day, and, by some natural law, aided by her spirit-friends, could "communicate," I think it very probable she would do or say something as like her old self as possible. It was an absurd-looking incident, I admit, but it was intensely human, and it put out of court the charge of imposture, for, when the letters came, no one was pleased, and no one knew what they meant. It was when I discovered their meaning that the table rose up as I have described. I cannot help it if the scornful laugh at all this. I know it all happened in broad daylight, and that thousands and tens of thousands have had experience of similar things.

But, as for "table-lifting," if that is what people want as "proof," I will record what I saw with my own eyes in the house of friends whom I have known for a quarter of a century, and whom I know to be intelligent, honest, and religious. A large dining-table, round which twenty persons could sit, rose up from the floor two or three feet, without a hand touching it, and, after oscillating for awhile, gently descended to the floor. This was done, we were told, not because the unseen ones cared for such experiments, but because we sought and needed such "proofs." When I saw this, I was not excited; and the event happened in presence of fourteen persons, who met together in an earnest and devout manner, and agreed to open their "séance" with a reading from the Bible and prayer; and what happened that evening has occurred many a time before and since.

(To be continued.)

AUTOMATIC OR SPIRIT WRITING.

Mr. Stead's experiments, and those of others in a similar direction, have once more brought to the front the genesis of that kind of communication known as automatic writing. Mr. B. F. Underwood has an article on the subject in the current number of the "Arena." Some extracts are first given from certain of the automatic writings of Mrs. Underwood—these are of about the average in character and of that general application that is noticed in the book, "I Awoke," referred to in another column. It is rather with Mr. Underwood's own observations that we have to deal, and they are worthy of remark. He is evidently in a state of considerable doubt. He says:—

There are many persons, whose character and *bona fides* are beyond doubt, who are moved to write, as it seems to them, by an entirely extraneous intelligence; and it is not surprising that so many who are acquainted with this phenomenon believe that the thought comes from, and that the writing is directed by, spirits. The handwriting; the variety in the style of writing; the views advanced; statements sometimes made, showing knowledge supernaturally acquired, or at least forming no part of the conscious knowledge of the medium or others present; the general agreement in the description of spirit life, and the persistence with which the controlling intelligence declares that the messages are from spirits, combine to strengthen the conviction of thousands that the writing, if not always by those whose names are signed to the communications, is at least done by the agency of invisible beings.

On the other hand the frequent assumption of great names, and giving communications as from those who bore these names, which indicate but very ordinary intelligence; the impossibility of obtaining generally any test statements pertaining to the personality or thought of those whose names are given, beyond the knowledge and grasp of the medium; the impossi-

bility, at least except rarely, of getting a statement of facts and circumstances to identify the communicating intelligence; the disinclination to give names when the investigator shows a disposition to ask searching questions; the indefinite and commonplace character of most of the messages, even from the "advanced" spirits, and the undoubted inferiority of what purports to come from great minds compared with their acknowledged works, written when they were alive on earth; the certainty that in the writing are usually, sometimes more than others, indications of the medium's thought and peculiarities, though produced without his or her conscious effort;—these are among the facts which make careful thinkers, even those who see no *a priori* reasons against spirit intercourse, doubtful of the agency of spirits in producing the writing.

That there are communications written as from spirits, to which few if any of these objections apply, must in fairness be admitted—those in which the handwriting, characteristic style, including peculiarities of expression of the person whose name is given, all unknown to the medium, are reproduced; those in which detailed statements unknown to the medium and all others present are made, disbelieved, and afterwards learned to be substantially correct, statements of a character apparently sufficient to prove the identity of the intelligence from which the messages purport to come. What is the explanation of these facts? Do double consciousness and telepathy give it?

Mr. Underwood allows that double consciousness does exist, and it would seem to be very difficult for him or anyone else to deny it. Yet that form of double consciousness in which the separate consciousnesses manifest themselves at different times, the one not being cognisant of the actions of the other, does not seem to explain the writing.

I doubt whether the facts of temporary periodic or permanent amnesia help to explain so-called automatic writing; for while this writing is going on the medium may be in as normal a condition, as alert, reflective, discriminating, and judicial as he or she is at any time; may be unconscious of, and observers may be unable to see indications of, any mental alienation or disturbance; may discuss theories and speculations as to the cause of the writing as any other individual might, and show no impairment of ordinary mental power. There is no trance, no hypnotisation, no mental aberration, but a movement of the hand, impelled and guided apparently by a foreign intelligent force and a construction of sentences in which the medium takes no part consciously, even the words of which are unanticipated before they are written, and the language and thought of which are criticised and discussed as freely by the medium as by any other person present.

The story of Madame B. (Léonie, Léontine, and Léonore) is then referred to, for in this case, if the facts reported are correct, one of the consciousnesses wrote about the other, while that other was quite awake and alert. And this is stated as to Mrs. Underwood herself:—

When the automatic writing by Mrs. U.'s hand is going on, her ordinary consciousness notes it, questions the directing intelligence, hears all the verbal questions, and reads and discusses the answers. There is no insensible member, no break in the chain of memories which constitute her ordinary consciousness, no distraction, no absent mindedness, no disturbance of the normal self.

There seems some inclination on the part of Mr. Underwood to accept the Spiritualistic explanation, but he is very guarded in what he says, and concludes in this way:—

Automatic writing belongs to a class of phenomena the cause of which is not now understood, but the explanation of which I believe is possible by the observation and study of all the facts according to the scientific method which has been so successfully applied to the study of physical phenomena. Dr. Edward von Hartmann, in his work, "Der Spiritismus," says: "What we possess to-day in the way of evidences in history and among contemporaries suffices to convince me that the human organism contains more faculties than exact science has discovered and analysed; I consider this fact a sufficient warrant to engage science earnestly in directing its attention and experimentation on this (occult) domain."

DEATH is the condition of resurrection. There is indeed a continuity through death, but a form of severance from the part must be the prelude to the new birth.—WESTACOTT.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Under this heading, at the request of several subscribers, we give from time to time such questions as may reach us—provided we deem them of a profitable character—with a view to their being answered, not necessarily by the Editor, but preferably by our readers. Both questions and answers should be stated clearly and succinctly, and in the replies the questions should be indicated by the number.

ANSWERS.

10.—Apart from its ancient origin, what has Astrology to recommend itself to our credence? Is the book, "The Influence of the Stars," by Rosa Baughan, considered a good one for a beginner to read?—B.

In reply to your correspondent I can only say with Tycho Brahe—"to deny the influence of the stars is to deny the wisdom and providence of God." They teach us to know ourselves, how to employ ourselves with most advantage, and how to avoid the illnesses and accidents and misfortunes with which many of us are threatened. Rosa Baughan's work is excellent; she has derived her information from the highest sources and given it to the world. I am myself a student of astrology; having studied astronomy for three years previously. I soon mastered the difficulties. "Raphael's Key to Astrology," price 1s., is a most useful little book, and the Editors of the "Astrologer's Magazine," 12, Lugard-road, Peckham, have been most courteous in helping me when in difficulty. I can now cast a horoscope easily, and I recommend any persons doubting the accuracy of the science to cast their own nativities. They will be astonished to find a true history of their lives written in the stars at the moment of birth.—KATE BURTON, Longner Hall, Shrewsbury.

The fact that Astrology has occupied the minds of such men as Kepler, Napier, and others is a great argument in its favour, but the greatest is one's own individual experience, for a man is far more likely to be convinced by a few simple facts coming within his immediate ken than by all the tabulated records in history—a fairly good one was published by Mr. A. J. Pearce in the second number of the "Future," in answer to certain comments of "M. A. (Oxon)." If "B." has any intention of studying the subject seriously I would warn him that it requires an immense amount of patience, plenty of spare time to devote to it, also a natural liking for, as well as great accuracy in mathematical calculations. The "Text-book of Astrology," by A. J. Pearce, is not only the most modern but the most complete work on the subject. It is to be relied upon for its mathematical formulae, and as for its astrological rules they are to be accepted with reservations, though there is one thing to be said for the author, he gives several very good examples to support his assertions. I would also bid "B." beware of the many enticing traps laid for the beginner, viz., Aphorisms Culled from Ancient Authors, Useful Notes for Young Students, etc., such being generally fanciful theories or inventions to bolster up some peculiar case. The best way to learn is not to trust entirely to books, but to obtain the nativities of several persons of whose character one has an intimate knowledge, make a careful study of them, and thence deduce a few fundamental rules. But, after all is said and done, is the "game worth the candle," apart from the interest one naturally feels in all research? Among the best books on the subject are Ptolemy's "Tetrabiblos," translated by Ashmand, the "Primum Mobile" of Placidius, translated by Cooper, Zadkiel's Handbook and Grammar, the before-mentioned text-book, and Wilson's Dictionary.—CHARLES STRANGE.

WARNINGS.

A short time before the death of the great Irish leader, Charles S. Parnell, he had a strange warning. It was the night previous to his last address to the people at Ennis. When he appeared at breakfast at the house of the friend, where he was staying, he looked grave and troubled. In the course of conversation he suddenly remarked: "Poor Biggar appeared to me last night." His friend noticed that he did not say he dreamed of his dead friend, but that he said he "appeared to him," as if it had been in the nature of a vision or apparition.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage, of New York, has a picture—a portrait in oil of his uncle, formerly of Oglethorpe University, Ga.—about which hangs this incident, as related by its present possessor: "On the night my uncle died a strange thing happened. The friends gathered about the bed. An intense silence stilled the room. The great mystery of death was about to again assert its dominance over the children of men. There was a deep-drawn sigh, and those about the bed bowed their heads at the passing of a soul. At that moment the cords holding the picture snapped, and the portrait of my relative came crashing to the floor. 'Now,' continued the narrator, 'had my uncle died a moment later, or a day before, no significance would have been attached to the falling of the picture. But, coming as it did just at the moment of the flight of the soul, it was a singular circumstance.'"

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.]

The Evolution of Humanity.

SIR,—In a letter chiefly relating to Mr. Scott Elliot's paper on the Evolution of Humanity, read at a meeting of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society in February, Mr. J. W. Read asks some natural questions about certain statements in that paper in conformity with the views of "Esoteric Buddhism," but at variance with a passage in Madame Blavatsky's "Secret Doctrine." The point has to do with the question whether the family of humanity to which we belong occupied Mars at some period in the remote past, and at some period in the remote future will pass on to Mercury. The question in itself can only interest close students of Theosophic teaching, but for various reasons it seems desirable that I should say a few words in explanation. On the basis of unequivocal answers from the adept teacher who gave me the information on which "Esoteric Buddhism" was written—in reply to unequivocal questions—I stated that Mars and Mercury do in this way form part of our chain of planets.

I had previously learned as an isolated fact that Mercury belonged to our chain. I then asked :—

"What other planets of those known to ordinary science, besides Mercury, belong to our system of worlds?"

The reply was :—"Mars and four other planets of which astronomy knows yet nothing; neither A. B. nor Y. Z. are known, nor can they be seen through physical means, however perfected."

This answer, which as I write I copy from the original letter, is quoted in the passage of the "Secret Doctrine" to which Mr. Read refers, but somewhat misquoted. It there appears "Mars, etc., and four other planets," and so on.

The "etc." imports an appearance of indistinctness into the reply by which it was not really impaired, and the argument of the "Secret Doctrine" seems to be to the effect that the Master thought I meant something by my question that was different from what I did mean, and gave me a reply which for my ears would thus be necessarily misleading.

On that subject he has recently communicated to me words to this effect : "If he could have been capable of paltering with the truth or of using words in a double sense in the way that has been imputed to him, not one line of all the manuscript of his which I possess would have been worth the paper on which it is written."

Of course, the view which Madame Blavatsky took of the Mars and Mercury question led me long ago to make inquiry as to whether I had blundered in this matter or not, and the teaching as given in "Esoteric Buddhism" was quite definitely confirmed.

I do not feel called upon at present to offer any speculation as to how it was that in this matter Madame Blavatsky became attached to a view which personally I regard without hesitation as erroneous, but in saying that much, I give my reply, for what it is worth, to Mr. Read's question as to how it is that Theosophists "hold themselves at liberty to teach as true a doctrine which the High Priestess of their faith has expressly declared to be false." As I read the Theosophic revelation—and by the light of all that has ever been said to me on the subject by the Masters—I regard any attempt to set up any Theosophical writer as an infallible authority on the Esoteric teaching to be a deplorable departure from the spirit of that revelation. However valuable a contribution to modern knowledge Madame Blavatsky's wonderful literary work has been, its importance would be altogether misapprehended by anyone who should desire to impose it on Theosophical students as the final word of the Masters' teaching. It is blemished here and there by failures to cast that teaching correctly in the mould of our thought and language, and I do not believe that the authoress can ever have departed so widely from the tone she always took in discussing the treatment of Theosophical doctrine with me, as to have consciously encouraged even her most devoted friends to study her writing with an unintelligent subordination of their understanding to its letter.

Mr. Read makes reference at the end of his letter to what he regards as a conflict of statement between a sentence in "Esoteric Buddhism" about the Atlanteans not having peopled India and Egypt with colonies from their continent, and a

statement in a recent article written by me, on the basis of more detailed information on that point, about the profound influence on the character and destinies of Egypt exercised by an immigration of Atlantean adepts. It seems to me there is not much conflict here. Egypt and India were certainly not "peopled" by that immigration, the effect of which on the civilisation of Egypt was nevertheless enormous. But if there are not as a matter of fact many mistaken statements in "Esoteric Buddhism" (and I have had the Master's definite assurance that there are not), the comparative freedom of that work from error is due to the extraordinary care I took not to run in any speculations of my own in amplification of the information on which I wrote. In writing books of enormously greater magnitude, covering much more ground, and drawn largely from the stores of a wider general knowledge of occult teaching than I possessed, Madame Blavatsky has naturally enlarged on her information more boldly. The consequence is that a great deal of her latter writing must be read with an intelligent appreciation of its value rather than in the blind spirit of intellectual submission which it seems to me high time for earnest Theosophical students to protest against.

A. P. SINNETT.

Pre-Existence.

SIR,—A few words—I hope final ones—in reply to the latest letter of Mr. Harpur, who thinks that if I do not contravene the patent fact of physical reproduction (of which the bulbs in his garden are, of course, a mere instance), my argument is "not worth the paper it is written on." It seems to be necessary to point out that when I ask why psychical individuality should be treated as a case of physical reproduction, I am not aptly answered by adducing a case of physical reproduction. Mr. Harpur has misconceived the argument throughout. Thus, when I ask why we are to assume without proof ("suppose") that one thing (the soul), of admittedly distinct nature, originated in or from a naturally different thing (the body), he says ("LIGHT" April 1st) that this question, "if it means anything, must mean that that which originates in, or from, a body cannot survive that body." If so, of course the case of the bulbs, or any case of physical generation, would be a sufficient reply. But as a question concerning proof in a relation of things *ex hypothesi* not *eiusdem generis* is not a proposition of fact concerning all things whatever, Mr. Harpur's instance is as irrelevant as his conception of what a question "must" mean is illogical. In the case of the bulbs (of all physical reproduction), we have the very evidence of origination which I desiderate in the case of the soul. We trace the offspring to the seed in the parental organisms, and there is nothing of a distinct nature to be accounted for.* The question of origin only arises when we recognise a distinct principle of psychical individuality, and arises then because all our undisputed experience of natural generation is of things *eiusdem generis*. It is open, of course, to anyone to maintain the theory of psychical reproduction (Traducianism), but equally, of course, I should then point out that this theory requires positive proof or justification, whereas non-origination of the individual at physical birth requires no such positive proof (not being the affirmation of any new fact), and is therefore "economically" preferable.

C. C. M.

Triple Consciousness.

SIR,—The suggestions contained in Madame de Steiger's letter are interesting, but her explanation cannot be said to cover the whole ground.

The curious phenomenon of unconscious communication with persons in the body, as reported by Mr. Stead, bears a striking analogy to the apparition of the double; but it is obvious that the theory of an astral consciousness cannot explain every case of the latter.

Sometimes, for instance, the double of a carriage has been seen, as well as that of the person driving in it; and I myself have seen the doubles of two persons walking arm in arm. In the latter case, which was published in "LIGHT" several years ago, it would be difficult to imagine that the two astral bodies emerged simultaneously for the purpose of preceding the real persons in the walk which they actually took a few minutes later.

In some of the earlier accounts of experiments in animal magnetism I have read of *clairvoyantes* being able to communicate

* The case of animal life I adverted to in this connection in my already cited letter in "LIGHT" of October 4th, 1890.

with distant persons, and to question them successfully as to their movements, they being unaware of the fact. Here again, therefore, we have something analogous to Mr. Stead's experiences.

It has been suggested that the subliminal or astral consciousness of the experimenter may write these automatic messages, but the fact that a numbness of the hand and arm is generally observable seems to militate against this theory.

That is to say, there appears to be an actual and local control of the hand.

But supposing this triple consciousness to be an actual fact, what is the result?

If there is in connection with every human being an astral body, having a consciousness of its own, separate from and unknown to the ordinary self, this second consciousness must be regarded as to all intents and purposes a different being.

If capable of being destroyed, for instance, it can matter nothing to the normal individual whether it be destroyed or not. Its relationship to the man is much the same as that of a lock of his hair.

The lock of hair is a part of him for the time being, but can be removed without its owner's knowledge.

Madame de Steiger has not told us much of what she terms the celestial consciousness, but a similar criticism might, I opine, be applicable to that.

I do not take on myself to dispute the possibility of her explanation, but I say that the self of working life is a being separate from and independent of either of these other entities, and, I might add, caring nothing for them, for it is not even sure of their existence.

G. A. K.

Mr. Stead's Automatic Writing.

SIR,—In reply to the letter of "An Old Enquirer" in your paper of to-day, I may say, what I thought was obvious enough, that I am only conscious of the answer, word by word; sometimes it is even letter by letter; although, sometimes, of course, as you can easily imagine, when a sentence is half-written, I can see which way it is going to end; but when I begin to write, I have no impression at all as to whether the message will be one of gladness or of sorrow, or of triviality, or of importance. My mind is a perfect blank.

W. T. STEAD.

The Difficulties of Inquirers.

SIR,—A few of us here who take an interest in Spiritualism, and who have for some time read considerably on the subject, feel that we should like to have some practical experience in the matter. As far as reading goes we are already satisfied as to the genuineness to a large extent of the phenomena, and one or two of our number have had (some years ago) a little experience of circles for investigation.

My object in writing is to ask if you could recommend us a good medium whose charges would be of a strictly moderate character. We should prefer a writing or test medium, but should feel obliged if you would kindly give us any advice on the matter which you think would be useful to us, and as to the probable cost of getting such a medium as we require to Worcester.

3, Pierpoint-street, Worcester.

W. C. HILL.

The above is a specimen of many letters that come to our office.

The question is one not easily answered; perhaps some of our readers may help. A similar request has come from Ipswich.—Ed. "LIGHT".

The Double.

SIR,—In further reply to "Verax" I will mention that some years ago the late Stainton Moses, while travelling to Bristol from Paddington, met, as he thought, Daniel Home, with whom he had conversation in the railway carriage, there being other passengers in the compartment in which were Stainton Moses and Home's double, which latter quitted the carriage at Bristol, and Stainton Moses went on to Plymouth under the impression that he had been speaking to the real Daniel Home. But afterwards he heard that Daniel Home was at Paris at the time when his double was speaking and being spoken to in the railway carriage on the Great Western Railway. I have this on hearsay, so I shall be glad if anyone better acquainted with the facts will correct me.

April 17th, 1893.

GILBERT ELLIOT.

[Our correspondent will find this story mentioned in one of the letters from Stainton Moses published recently in "LIGHT".—Ed. LIGHT.]

SOCIETY WORK.

THE STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, STRATFORD, E.—Meetings each Sunday, at 7 p.m. Speaker for Sunday next, Mr. A. J. Sutton.—J. R. 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S. E.—On Sunday, at 11.30 a.m. circle; at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., address. On Sunday evening last Mr. Long gave an address on "How Spiritual Circles should be Conducted." Our work here is very successful, and the audiences are large and earnest.—J. PERRY, Asst. Sec.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S. E. On Thursday Mr. Cootes gave some very successful illustrations of Clairvoyance. On Sunday we had an interesting evening with Mr. F. Vaughn on "Spiritualism as I Know It," after which Mr. Pearson gave a short address on Astronomy. Sunday next at 7 p.m., Mrs. V. Bliss; address, and clairvoyance. Thursday at 8 p.m., circle.—J. B., Sec.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W. On Sunday last Mr. Wyndoe lectured upon "Christianity, Materialism, and Spiritualism." The discourse was very instructive, and an interesting discussion followed. Sunday next at 7 p.m., séance, Mr. H. Towns. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Mason, séance. April 30th, Mr. W. Wallace, the old pioneer medium. Westbourne-park, 58, Tavistock-crescent, on Saturday at 8 p.m., Mrs. Mason.—J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

OPEN AIR PROPAGANDA.—Through the kindness of the Marylebone Association a meeting will be held on Friday evening, 21st inst., at 8 o'clock, at the "Spiritual Hall," 86, High-street, Marylebone, for the purpose of arranging the coming season's propaganda. Suggestions will be welcome. Spiritualists and those interested are requested to attend, and all workers are cordially invited to take part in arranging for the best concentrated action.—Percy Smyth, Organiser, 123, Lancaster-road, W.

SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—We were favoured by a visit from Mr. C. Pitcher, on Sunday evening. He adduced the great facts of Spiritualism in answering the momentous question, "If a man die shall he live again?" On Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. Donaldson. In the evening Mr. W. E. Long on "Death and the Resurrection." On the 30th inst. a tea-meeting will be held in aid of the funds of the society, and after tea Miss Rowan Vincent will deliver a lecture on "Psychometry."—C. I. H.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.—Information and assistance given to inquirers into Spiritualism. Literature on the subject and list of members will be sent on receipt of stamped envelope by any of the following International Committee:—America, Mrs. M. R. Palmer, 3101, North Broad-street, Philadelphia; Australia, Mr. J. Webster, 5, Peckville-street North, Melbourne; France, P. G. Leymarie, 1, Rue Chalanais, Paris; Germany, E. Schloschaur, 65, Königsgrätzer Strasse, Berlin, S. W.; Holland, F. W. H. Van Straaten, Apeldoorn, Middelland, 682; India, Mr. T. Hatton, State Cotton Mills, Baroda; New Zealand, Mr. Graham, Huntley, Waikato; Sweden, R. Fortenson, Ade, Christiania; England, J. Allen, Hon. Sec., 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex; W. C. Robson, French correspondent, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne; or, Robert Cooper, 2, Manchester-street, Brighton.—The Manor Park branch will hold the following meetings: 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park. Sunday, at 11 a.m., students' meeting. The last Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m., reception to assist inquirers. Also on Friday, at 7.30 p.m., for Spiritualists only, the study of Spiritualism. And at 1, Winifred-road, Manor Park, Tuesday, at 7.30 p.m., meeting to assist inquirers. Also the first Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m., reception to assist inquirers.—J. A.

THE HEART'S QUEST.

Always seeking something better

Than around us lies—

Some bright jewel for us shining—

Hid from other eyes;

Some sweet blossom for us blowing,

Only to us fair—

Something priceless, precious, dwelling

In the world somewhere.

If we are but true and patient,

We shall surely meet

That thing precious in its nature

Making ours complete.

Yearnings for the life unfinished

Will be stilled then;

Grief will vanish, chased by gladness,

Hope return again.

What we erst were vainly seeking,

Our dear second self;

Will be found to halve our labour,

Or to share our wealth.

Merged we in one pleasant union—

Each sufficing each—

We shall, patient, learn the lessons

Life will have to teach.

—KATE TAYLOR ROBINSON.