

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY

Mr. Richard Harte's book on "Lay Religion" (London: E. W. Allen) consists of what he properly calls "some outspoken letters." He is a free-lance, with a vengeance, and is ready for anybody in the shape of an enemy to spear, or anything in the shape of a chicken to annex. That is to say, he seems to take unlimited pleasure in battering the churches and their beliefs, while he appears to be equally ready to pick up and appropriate any nourishing scraps of Theosophy or Spiritualism that come in his way. We do not say this by way of disparagement. Mr. Harte has really produced a remarkably keen and well-informed book, but it is essentially a free-lance book, to be very much watched, and even borne with, as a passing spearman who has a keen eye for plunder: a first-rate fellow to jog on with and talk to, with plenty of adventures and some breezy views of things, but—to be watched. If anyone is ready for such a book, Mr. Harte's 170 pages will be entertaining—perhaps even deeply interesting. Besides, it is always possible that such a free-lance is only the advance-guard of an army.

We have received a copy of "The Urn," a New York monthly, devoted to the advocacy of cremation. It is an unfortunate title, but the publication itself is a rather good one: but who would care to "take it in"? That is our difficulty. It is a gruesome subject. One has to face it only a very few times in one's life: and most of us are content to let it drift. But, at all events, the advocates of this great reform should post themselves up in the progress of it; and perhaps "The Urn" would suffice.

A Copenhagen journal ("The Nordstjernen") has a useful attack upon Spirit-photography. We say "useful" because we welcome every window that can ventilate and every sieve that can winnow. But we should like a little less prejudice and ignorance: and this Copenhagen journal is not a past-master in fairness and wisdom. Its prejudice comes out at the start. "Spirit-photography originated in the land of Barnum, where so many humbugs have been born." After that (and, oh, how well we know that old crusted sneer!) we are ready for any sinister suggestion, any presentation of the half truth that is so dangerously near the worst of falsehoods. It is so easy to cite the trick of a scoundrel, and to hold it up as a specimen of all. But it is so natural, too: and we are, therefore, not inclined to be cross with our Copenhagen critic. Besides, as we say, he is useful. One assertion, however, is rather too much for our good nature. The writer says: "In England, a well-known photographer, Traill Taylor, claims that he has produced pictures of spirits, but he has given no proof of his assertion." That only shows how little the Copen-

hagen critic knows, or how little inclined he is to tell the truth.

"Borderland" for April is, of course, more than noticeable. It is always notable. Its twenty-four articles make pretty well the tour of the subject, and everywhere we find Mr. Stead's activity and eagerness. Will he forgive us if we say—his receptivity and adaptability? Some of the matter is the reverse of new, however; suggesting too plainly scissors and storage; but if "Borderland" is to be a record for future days—and it probably will have great uses as such within fifty years—this is not to be regretted. An article by Mr. Stead himself has the very promising title, "The Old World from the New World: or, Psychological Study in the United States." Of course it is very lively and interesting, but why does Mr. Stead always play St. George to a dragon? He begins his "study" with a splendid assault upon American dollar worship, and upon dollar worshipers whose belief in a future life is purely conventional; and he follows this up by a dashing attack upon the base traders in and upon Spiritualism:—in this fashion:—

The certainty of the operation of the law by which a man will reap as he has sown, even although the harvest is postponed to a date subsequent to the dissolution of his bodily frame, is not recognised by the ordinary American. It forms no part of his scheme of the universe. His horizon is bordered by the grave. His civilisation is material, and while there is a great deal of homage paid to the conventional forms of Christian belief, the conception of life after death—not as an ingenious and interesting speculation, but as an ever present and encompassing reality—has largely died out. This is bad enough, but the full consequences of this mischief cannot be realised until you see the way in which the eclipse of faith has operated in spoiling the very attempts which have been made from the Other Side, to restore some realising sense of the invisible world to mortal man.

The spirit of the age which regards everything from the standpoint of dollars and cents was not long in discerning in Spiritualism a means of material gain. Phenomena, which seemed to be the finger-posts of the Other World, were exploited for gain, and communications from the other side of the grave were sold like hogs for the profit of the vendor. But as these phenomena are not obtainable in limitless quantities, and as the demand naturally was great, and the supply limited, there sprang up a whole brood of fraudulent mediums who made a profession of producing marvels, and who were ready to produce any and every description of phenomena which their votaries might demand.

"Clairvoyants," says Mr. Stead, "are as much a recognised profession as dentists," and fortune-tellers abound. These last boldly put up professional plates, "Fortunes told here." Dream-book making is one of the most flourishing branches of the literary profession, and a "dream-book to a gambler is as indispensable as a prayer-book to a priest." Hence, "Spiritualism has come to be a stench in the nostrils of honest people, and what at one time promised to be a fresh revelation of the Other World has been corrupted and degraded to the level of conjuring tricks of knaves, at the expense of fools." This is Mr. Stead all over, from tone to tense, and from spirit to spear

and probably it is quite true in its way. But what about the other side? There always is another side, even to the Lamentations of Jeremiah.

Mr. Stead himself sees the other side. He holds that these corruptions and degradations afford "no ground for despair." A hopeful start for the other side; but in the very next sentence he returns to the charge and says:

It is as it was in the wilderness, when the chosen people of God, delivered from bondage after many signs and wonders, no sooner found themselves temporarily bereft of the presence of their leader than they abandoned themselves to the worship of the Golden Calf, and delivered themselves over to many abominations. It is the old story over again, the Golden Calf in the New World has been set up in the Holy of Holies.

He may well say, "The reformer is always apt to think more of the bad against which he sharpens his sword than of the good things in the midst of which the bad flourishes and multiplies." This, of course, creates "a holy terror," in more senses than one, and may do harm as well as good, as Mr. Stead sees plainly enough.

Mr. Stead promises to tell us, in a future number, his experiences with mediums in Chicago. For the present he reports little beyond a very interesting interview at Boston with Dr. Hodgson, the secretary of the Society for Psychological Research, and a meeting of the American Psychological Society; but a story of his experiences in his ship, on the way home, yields the following nugget, a useful set-off against his dark picture of public Spiritualism:—

One passenger said that he had been very much startled in New England to find how very widespread was the practice of holding private sésances. He said that his mother-in-law was an extremely sensitive medium, but that nothing in the world could induce her to give a public sésance, and although he had married her daughter, he was only admitted on one occasion. This, he believed, was rather the rule than otherwise. New England society was honeycombed with sésances, but they were all strictly family gatherings, from which all strangers were absolutely excluded.

There is a great deal in that simple record, if one reads between the lines and draws the proper inferences.

In an article on "Psychic Healing," mainly in connection with what is known as "Christian Science," we see, for the first time, the word "metaphysician" applied to a healer by occult means, as distinguished from "physician." It occurs in a record by no less a man than Mr. B. O. Flower, editor of the "Arena," who tells how his wife was cured of some violent after-effects of pneumonia by a "metaphysician" after the regular physician had failed. "In five treatments, covering a period of two weeks, my wife was cured," he says; "she was able to eat cucumber, cake, and confectionery with impunity!" It must have been a wonderful "metaphysician"!—a wonderful cure and a wonderful "impunity"!

Other articles deal with Automatic Handwriting, Hallucinations of hearing, Theosophy, Astrology, Palmistry, &c., but mainly in a run-and-read way; though a thorough article on "Our Test Cases" deserves careful attention. These test cases, however, only deal with what "Borderland" (or Mr. Stead) calls intuitional character-reading; that is to say, Mr. Stead thinks that palmists and astrologers are unconsciously Intuitionists. What they call "scientific" he calls "intuitional." They think they are reading the lines or the stars; they are really sensing character.

Mr. Stead records some most interesting cases, which strongly suggest occult means of knowledge, but he is very

wide awake as to many of these "delineations of character," upon which he has this racy note:—

Before Jerome K. Jerome became one of "Three Men in a Boat (to say nothing of the dog)," he bought a medical dictionary, and found he had every disease it contained except—so far as I remember—housemaid's knee. If you have fifty adjectives hurled at you, most of them complimentary, you must be a very strong-minded person indeed not to accept some, and what hypnotists would call eminently "non-suggestible," not to feel some tendency, latent and suppressed possibly, towards most.

"Throw compliments enough and some of them will stick," seems to be the active principle of a good deal of character delineation; consequently many of the less critical of our subjects accept their portraits wholesale. On the other hand, some are perfectly aware of this weakness, as a few quotations will attest.

OCCULT SCIENCE IN MEDICINE.*

Dr. Franz Hartmann has done more than any other living man to rescue the memory of Paracelsus from insult and his ideas from oblivion; and in "Occult Science in Medicine" that able writer has given us the system of medicine of Paracelsus in a more or less comprehensible form; and that system has a special interest at the present time, when the cycle of materialistic empiricism in Medicine would seem to have approached its end, and the power of mind or of *thought* is beginning again to be recognised in the cure of disease. The book is intended, the author tells us, to call the attention of his profession to the higher scientific aspect of the Art of Healing.

In addition to the introduction, the book contains five chapters, dealing respectively with the Constitution of Man; the Four Pillars of Medicine; the Five Causes of Disease; the Five Classes of Physicians; the Physician of the Future.

The author begins by citing Sir James Paget to prove that there is no universally recognised definition of health and disease, and he then proceeds to define health as the result of obedience to the law, and disease as "the disharmony which follows the disobedience to the law"; while the restoration to health "consists in restoring the harmony by a return to obedience to the law of order which governs the world whole." It is evident that we must know "the law" before we can obey it; and it is hardly less evident that "the first requisite of a rational and perfect system of medicine is a thorough knowledge of the whole constitution of man; of the whole, and not merely of a part, of his nature."

Paracelsus conceived the whole man as composed of seven parts or aspects, which very closely resemble the "sevenfold division" of the Theosophists. He, however, accentuated the more general division of man into man celestial or spiritual, and man terrestrial or corporeal, and he took the theological view that these two are in antagonism. These discreetly different constituents, however, form a kind of emulsion through the agency of the "soul," or vehicle of manifestation in the realm of spirit, corresponding to the body in the realm of matter.

The idea of Paracelsus is the same as that which has been so often expressed by the analogy of the vessel and its contents, or the horse and its rider. There is an animal soul, he thought, as well as a spiritual soul, and the former must be kept in subjection or it will run away with the latter, and end by pitching it into a ditch. The important thing is to keep the contents of the vessel pure. Little good can be done by polishing the exterior of the vessel, but much may be accomplished by seeing that it gets no injury. If one had a vessel of precious liquid, that liquid might be lost to us either through the breaking of the vessel itself, or

* "Occult Science in Medicine." By FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D. (London: Theosophical Publishing Company. 3s. 6d. nett.)

through some change in the character of the liquid, due either to fermentation, or to the action on it of the material of which the vessel is composed. Corresponding to these two sources of disease—causes acting on the body and causes acting on the soul—there are two kinds of practice of Medicine; that which deals with the body or vessel, and that which deals with the soul or contents. Modern Medicine knows nothing of the latter, whose instrument is "Faith." Faith, however, in the vocabulary of Paracelsus does not mean pious credulity, but "interior contemplation," a thing so unknown now that Dr. Hartmann says it is very difficult to explain it. "What are ye men in your own powers but nothing?" says Paracelsus. "If you wish to obtain strength take it from faith. . . . For by means of our faith we become spirits ourselves, and whatever we accomplish that surpasses our terrestrial nature is done by the power of faith acting through us as a spirit and transforming us into spirits."

The Four Pillars of our Modern Medicine are said by Dr. Hartmann to be: A knowledge of the physical body of man; a certain amount of acquaintance with physical science; some acquaintance with the views and opinions of modern accepted medical authorities; and a certain amount of judgment and aptitude to put these acquisitions into practice. The four pillars of the system of Paracelsus are: "Philosophia, Astronomia, Alchemy, and the Virtue of the Physician."

True Philosophy, as Paracelsus uses the word, does not mean "wild speculations about the mysteries of Nature for the purpose of gratifying scientific curiosity," but "the power of recognising the truth in all things, independent of any books or authorities." True Philosophy occupies itself with all four worlds—the physical visible world, the astral world, the world of mind, and the divine state. There are, therefore, three-fourths of the phenomenal universe of which we ordinary mortals have no knowledge, because we have at present no senses by means of which we can gain experience of those three-fourths.

The Astronomy of Paracelsus does not deal with corporeal, material, visible cosmic bodies; but with virtues or powers, and *semina* or essences, both of which are spiritual and yet substantial, "because a power without substance is inconceivable." For him, a "star" meant a *state*, a "fixed star" a *power in nature*. The various "stars" of Astrology are therefore states of the universal Life or Consciousness—"in other words, states of mind." This idea seems to knock "the wind" out of a good deal of what now passes for Astrology, for that science is popularly supposed to relate to the influence of the stars. Nothing could be plainer than the language in which Paracelsus denounces that idea:—

You should know that the constellations of the planets and stars in the sky, with all the firmament, do not cause the growth of our body, our colour, appearance, or behaviour; and have nothing to do with our virtues and qualities. Such an idea is ridiculous; the motion of Saturn interferes with nobody's life, and makes it neither longer nor shorter.

These Stars are, Dr. Hartmann thinks, the "Tattwas" of the Hindus, of which there are seven, corresponding to the seven senses, two of our senses being as yet undeveloped. These Tattwas are generally said to be modes of vibration in the universal substance, producing respectively the phenomena of earth, water, air, fire, and ether, or else they are described as different modes of vibration in the five different kinds of ether that underlie the "elements." To Paracelsus the stars and planets represented certain spiritual forces that pervade the universe, and if his Astronomy were understood "it would be found that man, far from creating his own thoughts, merely remodels the ideas that flow into his mind: that 'thought transference,' far from being a strange or rare occurrence, is as common as the transference of heat; that owing to the one-

ness of humanity we all feel and think within each other and act out each other's thoughts."

The "Alchemy" of Paracelsus is what may be called transcendental or creative Chemistry. The chemist puts together two or more substances, the result being a substance differing in appearance and properties from its compounds, but only equalling them in total amount. The Alchemist, by developing the germs contained in substances, produces something "more noble" than the materials employed. "Without the alchemy of nature, no 'physiological chemistry' could take place," and it is by dealing with the vital forces in things that the Alchemist produced his effects, for everything has in it three "aspects" or "principles," corresponding to our body, soul, and spirit, and we can act upon the various principles of things by working through the corresponding principles in ourselves:—

These principles are eternal, but their manifestations differ according to the plane upon which they become manifest. Thus, for instance, love is eternal, manifesting itself in the kingdom of God as divine self-consciousness; upon the astral plane as affection, desire and passion; upon the physical plane as gravitation, attraction, chemical affinity, &c.

Man, himself, according to this view, is nothing more than a manifestation of the universal power that called him into existence and built up his bodily form; the form being but the field or vehicle for the manifestation of the real man within, who feels and thinks.

By "the Virtue of the Physician," is not meant his morality, but his power to heal. Virtue, Dr. Hartmann reminds us, comes from *vir*, a man; while morals comes from *mores*, "manners," and ethics from *ethos*, "custom." This Virtue is a gift of God, and its possession depends upon being in sympathy with the divine will. Says Paracelsus:—

He who can cure disease is a physician. Neither emperors nor popes, neither colleges nor high schools can create physicians. They can confer privileges and cause a person who is not a physician to appear as if he were one; they can give him permission to kill, but they cannot give him the power to cure; they cannot make him a real physician if he has not already been ordained of God.

We must leave "The Five Causes of Disease," "The Five Classes of Physician," and "The Physician of the Future" for our next issue.

(To be Concluded.)

A DREAM WORTH TWENTY GUINEAS.

The following paragraph has appeared in some of the London papers:—

Mr. John Jennings, a retired police officer and School Board official, in receipt of a pension from both services, living at Greenwich, has a slaughter-house at the rear of his premises, but inasmuch as the County Council declined to renew his licence, he made up his mind to build a cottage in the place of the slaughter-house. Mr. Martin, builder, was about to commence operations, but asked Mr. Jennings to allow him to postpone the work for a week. This was granted, and Mr. Jennings meanwhile, thinking a good deal of the matter, dreamt one night that he had found a bag of money between the outer wall of the slaughter-house and the inside matchboarding. He happened to mention the dream to his wife, who had been the widow of the previous occupier of the premises, and she remembered that on one occasion, some twenty-five years ago, her husband lost a bag of money in the slaughter-house, and that, notwithstanding a diligent search, it was never found. Mr. Jennings, who had not heard of the loss before, at once set to work to unearth the treasure, and having pulled down the matchboarding, there, sure enough, he came upon a worm-eaten bag, which proved to contain twenty-one sovereigns, two butcher's knives, and other articles. Mr. Jennings supposes that the bag was placed upon a small shelf and slipped down between the outer and the inner walls.

COLONEL OLOOTT'S "DOUBLE."

In the current number of the "Theosophist" Colonel Oloott continues the narrative of his remarkable experiences. Here is what he says in regard to projections of the Double:—

In connection with this phenomenon let me give a word of caution to the less advanced student of practical psychology: the power of withdrawing the astral body from the physical is *no necessary proof of high spiritual development*. The contrary is believed, by perhaps the majority of dabblers in occultism, but they are wrong. A first and sufficient proof is that the emergence of the astral body happens very often with men and women who have given little or no time to occult research, have followed no yogic system, have made no attempts to do the thing, have usually been frightened or much ashamed and vexed when consisted of it, and have not been in the least remarkable above the average of persons for purity of life and thought, spirituality of ideal, or the "gifts of the spirit" of which the Scripture speaks. Then, again, the annals of the Black Art teem with numberless instances of the visible, and invisible (save clairvoyantly), projection of the Double by wicked persons bent on mischief, of bilocations, hauntings of hated victims, lycanthropical masqueradings, and other "damnable witchcrafts." Then, again, there are the three or four or more thousand cases of projections of the Double by all sorts and conditions of men, some no better than they should be, if not a good deal worse occasionally, that have been recorded and winnowed down by the S.P.R., and the yet more thousands not garnered into their cast-iron granary: all combining to prove the truth of my warning, that one must not in the least take the mere fact that a certain person can travel—whether consciously or unconsciously it matters not—in the astral body as evidence that that person is either better, wiser, more spiritually advanced or better qualified to serve as Guru, than any other person not so endowed. It is simply the sign that the subject of experience has, either congenitally or by subsequent effort, loosened the astral body in its sheath, and so made it easier for it to go out and return again, when the outer body is naturally or hypnotically asleep, hence unobstructive. Somehow or other, I have never found the time for self training in yoga since I took up my line of practical work in the Theosophical movement. I never seemed to care whether I acquired any psychical powers or not, never aspired to guruship, nor cared whether I could or could not attain Liberation during this life. To serve mankind always seemed to me the best of yogas, and the ability to do even a little towards spreading knowledge and diminishing ignorance, an ample reward. So it never entered my mind in the early days that I might train myself as a seer or a wonder-worker, a metaphysician or an adept. . . . In telling about my early goings out of the body, I must not be thought, therefore, to be pluming myself upon my supposed high spiritual development, nor intending to boast of special cleverness as a psychic. The fact is, I presume, I was helped to get this, along with many other psychical experiences, as a basis of the special education needed by one who had such work as mine cut out for him.

Here is one of my facts: H. P. B. and I had one evening in 1876, while we were living in West 34th-street, finished writing a chapter of the original draft of "Isis Unveiled," and on parting for the night, laid away the great pile of "copy" in a pasteboard carton-box, with the first page on top, the last at the bottom of the heap. She occupied the flat directly under my own, in the second storey of the apartment-house, and both of us, of course, locked our outer doors to keep out thieves. While undressing it occurred to me that if I had added certain three words to the final sentence of the last paragraph, the sense of the whole paragraph would have been strengthened. I was afraid I might forget them in the morning, so the whim came to me that I might try to go down to the writing-room below stairs in my Double and try to write them phenomenally. Consciously, I had never travelled thus before, but I knew how it must be attempted, viz., by fixing the intention to do it firmly in the mind when falling asleep, and I did so. I knew nothing more until the next morning when, after dressing and taking my breakfast, I stepped in at H. P. B.'s flat to bid her good-bye on my way to my office. "Well," she said, "pray tell me what the deuce you were doing here last night after you went to bed?" "Doing," I replied, "what do you mean?" "Why," she rejoined, "I had got into bed and was lying there

quietly, when lo! I saw my Oloott's astral body oozing through the wall. And stupid and sleepy enough you assumed, too! I spoke to you, but you did not reply. You went to the writing-room and I heard you fumbling with the papers; and that's all. What were you about?" I then told her of my intended experiment: we went together into the other room, emptied out the pile of MS., and on the last page, at the end of the concluding paragraph, found two of the intended three words fully written out in my own handwriting and the third begun, but not finished: the power of concentration seeming to have become exhausted, and the word ending in a scrawl! How I handled the pencil, if I did handle it, or how I wrote the words without handling it, I cannot say: perhaps I was able just that once to precipitate the writing with the help of one of H. P. B.'s benevolent elementals, by utilizing molecules of the phantago from either of the lead pencils lying on the table along with the manuscript. Be it as it may, the experience was useful.

The reader should take note of the fact that my writing in the phenomenal way stopped at the point where, from my experience, I let my will wander away from the work in hand. To fix it immovably is the one thing indispensable, just as it is the necessary concomitant of good work on the normal intellectual plane.

I recall another case of my projecting my Double, which illustrates the law known as "repercussion." The reader may find the amplest materials for forming a correct opinion on this subject in the literature of Witchcraft, Sorcery, and Magic. The word "repercussion" means in this connection the reacting upon one's physical body of a blow, stab, or other injury, inflicted upon the Double while it is projected and moving about as a separate entity. . . . A great number of similar cases are on record, all going to prove that any accident or injury to the projected Double reacts and reproduces itself upon the physical body in the identical spot.

In our writing-room at the "Lamasery" there hung upon the wall, beside the chimney, a Swiss cuckoo-clock, which it was my methodical custom to wind up nightly before retiring to my own room. One morning, on going to my toilet-glass after my bath, I noticed that my right eye was black and blue, as though I had received a blow from a fist. I could not account for it in the least, and I was the more puzzled on finding that I had no pain in the injured part. In vain I racked my brain for an explanation. In my bedroom there was no post, pillar, projecting corner, or other obstruction from which I could have received injury, supposing that I had been walking about in my sleep—a habit I had never acquired, by the way. Then, again, a shock, rude enough to have blackened my eye like this, must of necessity have wakened me instantaneously at the time, whereas I had slept the night through as quietly as usual. So my bewilderment continued, until I met H. P. B. and a lady friend, who had shared her bed that night, at the breakfast-table. The lady friend gave me the clue to the enigma. She said, "Why, Colonel, you must have hit yourself last night when you came in to wind the cuckoo-clock!" "Wind the clock," I replied, "what do you mean by that? Did you not lock the door when I went to my room?" "Yes," she said, "I locked it myself; and how ever *could* you have come in? Yet both Madame and I saw you pass the sliding doors of our bedroom, and heard you pulling the string to wind the clock. I called, but you did not answer, and I saw nothing more." Well, then, I thought, if I did enter the room in my Double and wind the clock, two things are inevitable, (a) the clock must show that it was wound last night and not have run down; (b) there must be some obstacle on my path between the door and the opposite chimney against which I could have hit my eye. We examined the premises and found:—

(1) That the clock was going and had apparently been wound up at the usual time.

(2) Just near the door hung a small hanging book-shelf, the farthest front corner of one of whose shelves was of the exact height to catch my eye if I had run against it. Then there came back to me the dim recollection of myself moving towards the door from the far side of the room, with my right hand outstretched as if to feel for the door, a sudden shock, the "seeing of stars"—as it is commonly expressed—and then oblivion until morning.

That is curious, it seems to me; very curious that a blow which, received upon the physical head, must almost inevitably have at once awakened one should, when falling upon the projected Double, have left its substantial mark behind it by repercussion upon the physical body without bringing me to con-

sciousness. And the case is instructive in other aspects, as well. It shows that, provided the conditions are favourable for the slipping of the Double out of the physical body, the "duplication" is likely to occur under the stimulus of a thought-possessive, for instance, that of a daily habit of doing any certain thing at a fixed hour. Supposing the conditions unfavourable for "projection" or "duplication," the subject would, under another set of conditions, become somnambulist, rise from bed, go and do what was on his or her mind, and return to bed and to deep slumber without remembering anything that had occurred.

MRS. BESANT ON THEOSOPHY AND INDIA.

On Friday evening, the 20th inst., Mrs. Besant delivered her first lecture since her return from India to a large audience at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on "Theosophy and India." Mr. George Meade presided.

Mrs. Besant said there could be no subject more appropriate for her first lecture than one which dealt with India itself and with the work of Theosophy in that land. There was only one thing that could make India again a nation among nations in the world, with its ancient traditions of a common ancestry, and that was the revival of the ancient teaching and the inspiration that would make her people one again. It was admitted that the work of the missionary tended to turn the people towards materialism—to undermine the religion of their fathers and to leave them without religion at all. Missionaries complained that the educated classes were not touched by their efforts, and Theosophy stepped in to raise again the hopes of India with the promise of the reality of the spiritual life. Theosophy came to India and claimed a hearing. It acted like magic in Indian ears, and reminded them of their past history. It told of the science of the soul, of the nature of the spirit in man, and the relation of that spirit to the supreme spirit of the universe. It went straight to the heart and intellect of the Indian people, by explaining what they did not understand, and made articulate the cry after the spiritual that arose from the Indian heart. The bodily tortures of the religious enthusiasts were a ghastly and strange way of searching for the soul, and were a marvel of wasted will and power. They were groping after the unknown in the hope that the soul would be set free, when it should pass into the final liberation and find itself at one with the All. When her hearers realised the aims of the natives they would understand the possibilities of a nation where the will was so tenacious, and so easily set in motion if only the proper motive power could be found. It was to that nature that Theosophy appealed. The natives put soul before body, and were willing to give up everything for spiritual knowledge, for the life of the soul. Theosophy first of all went to these people with a message of rebuke; it told them they were a foreign race and people, and that their caste had become a mockery, that their ceremonies were an empty shell whence all the life of the spirit had fled. It brought them a message of spiritual knowledge, a life of spiritual teaching, and gave them back the teaching of ancient days. Theosophy went on to justify its claim, and to prove, step by step, the position it assumed. It did not come to the people as new or foreign, as its words and thoughts were familiar. It showed them how to justify their ancient scriptures, in spite of modern science and materialism; it unfolded to them the spiritual side of nature, unlocked the door of the inner sanctuary, and showed that it was not empty, but that the Divine presence was luminous and living. Gradually it developed the mystery of evil, and evoked a feeling of all good. The mind and heart of the Hindu sprang up to welcome such teaching, which they had been longing for; they discovered that the soul was a living reality, and hopes that were dying began to revive and blossom within. There lay the future of Theosophy in India; that was the root of the triumph it would win. Theosophy worked as a peacemaker, and explained one native religion to another. Theosophy was a unifier, and spread mutual toleration and respect. It preached the doctrine of humanity and a universal brotherhood. With the practice of such truths India would again become the beacon light of the world.

BLESSINGS be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
The poets who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays!

—WORDSWORTH.

CLAIRVOYANCE, PREVISION, OR WHAT?

In the winter of 1885 I was living in Paris. My hours of business were very long, and I usually went to bed soon after ten o'clock and slept the sleep of the hard-worked—dreamless and refreshing. On a certain *Thursday* evening I retired as usual, and in the course of the night had a dream, which was so vivid and pictorial, if I may use the word, that when I awoke the next morning the scene was as apparent to my waking senses as it was in my dream to my sleeping ones. I could see that my mother had fallen down a flight of stairs, and my father was helping her up again. I was rather worried about this, and mentioned it to a fellow employé, saying I was afraid that something was the matter at home. Meanwhile something kept urging me to write to know if anything had happened, but as this was *Friday*, and my usual day for writing was Sunday, I eventually put my fears on one side and let the matter stand over. On the Sunday morning I wrote, describing what I had dreamed, and posted my letter at about mid-day. My parents were living in the country (in Buckinghamshire), and letters posted in Paris at mid-day were delivered by the second post on the Monday morning, which reached the town at about ten o'clock a.m. At eight o'clock on this particular Monday morning my mother had fallen down the cellar steps, and you can imagine their astonishment when they received my letter two hours afterwards, telling them what I had dreamed on the *previous Thursday* night.

The only discrepancy between the dream and the fact lies in the particular stairs on which the accident occurred. In my dream it was a flight of stairs which led from a front room up to the bedrooms, whereas my mother fell, actually, down some brick cellar steps.

I can account for the discrepancy only in this way, that whereas I frequently used the former, and had them continually before my eyes when at home, I rarely saw or made use of the cellar steps, and as any external or internal suggestion of stairs to my mind, when awake, would have made me think of the bedroom stairs, so any suggestion when asleep would give me the same mental picture.

The dream is unique in my experience, and so all the more striking to me, and hence my sending it on to you, in the hope that some others may do the same with any like occurrences.

I may say that my father and mother are both living, and would vouch for the accuracy of the above. F. E. B.

A DREAM OF GOD THE SPIRIT.

God as a thinking Love is more universally present than the winds wrapping the earth round about, than the sun warming the hearts of fields until their happy-heartedness laughs out into flowers. Such a present thinking Love is over all, transcendent wisdom whose eternal power is but its love at work; through all, the substance, the life of everything; in all, the sacredness of its nature, the fulness of its being, the ideal which it may ever realise in its ascending life. If the rose dreamed in the crystal and awakened in the sunlight, this all-present, all-pervasive thinking Love was the dream and the waking. If in the far past man was hidden in the animal that he might be revealed in the human, this thinking Love in whose fulness the universe has become, is becoming, was the hiding as He is the revealing. The psyche, the *fravashi*, of evolution is this thinking Love, this Holy Spirit, making the ascent of life possible, making the prophet-dream of the soul come true in an ever new and glorified humanity. This it is that makes every ideal of holiness a possible achievement; the universal thought-thinking in us, with us, as we hunger and thirst after righteousness. A lovely spirit is haunting, with beauty's dear orderliness, all our wayward lawlessness, chaos ever doomed unto cosmos. We shall be God come true in his creation. God will be ourselves come true in the creator.

No happiness but holds a taste
Of something sweeter after all;
No depth of agony but feels
Some fragment of abiding trust,—
Whatever death unlocks or seals,
The mute beyond is just.

That mute beyond our dreams of ourself, of our race, comes true, because the Universal Spirit makes the universe conspire to help the noble, aspiring man fulfil himself. Wherefore do we comfort one another with this truth, and strengthen one another in every good word and work, knowing that the All-wise, the All-loving, and All-powerful is within us a transcendent life which we may as certainly command as the diligent husbandman commands the soil, the sunlight, the dew for achieving his harvests.—J. M. SCOTT.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
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Light :

SATURDAY, APRIL 28th, 1894.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, London, W.C. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, London, W.C., and not to the Editor.

CRIME AND ITS CURE

Every spiritual Spiritualist ought to be interested in the "Humanitarian League" meeting held in London last Tuesday. Notwithstanding the inclement day, there was a large gathering and an amount of keen enthusiasm which promise well for this young Society. The subject for the day was "The Criminal Law and the Prison System," opened, with special knowledge, by Mr. C. H. Hopwood, Q.C., M.P., who has long been known as an expert on the subject, and a pleader for mercy, not only for mercy's sake but in the interests of both Society and its prisoners.

The still popular idea of punishment is retaliation—an eye for an eye, blow for blow; and, as Society has the power to dictate its own terms, Society usually takes good care to get its price. In too many cases, Society, represented by "The Bench," is simply brutal, as shown by "The Howard Association" in its collection of savage sentences—ten years' imprisonment for stealing a garden fork; eight years for stealing water-cresses; five years for stealing a cup. Long sentences like these are not punishments, but deadly stabs. They do no good. A prison chaplain of wide experience said: "All my experience goes to show that a term of years of prison discipline, as it now exists, tends to sap the fibres of the moral character and to emasculate the power of the will. I believe that the average ticket-of-leave man, however excellent may possibly be his intentions, is about the most feeble and useless creature on the earth. He is a ridiculously easy prey to temptation." This brutality of our criminal law or of its application, says Mr. Hopwood, belongs to the untaught vengeance of savage times. It only corrupts and debases.

But mere vengeance, and vengeance long continued, belongs to something else; it belongs to the animal and not to the spiritual in us. Mrs. Besant, who followed Mr. Hopwood, clearly showed this. She clearly laid down and expounded the really spiritual law that no evil can be put down or remedied by what is like itself. If you want to cure wife-beating you must not beat. What must you do then? In order to answer that question you must find out what lies behind brutal beating: you must go to the cause. The only way to cure the wife-beater or to stop wife-beating is to make beating look as wrong and as base as it is. What we have to do, then, is to show the brutal that this way of manifesting his feelings is intolerably bad. If so, of course we must not beat. If we do we justify him and enter into a stand-up fight where we need to set an

example. Brutality leads to brutality, and partly or entirely condones it. That must be wrong, however tempting it looks as a penalty. The criminal, as Mrs. Besant wisely said, must not be treated on the lines of his crime. Anyhow, never can a remedy come in that way.

The true Spiritualist could teach Society much that it needs to learn. Crime is the result of unspiritual conditions. It is an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual degradation; and what is wanted surely is the alteration of conditions. Society is tempted to hit back, but the higher wisdom teaches that its duty is to raise. The way to the extermination of crime is not the way of the police-court and the cell, but the way of enlightenment and right feeling. A magistrate who was present at the meeting said that he often declined to punish for a first offence at all, and he had often seen a discharged prisoner burst into tears of gratitude and right feeling. The true chord was touched. A heavy sentence would have sent the offender on to all the degradations of a prison career, and probably to a state of mind compatible only with war against Society. Mercy and a warning touched the heart, evoked gratitude and possibly shame, and gave the sinner a chance.

It is so hard for Society to remember that it is itself partly responsible for its criminals. By gross and selfish conditions, the restive, the ignorant, the passionate, are often half pushed into crime; and all the time, as Mrs. Besant reminded us, we are sending out into the subtle regions around us the contagions of evil. A weak brain, the miserable sense of failure, a lowered power of resistance, often physical misery and hunger, only too surely account for an enormous proportion of our criminals; and what it behoves us to recollect is that these conditions form, as it were, the soil in which the moral and spiritual germs of evil may fall and produce fruit.

Of course there must be repression, but repression need not be revengeful—it may be strictly educational. The great want is self-respect, unless the greatest want of all is love or good-will. The Spiritualist knows that well. All life is the outcome of the ruling passion. Love, as the great Apostle said, is the fulfilling of the law, because love works no ill to its neighbour; and self-respect is a kind of fulfilling of the law, because it makes shameful things seem shameful and base things base. No, it is not blow for blow we want. All sin is disease. It cannot be beaten into health; it must be cured.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

Mr. J. J. Morse will give a trance address to the members and friends of the Alliance at 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, on Tuesday evening next, at 7 o'clock: subject, "The Gates Ajar." Questions may be asked at the close.

MR. JESSE F. SHEPARD.

Communications for Mr. Shepard may be addressed to the care of the Editor of "LIGHT," who will place them in Mr. Shepard's hands without delay. Those of our readers who propose to avail themselves of Mr. Shepard's services should lose no time in making their applications, as pressing invitations have been received begging him to visit Germany and Austria as early as possible.

DWELLERS ON THE PLANETS.—M. Camille Flammarion, writing on the possibility of the planet Venus being inhabited, says: "Beyond doubt the best established cosmogonic theories sanction the belief that Venus is not so old as the earth; but, in my opinion, at least, this is not a sufficient reason for concluding that it has remained so long as we have in a state of barbarism. Just as there are considerable differences in the activity of beings, so there should be differences in worlds, and we may indulge in the idea that our neighbours in the heavens do not regard as types of social perfections soldiers, cannons, rifles, and bombs."

A MYSTICAL MUSICIAN.

Mr. Jesse Francis Shepard, whose inspirational gifts are universally admitted to be unique, began his artistic career in Paris. He was about twelve years of age when he commenced to play the pianoforte, but the gift of singing came later. He went to Paris in order to obtain the opinions of the greatest authorities and to take lessons from some great master; but after consulting Wertel (the teacher of Christine Nilsson and Marie Rose), Auber (who was then director of the Conservatoire of Paris), Samuel David, and Madame de Sievers, he renounced the idea of tuition, as none of them would venture to interfere with a gift which operated in a way so strangely remote from all known methods. Instead of taking lessons the young novice began to play and sing at aristocratic salons, to which he was introduced by such musical patrons as David and Madame de Sievers. His first appearance in a church in Paris was at St. Eustache, one of the oldest and largest, where he sang at



MR. JESSE F. SHEPARD.

(From a photograph by Hemmerlink, The Hague.)

Mass. The well-known composer, M. Leon Gastinelle, after hearing the young prodigy, declared that at last he had discovered a voice that would fill Notre Dame, and immediately begged him to sing the principal solos in the grand Mass which M. Gastinelle had composed expressly to be performed in the Cathedral with a great orchestra and chorus; but not having the power to sing from written music Mr. Shepard was obliged to decline the honour. During this time the young mystic did not understand his own powers and was inclined to be sceptical as to the real worth of his music.

On leaving Paris, Mr. Shepard spent a short time in London, and although his musical gifts were then only partially developed he played and sang at the Dowager Viscountess Combermere's house, in Belgrave-square, and at the Dowager Viscountess Gort's, in Portman-square. Lady Combermere invited a brilliant company to hear him, among whom were nearly all the ambassadors then in London. But it was at Baden-Baden, the celebrated watering-place, that Mr. Shepard received the final proof of the quality and the worth of his musical gifts. While visiting friends there the Bishop of Baden-Baden requested him to sing in the Cathedral at High Mass. Here Mr. Shepard played the great organ and sang under inspiration, and for the first time achieved a success which convinced him beyond all doubt that his gifts were really what his friends had said they were. He sang at the Baden Cathedral on several Sundays, the singing producing a profound sensation on the immense congregations which heard it. From Baden he paid a flying visit to Dublin, and during the few days he spent there he was invited by the well-known composer, Mr. Stephen Glover, who was organist at the Marlborough-

street Catholic Church, to sing during Mass, which Mr. Shepard did, again playing his own accompaniment on the large organ, composing and singing by inspiration as on previous occasions. He then returned to Paris, and from there went to St. Petersburg. On his way to Russia, Mr. Shepard stopped at Cologne for two hours in order to get a glimpse of the famous Cathedral. There he met the organist of the Cathedral who insisted on presenting him to the celebrated composer, Ferdinand Hiller, who was director of the largest conservatorium of music in Germany. Mr. Shepard, without realising what he was doing, allowed himself to be conducted to the large music-hall where Professor Hiller was about to conduct a conservatorium concert, in which all the best pupils and professors of this famous institution were to take part. Mr. Shepard arrived at Cologne in an ordinary grey travelling suit, and it was in this condition that Professor Hiller insisted on his taking part in the programme, then and there. It was something which had probably never happened before in any classical concert, and the incident was all the more remarkable from the fact of Mr. Shepard being a stranger to everyone in Cologne. The effect produced on the large and cultured audience was startling, and as soon as Mr. Shepard had ceased singing he remembered that his train would leave the station in fifteen minutes, and that he had barely time to catch it. The last thing he heard, as he rushed from the hall, was the frantic applause of the audience calling for an encore. Mr. Shepard arrived in St. Petersburg a perfect stranger and practically without any introduction; but he soon made friends. He was invited several times to the Imperial Palace at Gatschina, and passed several weeks with the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Chaplain of the English Church at St. Petersburg. Mr. Shepard remained in Russia a year.

But it must not be supposed that his progress towards success was always easy and pleasant. The principal drawback in his early career was the cold-hearted indifference shown for the higher phases of his psychical gifts. The majority of those interested in spiritual things showed so little care for his welfare that he has often remarked that he might as well have lived and worked in Hong Kong as in certain cities of the Western world. This indifference was kept up until a few years ago, when the whole aspect of psychical interest was lifted to a higher plane. But no sooner had Mr. Shepard achieved real celebrity than a new opposing element made itself manifest—that of jealousy in various forms. He had to contend with the jealousies not only of orthodox musicians, who saw their theories and methods ignored, but also the jealousies of many who professed an interest in psychical progress and whom one would have expected to aid him by making his way as smooth and as bright as possible.

Mr. Shepard has crossed the Atlantic many times, and has spent one year in Australia. In America his concerts were often given in Protestant and Catholic churches, and always with the same brilliant results. His gifts have on more than one occasion been the theme of eloquent sermons, and at Walla-Walla the Unitarian minister, after having heard one concert in his church, on a weekday evening, told his congregation that Mr. Shepard's music would do them more good than a sermon, and proposed that another concert be given on Sunday evening in his church in the place of a religious service, and the concert took place accordingly amidst the greatest enthusiasm. At the Convent of the Visitation in Washington Mr. Shepard was invited by the Mother Superior to play and sing in the concert-hall of the convent, on which occasion one hundred nuns were present. Among other churches in which Mr. Shepard gave concerts may be mentioned the Baptist Tabernacle, the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, and the French Catholic Church, all three in San Francisco. During all this time he was also giving his usual concerts in private houses.

For the past five years Mr. Shepard has not left the Continent until now, his principal work being accomplished in France, Bavaria, the Tyrol, Italy, Austria, and Holland. Most of the time has been spent in Paris, where Prince Wiszniewski writes that in six months he heard Mr. Shepard play upwards of four-hundred inspired compositions for the piano. One of his greatest artistic achievements during his whole career was his singing in the immense basilic of the Sacré Cœur at Montmartre, Paris, in May, 1889. The attention of the clergy of the Sacré Cœur was called to Mr. Shepard's gifts by the Right Rev. Bishop Mora. It was a great honour, as the basilic was hardly finished, and Mr. Shepard was the first celebrity who had been invited to sing there.

In 1891 Mr. Shepard spent the summer at Bayreuth, where his music, given at private houses, created a profound sensation. During the entire Wagner Festival of that year he was heard three times a week at private houses, notably at that of the celebrated German novelist, the Baroness Elise von Wolfersdorff, where his musical powers were heard in all their perfection. His visit to Bayreuth was perhaps the severest test to which his musical inspiration had ever been put. Not only the greatest instrumentalists living, but the greatest singers, make Bayreuth their rendezvous, and the inhabitants of the musical Mecca are accustomed to the most perfect performances in the world. The astonishment his music produced was all the greater from the fact that those who heard him little dreamed that they would hear anything but Wagner's music in Bayreuth.

While in Bayreuth Mr. Shepard wrote a series of articles for the "Galignani Messenger," and for "La Revue Internationale," of Paris (the first in English and the other in French), giving his impressions of the Wagner performances. The articles created a sensation, and were widely commented upon and discussed. Among other Reviews to which Mr. Shepard contributes from time to time are "La Nouvelle Revue," of Madame Adam, and the "Maister," the leading Wagnerian organ, besides a number of newspapers in France and America. Mr. Shepard's discourse on the coming Chinese Invasion, published in "La Nouvelle Revue," received a lengthy notice in Mr. Stead's "Review of Reviews." At the present time any notice of Mr. Shepard's work would be wholly inadequate and superficial that did not do justice to his literary gifts. Professor Henry Kiddle said, as far back as 1880, that there really seemed to be no limit to Mr. Shepard's powers, especially his philosophical and literary inspirations. In 1880 Mr. Shepard published in Paris two small volumes of discourses, dialogues, and aphorisms, in English and French. These books were not printed for the public, but went chiefly into the hands of the leading men of letters on the Continent. There was no advertisement resorted to in connection with these works, as Mr. Shepard wished them to be judged simply upon their merits, and soon after their publication the aphorisms were translated into Italian by the eminent critic, Enrico Cardona, and into Spanish by Doña Patrocinio de Biedma, the Spanish novelist and poet. There never was a greater test of the power of inspiration as opposed to the rhetorical eloquence which mere academic learning gives. The impression produced in Germany, Holland, and Belgium by these two little books was no less profound than that produced in Paris and elsewhere. M. Sully Prudhomme, whom the French consider their greatest contemporary poet, wrote Mr. Shepard a letter, in which the eminent Academician thanks the author for the intellectual and literary treat which his books have given him—"full of powerful originality and profound wisdom." Five other leading Academicians wrote Mr. Shepard letters couched in the same eulogistic terms, among them the Duc d'Anjou, who says: "J'ai trouvé un véritable charme dans cette lecture"; while M. Maurice Maeterlinck, who is called the Belgian Shakespeare, wrote that he knew of nothing in literature more admirable or more profound than Mr. Shepard's imaginary dialogue on "Macbeth," and his prose poem on Wagner's "Flying Dutchman."

Mr. Shepard's musical inspirations are of three distinct characters: the German, the Italian, and the Oriental. Perhaps the most impressive are his weird Oriental inspirations—Egyptian, Persian, Arabic, Indian, Assyrian, &c. Professor Frederick Krauss, the Orientalist, of Jerusalem, after hearing Mr. Shepard's music on numerous occasions, published a letter in which he pointed out the peculiar characteristics of this Eastern inspiration, all the more remarkable as Mr. Shepard has never visited the Orient. Although the compositions are new at each concert, there is one piece which remains the same in character, though always played differently: this is his celebrated "Egyptian March; or, The Crossing of the Red Sea by the Children of Israel." A great many writers have exhausted their descriptive powers in trying to do justice to this marvellous musical epic. The latest description is by M. d'Erviere, in the leading Theosophical organ of Paris, "Le Lotus Bleu." The writer says:—

To render such effects on a piano, effects which surpass the instrumentation displayed at our greatest concerts, this pianist must have mastered, in several incarnations, all mechanical difficulties, every *arsène* of composition, every resource of sound, in its most powerful vibrations as well as in its most delicate nuances. Imagine a veritable trembling of the earth under the gallop of a regiment of dragons;

cries of distress, perfectly distinct, rising above the tumult, as if a great mass of people, too slow to get out of the way of the heavy cavalry, found themselves crushed and trodden upon, and the vast waves breaking against this human mass which the sea engulfs, and after this Titanic scene, the waters calming down gradually, until the sea arrives at a state of tranquillity, like the soft lapping of the waves on our placid Mediterranean shores. Every note of the piano seemed to be vibrating at once in a sympathetic ensemble, no longer like the manipulation of two hands, but like that of four, or even six; so that it would be impossible by any known means of musical analysis to transcribe these gigantic tones, as satisfying to the ear in their *forte* as in their ultimate *pianissimo*.

It will be readily seen that the writer of the above is a Reincarnationist. Opinions or explanations, however, cannot alter the quality and the beauty of Mr. Shepard's music. He himself says it is produced by "psychical inspiration."

One of the most wonderful things connected with his musical powers is the fact that he requires no practice whatever, neither on the piano nor with the voice; indeed, he declares that were

he to practice it would take away his inspiration. He remains sometimes for several weeks or even months without touching a piano or singing a note, yet when the time comes to give a concert the power is there in all its beauty and force.

The execution of Mr. Shepard's music, both vocal and instrumental, not only charms people by its marvellous ease and elegance, but the quality of the music must be taken into consideration, accompanied as it is by a spiritual influence which no other form of music can impart. Many, in different parts of the world, have been developed to play or sing under spiritual influence after having listened a few times to Mr. Shepard's music. In this connection the distinction should be pointed out between the improvisateur and the inspired artist. The two are widely different. There is nothing phenomenal about mere improvisation, and the thing is common enough in southern countries; but the conditions required for inspiration, in the true artistic form, are many and complicated, and extremely rare. Its elevating influence is felt in the soul, while mere improvisation is like a mechanical performance, enjoyed chiefly as an intellectual treat. As a well-known writer has said of Mr. Shepard's music: "It is not intended to amuse the masses or to beguile the leisure hours of the superficial." For this reason Mr. Shepard refuses to play and sing for this class of persons, no matter what their professed beliefs may be. Money is no inducement to him when the proper conditions and sympathy are wanting. He does not offer his gifts to convince people of anything whatsoever, but to aid them, to uplift them, and to inspire those who are ready to listen and to profit. His work is done amongst two special classes: those who have passed beyond the need for tests, and those who remain in

orthodox circles, where no other form of Mysticism would be tolerated; and for this reason his work is as unique as his gifts.

"La Paix Sociale," of Paris, gives the names of some of the personages who have recently heard Mr. Shepard's music: including the Queen of Denmark; the Queen of Hanover; their Royal Highnesses the reigning Duke of Saxe-Altenburg; the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland (sister of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales); Princess Marie of Hanover; the Infanta Eulalia of Spain; Don Antonio d'Orleans; Prince Phillip of Bourbon and Braganza; the Duc and Duchesse de Sesto; the Dowager Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld; the Duc and Duchesse de la Roche-Guyon; the Duc and Duchesse de Pomar; the Duchesse de la Torre, Marechale de Serano; his Excellency M. Due, Swedish Minister at Paris; the Marquis and Marquise de Novallas; the Marquis Villa-Segura; the Rev. Pelham-Stokes, Chaplain of the English Church at Rome; the Rev. Père Hyacinthe and Madame Loyson; Comte Hubert de la Rochefoucauld; the Marquis de Mendigorria; the celebrated singer, Christine Nilsson; the sculptor, M. Bartholdi; the painter, M. Bonnat; and a great many other celebrities.

These names are significant of the deep interest awakened by Mr. Shepard on the Continent, in the highest circles of society. We need not allude to his recent brilliant work in Holland with which our readers are already familiar. He proposes shortly to visit Berlin and Vienna, where friends are anxiously awaiting him.

MR. SHEPARD IN LONDON.

Mr. Shepard gave his first concert at the residence of Lady Milford on Friday evening, the 20th inst., in regard to which we have been favoured with the following particulars:—

The company was small and very select, including only personal friends of Lady Milford, and Mr. L. Waldemar Tonner, who was especially invited by her ladyship to be present. The conditions proved to be harmonious, and well calculated to produce the best musical results, the piano being a full-sized grand Erard, the drawing-room large, and the ceiling high. The company was composed of ladies and gentlemen in sympathy with Mr. Shepard's gifts, and fully prepared to appreciate the music in its highest mystical sense.

As Mr. Shepard was about to begin the lights were extinguished, and perfect quiet was maintained throughout the concert. The first piece was a sonata of almost religious sentiment, and might well have been inspired by Beethoven, although no names were announced during the evening. The second piece, an andante with brilliant variations, showed extraordinary precision and great passion in the execution, and seemed a sort of preparation for the third piece, with which was heard a wonderfully deep and sonorous basso, which a few moments later was answered by a high and pure soprano of marvellous *timbre* and power, creating as much delight as wonder. The voice, from the lowest bass to the highest soprano notes, had a range of at least four octaves, while the piano music accompanying the singing resembled a composition for an orchestra, quite unlike any accompaniment ever played on the piano.

After the singing, two more compositions were given on the piano, of exquisite melody and harmony, somewhat in the styles of Schumann and Chopin, after which the "Crossing of the Red Sea and the Destruction of Pharaoh and his Hosts" was played. This, the most marvellously realistic composition ever heard for the piano, rivalled the singing in power and passion, and it is not strange that many think it even more wonderful. It seemed as if the whole piano was played at once.

After the concert was closed, Mr. Shepard was urgently asked to sing again, and he consented, although his rule is not to do so after he has announced the concert to be ended; but on this occasion the conditions were so harmonious and the appreciation so cordial that he felt but little fatigue. Lady Milford declared that the last singing was the grandest of all, and that opinion was expressed by several others in the audience.

Mr. Shepard had been anxious to know how the atmosphere of London would affect him, as he feared lest he might lose some of his accustomed power, but this concert left nothing to be desired.

The good opinion of honest men, friends to freedom and well-wishers to mankind, is the only reputation a wise man would ever desire.—WASHINGTON.

HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION.

Baron du Prel's book "The Philosophy of Mysticism" has been translated into English by Mr. Massey, but no notice has as yet, I believe, been taken of a psychical novel which he brought out in 1891 entitled "Das Kreuz am Ferner" and which is well worth attention. In the preface he informs his readers that the very passages which seem most incredible are really a faithful transcript of his own experiences. The chief character is a young Count who during his mountaineering excursions has met and fallen in love with a beautiful girl named Moidele. His sister, who hears of the affair, writes to his guardian suggesting that he should use his influence to get him to Vienna to be under his own eye. The young man obeys his request, and thus a year passes. At the end of that time the Count goes to the house of the girl's father to keep a rendezvous the young lovers had arranged with one another. There he hears that she has gone to meet him near a neighbouring glacier, and joyfully hastens thither, but as she is hurrying towards him she makes a false step and is precipitated into a crevasse, where all attempts to find her are in vain. He afterwards learns that he is the father of an infant son, who has been left in Italy. Through a series of unfortunate circumstances all traces of the child are lost. Failing other means the Count resorts to occultism in the hope of thus finding his son. He consults all the treatises of the most celebrated mystics, and calls a learned friend to his aid. After a time he leaves this friend to prosecute researches in Europe, while he himself travels to Egypt to invoke the help of a seer. All he can learn through one of these seers is that he will meet his son at the end of twenty years, accompanied by a man whose face is marred by a fearful scar, the meeting to take place near a cross which he had erected above the spot where Moidele had disappeared from before his eyes. He is also warned that at that moment a great danger will await himself.

Meanwhile his friend in Europe pursues his studies, and after awhile meets with various phenomena familiar to us in modern séances. He then tries to further the materialisation of spirit forms by chemical combinations learnt by him from the writings of the ancient mystics, and one night is accidentally suffocated by the fumes before he can open the window, and is found lying dead on the floor the following morning.

The Count, after vain attempts to gain more information, leaves Egypt and goes to India, where he continues his studies in mysticism with the help of a Brahmin priest; but under no circumstances is he ever able to see more than a hand which he recognises as that of Moidele, another time also the hand of his friend and coadjutor. This causes him to fear some misfortune had happened to the friend, which fear is soon confirmed by letters from home.

The Count feels so convinced that he will not find his son before the expiration of the twenty years that he only returns to Europe a couple of years before that term expires and then at Venice he meets with a man whose face is scarred like that of the one he has so often heard described by the seers, and in whose company he knows he will meet his son. It is the character of this man which forms the interest of the book since he by his villainy shows the fearful danger to which those are exposed who fall under the power of hypnotic suggestion. By birth a Russian, he had spent some time in the mines as a convict, and when released went to Vienna to study medicine. He is perfectly unscrupulous and thinks only of advancing his own interests. He devotes himself especially to the study of hypnotism, magnetism, and mesmerism, and then qualifies as a doctor. In that capacity he is called in to attend the Count, who falls ill at Venice, and by degrees worms out his whole history from him and obtains great influence over him, the result of having once hypnotised him to relieve pain. He also discovers that a young man with whom he is acquainted must be the long lost son, but instead of making this discovery known to the father he keeps his information to himself, intending to turn it to his own advantage later on.

The Count again leaves Europe, encouraged to do so by his false friend, and in simple faith gives the doctor a letter of introduction to his sister, Countess Leonore, who resides in the family castle, and who is anxious to establish a "Cur Ort" close by. The doctor settles himself at this place and soon makes himself an important personage in the town, besides doing his best to ingratiate himself with the Countess. But she intuitively takes a dislike to him, and refuses the advances he makes

In 1891 Mr. Shepard spent the summer at Bayreuth, where his music, given at private houses, created a profound sensation. During the entire Wagner Festival of that year he was heard three times a week at private houses, notably at that of the celebrated German novelist, the Baroness Elise von Wolfersdorff, where his musical powers were heard in all their perfection. His visit to Bayreuth was perhaps the severest test to which his musical inspiration had ever been put. Not only the greatest instrumentalists living, but the greatest singers, make Bayreuth their rendezvous, and the inhabitants of the musical Mecca are accustomed to the most perfect performances in the world. The astonishment his music produced was all the greater from the fact that those who heard him little dreamed that they would hear anything but Wagner's music in Bayreuth.

While in Bayreuth Mr. Shepard wrote a series of articles for the "Galignani Messenger," and for "La Revue International," of Paris (the first in English and the other in French), giving his impressions of the Wagner performances. The articles created a sensation, and were widely commented upon and discussed. Among other Reviews to which Mr. Shepard contributes from time to time are "La Nouvelle Revue," of Madame Adam, and the "Meister," the leading Wagnerian organ, besides a number of newspapers in France and America. Mr. Shepard's discourse on the coming Chinese Invasion, published in "La Nouvelle Revue," received a lengthy notice in Mr. Stead's "Review of Reviews." At the present time any notice of Mr. Shepard's work would be wholly inadequate and superficial that did not do justice to his literary gifts. Professor Henry Kiddle said, as far back as 1880, that there really seemed to be no limit to Mr. Shepard's powers, especially his philosophical and literary inspirations. In 1889 Mr. Shepard published in Paris two small volumes of discourses, dialogues, and aphorisms, in English and French. These books were not printed for the public, but went chiefly into the hands of the leading men of letters on the Continent. There was no advertisement resorted to in connection with these works, as Mr. Shepard wished them to be judged simply upon their merits, and soon after their publication the aphorisms were translated into Italian by the eminent critic, Enrico Cardona, and into Spanish by Doña Patrocinio de Biedma, the Spanish novelist and poet. There never was a greater test of the power of inspiration as opposed to the rhetorical eloquence which mere academic learning gives. The impression produced in Germany, Holland, and Belgium by these two little books was no less profound than that produced in Paris and elsewhere. M. Sully Prudhomme, whom the French consider their greatest contemporary poet, wrote Mr. Shepard a letter, in which the eminent Academician thanks the author for the intellectual and literary treat which his books have given him—"full of powerful originality and profound wisdom." Five other leading Academicians wrote Mr. Shepard letters couched in the same eulogistic terms, among them the Duc d'Aumale, who says: "J'ai trouvé un véritable charme dans cette lecture"; while M. Maurice Maeterlinck, who is called the Belgian Shakespeare, wrote that he knew of nothing in literature more admirable or more profound than Mr. Shepard's imaginary dialogue on "Macbeth," and his prose poem on Wagner's "Flying Dutchman."

Mr. Shepard's musical inspirations are of three distinct characters: the German, the Italian, and the Oriental. Perhaps the most impressive are his weird Oriental inspirations—Egyptian, Persian, Arabic, Indian, Assyrian, &c. Professor Frederick Krauss, the Orientalist, of Jerusalem, after hearing Mr. Shepard's music on numerous occasions, published a letter in which he pointed out the peculiar characteristics of this Eastern inspiration, all the more remarkable as Mr. Shepard has never visited the Orient. Although the compositions are new at each concert, there is one piece which remains the same in character, though always played differently: this is his celebrated "Egyptian March; or, The Crossing of the Red Sea by the Children of Israel." A great many writers have exhausted their descriptive powers in trying to do justice to this marvellous musical epic. The latest description is by M. d'Ervioux, in the leading Theosophical organ of Paris, "Le Lotus Bleu." The writer says:—

To render such effects on a piano, effects which surpass the instrumentation displayed at our greatest concerts, this pianist must have mastered, in several incarnations, all mechanical difficulties, every *arcane* of composition, every resource of sound, in its most powerful vibrations as well as in its most delicate nuances. Imagine a veritable trembling of the earth under the gallop of a regiment of dragoons;

cries of distress, perfectly distinct, rising above the tumult, as if a great mass of people, too slow to get out of the way of the heavy cavalry, found themselves crushed and trodden upon, and the vast waves breaking against this human mass which the sea engulfs, and after this Titanic scene, the waters calming down gradually, until the sea arrives at a state of tranquillity, like the soft lapping of the waves on our placid Mediterranean shores. Every note of the piano seemed to be vibrating at once in a sympathetic ensemble, no longer like the manipulation of two hands, but like that of four, or even six; so that it would be impossible by any known means of musical analysis to transcribe these gigantic tones, as satisfying to the ear in their *forte* as in their ultimate *pianissimo*.

It will be readily seen that the writer of the above is a Reincarnationist. Opinions or explanations, however, cannot alter the quality and the beauty of Mr. Shepard's music. He himself says it is produced by "psychical inspiration."

One of the most wonderful things connected with his musical powers is the fact that he requires no practice whatever, neither on the piano nor with the voice; indeed, he declares that were

he to practice it would take away his inspiration. He remains sometimes for several weeks or even months without touching a piano or singing a note, yet when the time comes to give a concert the power is there in all its beauty and force.

The execution of Mr. Shepard's music, both vocal and instrumental, not only charms people by its marvellous ease and elegance, but the quality of the music must be taken into consideration, accompanied as it is by a spiritual influence which no other form of music can impart. Many, in different parts of the world, have been developed to play or sing under spiritual influence after having listened a few times to Mr. Shepard's music. In this connection the distinction should be pointed out between the improvisateur and the inspired artist. The two are widely different. There is nothing phenomenal about mere improvisation, and the thing is common enough in southern countries; but the conditions required for inspiration, in the true artistic form, are many and complicated, and extremely rare. Its elevating influence is felt in the soul, while mere improvisation is like a mechanical performance, enjoyed chiefly as an intellectual treat. As a well-known writer has said of Mr. Shepard's music: "It is not intended to amuse the masses or to beguile the leisure hours of the superficial." For this reason Mr. Shepard refuses to play and sing for this class of persons, no matter what their professed beliefs may be. Money is no inducement to him when the proper conditions and sympathy are wanting. He does not offer his gifts to convince people of anything whatsoever, but to aid them, to uplift them, and to inspire those who are ready to listen and to profit. His work is done amongst two special classes: those who have passed beyond the need for tests, and those who remain in

orthodox circles, where no other form of Mysticism would be tolerated; and for this reason his work is as unique as his gifts.

"La Paix Sociale," of Paris, gives the names of some of the personages who have recently heard Mr. Shepard's music: including the Queen of Denmark; the Queen of Hanover; their Royal Highnesses the reigning Duke of Saxe-Altenburg; the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland (sister of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales); Princess Marie of Hanover; the Infanta Eulalia of Spain; Don Antonio d'Orleans; Prince Phillip of Bourbon and Braganza; the Duc and Duchesse de Sesto; the Dowager Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld; the Duc and Duchesse de la Roche-Guyon; the Duc and Duchesse de Pomar; the Duchesse de la Torre, Marechale de Serano; his Excellency M. Due, Swedish Minister at Paris; the Marquis and Marquise de Novallas; the Marquis Villa-Segura; the Rev. Pelham-Stokes, Chaplain of the English Church at Rome; the Rev. Père Hyacinthe and Madame Loyson; Comte Hubert de la Rochefoucauld; the Marquis de Mendigorria; the celebrated singer, Christine Nilsson; the sculptor, M. Bartholdi; the painter, M. Bonnat; and a great many other celebrities.

These names are significant of the deep interest awakened by Mr. Shepard on the Continent, in the highest circles of society. We need not allude to his recent brilliant work in Holland with which our readers are already familiar. He proposes shortly to visit Berlin and Vienna, where friends are anxiously awaiting him.

MR. SHEPARD IN LONDON.

Mr. Shepard gave his first concert at the residence of Lady Milford on Friday evening, the 20th inst., in regard to which we have been favoured with the following particulars:—

The company was small and very select, including only personal friends of Lady Milford, and Mr. L. Waldemar Tonner, who was especially invited by her ladyship to be present. The conditions proved to be harmonious, and well calculated to produce the best musical results, the piano being a full-sized grand Erard, the drawing-room large, and the ceiling high. The company was composed of ladies and gentlemen in sympathy with Mr. Shepard's gifts, and fully prepared to appreciate the music in its highest mystical sense.

As Mr. Shepard was about to begin the lights were extinguished, and perfect quiet was maintained throughout the concert. The first piece was a sonata of almost religious sentiment, and might well have been inspired by Beethoven, although no names were announced during the evening. The second piece, an andante with brilliant variations, showed extraordinary precision and great passion in the execution, and seemed a sort of preparation for the third piece, with which was heard a wonderfully deep and sonorous basso, which a few moments later was answered by a high and pure soprano of marvellous *timbre* and power, creating as much delight as wonder. The voice, from the lowest bass to the highest soprano notes, had a range of at least four octaves, while the piano music accompanying the singing resembled a composition for an orchestra, quite unlike any accompaniment ever played on the piano.

After the singing, two more compositions were given on the piano, of exquisite melody and harmony, somewhat in the styles of Schumann and Chopin, after which the "Crossing of the Red Sea and the Destruction of Pharaoh and his Hosts" was played. This, the most marvellously realistic composition ever heard for the piano, rivalled the singing in power and passion, and it is not strange that many think it even more wonderful. It seemed as if the whole piano was played at once.

After the concert was closed, Mr. Shepard was urgently asked to sing again, and he consented, although his rule is not to do so after he has announced the concert to be ended; but on this occasion the conditions were so harmonious and the appreciation so cordial that he felt but little fatigue. Lady Milford declared that the last singing was the grandest of all, and that opinion was expressed by several others in the audience.

Mr. Shepard had been anxious to know how the atmosphere of London would affect him, as he feared lest he might lose some of his accustomed power, but this concert left nothing to be desired.

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towards marrying a young lady, a *protégée* of hers, who is looked upon as her heir and that of her brother also. He thereupon resolves to get rid of this opponent to his wishes, and by means of hypnotic suggestion commands a young man belonging to the place to put poison into the Countess's cup of coffee. The young man carries out the suggestion without being able to give any reason for his action, and when accused of the murder first of all denies it, and then, at a word from his hypnotiser, comes forward and declares his guilt.

In the meanwhile the long-lost son arrives in the town, drawn thither by his affection for the very young lady whom the doctor is desirous to marry, and who returns the son's love. He and this girl find accidentally in the castle library various written notes referring to mystic writers who treat of magnetism, &c., and also descriptions of the effect of different poisons. They recognise the doctor's handwriting, and with this clue fix the Countess's death on the right man.

The story is too intricate to follow, and there are many other incidents relating to hypnotic suggestion which have been passed over, but enough, perhaps, has been given to prove the dangers of hypnotism in unscrupulous hands, which is just what the author of the book is desirous of pointing out. If these dangers really exist they add a new terror to life, but at the same time no advantage can be gained by ignoring the subject, since those who wish to obtain such influence would be sure to study the question, while others would become all the easier victims through their ignorance.

At this stage of the story the twenty years have come to an end, and the Count meets with his death at the hands of the doctor close by the cross erected near the glacier, but before he dies discovers his son, who has come with the police to arrest the doctor for complicity in the death of Countess Leonore.

L. M. P.

A DECEASED BROTHER'S "ADIEU."

The "Annali Dello Spiritismo" quotes the following narrative from the "Memoires de Generale Thiébault" :—

The Thiébault family, while in Berlin, visited Madame von Kameke, and among her friends was the Prince Dolgorouki. One morning the Prince called upon the lady, who had some other friends visiting her, and among these was the father of the narrator. The Prince's depressed look drew upon him the attention of those present, who asked about his health more particularly than usual, and also how he had passed the night. The evident perplexity with which he replied increased the anxiety of the others, and he told them his story: "If I had not lived in your midst for twenty years I should have some doubt as to how I would be judged in this country, and I confess I should hesitate to relate what has troubled and disturbed my sleep last night; but as I am certain I shall run no risk of being misjudged here, I will tell you. I have a brother whom I have always loved very tenderly, and who loves me equally well. We grew up together, and when at last we parted, we mutually and solemnly promised to each other that if one of us happened to die before we met again he would return to say adieu. Well, Madame," he said, turning to the Countess von Kameke, "last night about twelve I was awakened by my brother's voice, which distinctly called to me and said 'Adieu.' Nevertheless, I succeeded in persuading myself that it was an illusion, and tried to sleep again. The same voice, however, a second time called to me the same 'Adieu,' and I could not shut my eyes again." All present now tried to divert the Prince's mind from what they endeavoured to show him was an illusion of the senses of frequent occurrence, and they recounted to him many anecdotes of a like kind. From that phase they passed to what they called "reasoning" with him, insisting on the inherent impossibility of the circumstance, and urging that it was probably the result of indisposition. Fifteen or twenty days afterwards the Prince received an announcement of his brother's death. The latter was a general in the Russian service, and, while marching with the troops under his command, he had to cross on horseback a river ford where he caught a severe cold which settled on his lungs and carried him off. He died on the same night, and at the same hour, as when the Prince received his adieu.

If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God.—
GEORGE MACDONALD.

SPIRIT HEALING.

At the close of my narrative in "Spirit Workers in the Home Circle," I referred to the gift of healing as then being in the ascendancy. That it has since continued to grow I could furnish many valuable proofs, and narrate some startling cases. I propose, however, now to record one case conducted under my own eye, and I cite this because it is well authenticated, and does frequently play an important part—but only a part—in the case. I think it, too, a good specimen of many cases going on now where spirit power is the curative agent.

The case was brought under my notice at Haslemere by the mother-in-law of the woman I am about to refer to. She had witnessed some of the cures effected by a member of my family circle, and she was the only one among the afflicted family who for a moment entertained any faith in the healing gift being then applicable.

It was a peculiarly distressing case and at once enlisted our sympathy. The woman was in the prime of life; had been the life of the household; was the mother of four children, all young, who contemplated being left motherless and without a guardian. The husband was at work all day in London and infinitely distressed, but absolutely distrustful of any cure; the idea of spirit-cure he well-nigh disdained, and reluctantly consented at last to our taking up the case as our spirit guides wished us to do.

It was at the end of October, 1891, that my wife first saw the woman at her own home. She had been at Guy's Hospital for a short time as a last resort, and much against her husband's wish. And this is how we found her. She was paralysed, almost blind, utterly unable to move or even to turn herself in her bed, and apparently dying. Her medical man had told them he had no remedy in his pharmacopœia that would touch her disease, which he supposed to result from a tumour on the brain with paralysis.

The hospital doctors desired to keep her, as a study probably, and to undergo an operation, which might prove fatal, but was the only possible cure. In taking up the case I obtained from the hospital physician his diagnosis of the disease as he first saw it; but when we saw her the disease had advanced. The doctor wrote to me as follows, thinking I was a medical man and interesting myself (as I was truly) in the case :—

The following are my notes made at the time. Left side numb. Severe headache for six weeks followed by diplopia. She has paresis of the superior recti, when she is looking upwards, and there is nystagmus. There is paresis of the left external rectus and internal strabismus when the eyes are at rest. There is only diplopia when she is looking at a finger, but it disappears when she fixes her eyes on a strongly illuminated object.

The pupils are unequal, the left being the larger; they react to light and accommodation. For the past week [this was some time before my wife saw her] when walking she has tended to fall to the left; her taste for the last three weeks has been defective but is now better. There is no anaesthesia, but pins and needles with numbness in the left hand [paralysis supervened]. There is no vomiting. Her hair has been coming out more than usual lately; and history of a miscarriage ten years ago with four healthy children since. I had no doubt at the time it would turn out to be a case of cerebral syphilis. Should she unfortunately get worse I trust you will obtain a post-mortem examination. I say this because my experience has been that these cases, after appearing to recover, gradually go to the bad within eighteen months, and the amount of local recovery in the brain is often remarkable.

It was after this diagnosis she became much worse. Her own doctor at home (an M.D.) had given her up, and when we saw her she was dying slowly.

Our first step was to ask Madame Greck to see the case, and to go into trance so as to enable her medical spirit-friend, Dr. Forbes, to diagnose and prescribe. She not only kindly consented, but when her spirit-doctor took such an interest in the case she frequently came in without fee or reward, while Dr. Forbes kept her and another lady in my family circle at work magnetising for many months, weekly. When we offered to continue the case under Dr. Forbes' guidance neither the woman nor her husband had any belief in Spiritualism: their only belief was that nothing could cure her but a miracle, and miracles had passed away! Thus stolid disbelief in our spirit workers reigned all around us. We shrank then from the task; but Dr. Forbes, in his rough, characteristic way—through Madame Greck—said, "Only do as I tell ye, and we'll cure her."

It was a terrible process at first. Life seemed ebbing away. But in the midst of all Dr. Forbes said she was getting better. For five months our spirit friends went patiently on, encouraging us when hope was weakened, until every symptom of disease had departed. She is now at work in her household to-day, when by the diagnosis and doctor's prophecy she ought to be dead, and I seeing to a *post-mortem* examination. From the first, Dr. Forbes said there was no tumour on the brain, though her doctors in the flesh contended that there was. It was a gummy collection which deceived them, and which the spirit-healers first treated. This they removed in the form of continually streaming hot water or pus from the eyes, and when this ceased she began to see, and recovery set in.

I was talking on this case to Dr. Forbes, through Madame Greek in trance, and referred to the length of time it had taken to effect a complete cure. To this the doctor replied that it could have been done more rapidly, but that it was necessary to keep her lying down in order to cure further internal disease which our doctors had not detected, and also to effect a moral cure.

I have delayed giving any record of this remarkable case, because the hospital doctors, as they heard of progress towards health, predicted relapse and death—certainly within eighteen months. Neither relapse nor death have supervened in double that time; but bodily cure is complete, and a faith in the so-called miraculous has been established, which has contributed to the building up of a new spiritual life. The "Guy's" doctor wrote to me again when he supposed this woman would be dead. I called on him to tell him that she was alive and well, which seemed to stagger him. He was more staggered and incredulous when I explained to him the *modus operandi*.

He subsequently—at his own request—saw her and pronounced her well. Her own M.D. would give me no reply or opinion when I asked for it by letter; and it is only fair to the "Guy's" doctor to record that he would rather disbelieve his own diagnosis (careful as it had been) than believe in the possibility of cure by the laying on of hands. I do not think, however, that he, or even the Rev. Edward White, could attribute such a cure to the devil! Is it not rather one illustration, out of many I could give, of the return to us of psychical endowments which have been lost to the Church from a decay of faith in the Great Healer?

MORELL THEOBALD.

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.]

Prevision.

SIR,—Your remarks, in your leader of April 7th, with regard to Professor Alexander's paper on Prevision are very interesting and suggestive.

It may be well to remember in connection with these considerations that the expansion of the horizon of past and future events in time, which opens to psychic consciousness, would appear also to have a correlation in spatial conditions; in the transparency and permeability which matter presents to the same mode of perception.

As regards prevision, the all-pervading order in the interrelation of the parts to the whole Unity is remarkably illustrated in what are called "directions" in Astrology. It is well known that a person's character may be read and foretold from the relative positions of the respective physical portions (planets) of the solar system at the time that he is ushered into the external plane of existence. But what is not so generally known is that a figure drawn for the time of conception (the pre-natal figure)—viz., the time that the unit of life emerges from subjective states into relations with the external plane, will give a similar delineation, different in detail, yet similar in total quantity. It would appear from this that the character of the person is determined by the position of the external Universe at the time that he comes into spatial conditions. But Metaphysic shows us that that is not so, as the end of a process is really present in the idea as part of its character before manifestation in effects; it is in consciousness before expression in time and space. This shows the wonderful order and harmony of interrelation which must exist between the subjective life of our solar system and its external aspect, or planets: its body. To a metaphysician this is, indeed, a necessity. But most people judge

rather from appearances than trouble to search for the causes behind appearances. It is, however, evident from the above that the whole external aspect of our solar system is in entire harmony with the subjective content of every Ego at the time that these come into spatial relations; so much is this so, that the subjective content of each Ego may be read, to a considerable extent, from the external aspect of the solar system.

But a further and more suggestive consideration arises. The movement of the planets during every twenty-four hours subsequent to the birth of a person, present a forecast of events, or of forces that will come into external relation with that person during each successive year of his life. These are called "directions," and may be verified by any student. Thus it would appear that the relation of Zodiacal time to personal time is as 1 to 365.

The subsequent planetary movements, occurring during the daily life of the individual, serve to "excite" these primary directions into action. If a horary figure be drawn, representing the actual position of the planets at any given time when any of these primary events come into expression, it will be found that, though the several positions are different, yet they represent an equivalent sum, from which, if a judgment were drawn, the event prefigured in the primary directions would be read.

It is evident from this that the harmony in the interrelations of the parts to the whole Unity surpasses any conception of the ordinary scientist.

Now, if events are the sequential manifestation in time and space of ideals which preceded them in consciousness, and if these events are actually prefigured in the external aspect of the Unity, from which they may be read, with the necessary knowledge, it follows that if man's consciousness could function in a mode which would transcend the most external conditioning of space and time, its field of perception would expand in proportion to its recession from external limitations. The panorama of coming events, or relations not yet ultimated into manifestation, would appear to its cognition. In psychic perception we have such a mode of consciousness which transcends the limitations entailed on sense relations by space and time. To it matter becomes permeable, as is well known in connection with clairvoyance, as also in hypnotism. The limitations of time are also transcended, and you have prevision as illustrated in your article; or the past incidents in a person's life may be seen and described, and the past thus brought into the present. Space is similarly transcended, and things or events taking place at the other side of the earth become present.

QUESTOR VITE.

Reminiscence of Epes Sargent.

SIR,—During my residence in Boston, U.S., a few years ago, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Epes Sargent, an eminent *litterateur* and one of the best writers on Spiritualism the movement has produced. Mr. Sargent lived in a handsome villa residence in the suburbs of Boston, reached by tramcars. I was in the habit of visiting him occasionally and having a chat. He was always pleased to see me and listen to what I had to tell him about what was going on in spiritual matters, for, being engaged in literary pursuits, he was somewhat of a recluse, and never attended lectures or meetings of any kind; indeed, I never knew him to be present even at séances except on two occasions—one a séance of Mrs. M. B. Thayer, the wonderful flower medium, which I induced him to attend, and the other a sort of test séance, by prominent Spiritualists, of the *Holmeses*.

On the occasion of one of my visits, I took the MS. of a song, the music of which I had composed to Mr. Sargent's words. He seemed pleased and said he should like to hear it, so took me to the drawing-room, where was a piano, and I sang it to him. It met his approval and he suggested its publication. I told him I thought I should have a difficulty in getting any publisher to undertake it as I was unknown to fame. "I think I can manage that," he said; "Oliver Ditson was a schoolfellow of mine, and we have been good friends ever since." Mr. Sargent, before I left, wrote a note for me to take to Mr. Ditson, who, by the way, is the greatest music publisher in America, and the thing was done. The title of the song is "In our Hearts is Summer Still," and it is not calculated to please the advocates of temperance, the refrain being, "Sit down, old friend, the wine-cups fill." Whether the song met with success I do not know, for I left Boston soon afterwards. I had, however, the pleasure of hearing it sung in public on one occasion before I left. But the object that has induced me to

