

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by "M.A. (Oxon.)"

At the close of another year I am reminded that this special feature in the paper has now been seven years before the public. "Notes by the Way" have been under my personal charge, and have been written exclusively by me, except for a short time at the commencement of the journal. Even then I contributed largely to them. They have never been intermitted except when a severe attack of illness incapacitated me for all work. They remain an "abstract and brief chronicle of the time," word-pictures of the passing events of the day, records of what seems worthy of preservation whether in the chronicles of the past or in the experience of the present. Records of phenomena which seemed in risk of dropping out of sight I have brought to memory. That which seemed worthy of extended notice I have reproduced from the Spiritualist journals of other countries, especially of America. Books that treat worthily or unworthily on any subject within the broad domain of Spiritualism I have noticed and introduced to my readers. I may be pardoned, perhaps, if I look back on the successful completion of seven years of this weekly work with some pleasure, and with no little gratitude to readers in many lands for the kindness with which my efforts have been received. The frequent quotation of matter from these "Notes by the Way," and the words of generous commendation that I read of them, encourage me to believe that they hit the popular taste in some degree. I shall continue, so long as I can, to do what I have done in this direction. It will be a kindness if friends and correspondents will send me or tell me of anything that ought to be "noted"; for, though I read widely and see most publications, my time is heavily pledged, and I must needs miss some things that I ought to notice. To all and sundry, then, as we pass another milestone in the journey of life, hearty good wishes for health, prosperity, and happiness in the coming year; and God be with us all!

On the principle of preservation and refreshment of memory I close my year by reproducing some accounts of phenomena which occurred in the earliest days of Spiritualism; and I commence with an account of one of the periodicals devoted to the subject. In the month of January, 1856, Mr. Theodore Fawcett started a magazine called *The Spiritual Herald; a Record of Spirit Manifestations*. He placed it under the editorial care of the Rev. James Smith, who conducted the *Family Herald* until his death. The object of the magazine was defined at the outset as an attempt

"to present the subject of Spiritualism to the people of England in facts and arguments, and to supply the deficiency of

the popular Press, which seems determined to keep the public blind to the greatest mental revolution of modern times. These facts will be supplied from the numerous details of the American papers, and from the wonderful phenomena now of daily occurrence in our own English homes, recorded for the benefit and instruction of those who are candid and intelligent enough to investigate the most remarkable crisis that has occurred since the opening of the Christian era."

The spirit of the age and its requirements two and thirty years ago are stated in terms which we might ourselves adopt:—

"The age wants a test like the one that has come in the form of modern spiritual manifestations. Christian faith has become encrusted with dead matter. Like British goods, it is adulterated in every possible manner. It is even sneered out of literature, which, with popular consent, avoids the subject altogether, and teaches what is called natural religion—a sort of moral philosophy—in its stead. It wants but little to extinguish Christianity as anything but a tradition—an establishment—a vested interest, or some other mundane structure, which stands like an Egyptian pyramid, because it cannot easily come down; but, like the pyramid, is surrounded with a barren desert of creeds without faith, and forms without life—the ruins of a world that once was, and is no longer, a living reality. A series of spiritual movements in such a state of things is refreshing, even if they come from the spirits of darkness. To prove to a materialised world that there are spirits of any sort is no vain mission. This has been done."

This magazine had a brief life of six monthly numbers. The Editor, in bidding farewell to his readers, recalls the chief object of the magazine, viz., "to discover, and form a nucleus for, English mediumship." The attempt, he confesses, had been a failure. What seems hitherto to have generally, if not universally, been the dislike of the world of spirit, in which reside the causes of these external phenomena, to human organisations was operative then. The Editor admits the fact, regards his effort as one not committing the great mass of Spiritualists, nor even as adequately representative of their opinions, and retires with these dignified words:—

"Though firmly believing in the facts of Spiritualism, we cannot be said to represent the great body of Spiritualists; but we came forward to help, because we saw no one else disposed. Should another appear, we shall gladly lend our aid, without attaching much importance to petty differences; but we shall ever consider it injudicious, as well as dishonest, to hide the faults and follies of Spiritualism merely to gain it favour with the public. We have shown the good and evil, and given offence to many professed friends; but we prefer our own conscience to any friend, in treating of a sacred subject; and we close our little volume with the satisfaction of not having purposely concealed a fault, or exaggerated a merit, that the subject possesses."

"The periodical has failed for want of English manifestations, or want of English courage. We should have preferred filling our pages with our own national facts, but we could not procure them. We have, therefore, solved in part the problem originally proposed for solution. We neither rejoice nor are sorry at the result. We believe all is right at last. We look on it merely as a providential fact, and are so far satisfied that we have proved by experiment the weakness of the cause in England, though it has a great many friends who wish it well, if it cost them nothing."

In an article on 'Healing Mediumship' a remarkable case is narrated which differs somewhat from any that I remember to have become acquainted with. It is so

striking that I deem it worthy of reproduction. The medium was Virginia, daughter of the Rev. J. B. Ferguson, of Nashville, Tennessee, aged fourteen years, and this is an account given by her father, in his own words :—

"At the close of the last session of her school in June, she and a younger sister and brother were sent on a visit to our friends, in Maryville, Ky. Her mother expected to follow in a few days, but was detained by sickness. After a delay of six weeks, we were enabled to visit them, when, to our surprise, we were informed, by every member of the family, of the following wonderful manifestations through our own child.

"While the family were seated in the parlour, in conversation upon the probable sickness of the country, Virginia, suddenly and unexpectedly to all, came under spiritual influence; assuming with much dignity and pleasantness the character of a physician; alternately addressed them in what appeared Indian dialect and English, and otherwise entertaining and astonishing all present. At this time a negro boy came in from the field, complaining of a severe pain in the shoulder, and inability to use his arm. She instantly took hold of him, and described the circumstances under which he had been injured; relieved him by hard but comparatively painless manipulations. She then called for a clean cup and spoon. She required it to be washed in the presence of all. No one anticipated, or could anticipate, what she intended. She took the cup, and with the spoon seemed anxiously mixing some liquid. After a few moments, she held it before their astonished gaze, when it was seen to contain a mixture of the consistence of thin paste, oily to the touch, and of dark colour. All were satisfied, for all was conducted in the broad daylight, and without moving from their presence. She added some water, and gave to every invalid on the premises, each one of whom described its taste, some of them not having witnessed and not knowing how it was produced. This was repeated every day for two weeks; each invalid but one has recovered; and the boy, who could not lift his hand, as if the arm was dislocated, was made in a few hours to raise it as readily as the other, and any heavy weights, such as chairs upon it outstretched.

"When these things were related to me, despite my experience, I confess I could not believe. The most reliable men and women I had ever known in all my intercourse with mankind, and simple-minded negroes and children, were the witnesses. I heard with surprise, and strove to be incredulous. In the midst of my disturbed reasoning upon what was related, she came into the room and at once our friends said, 'Be quiet and you will see.' Her mother was sitting near me, quite feeble, and was evidently somewhat alarmed at the appearance and manner of Virginia. She spoke with a most impressive dignity and sweetness of manner, and seemed to remove the very atmosphere of fear. She spoke of herself as a second person, and her mother instantly recognised her spiritual guides. She gently manipulated her mother's region of the lungs; gave directions to myself and others as to the necessity of an upright posture of the body for health, and having engaged the attention of all, called for her cup and spoon. In our presence she made a coloured liquid with no materials near her, apparently from the atmosphere; and an ointment which she used on the neck of a neuralgic gentleman present. We saw, we felt, we tasted. We were not, for we could not be, mistaken. This we witnessed every day for a week, until every invalid, save one, was restored. If it is esteemed necessary to refer to names, I would mention W. D. Meriwether, Esq. and his mother, Mrs. B. Meriwether, Mrs. King and daughter, Mrs. Williamson, and the servants of the family.

"She is now with us at home; goes regularly to school; we never suffer her to be asked to submit to this influence; but almost every day, some one comes in, unconscious of her powers, for whose benefit she is made the subject of this influence, and always for the benefit of the sick. Her mother is again restored.

"I have no comments to make on this brief narrative. It is beyond my comprehension, confounds my ignorance, but excites my hope. I believe my senses, therefore have I spoken. Of her I have only to say, that from a child she has been devotional, cheerful, truthful to an eminent degree; loved by all; of good mind, but nothing above that of girls of her age; certainly deficient in what is usually called talent. She was born February, 1841; is a child in all her tastes."

The following is a good instance of automatic writing, five-and-thirty years ago. The recorder, who sends the case to the *Spiritual Herald*, uses the initials "H.W.," and is described as resident (1856) in the Hampstead-road. Some of my readers may recognise the initials. The event occurred in 1853 :—

"An incident occurred about this time in Los Angeles, California. It is now very customary in the United

States for families to form 'spiritual circles' of an evening, and a few friends having dropped in at my residence, it was proposed to make a 'circle.' The usual table-tipping ensued, when the supposed spirit intimated his wish to write, through a lady then present. Mrs. K. (a Catholic) ridiculed the matter, and was, with some difficulty, induced to comply. Having placed her hand, holding a pencil, over a sheet of paper, in a little time the pencil was seen to move along, leaving a line of marks behind. It was observed that Mrs. K. did not move her fingers, nor her wrist, but that her whole arm moved from the shoulder. On examining the writing, it was found to be in a bold though old-fashioned style, and purported to be from Andrew Sublette, an old and well-known trapper, who had died in the town a few months before. It was a warning to Dr. Hope, the captain of the Rangers, that some vicious persons were on the look-out to assassinate him. The communication was, on inquiry, asserted to be in Sublette's handwriting.

"Being doubtful, however, what influence the lady's mind had on the writing, I wished to try a more conclusive experiment. Mrs. K. submitted to be thoroughly blindfolded, and the 'spirit' was requested to return the hand to the paper, to cross the t's and dot the i's. Her hand (which had been some time off the table) slowly returned, and commencing at the first of eight or ten lines, crossed every t and dotted every i without a single mistake."

The Rev. James Smith must have been an enlightened man, far in advance of his age, as, indeed, I have heard from those who knew him that he was. Some correspondent had been ventilating the diabolic theory to account for these phenomena. Mr. Smith rejoins :—

"Our correspondent is at fault in assuming the existence of a supreme, omnipresent prince of hell, called Satan, or the devil. Every schoolboy should know that both terms, like the term angel, are expiatory titles, rather than distinctive names; that is to say, they define only the office, without referring to the nature, or suggesting anything superhuman. Most people know that 'angel' means messenger; but they are not aware that 'Satan' means adversary, and the 'devil,' accuser; so that the Lord Himself is sometimes called an adversary, or a Satan, as when He stood in the way against Balaam, in Numbers xxii. 22. Peter is also called Satan by our Lord. Besides, we have no means of distinguishing between such a power as supreme personal ruler of hell and that of the evil spirits mentioned in the anterior prophets and Evangelists; or the spiritual powers and rulers alluded to in Ephes. vi. 11, 12, and there identified with the devil, whose name is Legion, for they are not one, but many; that is, doubtless, many leaders as well as many subordinates."

I was not aware when I wrote my *Higher Aspects of Spiritualism* that I was following so closely in the footsteps of a writer who had preceded me by a quarter of a century.

And, finally, as I am, at the end of this year, occupied in rescuing old chronicles of events that occurred before most (not all) of my readers were acquainted with the subject of Spiritualism, I will unearth and restore a remarkable narrative of clairvoyance communicated to the *Spiritual Herald*, by my late friend, Benjamin Coleman. I have often heard him mention the case, but I have no precise recollection of the name of the sensitive.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Extract from a Letter from the late Benjamin Coleman.

"I had put the girl into a mesmeric sleep, for the purpose of making a special inquiry, having frequently tested her varied powers; and before awakening her, I just thought of a letter which had been given to me before leaving the City, which a friend of mine had received from Florida, America, requesting information of a chest of plate which an ancestor had left, about forty or fifty years ago, in some bank in London.

"The writer was a Mr. H—. I put the letter into her hand folded, and did not give her the slightest clue by observation or otherwise. I merely requested the clairvoyante to give me, if she could, the history of that letter. She held it for a few minutes, and then said—'I have come, as you wished, to New York; but we are not going to stay here. Now we are at the old gentleman's plantation, with ever so many little Topsy's. How strange these negroes don't speak English! What are they saying? I think they are speaking Spanish,' &c. 'Now we must go back to London. Come with me to the City. Now here we are in this busy street facing the Royal Exchange. There is a church to the right hand, with a projecting clock, and you wish me to go into the large house opposite. This is

a place where they change money. Come downstairs, and I will find the box. There it is. Shall I open it? Oh! what a beautiful service of plate! How valuable! Each piece has a gold coin inserted in the centre,' &c., &c. This, in brief, was the substance of her remarks; and, as it will be seen, she had completely followed the history and traced the object of the inquiry. One point is very striking. She said the negroes spoke Spanish. I thought she was wrong in this respect; but I was reminded afterwards that Florida was originally a Spanish settlement, and it, therefore, made the description more complete than anything that was passing in my own mind.

"Being strongly impressed with the singular accuracy of the clairvoyante's description, I went on the following morning to Lombard-street, and traced as nearly as I could the position she had described—the church with projecting clock on my right, and Glyn's banking-house was opposite. I walked in. I made my inquiry respecting a chest of plate supposed to be left there some forty or fifty years ago, &c. I was asked in what name. I said H—. They requested me to call again. I did so, and was told that they had a chest of plate there in the name of H—, which had been with them forty-five years, but, they added, 'we know to whom it belongs, and do not think it can be the one you are seeking.' I thanked them, and said I would make further inquiries from my correspondent. I immediately sought my friend, and told him, much to his astonishment, the whole story; but he asked me why I had used the name of H—. The owner of the property was named B—. H— was the writer of the letter requesting the inquiry to be made. This dispelled the confidence I had felt in having traced the plate; for, notwithstanding the remark of the bankers, 'I made no doubt of its being the identical chest. Subsequent inquiry, however, proved that it was not so, as they had no such name as B— in their books.

"I give you the simple facts as they occurred. I wish I could have completed it by saying we had got the chest; but I think it is sufficiently corroborative of the clairvoyant power. The coincidence of my using a wrong name, and the tracing a box in that name, is curious and striking."

A SONG OF SYMPATHY ON A SUMMER'S DAY.

Spirits of the woods and dells,
Of the water, rocks, and fells,
All things gentle, sweet, and pure
I would to my side allure;
Prithee, come! Your secrets tell
Of the homes in which you dwell.

Though unseen by mortal eye,
Elfin forms are round and nigh,
Seeing what I cannot see,
A world of life unknown to me.

Flowers which bend to summer breeze,
Feel you air which fans your leaves?
Birds which float on lightsome wing,
What is in the songs you sing?
Beasts which fly from human kind,
Fear not foe in me to find.

The same Creative Power gave birth
To you and me upon this earth,
I claim a brotherhood with all
That doth to me that Power recall,
A brotherhood of wider span
Than only with my fellow-man.

I love to trace our common birth,
From earliest forms upon this earth,
And try to read, with reverent look,
The half-closed leaves of Nature's book;
To learn how all things upward tend
To higher, and still higher end;
Slowly evolved, th' awak'ning soul
Progresses t'wards her destined goal,
Destined to share, ah, height sublime!
The fulness of the Life Divine.

Schaffhausen.

E. RAMSAY LAYE.

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SPIRITUALISM AS A WORKING FAITH.

Not entirely from perfect agreement with the subjoined letter, but chiefly from its thought-provoking qualities, we reproduce it for the benefit of our readers. It is a view which deserves consideration, and perhaps refutation. But, whatever view may be held as to the opinions expressed in the letter which we quote, we are strongly impressed with the belief that Spiritualism is passing through a phase of development, and that its development is progressive. The days of inconsiderate wonder are passing. The time when a rough and ready universal explanation of occult phenomena was held all-sufficient is gone. We want now patient study and modest generalisation. It is high time that we Spiritualists should be able to show that our Spiritualism can spiritualise our lives: can, at least, influence us as religious belief influences our neighbours.

A writer in a recent number of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* very pertinently draws attention to the waning influence of physical mediumship and the indifference of the public in regard to it. He goes on to deplore the trashy utterances of so many so-called inspirational speakers, and points out that which every earnest professor of Spiritualistic truth has long recognised, that the churches pay liberally for sermons which, laying no claim to inspiration, are worthy the study and attention of the people.

Certainly Spiritualism, as expounded by its inspirational prophets, does not commend itself upon the score of intellectuality. The time has come when it must either do so or lose all hold upon the public as worthy of respect.

Physical mediumship is so common, and so much that was ignorantly looked upon a few years ago as demonstrative of spirit control, is so well recognised now as referable to ecstatic mental conditions, that it is well to consider more particularly what the practical value of Spiritualism has been and will be. Its first value in our time (for the phenomena of Spiritualism are, of course, as old as man himself), or rather that of its modern phase, was to arrest attention. Ecclesiastical dogma had so beclouded the judgment that Calvinistic belief in hell on the one hand, or materialistic indifference or scepticism on the other, ruled the minds of men. There was no half-way house. Either there was a stereotyped heaven and hell, or there was no immortality at all; *ad carpe diem* was the motto of the sceptical world.

Spiritualistic phenomena, if they were worth anything, were valuable as demonstration, a possibility not included in orthodoxy, and not allowed by scepticism. They proved a continued existence to be a fact in nature, independent of conduct, and dependent entirely upon laws with which the world is already familiar; in a word, Spiritualism abolished the supernatural. Existence in the body becomes, in the light of reliable proof of the Spiritualistic phenomena, merely a passage from prior to later existence, a temporary residence, in short, in a body, to be changed for temporary residence elsewhere in another and more ethereal form, to change possibly again. No Spiritualistic phenomena ever have or ever can prove immortality. Its utmost claim is to establish the fact of the probable continued existence of those whose earthly experience is over. It is the string upon which the pearls of hope are strung, whereas without it we lose the pearls alone, for the hope of immortality was born with man.

Hence Spiritualism is neither a religion, a philosophy, nor a science; it is neither a revelation nor an inspiration; it is simply the demonstration of a fact, and as such will necessarily no longer in itself interest those who have obtained demonstrable evidence of the truth of the fact. Unless its professors and inspirational speakers can supplement the proof of continued existence by intellectual aspiration—unless they realise that cultivation, knowledge, and high standard of right and aspiration are as essential after the proof of continued existence has been given, as they were before, and will be, when by evolution man here associates with man a stage further on the road, Spiritualism must lose all practical value. The children of those whose attention was arrested by the first modern rapping of phenomenal Spiritualism find nothing to arrest their attention in such facts. They are familiar to them and have for them no practical value. Their work is done for this generation, and the practical value of Spiritualism now lies in the development of a higher spiritual philosophy by intellectual culture. Without it Spiritualism can appeal only to the ignorant and superstitious, or transitorily to those who in affliction turn to it for emotional comfort. No emotion is lasting; sorrow cannot keep for ever; hope itself—even hope of immortality—loses radiance unless it is accompanied by higher possibilities of growth and culture for the individual. Spiritualism needs, above all, education to enhance the practical value which is already waning.

JANET E. RUNTZ-REES.

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Light :

Edited by "M.A. (OXON.)" and E. DAWSON ROGERS.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31st, 1887.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editors. 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.

1887 AND 1888.

In reviewing the twelve months last past at the close of the year 1886 we wrote :—

"So closes another year. It is a record of progress, and of more serious attention to the problems that Spiritualism presents. It is also a record of opportunities that seemed golden passed by or let slip. If there is cause thereby for regret there is cause for thankfulness and hope. We shall need the hope ; for, unless events coming cast a false shadow, our new year seems likely to be one of change, perhaps of turbulent revolution."

This forecast we amplified in looking out at the opening of 1887. The *Times* had warned us that the "Christmas message of peace and goodwill is this year proclaimed to a world resounding with the tramp of armed men and deafened with the din of preparation for war." We were unable to point to any redeeming features in the situation. It seemed to us, as we peered anxiously into the future, that the spiritual outlook was not less gloomy and uncertain than that discerned by the eye of the political seer. We were compelled to the belief that we had entered on a cycle of spiritual disturbance, that we were in the midst of contending forces, that there was "war in Heaven," and that there could not, therefore, be "peace on earth." We did not limit our forecast to a solitary year : these are human measurements and the march of events takes no count of them. But we believed that cycles were closing in, that we had already entered on a period of unrest, and that, while the eye of the practised politician could easily discern the massed elements of revolutionary disturbance, there was behind these that which he did not see, and the potency of which he was unable to measure.

The outlook at the end of the year has not perceptibly altered for the better. The year now closing has seen perhaps as near an approach to a bloody revolution in the metropolis of this country as this generation has witnessed. Long-continued distress among a large section of the community, patiently borne and with little outward show of complaint—for our peasant and our artisan are, as a rule, patient and self-respecting—has been utilised by designing men for purposes of their own. We have had a serious attempt to lash the unreasoning masses into something like a revolutionary attitude ; into a defiance of constituted authority, and an open demand for what, as the law stands,

they cannot and ought not to have. Like all revolutions—and this has been and is a revolution, which in such a country as, for instance, France, would have been an affair of barricades and bloodshed—this has caused severe disturbance to the existing state of affairs : whether it will subside without further disturbance we do not venture to predict, but it has disclosed and drawn public attention to a state of things existing in our midst which are a plain disgrace to a professedly Christian community.

Writing a year ago, we used words which we repeat :—

"Apart from the question which supplies its own inevitable answer, How far would this state of things be possible among a people truly and really Christian ? we may view matters from our own special standpoint as Spiritualists. Admitted that we stand as we do, in spite of church or chapel, can our knowledge as Spiritualists avail to support and strengthen this waning influence ? We believe that it can. We have always contended in these pages that the higher Spiritualism, with its revelation of truth, with its recognition of man's true position in the present state and assured destiny in a future one, comes to the solution of these problems with an inestimable advantage. Take a single instance. Does any thinking man believe that the state of things which we have inadequately sketched would be permitted to continue if men knew and believed that their daily lives were framing a character which will, by inexorable law, place them in the coming life ? If they knew that their real self, the permanent part of that composite entity of which they and we know so little, will be revealed under the touch of the solver of all human problems—Death—precisely as they made it, no better and no worse, in no way different, and that it would 'go to its own place' as surely as the magnetic needle turns to the north—would they be better or worse men and citizens ?"

It is impossible for a nation, as it is for an individual, to shirk responsibilities ; and, wholly as we detest and dissociate ourselves from attempts to make sensational capital out of the existing condition of things, we are very strongly of opinion that we are in a state when it behoves us to put our house in order. It is very desirable that those who in any way influence opinion should study the history of the later days of the Roman Empire and of the French Revolution. After that they may profitably consider whether history does not repeat itself.

When we turn to our own special influence as Spiritualists we have nothing to add to what we have before said. Our belief will be a factor in human progress in proportion as it is a factor in our own. We are of good courage here, for we recognise all round us a distinct and marked progress on what we cannot but believe to be right lines. We have been all these years dealing with a very obscure subject, one that appeals strongly to the imagination, and largely excites the faculty of wonder. For many years after this most recent impact of the world of spirit on this our world of matter—there have been many more, the effect of the last of which was finally quenched in the witch-persecutions—we were at sea. The manifestations were new to us, and were not in accordance with our antecedent experiences and expectations. Having settled for ourselves—those of us who were so fortunate—the reality of these phenomena, we were largely occupied in marvelling at them. It is only comparatively recently that we have set ourselves to frame some philosophy to account for them, and that we have roused ourselves to see that these are no new things on the earth, but a renewal of an old-world experience again and again repeated in the ages that are dead and gone. Others have had them in even richer measure than we. What did their wise men think of them ? There have been and are races more sensitive than our usually dense and solid islanders. Have they had experience that we may profit by ?

Questions such as these occupy the thoughtful minds of our day in increasing degree. We are sure of our facts. But what do they mean ? The spirit of the day is analytical. Perhaps this year will be remembered for two specimens of analysis which cannot be recommended for imitation. We have had an attempt at home to account

for all this vast mass of psychical evidence on the hypothesis of conjuring. The result has been to emphasise the evidence that it is not anything of the sort, and cannot be referred, as a body of fact, to any such explanation. It is indeed marvellous how any such theory could seriously have been put forward as a working hypothesis: and the fact that it has been so propounded by sober and self-respecting men, not destitute of personal experience, suggests as an interesting subject for inquiry the reason why they have so missed their way. Beside this we have had a preliminary report from a Commission which seems to have set out to secure a large sum of money left for another purpose, by a pseudo-investigation (so-called and pretended) of Spiritualism, chiefly as presented by certain already discredited professional mediums in America. It is natural that a subject which has attracted so much attention from the public of late years should be attacked in this way. It does no harm but good that it should be so attacked. It is unfortunately unavoidable that private annoyance should be caused by these spiteful attacks. It is not pleasant for any of us to have to go over and over the old ground in controversy with a friend who thinks that he has found a serviceable stick to beat us with. Life is too short for such logomachy: and it is as fruitless as it is unpleasant. Nevertheless, we cannot expect to be free from it so long as an obscure and perplexing subject irritates the public mind. Spiritualism has the faculty of inspiring some minds that are prepared and ready for its teachings; and it has the gift of reducing others to a state of unreasoning fury on which argument is wholly wasted and thrown away.

Bearing these obvious considerations in mind, we are not disposed to grumble. We could wish that our friends had a clearer view of the impossibility of forcing unwelcome truth on an unprepared and unwilling mind, and that our enemies would pursue their own course in their own way, and cultivate charity. But that is too much to hope for. We shall have persecution of a petty kind, if not more serious assault. Meantime let us mind our own business; bear our own burdens; devote ourselves to patient study; seek to learn from any one who professes to offer instruction; and sift all things that are given to us without prejudice.

So may 1888 be a year of progress if not of peace.

BARON HELLENBACH'S DEATH.

FROM THE *Sphinx*.

Our movement has received a heavy blow. One of our oldest and most active fellow labourers has left us. Hellenbach is among us no more. In this place we can give no adequate impression of what the loss of this gifted worker will be to the world in general in the domain of social politics and philosophy, and still more to us who labour to establish higher, freer, and nobler views in opposition to the materialistic tendencies of the age. We hope to do more justice to this subject on a future occasion. At present we are restrained by the sorrow we feel at our loss, which must be shared by all who are, like ourselves, convinced of a future life and that the active mind of our deceased friend will still carry on its work. When such grief is felt far and wide, as it must be in this instance, an elevating sentiment is aroused in each by such unity of feeling. May this experience of sympathy somewhat soften the heavy sorrow felt by those nearest to the departed. We cordially agree with the calm and resigned words in which the wife of the deceased kindly communicated to us the news of his death:—

"My husband did not live to receive your letter; but, struck down by apoplexy on the 24th October, he passed without suffering to that world the secrets of which during his lifetime he endeavoured to explore. The noble spirit of him who is too early taken away can work no more in this world. May God give him eternal peace.—HÜBBE SCHLEIDEN."

JOTTINGS.

Voltaire tells a good story of an Englishman who professed to be able to raise the dead. Instead of imprisoning him as a maniac or burning him as a sorcerer, the authorities quietly marched him off to the nearest graveyard, with a squad of soldiers as an escort, and told him to begin his operations. Somehow or other, his incantations failed. Not a single tombstone was disturbed; not so much as a solitary ghost made its appearance; wherefore, "Right about face: quick march!" cried the officer in charge, and took him home again.

* * *

Vanity Fair's Christmas number is a sort of parody on *Vice Versa*. A middle-aged man, who has married a young wife, gets from a gipsy a love filtre, the effect of which is that he grows a year younger instead of older, in the lapse of each twelve months. He is hugely delighted at first, but he does not foresee that the man of fifty, having become forty, thirty, twenty, becomes at last a puling infant and dies out! Some comical complications make this story of the Earl of Desart's pleasant light reading.

* * *

We would draw attention to the fact that the *New Age* has for its Christmas novelty a ghost story by Mr. Eglinton. It is not often that a man writes on a subject about which he knows so much.

* * *

We will not spoil the story by any untimely disclosures. Our readers should peruse it, and the bright number of the *New Age* that contains it. The only jarring note we sometimes find is in the tone of the first article. All else is good.

* * *

From the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

"What a world of poetic and philosophic suggestion there is in Sir John Lubbock's remark in his address on the 'Senses and the Senses of Animals,' that to insects 'the world might be full of music which we could not hear, colours which we could not see, and sensations which we could not feel.' This, no doubt, is an hypothesis capable of explaining many apparently inexplicable actions on the part of insects, and others of the so-called 'lower animals,' whose senses are finer than ours. In the ancient tradition the dog howls because it sees the angel of death, whom our eyes cannot see, and Balaam's ass may differ from other asses, not in his quality of seeing the angel of the Lord, invisible even to the prophet his master, but in his capacity of speech. The warder of the gods who sits in the gate of Asgard could hear the grass growing in the fields and the wool grow on the sheep's back. How different might be the soul of a man if he had but the eye of an insect! A veritable new Heaven and a new earth lie round each of us, from which we are excluded solely by the density of our senses."

* * *

In the December number of the *Journal* of the S.P.R. we have the reply of Messrs. Wetherby and Fry to Mr. Keulemans. It is crushing and conclusive. Mr. Keulemans had related to these gentlemen, whose "memories are corroborative of each other," many experiences of his. "Neither of us can forget the very impressive way in which Mr. Keulemans warned us against ever believing anything until we had absolutely satisfied ourselves, by ocular demonstration or otherwise, of its truth: he assured us that he himself never did so."

* * *

Among other startling stories was one of a materialised spirit who used to come to him. "He used to pass his finger through her eye into her skull 'up to the hilt,' so to say. We will now only ask Mr. Keulemans one question since he admits that the little girl spirit and her pleasing ways were within his own experience. Does he still believe that story, as he undoubtedly told it to us: and does he now think that he used to put his finger into the skull of the medium's daughter? If the first, then our position is proved good; if the second, then we shall be entitled to our own opinion of the value of Mr. Keulemans' evidence." So write Messrs. Wetherby and Fry.

* * *

Precisely so. We have ourselves heard from the same narrator many wonderful stories: and we have from him many wonderful pictures which are even more interesting now than before. As to "opinion of the value of Mr. Keulemans' evidence" we observe that pp. 187-190 of the *Society for Psychical Research Journal* are wholly or partly occupied by an account of experiments supplied from "Mr. J. G. Keulemans, of 28, St. Mary's-road, Harlesden Park, N.W." We contrast this "opinion of the value of evidence" with the course pursued in former times in respect of mediums: a course now, we presume, to be abandoned. Or is testimony for to be treated on a converse principle from testimony against Spiritualism?

THE OCCULT SIDE OF NATURE.

The following narrative of some hypnotic experiments at sea, is quoted by the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* from the *Louisville Courier* :—

At the International Congress of Physicians in Washington there were present several distinguished men of science, who had a most memorable voyage together on the Inman Line steamship *Ohio*. They had weathered one of the most terrific midsummer gales that the North Atlantic has been disturbed by in a dozen years. But though this sight of Nature in her grandest and awfulest mood was an experience of a life-time, these scientists, from various countries of the world, witnessed other phenomena out there on the lonely sea that left a deeper imprint on their minds than the sight of the magnificent storm. An exhibition of hypnotism, mesmerism, clairvoyance and Spiritualism gave an inside view of the occult side of Nature wonderfully fascinating and profoundly impressive.

Sailors, as we all know, are sufficiently superstitious, and the solemn mysteries of the vasty deep are quite enough to wake in any soul a sense of the utter insignificance of man, and to invest all sights and sounds with a preternatural moment. After that mighty storm it required a stout heart and a hard-headed science to face nature before the billows had ceased their roll, and to demand of her to give up her forbidden secrets. Yet a challenge was given by Dr. A. Stockham, the ship's surgeon, Dr. Alf Dahlberg, Dr. C. C. Dodge, Dr. W. King, Dr. W. F. Knoll, Dr. E. W. Lee, Dr. R. J. Mills, Dr. Harriet Noble Watson and Dr. Emilio de Rossi, and nature gave them some startling answers.

A Spiritualistic Dutchman.

We were not many days out from Liverpool, when a queer-looking individual—a chunky little Dutchman from the Transvaal, South Africa—began to attract attention by his evident nervousness. He was social enough, but wholly incapable of talking on any but one subject, and that was Spiritualism. He had made plenty of money in the gold mines in Africa, and he was coming to America for the express purpose of meeting a couple of Spiritualistic writers in whose works he had become interested. He was well educated, and was able to discuss, in English, Dutch, French, and German, in the most learned fashion, all the peculiar theories of his faith. The physicians on board began to study him, and Dr. Mills particularly sought opportunities to investigate his mind.

This Dr. Mills had been connected with the English service, and had spent some years in Ceylon and India, and had gone deeply into the mysticism of the East. The so-called occult science was an open book to him; so he read the Dutchman carefully, and resolved to experiment with him. One night, when the seas were high, there was a mysterious movement of the doctor toward Dr. Stockham's cabin, on the forward deck, and there, in that little cubby-hole, went the profane Dutch medium and the prying scientists. What uncanny things happened there behind the red curtain that shut out the night, I never learned, nor am I ever likely to know; but I was afterwards invited to a pre-arranged meeting of the investigators on the first cabin deck, and I did not miss the opportunity of attending. It was the night after the great storm, and the ship was still lurching heavily on the giant swells. It was with difficulty that we kept our feet. But we managed to obtain a secluded spot, where the light from the saloon gave us sufficient illumination to see one another's faces, but yet made a shadow in which we could stand without the captain's seeing us if he should chance to leave the bridge. For to-night, as I soon learned, we were not to have a Spiritualistic séance with the Dutch medium, but a

Clairvoyant Exhibition,

in which Third Officer Hill, of the ship's force, was to act as the sensitive. It seems he had promised a bright young lady passenger, who was interested in Theosophy, Blavatskyism, Spiritualism, hypnotism, and all the other mysteries denounced by the devil-dodgers or sky-pilots—as the sailors designated our gentlemen of the cloth—and the bright young lady had secured the promise of Mr. Hill's presence, despite his protest that he had to relieve the captain at midnight and was worn out by his long watch during the gales of the night before. Mr. Hill made his appearance shortly after eleven o'clock. The lights had been ordered out, but the flickering rays from a lamp in the gangway still shone out on to the deck, as I have already stated. We

could see everything easily, as our eyes had become used to the darkness while we had been waiting. When the young officer announced himself ready for the performance, the ship's physician proceeded to place him in a chair, rubbed his eyelids down with several passes of his thumbs, encircled the head with his forefingers and thumbs, pressed hard between the young officer's brows, and saw him fall back in the chair dead asleep.

"Now, Miss South," said Dr. Stockham, "send him where you like, but not too far, as these journeys we make him take weary him exceedingly, and he has too grave responsibilities on his shoulders to-night after twelve o'clock to justifiably permit of our fatiguing him much. Well, where shall he go?"

"Let him go to No. 75, First-place, Brooklyn, where I live."

"All right." Mr. Hill gave a great sigh, like one half waking from sleep, and the doctor made a few more passes over his eyelids, and he was again quiet. "Now, go to Brooklyn," said the experimenter. "Are you there?"

"Yes," came from the lips of the third officer, in a sleepy, scarcely audible tone.

"Now, go to First-place."

After a pause and a little movement of his limbs, "I can't find it," the subject answered.

"Call a cab."

"All right—I'm in a cab."

"Are you at First-place?"

Another pause, this time a long one, as if the time was being consumed in transit.

"Yes."

"Now find No. 75."

A somewhat lengthy search up and down the street was presumably made.

"I can't find it—it is so dark. I can't see the numbers."

Miss South expressed surprise. She said there was no gas lamp there, and many of the numbers could not be read at all. But Mr. Hill searched on and finally arrived at the place designated.

"Now tell us what sort of a house it is."

"A three-storey—no—four-storey, brown front."

"Yes," said Miss South, "ring the bell."

He rang, but nobody would come. He rang again, but met with no response. He was asked by the doctor if there was any but the one entrance, and replied that there was a basement way, but it was so dark then that he could not go down. In giving a more particular description of the place he mentioned the fact that there was a vase of flowers growing in front of the house, which Miss South acknowledged to be true. Mr. Hill was next

Sent to Visit his Parents in Maine.

He told who came to the door, went through the performance of kissing his mother, and likewise his father, in a shame-faced manner, and stated that his sister had gone off to college. As the doctor was acquainted with the family, he verified Mr. Hill's statements, but was puzzled to account for the assertion that the sister had gone to college, as she was very young.

However, Dr. Stockham said he would ascertain when he reached land how much truth there was in the matter. After some further experiments, Mr. Hill was awakened from his mesmeric trance by the doctor snapping his fingers under his nose, rubbing his eyes upward and exclaiming: "There now, you're all right." Mr. Hill heaved a great sigh and awakened. He was very anxious to know whether he had been sent on a journey, but we scattered about the ship and dodged his questions.

Dr. Stockham told us he had first discovered his power through its operation on a fierce dog, whom he at once cowed completely by a glance, after all other persons had grown afraid of the brute. He had tried his influence several times on Mr. Hill, and was astonished at its effect. He told the young officer that he wanted him to kill a certain old gentleman whom he described. "All right," said Hill. "You must shoot him with my revolver," said the physician. Half an hour afterwards Hill came walking into the doctor's cabin, went to a drawer, picked up the revolver—which, however, had previously been emptied of its cartridges—and, when the intended victim entered, shouted: "That's the man!" and tried to fire. He was in a state of somnambulism. The doctor told me he had once sent Mr. Hill to inquire what decision Judge Stockham had made in reference to the glass of the new house in Philadelphia, which

the two brothers had been building. The matter had been left with the judge while the doctor crossed the Atlantic. They had spoken of ground glass and stained glass, but Mr. Hill informed the doctor, while at sea, that the judge had employed a Mr. Gibson to put in etched cathedral glass. Stockham declared Hill had given him true information, as he learned when he reached the home in Philadelphia.

That there was no Humbuggery

about Mr. Hill, not only I, but all the physicians aboard the ship, were thoroughly convinced. The young officer was placed in a state of coma, as to his arm, and we pinched it and stuck it with pins without causing the slightest quiver. Mr. Hill's hands were placed together over his head, and he was told he could not separate them, and he was really unable to do so. A lead-pencil was laid in the palm of his hand, and he was informed that it was a hot bar of iron. Under this impression he squirmed and gave every evidence of suffering.

But Dr. Stockham's power to mesmerise extended to another subject, a boy of sixteen, who was suffering from the effects of scarlet fever, and was very nervous. This Rex, as we called him, was so sensitive that after being subjected to the mysterious influence once or twice he could not resist it once the charmer got his eyes on him. The doctor caught the boy's eye at table, fifty feet away, one evening, and Rex dropped his fork and fell back dead asleep, and nothing could wake him save a shake from the mesmeriser. Rex was sent on journeys, too, but he did not prove a very successful traveller.

Experiments were made in Hypnotism

by Dr. Mills and Dr. Stockham in the main saloon, under the electric light, and in the presence of forty of the passengers, and the Dutchman and Mrs. Bullard and two others were made to do almost any desired thing, while blindfolded and operated on by the will of the two doctors. Mrs. Bullard left the cabin, was blindfolded, and was led by her brother—to whom I had whispered what I wished him to make her do—until she picked up my hat from the piano, sought me out from all the others, and placed it exactly on my head. The Dutchman took a wine-bottle from a rack, carried it a dozen yards, and filled a glass on an opposite table, without a word being spoken. Rex was made to run his nose hard against a lead-pencil point, and was unable to resist.

Now all these phenomena were very interesting, and were discussed learnedly by the scientists aboard. There was no explanation accepted as a finale, but the celebrated Dr. Carpenter's theory—the London physiologist, I mean—seemed to satisfy some minds. Carpenter says the dominant idea takes possession of certain minds and becomes a reality to them, and the expectancy of such and such a state actually produces it.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—The annual general meeting of this Society will take place at 99, Hill-street, on Tuesday, January 3rd, at 8 p.m., when the attendance of all members is requested. Mr. W. E. Walker, Trance and Clairvoyance, at 11 and 7 p.m. on Sunday next.—W. E. LONG, 99, Hill-street, Peckham.

THE LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY, REGENT HOTEL, 31, MARYLEBONE-ROAD, is closed till January 8th. On that date I shall read a statement of the work done by the society, and I hope that many who have aided us in the past will attend to hear what we have achieved, for I think they would feel that much good has been done. On the same evening Mr. Fawcett will lecture on "Reincarnation." During the evening, a "Spiritual Invocation" will be sung, this being the first of a series of inspirational compositions which we intend introducing into our services. We wish to form a choir and should be glad if any friends would join. Those who will help us should address me as below before January 8th.—A. F. TINDALL, A. Mus. T.C.L., President, 30, Wyndham-street, W.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.—The *Corriere del Mattino*, one of the principal Italian newspapers, has the following paragraph:—"We have in view a very important letter on the illness of the Crown Prince of Germany, written by the eminent specialist of London, Mr. Omerin, and published in England and Germany, which document has attracted very much attention on the part of the scientific men of Europe, not only for what it contains about the illness of the august patient, but for the perfect manner in which is described the actual state of the medical art, and for the ideas to which it gives rise with regard to the basis of reform for this useful profession."

CORRESPONDENCE.

[It is desirable that letters to the Editor should be signed by the writers. In any case name and address must be confidentially given. It is essential that letters should not occupy more than half a column of space, as a rule. Letters extending over more than a column are likely to be delayed. In exceptional cases correspondents are urgently requested to be as brief as is consistent with clearness.]

"Good Work."

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—I remember once expressing to a friend a feeling of regret that I was not free to become a worker in one of the fields of science. My friend comforted me somewhat by the assurance that in a degree the existence of appreciative minds, to reflect and popularise the results of scientific research, was of corresponding importance.

When reading such contributions to "LIGHT" as the extracts—so profound and pregnant—contained in recent Editorial "Notes," and such letters as that of "Artist,"—the desire arises to assure you and that writer (from whom you will, I hope, again hear) that there are readers who feel refreshed and stimulated by thoughts so stirring and suggestive.

We commonly build around ourselves so much of what may be called hard "realism"—and indeed much of the phenomena of Spiritualism hardly escape this charge—that it is good occasionally to be able to dwell for awhile in neither time nor space, but "at one side," as Kant so notably tried to do, and view the world from thence.

In the writings referred to I observe a singular continuity of three conditions of mind, which may perhaps be exemplified in many ways. When we look within the mind, or abroad on the earth or into the heavens, at first there seems to reign a well-established sequence and order. Then, again, more light and knowledge painfully show the clash and conflict of opposing forces. But, happily, a closer and deeper inspection finally reveals to the inward eye almost more than hints of a vital harmony, and awakens anew the belief in a controlling and energising power underlying all. The universe, like man, seems to possess a body, soul, and spirit, and the three are one.

Thus, whilst asserting that "To the solid ground of Nature trusts the mind that builds for aye," we are also sustained by the reflection that there is no breach of continuity—nothing which is strictly speaking supernatural.

Pray pardon this digression. I set out only to express the belief of one of your readers that "LIGHT" is doing good work, and making possible to many minds clearer and truer conceptions of Nature and of the destiny of Man. P.

P.S.—If you were to raise the price of your journal to 3d. weekly, I cannot believe that you would lose any subscribers, and your funds would be naturally augmented.

"Elementals v. Nature-Spirits."

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—"N. B. L.," in a recent issue of "LIGHT," asked for information about elementals and nature-spirits. I would not presume to answer his query personally, but I will relate what a friend of mine saw on more than one occasion.

He was an earnest student of Occultism, so far as its literature could carry him; anxious for all the information he could get upon the subject, and he joined what pretended to be an occult order of great antiquity, even as old as the monument of Luxor. The occult knowledge of the brethren seemed to have no limit, and with submissive reverence he prepared himself to carry out their instructions. He was told to get a piece of circular cardboard, about six inches in diameter, to put a black spot or wafer in the centre, and to sit facing the north in a semi-darkened room as near midnight as possible, having fixed this card a few feet from him, so that he could rest his gaze upon the spot in the centre. After so gazing for some time he was to turn his head away and look at the ceiling or blank wall, and to particularly notice all he saw. This practice he kept up for some weeks with almost no results, but the anxious expectation night after night seemed to give him more determination to go on. However, a result came at last. He had been sitting about half-an-hour one evening, gazing attentively at the spot and the ceiling; he turned his head to look at the ceiling, and there he saw a most awful, terrible face (about four times the size of a human face), covered with red hair, of such intense ugliness, so malignant in expression, as to cause him to shudder with fear. He looked at it and it leered back at him, opening and closing its horrid

mouth as if muttering some curse. It then sailed across the room and slowly waned away, his eyes following it, spell bound. The moment it had vanished my friend gathered himself together and went for consolation to an acquaintance. He was so frightened that he begged to be allowed to stay with him all night. He afterwards saw the same figure in his room some days afterwards, laughing at him this time, but with all the ugly outlines unchanged. He informs me it is impossible to attempt to describe that fearful face. No words can portray the look of awful hatred and malice that were represented in its expression. The most extreme ideal of a Satan gives but a faint idea of its awful ugliness.

I have another friend who saw a similar vision; it might be the same, the descriptions in both cases are very much alike, and especially do they agree as to the malignant and fearful expression. I may say these two persons are not acquainted with each other, and live far apart—one in Scotland, the other in England. The latter closed one eye, then the other, to see if it answered to the test of a delusion, but it stood the test and appeared many times afterwards. I think this being I have attempted to describe is an elemental, and I also think if Spiritualists would publish some of their ugly visions as well as the beautiful ones more would be known of the Spiritualistic operators. As it is, the Occultists bring the evil and repulsive side to the front; the Spiritualists, as a rule, dwell on the other side of the question and tell all that is good and seemingly beautiful. My friend was repeating a simple prayer when he saw the above vision. Who knows when and what part such beings play in Spiritualistic manifestations? I quite agree with "Nizida" that great caution ought to be exercised in experimental Spiritualism, and all such visions as the above point out the fact that there are other than human spirits in the unknown spaces.

I saw a similar description as the above in last July's *Theosophist*, p. 618, and if those who have seen such beings or spirits will write their experience, I feel sure many Spiritualists will be astonished at the number.—Yours sincerely,

RAMA.

[Experiments of this nature should be made, if at all, with the greatest caution. To us it seems safest and wisest to accept thankfully what comes to us spontaneously, and to refrain from all attempts at evocation. The final test of what comes to us is the same in all cases. Of spirits as of men it remains for ever true, "By their fruits shall ye know them." If the apparitions of ugly and repulsive heads were real, what good end was served by summoning them? And what unimagined risk?—ED.]

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—The subject of the investigation of forms of manifestation of spirit, other than those of departed human beings, seems now to be engaging attention. I therefore beg to enclose you a letter addressed twenty years ago to a gentleman connected with the old *Spiritual Magazine*. The writer is an intelligent and earnest man, and some of his remarks may seem to you to be worthy of being laid before your readers.

M.

"Since I saw you, I have not heard the voice I spoke of again, but once, a month back, I was roused from sleep by that strange indefinable horror mentioned by Sir Bulwer Lytton (*Zanoni*, Book II., chap. 1.), and twice I have plainly seen forms in my bedroom, just as I was waking, at the same time as that at which I heard the voice—the half dreamy state after sleep which develops into the extasis of the mystics, referred to occasionally by Lytton and Eliphas Levi. I have investigated the subject as far as I could, since I spoke to you, and it seems to me that Bulwer Lytton has drawn most of his ideas from the Cabala and traditions obtained by the Jews in the Babylonish Captivity, such for instance as: That man is triple, body, soul, and spirit (cf. the *Strange Story*). That on death the soul returns to God; the spirit, phantasm, or intelligence, flits about this earth for a time, is seen, evoked, &c., but not being spiritual, but semi-material, at last dissolves into the elements (cf. *The House and the Brain*). The Sadducees of our Lord's time are thought to have regarded angels not as real permanent substances, but spectres which in a short time dissolved into air, or disappeared like the colours of a rainbow. Or this again:—That there are spirits of the elements, the gnomes, sylphs, Undines and Salamanders of Paracelsus, who are different from, and hostile to, man, and, as the Cabalists said, that the magician who would command the spirits of earth, water, fire, air, must first be superior to the elements themselves; so Zanoni and his friend are made capable of enduring the fire of Vesuvius and deathly cold:—That there are two kinds of magic, the white and black (cf. *Strange Story*), the white, which the Jews attributed to Solomon, performed by the cabalistic use of the Divine name (St. Luke xi. 19):—That magic figures have power over these spirits. (*Strange Story*). This, though agreeing with the opinions

of the Jews, is quite contrary to what Allan Kardec says (*Livre des Esprits*, 236-9). That talismans and charms have no power on the spirits, but it seems connected with the ancient theory of Pythagoras that numbers are the origin of creation, and to this mathematical foresight perhaps may be referred certain predictions; as, for instance, Apollonius of Tyaneus laid claim not to the power of controlling the laws of Nature, but to having a wonder-working secret, which gave him a deeper insight into them than was possessed by ordinary men. This power Bulwer Lytton gives his heroes.

"I have met with one recipe for prying into futurity by Carden. To find what will occur in any given year, consider what has happened the fourth, eighth, twelfth, nineteenth, and thirtieth year, &c., before, and the most notable occurrences will repeat themselves. Without guaranteeing this statement I may say I know some curious instances of its coming true.

"In *Zanoni*, Book III., chapter 14, IV., chapter 2, we have mention of the disappearance of the hero when in danger. The Jews say the magician has the power, not of becoming invisible, but of troubling the sight of his adversary, and to this power Eliphas Levi ascribes Christ's deliverance from those who would cast Him over the cliff. (cf. Luke iv. 29; John viii. 59.) This seems to be the *glamour* alluded to occasionally by Sir Walter Scott.

"In the *Strange Story* Margrave says that he who obtains the elixir of life can command the subtle space-pervading fluid and the beings in it, and such, say the Cabalists, is the end aimed at by magic. From this same primordial fluid Kardec says spirits draw their envelope and visible things their substance; accordingly he sees no absurdity in what Zanoni and the Cabalists speak of as the transmutation of metals, since all come from the one primitive element. Bulwer Lytton and the Jews speak of the elixir of life. In this last idea there seems to me to be a fallacy. First, as this life is a preparatory state for another, if men stayed on earth beyond their time they would retard the grand purposes of Creation. Secondly, no human remedy can check the change from youth to manhood, manhood to age, age to decay. The interest you took in what I told you induces me to address you again. I am deeply interested in the subject, and desire much to obtain spontaneous revelations, for these alone I consider come for a good purpose. I cannot set much store by the evocation of spirits merely for pastime, for though I admit the facts occurring at séances they seem mostly too trivial for spirits of a high order to share in, and the communications of others I deem unprofitable.

"October 12th, 1867."

"A STUDENT OF THE OCCULT."

"The Alchymist."

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—As Mr. Henry Spicer, in reply to Mr. Williams' inquiry in your columns, gives the history of one magazine, called *The Alchymist*, and refers to another, I may as well add, what hitherto I have thought it hardly worth while to mention, that in my last catalogue volume No. LXIX. is thus described:—

Alchymist (The), January to June, 1835 (all published), 8vo., half calf, 2s. 6d.

This book was purchased at the sale of the late Mr. Hockley's library, and is now, I believe, in the possession of Professor Ferguson, of Glasgow University. Is this the volume which Mr. Williams is in search of?—Your obedient servant,

York-street, Covent Garden.

GEORGE REDWAY.

December 23rd.

The Ascension.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Your readers may like to know (if they are not already aware of it) that the real manner and nature of the Ascension are clearly given—and apparently with authority—in Vol. II. of *The Mother: The Woman Clothed with the Sun*, and they agree very much with the ideas propounded by your correspondent, Mr. Haughton, in a recent issue of "LIGHT."—Yours faithfully,

VIOLET.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Several communications necessarily stand over for want of space.]
"W. H. G." (Kyle, New Zealand).—Your remittance duly to hand, with thanks.

WORTHING.—A member of the London Spiritualist Alliance wishes to know if there is at Worthing a circle for Spiritualistic phenomena that she could join. Address, Miss F., Paine's Library, Montague-street, Worthing.

We are promised a companion volume to one which created some sensation about nine or ten years ago. That work was entitled *Hafed, Prince of Persia*, and purported to have been given to the world by spirit intercourse. The forthcoming volume will contain accounts of the evangelistic labours (in many places of the East and West, including this country) of an Egyptian Disciple—one of the Seventy sent out by Christ, and two Persian Evangelists. The publishers are Hay Nisbet and Co., Glasgow.