

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

The *Chicago Sunday Times* is a tremendous and portentous broadsheet of twenty-eight illustrated pages. I trembled as I opened it : I laughed as I read it : and I sighed as I put it down ; for, days being what they are, it is wholly impossible to read it through, at least for a busy man. It is probably intended to last the week. My chief attention was drawn to an article prominently displayed on Spirit Photography. I have had some experience myself in that matter, and I have published what still remains the most exhaustive account of what it is now the fashion to call Transcendental Photographs, though I prefer the good old term to which I am used. My own experiences are now some fifteen years old, I think, and the account of them was published in *Human Nature* as "A Chapter in my Personal Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism." It was the Buguet affair that put a sudden stop to Spirit Photography. Buguet had produced some very satisfactory pictures under test conditions, and he had also made others, as I believe, to fill the gap when his psychic power failed. I take it that he was no exception to the common rule in these matter. When he could get genuine pictures he did : when he could not he counterfeited them. Be this as it may the long and strong arm of the Catholic Church was suddenly stretched out and clutched him. He was thrown into prison, subjected to that form of torture which the French *Juge d'Instruction* knows so well how to administer, and after many remands, and, doubtless, some broad hints as to what mercy might be shown to a full confession of fraud, he got up an elaborate account of what he, under that pressure, described as fraud. He received some sort of sentence, but very shortly his prison opened and he vanished into space.

That sort of short and easy method with spirit photographers acted as a deterrent. We had little or no more public Spirit Photography. But it is within my knowledge that very recently private experiments, conducted by a lady, who had been at the trouble to acquire sufficient manipulative skill to work a plate through, have been crowned with complete success. No one touched the plate but herself. No one was present but herself ; yet the impressions which I have in my possession show very clear shadowy forms which the eye of an observer would not have seen as the plate was exposed. My own published experience to which I have referred is of a similar character. I have been at pains to learn the tricks by which sham pictures can be made, and I have set them forth at length in the papers above men-

tioned. I was fully alive to possibilities of deception when I went to Hudson, then the only person who professed to take these Spirit Photographs. Yet, even when I worked the plate through, Hudson not touching it, but only standing near the camera and unstopping it at my command, I have more than once or twice secured some very remarkable pictures. This, however, is ancient history. I introduce it only as preparatory to some quotations from an interview with the editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* which a reporter of the *Chicago Sunday Times* had *apropos* of Spirit Photography.

It would seem that one of the chief amusements of "West Siders" just now is this same Spirit Photography ; and Colonel Bundy was applied to as an authority on such subjects.

" 'Now you want to know,' he said, 'if I credit the claim that photographs of spirits can be taken. Why not? I know that there is a spirit world. I know that people once in mortal form have come to me from that world, and have demonstrated their presence by objective phenomena of various kinds. I know that a spirit, if sufficiently informed, can, under favourable conditions, project a form resembling itself when in earth life, which can be seen with the natural eye, and even be recognised by others of the five senses. I know that the photographer's camera and sensitive plate can reveal objects not visible to the naked eye. More than this, I have seen photographs of spirits obtained under conditions precluding all possibility of error, coincidence, or deception. Yet there is a vast amount of deception and delusion mixed up with the history of spirit photography, and I am exceedingly slow to credit the claims of alleged spirit photographers, and equally slow to accept the testimony of honest people who think they recognise relatives or friends in these purported spirit pictures. It takes much more than the mere affirmation of the witness to satisfy me he is not mistaken in such cases, much more, probably, than would convince you or any other non-Spiritualist who has not learned by long experience the fallibility of human testimony in psychical matters.' "

That is the reasonable attitude : and, unquestionably, the Spiritualist is the clearest and safest judge in all these matters. He knows by long experience how to avoid the Scylla of credulity without falling into the Charybdis of obstinate scepticism, and perverse refusal to receive unwelcome evidence.

Colonel Bundy tells with effect a story which I am familiar with ! Not so most probably are my readers :—

"In Detroit lives a wealthy business man (Colonel Hodges), noted for his great caution and freedom from credulity, as well as for extraordinary good sense in all matters. He owns a business block there, and some years ago he was passing it one morning when he saw a sign at the street door of a spirit photographer. He got hot in a moment, and went up the stairs two steps at a time under the impetus of the conviction that his agent had rented offices to a swindler. Entering the room he brusquely demanded of a tall, lank, green-looking fellow : 'Are you the fraud who has cajoled my agent into renting your rooms for the spirit photograph swindle?' Jay J. Hartman—that was the name of the Hoosier bridge-builder who had turned artist—drawled out something to the effect that he was the man, but that he was not a fraud, and could at times do what he advertised. In no way mollified, the owner of the premises demanded of Hartman that he should instanter demonstrate the validity of his claim or be evicted without ceremony. Hartman kept cool and replied that he would try, but could not in advance of the trial promise success,

Getting out a crude apparatus and toggling it up, the fellow went to work with no more dexterity than would be expected of one who had spent his life in the woods and at bridge-building as he had done. Mr. Capitalist sat down before the rickety camera in no amiable mood, reflecting upon what would be the most effective process for ousting his unwelcome tenant after what he was sure would prove a failure or a swindle. Bunglingly manipulating the camera and plate, Hartman finally displayed a negative to his sitter which at once aroused him to the highest pitch of excitement, for there before his eyes was a likeness of himself, and beside him another of a deceased sister, who had passed to spirit life years before from the effects of a cancer in the breast. He said nothing, however, beyond ordering the photographer to print off some copies. After the printing was done Mr. Capitalist still remained dazed. He thought he fully identified his sister's likeness, but he had no picture of her, and she had died many years before in the State of New York. True, in addition to the facial likeness there was one breast bare showing the cancer as corroborative proof. To make sure he sent to the old home in New York and obtained a picture of his sister for comparison, and found the face in both as near alike as would be two photographs of the same person from different plates. He gave it up and acknowledged that Hartman had done what he professed he could do. I have seen both pictures, and no one can see them and hear the story and not be convinced if he is a reasonable being."

Hartman also took some spirit pictures at Cincinnati in 1875 under conclusive test conditions:—

"The married couple on the West Side who have gone into the 'spirit photograph' business of late and who are making such a success of it—financially at least—are Mr. and Mrs. Frank N. Foster, of 751, Fulton-street. Their prices are so high as to make their clientage necessarily limited, but there are several hundreds of their 'spirit' pictures in existence in this town, and that shows plainly that they must have made a nice thing out of their new line of business."

The name is new to me. I should be glad to learn that the pretensions of this couple had been established by patient investigation. A camera has no imagination, and what it records, if only we are sure that it is not tampered with, is eminently valuable as evidence.

"THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT."*

It is no disparagement of either the author or the book to say that in a certain way this story reminds one of Jules Verne. As that entertaining writer has attempted, with considerable success, to bring the "fairy tales of science" within the knowledge of the ordinary mind, so the author, or compiler, as it is perhaps right to call her, of this book has striven, and also with considerable success, to bring the doctrines and the beliefs of a certain body of Occultists within the ken of the generally uninstructed reader.

The story, it is asserted, "comes from a far country, and was brought in a mysterious manner: we claim only to be the scribes and the editors." The tale originally appeared in *Lucifer*; hence, we suppose, the somewhat curious use of the plural—"We therefore ask, in advance, one favour only of the reader: that he will accept (while reading the story) the theory of the re-incarnation of souls as a living fact."

That the story came from a far country certain incongruities would seem to show, without the assertion above-quoted from the fly-leaf of the book. The Princess, whom we may, perhaps, call the heroine, for the most part behaves like a princess of romance, but on one occasion, after a battle has been lost and her husband killed through her thoughtlessness, and after she has, with mystic rites, burnt that husband's body on the battlefield, she makes for the nearest railway station. This jars a little, and somewhat spoils the feeling of unity.

Of the various incarnations which the Princess Fleta undergoes but three are mentioned, though innumerable others are hinted at. In the first incarnation we have "a young woman, a savage, one of a wild and fierce tribe

dwelling in the fastnesses of an inaccessible virgin forest. She is dark, but beautiful. Her eyes are dark, fierce, and tender; her mouth soft and natural as the lips of an opening flower. But in her sublimely natural face is the dawn of a great tragedy. Her soul, her thought, is struggling to awake. She has done a deed that seemed to her quite simple, quite natural; yet now it is done a dim perplexity is rising within her obscure mind." As a matter of fact, she had just killed her lover, whose precipitateness had somehow offended her. Then this "savage woman," to expiate her offence, married another man whom she did not love, and became his slave.

It would be interesting to know what, in a previous incarnation, this impetuous young woman had done, or what her lover had done, that one should be a murderer and the other a victim, but we are not told this; we are only told that the woman had started a "great wave of energy."

The "savage woman" then presumably dies, and goes into a certain state of bliss; at least that seems the only intelligible meaning of the short paragraph headed, "After sleep, awakening." This is the rather remarkable passage:—

"Splendid was the veil that shielded her from that other soul; the soul she knew, and of which she showed her recognition by swift and sudden love. But the veil separated them; a veil heavy with gold and shining with stars of silver. And as she gazed upon those stars, with delighted admiration of their brilliance, they grew larger and larger, till at length they blended together, and the veil became one shining sheen, gorgeous with golden brocaderies. Then it became easier to see through the veil, or rather it seemed easier to these lovers. For before the veil had made the shape appear dim; now it appeared glorious and ideally beautiful and strong. Then the woman put out her hand, hoping to obtain the pressure of another hand through the shining gossamer. And at the same instant he, too, put out his hand, for in this moment their souls communicated, and they understood each other. Their hands touched, the veil was broken, the moment of joy was ended, and again the struggle began."

This imagery is curious and difficult to understand—most difficult indeed to understand if the lovers are the two untutored savages mentioned but just before, and the "sleep" referred to is the state of savagery, and the awakening that which introduces the lovers to the happy intermediate state.

The next incarnation mentioned does not seem to serve any particularly useful purpose, and then we come to the incarnation, the description of which is the story of the book. The "savage woman" is the Princess Fleta, the murdered lover is Hilary Estanol, and the man the Princess marries but whom she does not love, is a certain King Otto. Fleta has somehow learnt magical arts, and keeps a lay figure in her laboratory, with which lay figure she performs some interesting experiments for the instruction of Hilary Estanol, whom she loves, or says she loves, though she intends marrying the King Otto. It turns out, though, in the long run, that she loves another person, Ivan, one of the White Brotherhood, to become a member of which order Fleta aspires constantly, but cannot cast out this earthly love, and so does not succeed, at least, for a long time, though the end of the book leaves it a little doubtful what really did become of the Princess.

By a supreme effort it would seem that she reached the goal of utter self-abnegation, and then a "new vigour flashed into her being. Something so strong it was, as though light ran through her veins instead of blood—something so pure it blotted out all memory of self. She rose to her feet. 'For all that lives, I live.' Her voice rang out on the air and startled herself." And two months afterwards the bailiff of the haunted house in England where all this occurred found in the Lady's Walk the corpse of a "woman, richly dressed, and with beautiful

* By Mabel Collins. London: Ward & Downey.

hair, which had fallen loose and lay beside her on the earth." "Where," says the author, "was Fleta's beauty now? Where was Fleta?"

Of the various startling incidents that occurred during Fleta's short career as a Princess and Queen; how Hilary Estanol had a long fight with an elemental, almost human! and killed it, for the greater strength and joy of the Queen; how they all went on in the enchanted monastery; and how the White Brotherhood manage all things for us in Europe must be read by those who would enjoy this story that came from a far country.

THE DOUBLE.

The subjoined narrative, which came under our notice in an avowedly Spiritualistic paper, the *Carrier Dove*, is extracted primarily from a journal with no such proclivities. It is a strange story, and we place it on record in our columns against the coming time when we shall be able to correlate it with others:—

(From *Foot's Health Monthly*, New York, U.S.A.)

"Now and then some wonderful thing happens which may interest the student of physiology and hygiene and which may not belong to this department of study. We once fell in with a remarkable statement of this kind: A Miss Margaret Leeds, who was described as a pretty little brunette and a native of the city of Pittsburg, was married to Anson F. Clements and removed to Philadelphia. The *Philadelphia Mirror* is our authority for saying that the little brunette was before the Divorce Courts wishing to be absolved from her relations with the man that she loved even more than she did on the day she married him. She had been suffering intensely, not knowing what to do. But it had repeatedly occurred that she would be awakened in the night to find a person who looked precisely like her husband moving about the room and sometimes shaving himself directly in front of the bureau while the body of her husband lay beside her cold as ice, stiff as a corpse, and in a condition that he could not be awakened. After a while she could succeed in bringing her husband to, and then the other fellow suddenly disappeared. The poor little woman had been frightened nearly out of her senses many times in this way, and she finally appealed to her husband to know what it all meant. He finally told her: 'What you saw in Pittsburg and what you have seen here is no nightmare, no dream, but a terrible reality. You saw my double. It has been the curse of my existence for years, and seems to be a visitation upon me for some sin of my parents. I know perfectly well when my other consciousness is making itself visible to mortal eye, and have not the slightest control over it. Nevertheless, my thinking powers are not stupefied but rather quickened, and the fright you experience I feel tenfold in agony of mind. I thought that marriage might change my condition, but it seems only to make it worse.'

"Now, sir," said the young woman, "you can readily see that no matter how much Anson and I love each other we cannot live as man and wife when this shadow, or whatever you call it, goes roaming around the house at midnight, and so we have concluded to separate."

"The editor of the *Cleveland Herald*—one of the oldest and best papers in the United States—seeing this article in the *Philadelphia Mirror*, sent his reporter to a physician of good standing in that city to obtain his explanation. He replied that three or four years ago he would be inclined to laugh at the whole story as foolish and unworthy of his attention, but from some circumstances which had come to his personal knowledge he believed every word of it. It seems that in the city of Cleveland some years since an excellent lady of good standing in society brought to him her son eighteen years of age, and to all appearances perfectly healthy, and as bright as any boy of his age could be. She told the physician that two or three times every week in the dead of the night while sleeping in his chamber, her son would apparently faint away, and with his eyes wide open stare at the perfect counterpart of himself of a shadowy nature stalking into the room. The mysterious figure would walk up and down the room, remain two or three minutes, and then vanish as the traditional ghosts are said to do. The boy would be able to recount his experience when he regained consciousness. Other members of the family would sleep with the boy and pass

through a similar experience to that related by the Philadelphia bride. On one occasion this physician slept with the boy for the purpose of convincing himself, and he says he 'shall never forget the night as long as he lives.' He had no explanation to make as to the nature of the phenomenon, but he said there may be people inclined to laugh at the Philadelphia story while he looked at it in a more serious light. The boy referred to had finally died of consumption, which was supposed to be brought on by the effect of this mysterious fantastic.

"Those of Spiritualistic tendencies will regard both of these cases as simply confirmatory of their views. Those of the Christian faith who are sometimes beset with doubts as to whether after all there may not be some question as to the immortality of the human soul will think that they see in this some evidence that the human being is an individual within an individual, and that there is really a spiritual body corresponding to the physical body; and then there are our friends of the extreme atheistical school who will denounce both stories as having no basis in truth, or if admitting their genuineness will try to make out that while there may be a sort of nervous counterpart of that which is more markedly flesh and bone it proves nothing in regard to immortality; that it only co-exists with the mechanism of the body. But we thought the facts, if they indeed be facts, remarkably interesting and give them for what they are worth."

A DREADFUL RELIGION.

From "Facts from all Parts of the World," collected by Dr. G. VON LANGSDORFF.

Translated by "V." from *Neue Spiritualistische Blätter*.

A missionary writes from Japan, with reference to the results of Christianity (or rather of the orthodox exponents of Christianity), as follows:—

"They (the Japanese) grieve over the fate of their departed children, parents and relations, and often give vent to their grief in bitter tears. They ask if there is no hope for them, no means by prayer to release them from eternal torment; and I am obliged to answer them, None! absolutely none!* Their anguish on this account acts sadly on their spirits, and they cannot overcome their grief. They ask repeatedly if God then cannot release their fathers from hell, and why punishment must endure to all eternity? I, myself, frequently cannot refrain from tears at seeing these beings, so dear to my soul, suffer so terribly. I am convinced that similar emotions are experienced in the hearts of all missionaries, to whatever Church they may belong."

What spiritual directors must those be who drop poison like this into the hearts of the poor heathen, who previously prayed to the same God as they did themselves with their Christianity! Would it not be better to give up altogether the whole costly work of missions, with no fruit but such as this, whereby God is represented in the light of a revengeful Demon? What a false idea must these heathen form of the religion of the civilised world who profess to thank Christianity for their culture! Is it to be wondered at that we hear from African missionaries that the heathen are far more ready to become converts to Mahomedanism than to Christianity, because the European languages are full of oaths (*Fluchwörter*) and have introduced drunkenness and deadly weapons among them, while the Arabio tongue and habits are much more in accordance with holiness? Many of these African heathen say: "We fear to become Christians, when we see that American Christians sell one another for slaves." It seems that these heathen know more than we think for, and we must resort to other means to gain their honour and respect.

RIDICULE is the weapon, of all others, most feared by enthusiasts of every description; and from its predominance over such minds, often checks what is absurd, and often smothers that which is noble.

* Spiritualism teaches that our earnest prayers do help the "dead" as well as communion with those on this side.—Tr.

JOTTINGS.

Mr. Page Hopps's January instalment of sermons—two as usual—contains one on "The Relation of the Doctrine of Evolution to Theology and Religion," and a second, spoken at a Sunday-school Jubilee, "Fifty Years Ago, and Now."

The latter is a manly and emphatic protest in favour of honesty and against the cruelty of teaching children what the parents themselves do not believe. Mr. Hopps quotes some of the grosser and more repulsive hymns that are still taught to children, such as—

"I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains."

And asks "What possible sense can a child find in the idea of washing crimson stains white in blood?" What indeed, or, for that matter, what sense can anybody find in such rubbish?

One passage from the sermon has a claim to quotation:—

"Religious knowledge, indeed, has passed through some noteworthy changes during the past fifty years. It has, in the first place, been increasingly distinguishable from what we know as theology. Theology is a science; religion is an art: or deeper still, theology is an explanation or exposition of ideas, while religion is a life. Hence it has dawned upon the world that God's children may be trained or helped to be religious almost entirely apart from theology. It is quite true that where religion is theology may quite readily be extracted, but the two are, for all practical purposes, quite distinct; and if any proof of that were wanted, we should find it in the melancholy fact that a great deal of theology may be possessed with a very little religion; that a great deal of religion may exist in company with a very little theology, and that the head may be furnished with a creed while the heart may be as starved and insensible as a stone."

And once again, from the sermon on Evolution:—

"What are theology and religion? They are very different things, as different as astronomy and the stars, geology and the earth, anthropology and man: that is to say, religion is the thing itself, theology is the science of the thing. Theology is the science of God, just as anthropology is the science of man; religion is concerned with the actual relationship between God and man."

Finally, a noble thought clothed in fitting garb:—

"The great doctrine of development teaches us that we are all on the march, and that we are journeying, not from the golden age but to it; that our great Creator has not failed in creating us; that we are not a hideous and unmanageable discord in the universe, and that the end of us will not be a miserable existence in a miserable hell where God will hide His failures and torment forever the victims of them. No! but God is leading us on, ever towards His own all-perfect light. We are His children now, and what we shall be we know not; but if we may judge of the future from the past, we have everything to fill us with heart and hope; for all things are moving onward; and to the mighty cry of *Progress*, like the crash of thrilling martial music, the whole creation is on march, passing on to its sublime and beautiful destiny:—on from the grovelling brute—on to the angel and to God."

The Chinese are showing themselves in a new light. The chief magistrate of Lun-gan Fu has issued a proclamation in favour of religious toleration. An "English teacher, Mr. Stanley P. Smith," seems to have been molested by "certain senseless scoundrels (as the proclamation describes them) who had the impudence to stick up a placard on the main street crossing." The magistrate fulminates against these "rascals" with most unofficial energy. He writes, "I shall have to punish you heavily. All should heed this with profound care and not disobey. A special notification." A very refreshing document.

Mr. E. W. Capron thus represents the feeling of the respectable member of the Fox family in a letter:—

"To the Editor of the 'Religio-Philosophical Journal.'"

"I have just had a long and interesting interview with Mrs. Leah Fox Underhill, and will state very briefly, but fully, her feelings in regard to her erring sisters. She regards it of very little consequence, what they say concerning her to any who know the history of Spiritualism and the connection of their family with it. She fully recognises the fact that there are others besides herself in the family, who are as much interested as she is, who do not wish to be brought before the public by a controversy. She feels, too, and that very deeply, that she cannot be brought into any public controversy with her own mother's children, that mother who guarded them all so carefully and who was, as all who know her recognised, a guardian to them all. She has, as I very well know, tried in vain to redeem them, and they have made the most solemn promises to reform, but all her efforts were as vain as their promises. She has, to my own knowledge, paid largely for their support; has furnished their rooms, under their promise to reform, at great expense. I have, many and

many a night, carried Margaret supplies of the best her sister's house afforded, which she could not or *did* not provide for herself. She has spent a small fortune in trying to keep them up, but all in vain. Since they have chosen, from whatever cause, to behave as they have, she has concluded to take no further notice of them; nor will she interest herself further in their behalf. She and all her friends here feel that it is worth all that it has cost her and all good Spiritualists to be rid of them, so long as they continue on their downward and irredeemable course. Their reputation is such that Spiritualists cannot afford to harbour them at all, and she believes that it would be no benefit to Spiritualism to get up a controversy with them in their present state of living."

Miss Dempster records (*Folk-Love Journal*) the subjoined case of a belief in Sutherlandshire of the presence of spiritual visitors:—

"There lived on our property some twenty years ago an old woman named Christy Ross. She was not only the last of her family, who had all lived and died on the croft, but was also so very infirm that Mrs. Dempster was anxious to persuade her to change her house, and to go to another, where there were neighbours able and willing to be of use to her in case of sickness or death. This she steadfastly refused, saying the kindness was well-meant, but that she could not abandon what had been her home and her people's home. 'At night,' she said, 'she heard a man's voice praying by her bedside, and sweet music as of singing.' She had no doubt it was her father and brothers, and no doubt but that in a strange house she would miss this happiness, one which she valued above neighbours or help."

Three numbers of *Psychic Notes* reach us from Brisbane. The publication is in imitation of one bearing the same name (we believe) which was published during Mr. Eglinton's visit to India. The present *Notes* are devoted to recording the doughty deeds of Fred Evans, of San Francisco, who is now in Australia. The numbers contain portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Evans, together with some engravings of slates, with specimens of psychography and drawings.

Mr. Evans is a Liverpool man. His wife was born at Glasgow, he in 1862, she in 1865. Some extracts from the Brisbane papers combined with some of a different nature, previously sent to us, show that there is some difference of opinion as to Mr. Evans' séances.

The *Daily News* prints the following interesting letter respecting Lord Tennyson's Waking Trances:—

SIR,—In conversations with Lord Tennyson he has described to me the sensations experienced by him in words closely resembling those quoted in your leading article on Saturday last, and in his noble poem called "The Ancient Sage" (published in 1885) he writes:—

"More than once when I
Sat all alone, revolving in myself
The word that is the symbol of myself,
The mortal limit of the Self was loosed,
And passed into the Nameless, as a cloud
Melts into Heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the limbs
Were strange not mine—and yet no shade of doubt,
But utter clearness, and thro' loss of Self
The gain of such large life as match'd with ours
Were seen to spark—unshadable in words,
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world."

Yours truly

5, Norham-gardens, Oxford. A. G. WELD.

Dr. City Temple Parker is up North, and a reporter of the *Newcastle Daily Leader* has been probing the depths of the great man's inner consciousness:—

"What do you think of Spiritualism? Will it make headway among the churches here as it has done in America?"

"Certainly not as it has done in America. In that respect, as in others, it would be difficult for America to reproduce itself in England. We are altogether on too limited a scale for the American pattern. The so-called Spiritualists have brought immense discredit upon Spiritualism, but it does not therefore follow that Spiritualism is of the nature of an imposition. For myself I cannot but believe we have great advances to make in that direction. I have long had a firm faith in the supremacy of mind over matter to an extent which is not generally recognised. I have been intensely interested in the works of Laurence Oliphant, Sinnett, and writers of that class. I do not think that Walter Besant has brought utter contempt upon Spiritualism even by his amusingly clever book, *Herr Paulus*. Spiritualists certainly do expose themselves to many sneers. I am, however, open-minded enough to believe that in Spiritualism there is a great central truth. I know that Spiritualism has arrested some people on their downward career towards a gross materialism. Anything that could work such a miracle is to be regarded thankfully by Christian preachers. As to spirit-rapping and all the phenomena with which dark séances have made us familiar, I have nothing to say; but that leaves wholly untouched the infinite realm of possibility as to communication between spirit and spirit, world and world. Depend upon it, the universe is a good deal larger than any particular parish hat may be found in it."

Spookical Research :—

"A Florida negro mistook a mule for a ghost and poked it with a stick. The verdict recited that he came to his death by using too short a stick in probing the unknowable for evidence of a future existence."
—*Springfield Republican.*

Mr. Dunphy, whose decease is recorded in the *Times*, concerned himself somewhat with Spiritualism in the person of Miss Florrie Cook some fifteen years ago, but of late gave up the quest :—

"We have to announce the death, which took place yesterday, of Mr. Henry M. Dunphy, a well-known London journalist. Mr. Dunphy, who was in his sixty-eighth year, had been for upwards of forty years on the staff of the *Morning Post*. He was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1861 and went the South-Eastern Circuit; but his energies were chiefly devoted to the journalistic work in which he was actively engaged up to the day of his death."

Mr. Frederic Harrison, addressing the Positivists at the opening of the New Year, gave this as his estimate of our present condition after all our civilisation and Christianity. What power, he asked, could control forces so tremendous, and passions so wild? Nothing but religion could save the world, and the world was practically without religion :—

"Christianity, as the morality of nations, had visibly failed. Socially regarded, it did almost nothing to control the state of expectant war, and the jealousies of nations. The dignitaries of the national Christian Church were to be seen everywhere blessing the armies of Emperors and Kings, and offering up prayers and thanksgivings for victories and conquests. Did the representatives of Jesus of Nazareth do anything to reduce the number of men in arms, or to adjourn the day in which they would be engaged in the most tremendous and bloody war known in history? Did they mitigate the social warfare of classes, and the selfishness of wealth, or check the spoliation and enslavement of Africa? It was very much the fashion at present to trust to the spirit of the age to remedy all evils and bring about ultimate happiness. It was trusting to a broken reed."

And then he concluded a powerful impeachment of the existing state of things in all Christian countries by declaring that Europe was craving for religion to knit up its efforts and renew its hopes :—

"Theology and science stood apparently in a hopeless deadlock, where neither could crush the other or free itself from the other's grasp; and capital and labour, inseparably bound together as they were, were yet striking terrible blows at each other. If the old theology could really cure all these evils at last, or only begin to deal with them, in Heaven's name let it do so quickly, and all would welcome the triumph. The power of Christianity for the moral life of the individual was one which Positivism had always recognised; but the power of Christianity for the intellectual, scientific, or political life of nations in a revolutionary age, or for the industrial life of the present generation, was the problem of the day. It was there that Christianity not only failed, but was criminally complacent to the evils. And finding the religion of the past failing the present, the religion of Heaven and supernatural visions powerless to control this earth and its natural realities, they who were then met together were turning for religion to this actual world, to the laws which governed the wants and the needs which it manifested, and especially to the great Humanity, past, present, and to come, which was the greatest and the noblest living force which science could certainly show as controlling the lives of men."

A Ghost's Philosophy (Swan Sonnenschein; 1s.) would make a very fairly interesting account, in the form of a vision or dream, of what Spiritualism has been long teaching. But the tedious moralising, and the long-winded descriptions and reflections, make the book impossible.

Yet another dream of a winner. We shall soon be able to retort on the querist who wants to know why the spirits do not "spot the winner" of the Derby. The letter appears in the *Sporting Life* of December 14th :—

"SIR,—You may think the following remarkable coincidence worthy of a place in your paper :—On Friday night I dreamt that I was staying at my father's house, and while there my sister showed me a letter she had received from one of my brothers, beginning, 'My dear Mazzard.' Now, as my sister's name is not Mazzard, or anything in the least like it, it struck me as very funny, and so, in my dream, I asked, 'Why Mazzard?' but received no reply. On waking up I told my wife, who also said, 'Why Mazzard?' I may tell you that I had not the slightest idea that there was a horse of that name, nor had I, to the best of my belief, ever heard the word before. You may, therefore, imagine my surprise when reading my paper going up to town my eye caught the word 'Mazzard' as the name of a horse running that day at Sandown Park. I naturally exclaimed, and told my dream to a friend of mine in the same carriage, who insisted on having £1 on, so I did the same, just for luck. You can realise our feelings when we discovered in Sunday's paper that in a race pregnant with disaster to all the fancied ones Mazzard sailed home an easy winner at the odds of 20 to 1 (offered). I enclose my card, and remain, yours, &c., JOSEPH."

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Friends who are intending to forward donations are earnestly solicited to do so without delay.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

[Any acknowledgment of books received in this column neither precludes nor promises further notice.]

Mental Science Magazine (Chicago). Edited by MRS. SWARTS, who also publishes it. Deals with the prevalent phase of mind-cure, or mental healing, sometimes called Christian Science.

The Verulam Review. (July, 1888. Elliot Stock.) We cannot conceive why this antique is sent to us. Even as a novelty it would not interest us, for its contents have no bearing whatever on anything that concerns us.

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

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Light :

EDITED BY "M.A. (OXON.)"

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12th, 1889.

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

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

PROFESSOR HUXLEY ON SPIRITUALISM.

It has occurred to Professor Huxley, by way of lightening the burden of a learned leisure, to write a sensational article in our most sensational paper on one of the few things that he does not understand. There is an approach to omniscience in Mr. Huxley; and he can marshal his thoughts in such orderly array, and clothe them with such masterly language, that he is apt to be taken as an authority on any subject respecting which it pleases him to write. There is, perhaps, no man of science of the older generation to whom the world owes more: and assuredly there is none of whom it behoves us to speak with more respect. *Facile princeps* in his own department of science, a past President of the Royal Society, with heavy scientific appendages to his name, he speaks with authority when he deals with his own domain of science, and he is, moreover, master of a fascinating style which throws a glamour over his readers, and disinclines them to dissect the body that is so beautifully clothed.

Still the task must be attempted, if only for Truth's sake. A greater than Huxley is here involved.

Mr. Huxley has apparently been provoked by the mention of his name in the unsavoury company of the Fox sisters; for we believe that the mention of him in connection with the late D. D. Home (whom, however, he never met) was apropos of recent escapades of these unfortunate women. Mr. Huxley thinks that the space occupied in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (to which paper he writes) by the Chicago intelligence (on which he comments) might have been much better occupied by a reproduction of Moncure Conway's article, "The Spiritualists' Confession," in the *Open Court* of November 8th ult. We are not able to express an exact opinion, not having seen the article. But if the rest of it is at all like the extract that Mr. Huxley gives us from it, we should be very glad to see it reprinted and widely circulated. Mr. Huxley cites Mr. Conway as saying that "modern Spiritualism, though not half a century old, has gained more converts in that time than Christianity did in the first three centuries of its existence." We are much obliged for that admission. It is true, and we are glad to place it on record.

Mr. Huxley apparently imagines that Spiritualism is exclusively a matter of dark séances, raps, and odd move-

ments of furniture. In that he is not singular. Many foolish and incompetent critics, with whom Mr. Huxley would rightly be ashamed to be classed or associated, are of that very crude opinion. But he ought to know better than to express such an off-hand opinion on the strength of the few superficial experiments which he professes to have made. He would be the first to insist upon exhaustive experiment, often repeated, under conditions adequate for exact observation, before a biologist, a chemist, an astronomer, or any man of science worth his salt, ventured on a published opinion on an obscure and disputed point. Yet here we have this exact man of science writing dogmatically on one of the most obscure matters that can engage human thought, on the strength of a few—very few—confessedly hasty experiments.

More than this. We have this grave philosopher "by dint of patience and perseverance" arriving at the goal of his hopes. He "bends his toe and suddenly straightens it." Oh joy! "the result is a sharp rap on the sole of my shoe." It may be well to advise the embryo rappist, whom Professor Huxley may have stirred to emulation, that "to produce the best effect it is advisable to have thin socks and a roomy hard-soled boot . . . to pick out a thin place in the carpet . . . and to have the upper leather of kid."

This is the estimate which one of the most distinguished men in his own branch of science has permitted himself to formulate, and—what is more astounding—to publish, of that which increasingly occupies the attention of thinking men. It is melancholy, but it is, alas, true. Mr. Huxley has joined the small and incompetent army of whom the late Dr. W. B. Carpenter was a self-appointed leader. Let us assure him that all the Fox-cum-Huxley cracking of toe-joints has no more to do with Spiritualism than his article has with serious criticism. It does not in the least interest the world to know that "by dint of patience and perseverance" Mr. Huxley can displace certain parts of his organic system, and thereby make a noise. He ought to have had something better to do than to exhibit himself in so ludicrous a light.

All that Mr. Huxley apparently understands by Spiritualism might die to-day, and true Spiritualism be none the worse. This production of abnormal phenomena, some genuine, some the reverse, is merely the outward and visible sign of an intelligence behind them. It should not need us to point out to this keen and subtle mind that a whisper, be it ever so silly, that comes from the land beyond the grave is of infinite importance: and it would be base flattery to say the same of the noisy displacement of Mr. Huxley's toe.

"DICTIONARY OF THE WORLD'S PRESS."

We have received from Sell's Advertising Agency, 167, Fleet-street, a copy of the ninth annual issue of their *Dictionary of the World's Press*, 1,452 pp., price 2s. Surely the best value for the money ever issued. It contains useful information as to all that concerns a journalist: the law of libel: the new journalism, as recently exploited in London: the influence of the Press: the machinery of the Press: modern printing appliances: a complete list of all the chief newspapers: together with sixty photographic portraits of leading London and Provincial Editors. The encyclopædic work is a model of arrangement and typography.

"Is not faith essential to true knowledge, for the very reason that intellectual knowledge can only come through giving up conclusions and utter unfixing of convictions—a course which only faith can enable us to go through? Without faith we cannot intellectually know, because we cannot and will not fulfil the conditions of knowing; will not give up and alter, and utterly distrust ourselves. Is not this dependence of knowing upon trust beautiful? Is not the fact dimly expressed by some old sayings? An absolute trust in God, i.e., in that which is, independently of all things, and especially of our being right, is essential to knowing, because essential to learning; without it we infallibly cleave to our ignorant impressions, and dare not let them go."—HINTON'S *Philosophy of Religion*, p. 141.

"THE PHILOSOPHY OF MYSTICISM."*

[FIRST NOTICE.]

This is a very important work, perhaps the most important of its kind since the revival of interest in that inner meaning of things which is becoming more and more the characteristic of the time. All seekers after truth owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Massey for placing Carl du Prel's book within the reach of the English reader.

Night after night just now, notwithstanding the scoffing of a materialistic world, very many of that world are entranced, and pay heavily to be entranced, by the representation on the stage of a tragedy in which the so-called supernatural is the predominant idea. Men and women, some of whom at least, we may suppose, are reasonable beings, watch breathlessly the movements of the three weird sisters; and the sleep-walking of Lady Macbeth keeps a vast audience "hypnotised," as says the leading journal, every evening at the Lyceum Theatre. The Master of the secrets of our humanity, who notwithstanding the advance of knowledge, as we call it—when we glory in it—of the last 300 years, knew so much more of the wisdom that is behind that knowledge that the crust of surface development has been unable to hide, or even tarnish, the influence he has held in the world of thinking men. And that Master said "we are such stuff as dreams are made of." And this is what Carl du Prel has endeavoured to show that we are, to an extent that perhaps Shakespeare himself, though who can tell, hardly understood.

It strikes one indeed as somewhat curious that a third part of our lives is spent in a state of which we take but little account, except that we feel it necessary to spend it in the state. We are refreshed by sleep, that we know; and we dream in sleep, that we care but little about. Carl du Prel shows that we ought to care, and that very much, for that in that sleep another and a much less conditioned Ego than the Ego of daily existence appears to awake.

The author begins with the proposition that true progress is always in *depth*, not in *breadth*, and combats the misconception that the world problem will become more comprehensible as science develops. There must be *vertical* as well as *horizontal* progress. In this connection Du Prel shows that the greatest scientific principle which has been evolved in our time, that of biological development, is a protest against the pre-supposition of materialism. "The biological rise, and the rise of consciousness, signify a constant removal of the boundary between representation and reality, at the cost of the transcendental part of the world, and in favour of the perceived part. Darwin thus has proved that from the standpoint of organism, a transcendental world is continually given, and Kant has proved the same for man by his distinction between the 'thing-in-itself,' and the phenomenon." This is a very suggestive passage, and places the Darwinian hypothesis on a footing considerably different from that on which it is usually supposed to stand.

But time and space will not allow of a full and complete analysis of the way in which Du Prel shows the scientific importance of demonstrating that in the world-problem consciousness does not exhaust its object, and also that in self-consciousness that self-consciousness does not exhaust the Ego. We are always altering the threshold between the conscious and the unconscious.

To show that a transcendental Ego exists, there must be, asserts the writer—

- I. A duplication of human consciousness.
- II. An alternation of the two states of consciousness in inverse proportion to their intensity.
- III. Modifications of memory in connection with the alternation of the two states.
- IV. Functions of knowing and willing in both states, and that probably under

V. Modifications of measure of time and space.

Then, "if the logical consequences of a presupposed hypothesis are found to agree with facts of experience, the truth of the hypothesis is in the highest degree probable."

The hypotheses laid down are investigated with great care, mainly from the result of observation and experiment. And here it may be not out of place to make one of the few complaints that can be made about a book so thorough and so excellent. There is much confusion as to the arrangement.

* *The Philosophy of Mysticism*. By Carl du Prel, Dr. Phil. Translated from the German by C. C. Massey. (London: George Redway.

Having laid down the five hypotheses it would have been well to follow them in the order in which they are laid down. This has not been done, and some of the most valuable and suggestive remarks come in places where one would least expect them, and, therefore, to a certain extent, lose their proper force in the argument. But it is, of course, very hard for an author, full to overflowing of a subject of intense, and we may say of vital, interest, to calm himself down to the regular sequences of a mathematical investigation.

Du Prel then begins his investigation by showing the dramatic nature of dream. "In dream all stimuli are forthwith translated into perceptual images, and hence kaleidoscopic sequence of unordered representations is necessarily introduced. Abstract thoughts and memories immediately become imaginary perceptions; the local direction of thought becomes a spacial transportation." Moreover, too, here at once comes in the question of time, and this Du Prel has very ably treated. De Quincey's experiences and others of a like kind are brought to bear upon the subject, but the most important part of the argument would seem to be the frequent simultaneous occurrence of the apparent cause of the dream with its termination. Cause and effect are interchanged. As for instance, in this account of Maury:—"Maury was ill in bed, and dreamed of the French Revolution. Bloody scenes passed before him. He spoke with Robespierre, Marat, and other monsters of that time, was dragged before the tribunal, was condemned to death, and carried through a great crowd of people, bound to a plank. The guillotine severed his head from his shoulders. He woke with terror, to find that a rail over the bed had got unfastened, and had fallen upon his neck like a guillotine, and, as his mother, who was sitting by him, declared, at that very moment." This is a good illustration of a fairly common occurrence.

For the explanation of this kind of dramatic dream, as far as time is concerned, Du Prel considers that "this teleological arrangement might be brought about by the human Psyche, foreseeing in its transcendental consciousness the awakening cause, and teleologically disposing the course of the dream, either so that the future awakening cause determines the course of the dream as its *final cause*, or that the transcendental consciousness so contrives it that the sudden disturbance of sleep should be mitigated." This explanation, if it be the true one, gives a presumption in favour of a transcendental consciousness, a "second person of our subject."

But in connection with this subject of time, transcendental or otherwise, it is curious how difficult it is even for so advanced a thinker as Du Prel to get rid of preconceived ideas. Thus he says: "If we cannot represent time otherwise than under the figure of a line which we draw, that is because super-sensuous conceptions, to be represented to us, must clothe themselves in the forms of our consciousness." It is evident from the preceding explanation of Du Prel, that the line is still to him the only possible way of representing time. A surface, for example, does not occur to him.

In dream—and the somnambulant state is taken as the state of pure dream, for reasons to be explained—in dream there is, as part of its dramatic character, a sundering of the Ego. There has been shown to exist, from the transcendental measure of time, a presumption in favour of this transcendental Ego,—now its sundering from the other has to be shown. And here Du Prel introduces a definition of considerable use: "the boundary line between conscious and unconscious thinking is called the psycho-physical threshold"; so then, if there be the sundering suggested, *the psycho-physical threshold must be the breaking-place of this sunderance*.

Here it will be well to quote Du Prel at some length, as it is conceivable that the facts on which he bases his theory may be thought to have a different explanation. Presuming that thinking in the Unconscious goes on, he says:—

"Now if, as already explained, all from the Unconscious which oversteps the threshold is transposed outwards, so with regard to intellectual processes, every idea induced by involuntary association must appear as an external image, and every such suggestion (*Einfällt*) must be placed in the mouth of another. And so it is in fact. The whole fluidity and mutability of the dream-images depend on the conversion of abstractly associated ideas into external images. And since the intellectual process, whereby anything occurs (*einfällt*) to us has its course in the Unconscious, it must in dream take on the form of the dramatic sundering. This is so much the case, that when puns and witticisms are forthcoming in our dreams, those that arrive impromptu and without trouble are placed in the mouth of another, while those which are the products of conscious thought remain our own. Thus Boswell reports an account by Dr. Johnson of a dream in which he was engaged

with another in an argumentative contention, and how he was vexed by the superiority of his opponent. No wonder; for the dreamer, Johnson, was split into two persons at the line of cleavage of the threshold; the one worked with unconscious talent, the other with the conscious understanding, and, therefore, came off the worse."

Again:—

"Bertrand was asked by another in a dream, if he knew the origin of the word 'dame.' He replied that he did not; but being desired to consider, he replied, after some time, that it must come from the Latin *domina*. But this derivation was denied by the other, who looked at him as if in the enjoyment of his perplexity. When, at length, Bertrand gave it up, the other replied, laughing, 'Don't you see that it comes from the Latin word *damnare*, because we are plunged into perdition by women?'"

And another, still more striking:—

"Maury, when he was learning English, spoke that language with some one in a dream, and wishing to say that he had called on him the day before, used the words, 'I called for you yesterday.' The other at once told him that this expression was wrong, and that he should have said 'I called on you yesterday.' On awaking Maury looked and found that his censor was right."

If Du Prel be right, and this is a real dramatic sundering of the Ego, the transcendental Ego seems hardly to require much more proof of its existence. Yet if this answering comes out of the Unconscious, it does seem difficult to see why this should be the *self* answering rather than some other intelligence. Nevertheless as it is shown that personification becomes greater as the sleep becomes deeper, the personification of one's intellectual processes is not perhaps so great a difficulty as at first sight it appears to be. The arguments are not to be thrown aside lightly.

It must be seriously borne in mind, though, that if this theory be correct, the "dramatic division of the Ego draws a thick line through half of all the stories of spirits, by explaining them from our faculty of projecting and personifying subjective conditions."

π.

THE REAL ORIGIN OF "SHE."

Our great sensation-monger, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has an article in a recent issue (January 3rd) which is written in apparent good faith, and signed with the initials "R.D." We presume that the editor must have satisfied himself of the *bona fides* of his contributor, though the article reads like an extract from Jules Verne. Such as it is, under all reservations, we are of opinion that our readers will like to peruse this strange story, taking it for what it is worth. We, therefore, extract from the *Pall Mall Gazette* the following story:—

The Real Original of "She."

BY ONE WHO KNEW HER.

The psychological and psychical portions of Rider Haggard's *She* strike me as being not so much the creation of a vivid imagination as the simple recital—or, perhaps one should say, the skilful adaptation—of facts well known to those who penetrated the recesses of the West Coast of Africa a generation ago. Astounding, terrifying, and incredible as the powers of Ayesha appear to the casual reader, yet to the men who laboriously threaded the jungles and swamps of the riverain portion of West Africa, long before Stanley was thought of, they only seem like a well-known and familiar tale. The awful mysteries of Obeyah (vulgo Obi), and the powers possessed by the Obeyah women of those days, were sufficiently known to all the slave-traders of the West Coast to make the wonders worked by "She" seem tame by comparison. And, always excepting the idea of the revivifying and rejuvenating flame in the bowels of the earth in which "She" bathed, there is nothing but what any Obeyah woman was in the habit of doing every day. And the fact forces itself upon one that "She" is neither more nor less than a weak water-colour sketch of an Obeyah woman, made white, beautiful, and young, instead of being, as she invariably is, or was, black, old, and hideous as a mummy of a monkey. This is not only my own opinion, but that of all the old comrades of "the coast" of thirty years ago to whom the subject has been mentioned. Although the Obeyah men were, without exception, clumsy and ignorant charlatans, and simply worshipped Mumbo Jumbo, the Obeyah women were of a different creed: offered human sacrifices, under the most awful conditions, to Satan himself, whom they believed to inhabit the body of a hideous man-eating spider; practised evocation of evil spirits; and, beyond all dispute, possessed powers far exceeding any-

thing ever yet imagined in the wildest pages of fiction. To even hint at some of these wonders would be to subject one to one of three alternatives—to be considered either *menteur*, *farceur*, or *fou*.

Well! in the interests of occult science, I shall risk these kind imputations, and in a forthcoming work of professed fiction shall relate the wonders of Obeyah. One who has witnessed them can easily believe in the fabled Medusa, and in many mythological transmutations of which he read in school-days. There is nothing on record in the ancient myths of any religion that is not done by the Obeyah of to-day. The human imagination—whatever philosophers may think—has not the power to create; and whatever you have read of magical powers—especially those of necromancy—are absolutely possible; absolutely true; absolutely accomplished! From Moses to Bulwer Lytton; from Jannes and Jambres, of the Egyptians, to all the wonders of India, there is nothing—never has been anything—that cannot be done, and is not done, by the African Obeyah.

I remember, more than thirty years ago, meeting an Obeyah woman, some hundreds of miles up the Cameroons river, and who had her residence in the caverns at the foot of the Cameroons Mountains. In parenthesis, I may remark that I could not have existed there for one moment had I not been connected, in some form or other, with the slave trade. That by the way. Judge for yourselves, O my readers, whether "She" was not "evolved" from Subè, the well-known Obeyah woman of the Cameroons, or from one of a similar type. Subè stood close on six feet, and was supposed by the natives to be many hundred years of age. Erect as a dart, and with a stately walk, she yet looked 2,000 years old. Her wrinkled, mummified, gorilla-like face, full of all iniquity, hate, and uncleanness (moral and physical), might have existed since the Creation, while her superb form and full limbs might have been those of a woman of twenty-four. "Pride in her port and venom in her eye," were her chief characteristics; while her dress was very simple, consisting of a head-dress made of sharks' teeth, brass bosses, and tails of some species of lynx. Across her bare bosom was a wide scarf or baldric made of scarlet cloth, on which were fastened four rows of what appeared like large Roman pearls, of the size of a large walnut. These apparent pearls, however, were actually human intestines, bleached to a pearly whiteness, inflated and constricted at short intervals, so as to make a series of little bladders. On the top of her head appeared the head of a large spotted serpent—presumably some kind of boa constrictor—the cured skin of which hung down her back nearly to the ground. Round her neck she wore a solid brass quoit of some four pounds weight, too small to pass over her head, but which had no perceptible joint or place of union. Heavy bangles on wrists and ankles reminded one somewhat of the Hindoo woman's; but hers were heavier, and were evidently formed from the thick brass rods used in "the Coast trade," and hammered together *in situ*. Her skirt was simply a fringe of pendent tails of some animal—presumably the mountain lynx—intermingled with goats' tails. In her hand she carried what seemed to be the chief instrument of her power, and what we in Europe should call a "magic wand." But this was no wand; it was simply a hollow tube about four inches long, closed at one end, and appearing to be made of a highly glittering kind of carved ivory. Closer inspection, however, showed that it was some kind of reed about an inch in diameter, and encrusted with human molar teeth, in a splendid state of preservation, and set with the crowns outwards. When not borne in the right hand, this instrument was carried in a side pouch, or case, leaving the open end out.

Strange to say—this mystery I never could fathom—there was always a faint blue smoke proceeding from the mouth of this tube, like the smoke of a cigarette, though it was perfectly cold and apparently empty. I shall never forget the first day on which I asked her to give me a specimen of her powers. I had previously witnessed all the marvels of the Indian conjurers, as well as the ink mirror of the Arab dervishes. Therefore I quietly settled down to enjoy the performance without expecting to be astonished, but only amused. I was astonished, though, to find this six feet of humanity, weighing at least eleven stone, standing on my outstretched hand when I opened my eyes (previously closed by her command), and when I could feel not the slightest weight thereon. I was still more so when, still standing on my outstretched palm, she told me to shut my eyes again and reopen them

instantaneously. I did so, and she was gone. But that was not all; while I looked round for her, a stone fell near me, and, looking upwards, I saw her calmly standing on the top of a cliff nearly 500ft. in height. I naturally thought it was a "double," that is, another woman dressed like her, and said so to the bystanding natives, who shouted something in the Ephiic language to her. Without more ado she walked—not jumped—over the side of the cliff, and with a gentle motion, as though suspended by Mr. Baldwin's parachute, gradually dropped downwards till she alighted at my feet. My idea always was that this tube of hers was charged with some (to us) unknown fluid, or gas, which controlled the forces of nature; she seemed powerless without it.

Further, none of her "miracles" was, strictly speaking, non-natural. That is, she seemed able to control natural forces in most astounding ways, even to suspend and overcome them, as in the previous instance of the suspension of the laws of gravitation; but in no case could she violate them. For instance, although she could take an arm lopped off by a blow of a cutlass, and, holding it to the stump, pretend to mutter some gibberish while she carefully passed her reed round the place of union (in a second of time complete union was effected, without a trace of previous injury), yet, when I challenged her to make an arm sprout from the stump of our quartermaster, who had lost his left forearm in action some years before, she was unable to do so, and candidly declared her inability. She said, "It is dead: I have no power." And over nothing dead had she any power. After seeing her change toads into tic-polongas (the most deadly serpent on the coast), I told her to change a stone into a trade-dollar. But no, the answer was the same—"It was dead." Her power over life was striking, instantaneous, terrible. The incident in *She* of the three blanched finger-marks on the hair of the girl who loved Kallikrates, and the manner of her death, would have been child's play to Subè. When she pointed her little reed at a powerful warrior, in my presence—a man of vast thews and sinews—with a bitter, hissing curse, he simply faded away. The muscles began to shrink visibly, and within three minutes' space he was actually an almost fleshless skeleton. Again, in her towering rage against a woman, the same action was followed by instantaneous results. But instead of withering, the woman absolutely petrified there and then; and, standing erect, motionless, her whole body froze as hard as stone, as we see the carcasses of beasts in Canada. A blow from my revolver on the hand (and, afterwards, all over the body) rang as if I were striking marble. Until I saw this actually done, I must confess that I never really believed in Lot's wife being turned into a pillar of rock salt. After it, I was disposed to believe a good deal.

One of the things which most impressed me was when she poured water from a calabash into a little cavity scooped by her hands in the soft earth. That this was nothing but water I satisfied myself by the taste. Telling me to kneel down and gaze steadfastly on the surface of the water, she told me to call for any person whom I might wish to see. And here a rather curious point arose. She insisted on having the name *first*. I gave her the name of a relative, Lewis, which she repeated after me three times to get it fixed correctly on her memory. In repeating her incantation, a few minutes afterwards she pronounced the word "Louise," though I did not pay much attention to it at the time. When, however, her wand was waved over the water, evolving clouds of luminous smoke, and I saw distinctly reflected in it, after those clouds had passed away, the face and form of a relative of mine standing in front of an audience, evidently reciting some composition, I told her she had made a mistake. I did not acknowledge to having seen anything for some time, but at last I told her it was the wrong person. Then, naturally, argument followed. She insisted that I said "Louise." However, at last, I taught her the correct pronunciation of Lewis, and I saw the man I wanted, sitting with his feet elevated above his head, *more Americano*, and calmly puffing his pipe while reading a letter. I need scarcely say that I verified the time at which these things occurred; and in both instances I found them, allowing for the difference in longitude, absolutely and exactly correct.

Space will not allow, or I could go on for hours relating the wonders that I have seen Subè perform. And the most wonderful of all I have left untold, because they seem, even to myself, utterly incredible. Yet they are there, burned into my brain ever since that awful night when I was a concealed and unsuspected witness of the awful rites and mysteries of the Obeyyah in the caverns of the Cameroons.

R. D.

SPIRITUALISM AND RELIGION.

TWO RECENT ADDRESSES.

The Rev. Minot Savage has recently made some remarks in the course of one of his sermons at the Church of the Unity which seem to us words of truth and soberness.

Premising that the time was not so far back when all people believed the same thing, had substantially the same idea of God, and believed in the same way as to the origin and destiny of man, when the Church stood as the representative of religious opinion, professing to hold the keys of salvation, he asserted that thinking men now-a-days are infinitely various in opinion:—

"There is going on a process of disintegration. This has begun in the Roman Catholic Church. The Protestant Church is being divided up into innumerable sects. There is a change represented by what has come to be called Liberal orthodoxy. The same change is creeping into missions, disturbing theological institutions, and working in the minds of ministers, leading them to neglect or overlook those doctrines that are unacceptable to their congregations. Then there is Unitarianism, free religion, ethical culture, scientific materialism, Ingersolism and Agnosticism in all its forms. Again, such is the hunger of the heart for its spiritual food, there are signs of reaction from these purely materialistic and agnostic tendencies. Having lost their faiths, some people are going back to the beliefs of the East, and we have Theosophy, Metaphysics, and Christian Science. We are thus in the midst of confusion and of conflicting demands."

Do these signs of the times indicate the decay of faith? Is the world growing wickeder (as has lately been alleged), more careless of religion, more irreverent and godless? Such questions Mr. Savage answers in the only way in which they can be answered. He points to the evolution and development of the God-idea in somewhat the same way as it is stated in "M.A. (Oxon's.)" *Higher Aspects of Spiritualism*, and in the same author's *Spirit Teachings*. The passage (in summary) coming from so important a source is too important to be passed over:—

"We need to remember that this race of ours began in childhood, weak, helpless, and ignorant, in the midst of a universe which we have found to be practically infinite. It has been growing and learning from the beginning. This is the key to the whole problem. It was inevitable that a child world should have childish thoughts about itself, about men, and about the future. So that, instead of doing as we have been taught to do, looking back for wisdom, we should look back for childishness. The idea that the fathers, the patriarchs, and the prophets were nearer to God than we sprang out of the theory that the world began in perfection and fell away from it. We now reverse the conception, for we know that the best thoughts are of to-day, and not of the childhood of the world.

"When the world was a child it spake as a child, and in the understanding of that child was the birth of all the world's religions. From that day to this the world has been growing mature. Yet it is my conviction that even to-day only some little fragments of the world deserve to be called civilised. People who shall be living a thousand years hence will look back upon the talk and crudeness of the nineteenth century with as much grown-up compassion as that with which we regard the crudeness of the Middle Ages. I say this merely to emphasise the fact of growth. Every religion from the beginning has simply been the attempt of the world's child mind to think the truth about the world, and about itself and about its relations to God. Every religion, the wide world over, has been nothing more nor less than an attempt on the part of man to get into right relations with the unseen and infinite power. And if Christianity be the grandest religion the world has ever seen, it is because it is the religion of the most civilised races."

Three things in Mr. Savage's opinion have contributed to shake the old dishonouring idea of God—geology, biology, and humanitarianism. The first attacks the orthodox idea of creation generally, and pulverises it. The second demolishes the idea of the special creation and fall of man. The last makes it impossible to believe in a God

such as the earlier ages imagined: a God to whom the meanest human passions—anger, spite, jealousy, vindictiveness, to name no more—were attributed.

“Man has grown so tender-hearted, and has developed such a keen sense of what is just and right, that men cannot believe in the God they used to worship. In France, before the Revolution, the King would give to one of his followers *carte blanche* to arrest any one whom he did not like, and such person, arrested in youth, would rot till old age in the Bastille without the King being disturbed in the slightest. It was that kind of cruelty and barbarism, that lack of sensitive sympathy concerning the sufferings of others, that used to be practically universal. It was in such a state of mind that it was possible for men to believe in a God supremely selfish, egotistic—adespot of the universe—seated on His throne arranging everything for His own glory, sending this one to Heaven merely to illustrate the beauty of His grace, and that one to hell merely to illustrate the severity of His justice and the power of the Infinite to torture. Even were there no criticism, the mere growth of civilisation, the increase of goodness and sympathy, would be sufficient to enable men to reject the old idea about God. Even churches who claim to hold to the ancient system are putting aside more and more those things which the reverence and sympathy and love of man will no longer bear. Modern views and knowledge demand that, at least, the infinite God shall be as good as a good man. And all this means, not that the human race is growing less moral, less loving, less reverent, but that it has grown too intelligent, too tender-hearted, too good to bear the intellectual contradictions, the puerilities of the old religions.”

That is the outspoken utterance of one of the foremost religious thinkers of the day.

Turn we now to what we may call a voice of the New Dispensation. Mrs. Lillie, speaking at Boston (U.S.A.), on “Our Place Among the Religions of the World” (as reported recently in the *Banner of Light*) said amongst other things:—

“I know that some are ready to say that Spiritualism is not a religion. This is because they have become satiated with what has been given them in its name in the past, in which so much of error has been embodied.”

So many have found themselves discontented with the husks that man has grown round the kernel of truth that was last revealed through Jesus Christ, that they have felt disposed to reject husk and kernel altogether. It is not religion that they reject but man-made theology. The hopeful sign of the present age is that man desires to learn the truth, and does not, as aforesaid, wish merely to be an iconoclast. Man, by nature, is inclined to religion, the best evidence that he is a spiritual being. Finding himself in a transitory state he ponders on a future state of being.

Pursuing this line of thought, the lecturer showed how man had, from earliest ages, endeavoured to link himself with the world-life, the *Anima Mundi*, which he called God—the embodiment of the underlying Spirit of Nature, seen in the budding flower, in the forest tree, in the animal, in the face of man—to be carried on through infinite processes of progression which the finite eye cannot reach. The measure of the future is the experience of the past. The only gauge available is the revelation made to knowledge (not to faith) by Spiritualism.

Contrasting the teachings of Orthodoxy with those of the Higher Spiritualism (much to the advantage of the latter) it is claimed by the lecturer that the Spiritualist alone can answer the great question with which man is most concerned, “What are we after death, if we exist at all?” While preceding systems have rested on faith and hope, Spiritualism alone rests on knowledge. It is accordingly a religion in the truest sense of the term, for it gives man a solid ground for the exercise of all those faculties of spirit which are purely and essentially religious. It conduces to the highest life in man, which all agree to be superior to the mere formal profession of religion. It leads to reverence in dealing with holy things. It tends to worship of the highest ideal. It is only not religious in

the minds of those who have erected a wholly false ideal and cling to the fallacies of the past. The earlier generations of men framed for themselves such an ideal as they could realise, and lived up to it. Therein was their salvation. But we have a larger illumination, and it is our duty to live up to that.

Such in briefest outline were the two addresses quite recently delivered in the same town, and we recommend them to the consideration of our readers.

COUNT TOLSTOI'S PARABLE.

We quoted recently a beautiful parable of Count Tolstoi's. Here is a variant of it. It is characteristic of the age that the writer is much more concerned as to where Tolstoi got it than as to the spiritual teaching that it conveys. “A mad world, my masters!”:—

“To the Editor of the ‘*Pall Mall Gazette*.’”

“SIR,—In your leader of Monday last there occurs a passage which has set me a-wondering as to whether Count Tolstoi has not been plagiarising in his parable of ‘Where love is there is God also.’ As I read your summary of his story of how, in feeding and clothing the poor, a poor man entertained Christ, a half-forgotten story came dimly back to my mind, which, as a child, I had read and re-read, more, indeed, because I was very much interested in the fate of the ‘best hen’ which was killed for the sake of the expected visitor than for anything else. It was in my schoolbook, and if I am not mistaken, it was by the well-known author, Matthias Claudius. It told of how a poor peasant sat at church on Easter Monday, and how the words of Christ, ‘Children, have ye any meat?’ entered deep into his soul, and the thought of the hungering Redeemer forced tears into his eyes. But presently he folded his hands and prayed, ‘O Lord, if thou art hungry, come and be my guest next Sunday, and deign to sit at my lowly board.’ He goes home, and every evening of the week he repeats the same prayer; his eyes glow with expectation, but he says not a word till Saturday morning comes. Then he turns to his wife: ‘Mother, to-morrow an august visitor will be with us. Prepare everything; clean the whole cottage; put a beautiful bunch of flowers in the room, and take the best hen and kill it, for we must honour him in every way.’ The mother smiles, and asks, ‘What, you have invited a gentleman?’ The children pleaded, ‘Tell us his name!’ but he turns away and prays his prayer once again. At dinner-time on Sunday everything is ready, but no guest appears. ‘Father, the hen will spoil,’ sighs the wife; ‘is not your visitor soon coming?’ ‘Soon, very soon,’ he says, and turns his face to the sky, silently praying, ‘O Lord, come and be our guest.’ Then there is a knock at the door, and in looks a poor, tattered old man. ‘For Christ's sake, give me a piece of bread,’ he pleads, and with open arms, overflowing with happiness, the peasant leads him in. ‘Come, come, how long thou hast tarried. See, mother; see little children; a week ago I invited Christ, and He has come to us in the shape of this old man.’ So far the story runs, which I used to consider ended too abruptly, as we were never told what the *mutter* and the *kindlein* said after this development. Can it not be that Tolstoi, during the years of his childhood or youth, saw the old story somewhere, or heard it from his German tutor, old Karl Ivanlitch, and reproduced it, perhaps forgetting that such details of it as were still in his mind were more than the reminiscence of a dream or a fancy. Or is it only a curious coincidence that the very same idea occurred to two writers of different periods and nations?—Yours truly,
“December 27th. “A GERMAN.”

“WHAT does it matter if one's work be raw and uncomely! All that lies outside the great organised traditions of our age must always look so!”—*Robert Elsmere*, p. 413.

MENTAL PRESSURE.—“A zealous clergyman was examining a Sunday-school. He asks the first little boy sternly: ‘Boy, who has created the world?’ Boy, in consternation: ‘I don't know.’ Parson, with increased sternness: ‘Who has created the world, you bad boy?’ Boy, crying: ‘I really don't know.’ Parson, with great ire and vehemence: ‘What! Not who created the world, boy? If you don't tell me directly, I will have you caned.’ Boy, blubbing in despair: ‘Oh! sir, I confess I have done it, but I will never do it again.’”—*Given by “A Foreign Observer of English Institutions” in a Tiverton paper for 1871*

ANCIENT TESTIMONY TO MODERN FACTS.

Rope-tying Tricks in India.

A correspondent of a Madras journal gives the following account of the rope-tying trick as performed in his presence by an Indian juggler:—"A native sat in a strong blackwood arm-chair. We fastened a rope to his right arm, passed it under the arm of the chair, round the back, under the left arm, and then made it fast to his left arm. We passed the rope backward and forward in this manner five times. We then fastened the rope round the right arm with a triple knot, and winding it round the ropes passing behind the chair about twenty times, made a triple knot at the left arm. We then carried on the rope to the wrists, and made them fast by crossing and recrossing, and knotting it. The thumbs were then tied together and the rope carried back to the wrist and knotted. Afterwards we tied his legs together above the ankles, crossing and recrossing the rope in a complicated manner. We next bound his big toes together, and carried back the rope to the tie on his legs. We had used nineteen yards of rope—quite enough, we thought, to make him secure. The man could not move his hands either to his arms or his legs, so as to touch an end of the rope; and if he could have done so, they were tied so tightly as, in our judgment, to prevent him from using them. When he thought the tie was weak he asked that it might be strengthened, gave us perfect liberty to tie him as we liked, and at his request we continued binding him, after he appeared to us to be quite secure. More than twenty minutes elapsed before we had finished binding him. I afterwards put a paper round the rope where it crossed between his legs, and where the last knot was tied, and sealed it with sealing wax and stamp. We left him at the west side of my study, seated in the blackwood armchair before mentioned, he promising that when we returned he would be sitting in a teak armchair on the east side, with the ropes arranged exactly as we left them. In five minutes he summoned us, and we found the paper and seal undamaged, and every knot and portion of the rope as we had arranged them—only he was seated in the teak armchair. I wished to see if he could unfasten himself without the 'spiritual' aid rendered so freely to the Davenport Brothers, and left him to do so. In four and a-half minutes he recalled us. We found the rope stretched out over the floor, and the man unbound and erect before us. I told him there were men in England who were bound in the same way, but had spirits to untie them, at which he laughed the laugh of the incredulous. We could have remained in the room by allowing him to cover himself with a sheet during the performance of the trick."

A Seventh Century Davenport.

A curious case of freedom from bonds is mentioned by the Venerable Bede, in his *Ecclesiastical History*, Book IV., chap. 22, *Anno Domini*, 679. The young man of the narrative bore the name of Imma, and having been found to possess the power of freeing himself immediately from any bonds the moment "they that bound him were gone," the reverend monks and fathers of the neighbouring monastery (probably of Towcester) at once determined that it should prove the power of masses to loose the bonds of souls in the eternal world, and thus he gives the proof, which doubtless brought "much grain to the abbot and monks of Tunnacaester." In a battle fought between King Egfrid and Ethelred, King of the Mercians, A. D. 679, this young man named Imma, of Ethelred's army, was wounded and taken prisoner by Egfrid. On his recovery from his wounds, the earl, to whose safe keeping he had been entrusted, had him securely bound to prevent his escape. This, however, his captors could not effect, "for as soon as they that bound him were gone his bonds were all loosened!" Now, Imma had the good fortune to have a brother who was a priest and abbot of Tunnacaester (now Towcester, in Northamptonshire), and he believing that Imma had been killed, constantly celebrated masses for the absolution of his soul. The earl who kept him, being greatly amazed at his power of freeing himself from all bonds, inquired of him why he could not be bound, and how it was that none could bind him but he was presently loosed again: had he any spells about him such as are spoken of in fabulous stories? He replied that he knew not, except that his brother, Priest Tunna, supposing him to be killed, was saying masses for him. The earl, therefore, finding that he could not keep him, sold him as a slave, but neither could his new master bind him, but though his enemies put several sorts of bonds on him they were all loosed, whereupon the buyer, perceiving that he could in no way be bound, gave him leave to ransom himself if he could. Returning to his brother to get the money necessary for the purpose, he found that his bonds had been always loosed at the time his brother had celebrated the masses for him! Bede goes on to tell how many persons, on hearing this account, were stirred up, in the faith and devotion of piety, to offer up the sacrifice of the holy oblation for the delivery of their friends who had departed this world.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Spiritualism in Holland.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Allow me to express my gratitude for the pleasure the perusal of your paper has afforded me during the past year; and, to wish you God's blessing and the help of holy and wise spirits during the year we have just entered.

We have just had a meeting of Spiritualists and Spiritists from all parts in Holland, in the centre town of our country, Utrecht, on December 27th last, where sixty-two of our friends were gathered together, amongst them sixteen sisters. It was the first meeting of the kind in our country, and we had an enormous success.

The first meeting was from 1 to 4 p.m., the second from 8 to 11 p.m. The chair was taken by the editor of the *Spiritual Weekly* in Middelburg.

The principal resolution, accepted by acclamation, was the formation of a band "Harmonia," the members of which bound themselves to leave aside all questions about re-incarnation *pro* and *con*, which tend to make warm heads and cold hearts, to sow disunion and animosity amongst brethren and sisters who agree upon so many points that should bind them together, viz., the adoration of a God as the Father of all, the Fountain of all good, our Sustainer and Creator; the knowledge of a continuance of life after death has separated us from our bodies; the proven fact of communion between the inhabitants of this world and the next; the certainty that what men sow here they will reap hereafter; and the eternal excelsior in development, purity, holiness, wisdom, and love to be the prospect of every created soul.

Where there is so much to unite, why should we allow ourselves to be disunited? Why break our strength? Why not leave the questions which cannot be proved alone till, in the next world, the full light of God's truth will gradually dawn upon us and its warmth will melt all errors away.

These considerations led both Spiritists and Spiritualists to join "Harmonia," a band of brethren and sisters which I hope will soon bind all our co-believers together.

I think this is good news and a very proper answer to the song of angels on Christmas, "Peace upon earth."

I heartily wish that all discord, all strife and disharmony amongst the friends, both in Holland and in England, in fact over all the world, may come to an end in the course of this year, and that all of us may at the end of it, have reason to praise the Lord and glorify His name for His tender love made active in every one of us!

May God bless you, yours, and your work, also your co-workers.

Believe me, with love and respects,

JAN STRAAK.

Apeldoorn, Holland. (Editor of the *Spiritual Weekly*.)

January 2nd, 1889.

[Our cordial regards.—Ed. of "LIGHT."]

Mesmerism and Psychical Research.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Part XIII. of the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* has just been published, and its pages contain a full and pictorial and beautiful eulogium by Mr. Myers, on the character and the psychological work of the late Edmund Gurney, whose untimely end has struck so severe a blow on his friends and on psychological research.

All who read this analytical eulogium, must do so with affection and regard, and feel with Mr. Myers, as he so poetically expresses it, that as Mr. Gurney in his researches "beat against the bars of our earthly prison house, he forced a narrow opening through which we seem to breathe immortal air."

There is, however, in Mr. Myers' eulogy, on p. 367, a passage which has, it appears to me, been inserted without sufficient reflection, in these words:—

"Is the hypnotic state ever induced by some yet unrecognised agency—some specific influence of operator on subject? To this question Edmund Gurney and I were, so far as I can discover, for some years the only writers who maintained the affirmative answer."

Now, I must remind the reader that hypnotic experiments are of two kinds. In the first instance the individual hypnotises himself by inducing a more or less entranced condition of the soul, by concentrating his mind, as on a disc placed in his own hand. In this experiment there is of course no "specific influence" transferred, there being no operator external to the experimenter; but when the hypnotic condition is induced by an

external operator, then the so-called hypnotic experiment becomes a mesmeric experiment; in which case, as a practical mesmerist of fifty years' experience, I would say that I have hardly ever met with any mesmeriser who did not hold that there passed from the operator to the subject a "specific influence." Further, I believe that in almost all the books written on the subject the doctrine of *specific influence*, if not directly taught, is implied; the positive operator and the negative recipient being the invariable two factors.

For myself I have written very little on mesmerism, but the error into which Mr. Myers has fallen in stating that, so far as he knows, he and Mr. Gurney of late years have alone in writing committed themselves to the theory of an unknown specific influence, passing from operator to subject, is answered in a letter I published in "LIGHT," December 22nd, 1883, of which the following is an extract:—

"I regard mesmerism as the action of mind on mind, as in the 'willing game'; but is there such a thing as the mesmeric aura?"

"Sensitives often say that they see lights of various colours, emanating from mesmerists, and also that they discriminate their sensations, as imparted by the fingers of the operators, as cold or hot, pleasant or disagreeable, according to the quality of the magnetism of the distinctive operators; and for myself I have often experienced when mesmerising pricking sensations as of something streaming from the tips of my fingers.

"I believe then that there is a 'mesmeric aura,' but I am still inclined to believe that it is not this aura chiefly which heals diseases, but I rather believe that it is the will, the desire, the sympathy, the love which heals, and that the vibrations, so to speak, of these emotions, are conveyed to the sensitives by a magnetic current; this magnetised aura being the product of nutrition, as emanating from the life blood. Hence the sensation as of blood depletion, even in rare cases to the extent of syncope, experienced by many mesmerists when they effect cures, may be regarded as a Christ-like laying down of one's life for others."

With regard to those most interesting mesmeric experiments alluded to by Mr. Myers, and which for some years have been conducted at various hospitals in France by scientific physicians, and so frequently brought before us by Mr. Gurney and Mr. Myers, I must be permitted to say that I have not seen in the records of these experiments one new fact in mesmerism. The phenomena are accounted for in various ways and described in a distinctive phraseology, but the experienced mesmerist has not added therefrom one new fact to his repertory.

While then it is impossible not to rejoice that mesmerism, so long despised and rejected of men, is now being investigated by trained scientific methods, it would yet be very unjust not to confess that this result has been forced by the persistent teaching of innumerable lecturers during the last half century, and by unlearned men, many of whom have accumulated facts in quantity and quality far exceeding those as yet possessed on this subject by all the learned *savants* of France.

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Missing the Points.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—The word used by your correspondent "T.W.," when he speaks of the "threats of Jesus," may possibly convey a wrong impression of the character and mission of our Lord, already misunderstood by so many Theosophists. Jesus says, "Think not that I will accuse you to the Father" (St. John v. 45), and also, "I came not to judge the world, but to save the world." (St. John xiii. 47.) It is true that our Lord warned His hearers of the danger of rejecting Him, and the significance of this warning may be better understood soon. If a clearer perception of spiritual matters is occasionally vouchsafed to sensitives it is, of course, not because of any merit of their own, but in order that they may help others. In coming forward as a champion of Christianity, "T.W." lays stress upon rewards and punishments. Surely Christians should be above such considerations! Jesus is our reward, and that includes all imaginable happiness. But we are ready, or ought to be ready, "to descend into hell" to perform His will.

I have before been accused of writing "mystically," therefore I will conclude my letter with a practical hint to those who intend to study "Theosophy." Do not be persuaded, on any pretence whatsoever, to consciously project the astral double for purposes of amusement or sensationalism. To use a prosaic metaphor, the double may be compared to a runaway engine. If it "misses the points" it will go off into chaos, unless a pilot engine is sent to fetch it back. Let the student think over this comparison in connection with our earth, as well as his own

spiritual constitution, and perhaps he will arrive at the conclusion that Christianity is not all myth and mysticism. LEO.

London Occult Society.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—I trust you will kindly insert this, as our society is greatly in need of help. We have now obtained good rooms, and intend to give a course of interesting lectures, and we do hope that your readers will help us, not only financially, but by attending the same. I have often felt regret that many lectures on subjects rarely treated, such as alchemy, astrology, &c., should be given to small audiences. We are in treaty with Mr. Redway, and intend, if supported sufficiently, to lend members books from his library for a nominal sum. If any of your readers would like to avail themselves of this opportunity, I will ask them to write to me and join us at once. I appeal to our many friends not to let our work fall to the ground, but to give us help and renewed support.

A. F. TINDALL, A. Mus. T.C.L.

30, Wyndham-street, W.

SOCIETY WORK.

5, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—Last Sunday evening, readings from "LIGHT" and *Two Worlds* were given, which proved greatly interesting to those present. Wednesday evening next, meeting at eight o'clock. Sunday next, a lecture at seven o'clock, by Mr. Iver McDonnell.—M. G., Sec., 8, Manor-road, Forest Hill.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—Mr. Harper's lecture at the meeting on Sunday morning last was much appreciated. Mr. Joseph Humphries also spoke on "Woman's Spiritual Mission." On Sunday next Mr. J. Veitch at 11 a.m.; Mr. R. Harper at 7 p.m. Anniversary services on Sunday, January 27th.—W. E. LONG, Sec.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, MORTIMER-STREET.—We were surprised to see so large an audience on Sunday, considering the coldness of the weather, but it was an evidence that greater interest than ever is now being taken in our meetings. The singing went off very well. Will some young lady singers kindly come and assist us? We want all our young friends to use every effort to promote the cause of truth everywhere possible during the present year.—T. H. HUNT.

THE LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY, 18, BAKER-STREET (close to Baker-street Station, and opposite the Portman Rooms).—Last Sunday evening, before Mr. Harper's interesting lecture, I read some extracts and made some remarks upon Mr. C. C. Massey's translation of Du Prel's *Philosophy of Mysticism*. Next Sunday evening Mr. Read will continue our readings from this interesting work, and discourse thereupon. We hope many will avail themselves of this opportunity of hearing the evidence in favour of the existence of the Higher Self. After this Mr. Walker will give a short trance address, and also clairvoyant tests. On his last visit these tests were very remarkable.—A. F. TINDALL, A. Mus. T.C.L., President, 30, Wyndham-street, W.

ZEPHYR HALL, 9, BEDFORD-GARDENS, NOTTING HILL GATE, W.—On December 31st between sixty and seventy friends assembled at 10 p.m. to finish the Old Year and commence the New by holding a spiritual and devotional service. Short addresses were given by Mr. R. Lees and Mr. W. O. Drake. It was unanimously agreed to be more faithful and sincere workers in our holy cause in the New Year. Several ladies provided a good supply of tea, coffee, cake, &c., which was partaken of during the meeting. The use of the hall was kindly given free of charge. On Sunday morning last short speeches were given by members, followed by healing by Mr. Goddard, sen. In the evening the audience were entertained by Mr. Portman, and by clairvoyance by Mr. Mathews. Next Sunday, at eleven, service as usual, and healing, by Mr. Goddard. Afternoon at three, members' meeting. Evening at seven, Mr. W. E. Walker, address and clairvoyance. A lady has promised to sing Piusuti's beautiful song, "Angel Land."—W. O. DRAKE, Hon. Sec.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"AN OBSERVER" "1ST. M.B. (LOND.)," "NIZIDA," T.L.H., and others.—Unavoidably postponed for a week.

B.H.—No thank you. No good ever comes of such discussions, where the opposing parties have no common ground of knowledge and experience.

M. A. N.—We must beg you to excuse us. We have closed that unpleasant subject, except as far as any evidence can reconcile the discrepancy between acts and words. Your MSS., which we cannot use, has been returned.

ANXIOUS.—No cause for any anxiety. They who chiefly attack Spiritualism are they who know least about it. See Huxley in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of January 1st, and our comments thereupon. We want patient study, not proselytising or polemics.