

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTICE.

The Editor is at present out of reach of postal communications. He begs the consideration of his contributors and correspondents during his absence. With the exception of his own personal contributions, the Journal will go on in its own orderly way. "Notes by the Way" will be replaced by a series of "Coincidences," which he hopes may be found of interest, and to which he trusts that his readers may be able to add.

COINCIDENCES.

No. VII.

We give this week another selection from our correspondence. May we again urge our readers to send us similar cases for use as required ?]

About 1845, one of my friends, who was connected with the office of the prosecuting magistrate at Colmar, gave me the following account of an occurrence which had come under his personal observation :—

The officials in charge of the stage-coach offices at Colmar sent one day to the Procureur du Roi* a deal box, securely nailed down and sealed, and strongly corded, which was labelled, "Gold and Silver Lace, Parcels Office, Colmar—to be called for." The label was, however, hidden by a packet of printed handbills with the heading *Stolen Watches*, announcing an extensive robbery of watches which had been committed at a jeweller's shop in Lyons. These handbills had been thrust under the cord which surrounded the box. The box and the handbills had been duly delivered at the stage-coach offices in Colmar, and on seeing the heading "Stolen Watches" on the bills the manager thought that it applied to the contents of the box, and hence considered it his duty to send the whole parcel to the magistrate's office. The box had hardly left the coach office when a person called to lay claim to it. He was informed that it was at the office of the "Procureur du Roi." There the mistake was soon discovered. The label with the words "Gold and Silver Lace" hidden up till then was uncovered, and the box was thereupon returned to the coach-office, it being obvious that the handbills had nothing to do with the matter. The man who had called to ask for the box of lace did not, however, return.

After waiting a few days the box was opened. It contained about 150 gold watches. The Lyons jeweller, being informed at once, identified them as being those which had been stolen from him.

The box labelled "Gold and Silver Lace" had been travelling among the parcels on the coach running from Besançon to Belfort, then upon the coach running from Belfort to Mulhouse, and finally upon that going from Mulhouse to Colmar. At Besançon a packet of handbills announcing the robbery had been given to the conductor of the coach to distribute along the road. Not knowing where to put these bills, he had provisionally thrust them under the string which surrounded the box, and had forgotten the whole matter up to the arrival of the coach at its final destination. C. C.

One Sunday morning some years ago, before being fully awake, I heard a whisper in my ear, saying: "There will be

* State Attorney or Prosecuting Magistrate.

trees in Heaven." I heard myself ask: "Where in the Bible shall I find this?" The same voice said: "In the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah." This awoke me, and I found the answer in the last verse: "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree," &c., &c. A few hours afterwards I was in church; the first lesson for the day was this very same chapter. I had not the slightest idea previously what the lessons for the day were to be, nor had I ever connected that verse with the unseen world, or thought of it except in an allegorical sense. L. A. H.

Some years since I was lying awake in the early morning, and my thoughts fell upon one, N. B., who had been a play-fellow of mine when we were children, and who had emigrated with his family some twenty years at least before. I had nearly forgotten his existence. On taking up the *Times* of that morning the first words which caught my eye were: "If the creditors of the late W. B. (address given) will apply to his son, N. B., they will receive payment in full." M. S. S.

The following may be deemed of interest among the instances you are publishing. While on a voyage home from the West Indies, the captain of the vessel related to the passengers an account of his being shipwrecked off the Cape, mentioning that the only thing he saved was an aneroid barometer, which was a present. A year or two later, when I had returned to Barbados, a captain came into the store I was engaged in. I chanced to mention Captain S., with whom I travelled home. "Oh," replied the captain (No. 2), "I picked him up once off the Cape." I identified the circumstance by referring to the barometer. It was a frequent occurrence for masters of vessels to come into our store, and it seemed strange that I should speak to this particular one on that particular subject.

Again. I was prompted by curiosity to go into one of the barracks of the Salvation Army. An enthusiastic soldier pushed his hand into mine, with, I suppose, the inevitable query, "Brother, are you saved?" My reply was to the effect "that I was trying to save myself," adding, "I don't go with you in your belief; you say that if one man knocks another down and kills him, without the victim having a chance to say 'My God!' the murdered man may go straight to hell, while the one who has to wait a few weeks before he is swung from the gallows 'gets saved' and goes to glory." The "soldier's" face assumed an air of sadness, as he said, "Ah! sir, you've touched a tender point with me; I had a dear sister for whom a man did swing on the gallows!" I remarked to my companion on the strangeness of the coincidence.

Another apparently trivial, but, to me, suggestive case, occurred a few weeks ago. I came home and found my wife absorbed in reading *From Whose Bourn* (a publication that might be turned to good account in preparing minds for receiving the phenomena of Spiritualism). I remarked to her: "You seem to have got *both feet* into that book"—the first time I recollect using this expression. "Why, those are the very words I am reading!" was the reply. The paragraph ran: "To enable you to come down upon your enemies with *both feet*." Are these instances of "sympathy of thought," or what? J. W. B.

Years ago I was resident at No. 10, Fitzroy-square, London and one night, my husband having gone to some evening entertainment, I retired to bed at my usual hour. About eleven o'clock I was disturbed by a loud knocking at the wall of my room, and feeling instinctively that it boded no good, I thought over all my connections who were likely to be in circumstances of danger, but the one who dwelt strongly on my mind was my

dear uncle, who had been a father to me, and who had already had two paralytic seizures.

When my husband returned I told him what had happened, and my fears, at which he laughed. Next day I was rather ashamed of my superstitious idea and quite expected to be teased about it, but my husband kindly kept silent. Another day also passed uneventful, but on the third we were both sitting in the back room on the ground floor, my husband at his easel and I otherwise employed, when, with great abruptness, as though a thought had suddenly struck him, he exclaimed, "Well, M., what do you think of the rapping now?" Before I had time to reply there was a ring at the front door bell, and we both listened intently to catch the voice of the visitor. Mr. T. soon appeared, hat in hand; he lived next door to my uncle in the Camden-road Villas, and my aunt had sent him to say my uncle had had another fit the night before, from which he never recovered.

M. W. G.

I venture to relate an incident or two which occurred within my own knowledge. To attempt any solution is not within my province, though I can testify most emphatically to the facts.

Some years since, before the study of the occult was the fashion as in these days, a young woman, deeming herself (perhaps not unjustly) ill-treated by her husband, had allowed herself to listen to the advances of another man, and had been by him persuaded to leave her home on the recurrence of any cause for complaint. Such an occasion, real or supposed, arose. Meanwhile the professed friend had quitted the neighbourhood and the infatuated object of his attentions had ceased to hear from him, though the flattering assurance of his sympathy remained in her memory, sufficiently to induce her to contemplate abandoning her home and seeking his protection. With that strange inconsistency which seems too often to accompany such unhappy states she had recourse to a mode of divination, by way of reassuring herself as to her course of action. Opening her Bible at hazard, she took the first verse upon which her eyes fell, and read, "Go to, thou harlot, thou art forgotten!"

The effect upon the unfortunate girl was so sudden, so terrible—a physical blow could not have struck more heavily. Though the words of a friend and confidant had failed to move her, this strange and inscrutable warning had due effect.

Once more. There had been some debate as to a scheme for emigrating to a distant country. The town fixed upon bore, oddly enough, the name of one of the individuals whose future course was in question. The same old-fashioned plan of deciding by Scripture prophecy was adopted, in no spirit of lightness or frivolity, as I can assuredly testify, and clear, plain, unmistakably stood the text, "Go not unto the city that bears thy name."

It is easier to imagine than describe the sensations which filled the hearts of those who looked upon and heard, as it were, a living voice answering the inquiry of an individual. Awe and almost terror were the first sensations. I may add that in both cases the warning or advice was accepted with unquestioning faith and with results as unmistakably beneficial. Strange to say, however, the most strenuous research failed to discover those texts again.

Card playing has certainly some very remarkable instances to show of so-called coincidences—a very unsatisfactory term, however, to my mind. Here is one:—Four friends were playing old-fashioned whist for amusement pure and simple. One side counted nine, the other had not marked one. The case seemed of course hopeless for the latter. Now the room, where the players sat, opened by long windows and steps to a garden. The night was brilliant with an unclouded moon. In a fanciful mood, one of the partners on the losing side, while the dealing of the cards went on, sprang to the balcony, and with clasped hands and impassioned burlesque tones, apostrophised the "spirits of the night" to "give us good fortune, even so desperate as is our chance." Amidst the laughter of the party the seat was resumed and the cards taken up. The hand of the "moonstruck," as one may say, contained four honours with an accompanying host of good plain cards. In that single hand the game was won! I am happy to say all four players are alive, and fully able to recall and confirm this occurrence, sufficiently unique, I fancy, to justify my classing it with these inexplicable freaks we term coincidences, for want, I suppose, of some more definite term.

Hampstead.

F. O.

Mr. Allen, late M.P. for Pembroke, residing on Milford Haven, had occasion to engage a servant named Taylor from

London, subject to the production of a satisfactory character. Taylor said he had last been in service with a lady named Mrs. P— at a place near Blandford in Dorsetshire (the name of which Mr. Allen had never heard), where, he said, there was a village post-office. On writing for his character Mr. Allen received a very short telegram to the effect that the lady was from home; the man's character was good. As this was not followed by a letter, Mr. Allen wrote again asking for a specific answer to the usual questions, Taylor, in the meantime, having come down from London and entered upon his duties. After the lapse of two or three days a letter was received stating that Taylor was "honest, sober," &c., "but some expression in the letter," says Mr. Allen, "made me suspicious of its genuineness, and I began to consider how I could obtain any information about Mrs. P—, what her position and character might be, and whether her statement as to Taylor was to be relied upon. I could not think of any of my acquaintance in the district, but it occurred to me vividly that if I knew any clergyman near Blandford he would be the sort of person to whom to apply. On two successive mornings this thought occurred to me, on the third or possibly the fourth a letter came from a clergyman of whom I had never before heard, with the stamp of the very post-office in Dorsetshire which Taylor had named, asking me the character of a pupil teacher from a school in my neighbourhood. I was unable to give him any information upon that point, but took the opportunity of asking him in return whether he could tell me anything about Mrs. P— who had sent me the character of a servant I was about to engage. The clergyman informed me that there was such a person living in the district, but she seemed an odd person to give a character to a servant as she was herself the wife of a gentleman's coachman and had brothers who were also in service. On being confronted with this letter Taylor confessed that Mrs. P— was his sister and was accordingly discharged."

H. W.

In an old letter from a friend I find the following, which, if you please, may be added to your record of coincidences:—

I must tell you a curious little fact that has occurred to me. On the margin of a page of W. S. Landor's *Pericles and Aspasia* which I have just finished, I made a pencil note about Herodotus reading his history at the Olympian games. At the top of the next page the first words I saw were: "I am pleased with your little note, and hope you will live long to write a commentary on the same author." It is about one third from the beginning of the second volume. The book seemed to me bewitched! I have heard of and experienced many odd coincidences, but none so complete as this.

M. B.

In accordance with your request for coincidences, I beg to enclose you one that occurred to me a short time ago.

I was one evening deeply musing on a very solemn message which I had received on April 8th, 1889, direct from my guide, in his (to me) well-known hand-writing, in which were the words, "Are you ready?" and which, in fact, formed the burthen of his message to me. After a time I took up my Bible, and on opening it, the very first words my eyes fell upon were these:—

"Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak." (Mark xiv. 38.)

"The 'is' in the passage is in italics in the Bible, rendering the coincidence still more emphatic. "LILY."

The following are quoted from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*:—

I herewith give you an account of an incident that happened to me yesterday: Having only arrived in this city I have been looking around for a situation and I managed to get one on Saturday, May 24th. It was about 9.50 a.m. when I accepted it, and I was told to come on the following Monday. I happened to know the time of engagement at 10 a.m., and I found I had just time to get to the place I had to call at, it being only two blocks away. On Wednesday last I received a letter from England which was posted before 5 p.m. (English time) on Saturday, May 24th. I know the letter was posted before that time, as it is the latest time to catch the mail. In this letter my mother writes: "Mykanene has just said you have got a situation." I may say that Mykanene is a spirit that communicates through my father. Now this letter must have left the house by 4.30 p.m. at the latest, as the central post-office is a mile and a-half away. Allowing for the difference between

Chicago and English time, which is about six hours and a quarter, I find that my mother was told of my getting the situation within twenty minutes of the time I settled about accepting it. The account I have written above I vouch for and shall be glad to show the letter to any one who is interested and also to give all the details of the case.

Chicago, June 5th.

NORMAN A. LEES.

The following instances may be regarded by the superstitious as a sufficient warning against all jests on such a grim subject as death:—It is related by Mr. Bolton, an English actor and author, that the famous tenor, Sims Reeves, was once playing the Squire in the pantomime of *Old Mother Goose*, and at the moment when he was walking off the stage, singing

My wife's dead, there let her lie,
She's at rest, and so am I;

a man tapped him hurriedly on the shoulder and whispered: "You must come home directly: Mrs. Reeves is dead." Greatly shocked, Mr. Reeves hurried home and found it but too true.

Most impressive coincidences have sometimes occurred in the words of actors in their last appearance on the stage. An English actor named Cummins some twenty years ago appeared in a play in which it fell to him to deliver these lines:

Be witness for me, ye celestial hosts;
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee and begs of Heaven to show thee,
May such befall me at my latest hour.

The last words had scarcely dropped from his lips when he fell dead on the stage.

A GHOST STORY.

The *New York Herald* prints the following from Mrs. Creasy Ewens, 66, Marine-parade, Worthing. It is stated to be a truthful record of personal experience:—

Not long after my arrival in Ceylon I was sitting one evening, with a friend, in the deep verandah of our bungalow.

Dinner, under the swinging punkah, was over; the tasteless viands, tinned entrées, and unappreciated curry, as usual, inspiring me with vulgar longing for one of those family joints I once abhorred. Coffee had been placed on the bamboo table by the noiseless, white-turbaned "boy," as we called our elderly man-servant, of whose brown skin and gleaming teeth I was still slightly in awe, though a milder creature never lived.

My husband was dining at mess, for the first time since our return from the honeymoon paradise, and, like most young brides, I felt rather aggrieved by his hankering after masculine society. We learn wisdom later, but just then I considered myself an important personage, with my new-found freedom and smart trousseau dresses, after being but one among many daughters at home. Mrs. May laughed at my woes, and gave me the benefit of her two years' experience in the ways of men, which I inwardly hoped might be uncommon.

It was a soft, languorous night; the sea-breeze gently stirred the masses of hibiscus flowers—so splendid a scarlet in the day-time—and the long leaves of the cocoa-nut palms. As the moonbeams slanted between the slender stems, our talk sank to silence, broken only by faint sounds of native music borne on the spice-laden air and the cicada's loud-voiced love-song.

Presently a woman entered the compound and came along the path towards us. She moved swiftly, with the graceful carriage of the Cinghalese, a brass jar poised on her head. I wondered idly what she could want at that hour. We made some remark upon the subject, and we watched the artistically-draped figure, the free, elastic gait—watched till, as she came quite near us, into the clear moonlight, we caught each other's hands in sudden terror. She passed, turning neither to right nor left, but we had *seen through* her!

My braver friend sprang up and rushed round the verandah. I hurried into the drawing-room, where the boy was setting down the lamp. The woman was gone! There was no cover at that point to conceal a child; she could not in the time have reached the outhouses. We searched everywhere, without result. No one had seen her but ourselves.

One eye-witness may be the victim of an hallucination, but we both saw the ghostly visitant, both saw through the transparent body as through a sheet of glass.

WHERESOEVER the search after truth begins, there life begins. Wherever that search ceases, there life ceases.—RUSKIN.

A CATECHISM ON SPIRITUALISM.

[The subjoined conversation, for which we are indebted to the *Banner of Light*, which quotes from the *Napa Register*, U.S.A., gives so much information with which we substantially agree, and answers so many superficial objections, that we offer no apology for giving it as the opinion of a well-known Boston Spiritualist, Major Griffith.—Ed. "LIGHT."]

Major Griffith, a veteran of the war, and a great Spiritualist, has been for some weeks visiting in Napa. He started for the East last night. Following is an interview had with him:—

"Major, I am told you are one of a large number in Boston who are believers in Spiritualism."

"You are correctly informed. However, I will say it is not so much a belief or faith with me as a fact. I accept the truths of Spiritualism as scientists accept the truths of geology or astronomy, not as a faith, but as a matter of demonstration."

"For what length of time, Major, have you been conversant with what you are pleased to term the truth of Spiritualism?"

"I cannot just now give exact dates, but I have been familiar with the spiritual phenomena for a period of years, and have seen pretty much all phases of mediumship, even that much-questioned phase known as materialisation."

"Do you pretend to say, Major, that there is such a thing as a genuine materialisation?"

"I certainly do, and have myself witnessed, I am quite sure, over 3,000 materialisations."

"Will you tell me about this 'materialisation': What it is and how it is done?"

"I can simply give you my own experience, and the means I adopted to prove its truth or falsity. I had witnessed some remarkable manifestations through a lady medium in Boston, but as they occurred at the house of another medium, of course I was not prepared to say there was no deception practised there. And to test the matter for my own satisfaction, I built a hall, or room, for the sole purpose of 'materialisation,' supervising its construction and providing against any possibility of trap-doors or other devices of fraud so often complained of. And when this building was completed, I invited the best materialising medium of Boston to visit this room and hold there her materialising sésances. She cheerfully accepted the invitation, and for years this phenomenon has taken place in her presence, many times two and three spirits materialising at once, appearing to and being recognised by their friends who happened to be present. And this is done when the room is so light that the hard of your watch can be seen. These materialisations occurred when the medium was in a deep trance, and on many occasions when my wife and I sat in full view of her."

"This is certainly very extraordinary; but, tell me, are these materialised spirits tangible? Do they assume real forms?"

"They are real, tangible forms, and are made up from particles attracted or absorbed from the medium and in some degree from the audience. In other words, the spirit clothes itself for the time being with material elements, taking on the form it had in life and demonstrating to friends its presence, beyond all possibility of doubt."

"Then, Major, I understand you to say you have often recognised friends whom you personally knew in life?"

"Hundreds of them, and have seen many materialisations that others recognised and I did not."

"In what manner do they take their departure?"

"After remaining as long as they can hold the particles with which they are clothed, they de-materialise or fade out, many times standing by your side and melting away until only a bright spark may be seen on the floor."

"But, Major, could not some person bent on mischief have personated these materialised spirits and practised a deception upon you?"

"Such a thing would be impossible in my own room. Besides, there have been many occasions when children have materialised in my presence, and I could make affidavit that there was not a child in the room."

"I must confess, Major, you have had advantages over any investigators I have yet known; but is there not more or less fraud practised by dishonest and selfish people in the name of Spiritualism?"

"Unfortunately, yes. But it is not honourable and fair dealing to use a fraud as a standard by which to judge all

mediums. Remember dishonesty has existed in every age of our history, belongs to every profession and calling, and yet among all the wrong, the cruelty, crime, and error, the truth is ever to be found when sought. I admit that there are spiritual frauds, and I would be glad to see them properly punished whenever found."

"Major, would you consider it an impertinence on my part to ask you to meet some of the objections often urged against Spiritualism?"

"Not at all. Announce your objections."

"Is not the doctrine of 'Free Love' closely identified with the philosophy of Spiritualism?"

"Assuredly not. I am conversant with all the standard and accepted literature of the various writers with reference to Spiritualism, and have never yet seen one line or word in advocacy of any such doctrine. Read the books of our best authors, the messages of our brightest intelligences who come to us, and you will see naught but highest morality inculcated. Personal responsibility for all sin and suffering in a future state for every infraction of law (and without possibility of escape) is universally taught. That there are to be found mediums and believers in Spiritualism who go wrong, I do not deny; but I insist they are not living in accordance with the doctrines they assume to believe. I am not sure but the same charges may be alleged against ministers and laymen in every evangelical church in Christendom. I have known Atheists to cite these shortcomings on the part of Church-members as a result of a false and pernicious theology, and the Church resented the injustice. Now if Church people could rightfully complain of so unjust an imputation, should they not, under the circumstances, extend the same charity they demand? You will find good and evil people representing all religions."

"I cannot dispute your position in this regard; but does not an acceptance of the spiritual doctrine destroy one's confidence in the truths of the Bible?"

"Not in the least. Whatever declarations of immortality you find in the Scriptures, Modern Spiritualism corroborates. If there were 'ministering spirits' in the olden time, we have them now. If Moses and Elias returned, and were seen on an occasion familiar to all Biblical readers, the law by which they returned has never been abrogated, and we have the proof that they do return."

"But, Major, I understand the spirits teach there is no hell."

"On the contrary, they affirm that mortals will get all the hell they deserve, and there is no escaping it. We enter another world as we are, and there are no disguises."

"What is the estimated number of Spiritualists in the United States and Europe?"

"It is impossible to give the exact number but it is known to reach into the millions."

"If you have such numerical strength, why do you not organise and become a church?"

"We regard all truth, religious or otherwise, unsectarian, and should be universal in its acceptance. Anything susceptible of demonstration requires no organisation to sustain it. All scientists who have ever investigated Spiritualism honestly and patiently have accepted its truths as they have other facts in the line of scientific investigation, and to them it becomes one element (an important one) in the general sum of scientific knowledge. Moreover, the churches are conscious of its influence. I have personal knowledge of many church-members in Boston being out-and-out Spiritualists. While not desiring to boast at all, I think I am safe in saying that the spiritual ranks show as high an order of intellect as can be found in any religious organisation."

"Major, of what benefit is Spiritualism to the world, anyway?"

"I am a little surprised at this question, yet will answer it. Every truth has its value, even as a matter of knowledge; but with respect to the immortality of the soul, positive knowledge upon this vexed and disputed question is of especial importance. To know that we live again; that death is not an eternal sleep; that physical dissolution does not break the ties of affection; and that our friends gone before us are not so far away as to drop from memory, but on the contrary draw near to us in affliction, cheer us when desponding, and give us assurance not to be doubted that a brighter existence awaits us, is, I think, a sufficient answer to your question."

"Do you meet with many sceptics in your travels, Major?"

"Not so many as formerly. The world is progressing, and old prejudices are gradually being laid aside. Occasionally you will notice a spasm of old-time bigotry, as the instance in San

Francisco a few Sundays ago, when a prominent divine, in explanation of the appearance of Samuel through the Witch of Endor, declared the 'witch' to be a ventriloquist and simulated the voice of Samuel. His authority for this opinion, however, he omitted to give. Such puerile, not to say ridiculous, interpretations of Scripture are often to be met with, but they only provoke a smile, and are soon forgotten. Again, we meet the wise sceptic, who never believes anything he has not seen, and to whom the old Hindu proverb justly applies: 'I have never seen this thing, therefore it is false.' The lack of argument of such sceptics is always commensurate with their lack of knowledge."

"Major, as you claim to have conversed with the departed, they must have said something of their present surroundings. Do they describe the land they inhabit, and give you an idea of their occupations?"

"I have interrogated them on all those points. They describe the world they live in as real and much more beautiful than this. I can think of no better illustration than this: As the soul is superior to its physical integument, yet bearing a resemblance in general contour, in like manner is the world of spirit more perfect, more attractive, than any terrestrial planet. No scenery on earth is comparable with that of the 'summer-land.' As to their occupations, of course there is no necessity for manual labour, yet there is no idleness. Happiness is not inertia. The thought must be active and the soul progressive. There will be truths to learn throughout eternity; there will be missions of good for every expanding soul through unnumbered ages. There are no hindering obstacles, no environments of adverse circumstances there cramping our aspirations. The spirit is free of wing, and the universe with all its treasures becomes its rightful possession."

"Are all the inhabitants of that realm said to be happy?"

"By no means. Upon entering the spirit-land the record made in this life is there opened. Remember in the great 'Book of Life' every individual is a volume, and bears with him the recorded transactions of his earthly existence. They are photographed in memory. If he is a dishonest, hypocritical criminal, he appears there without shield or cloak, and is seen as he sees himself. There are no sudden transformations, and while all wrong is punished, the possibility of rising from the darker planes of existence is not denied to any soul weary of sin."

"What plan or course of life here is suggested to insure the greatest happiness hereafter?"

"Thorough honesty with oneself and with others; high culture in every department of mind, since a healthy development of any faculty gives increased capacity for enjoyment. More than this, an unselfish interest in the welfare of humanity, the promotion of good works, the alleviation of suffering—not through expectation of reward but through a sense of duty—and, lastly, the possession of that loyalty to truth, born of martyrs, an unyielding bravery in defence of the right, even though one stands alone and unaided amid the relentless storm of persecution. These qualities become gems that gleam as the stars in the firmament of God."

PSYCHICAL PROBLEMS.

[Our correspondent, "M. W. G.," sends us two cases, which we are glad to print.—ED. OF "LIGHT."]

ANOTHER CANINE GHOST.

Some years ago the end of Bickton-lane, near Redbrook, in the parish of Fordingbridge, was reputed to be haunted by a dog.

One bright moonlight night my brother was walking along it, when he saw what appeared to be a large black dog running on in front of him. He threw his stick at it; it made no noise, and soon ran up the bank and disappeared on the hedge like the steam of a railway engine.

SIMULTANEOUS DREAMS.

Some years ago Camden Town was the scene of a sad outbreak of typhoid fever, the result of milk-poisoning.

Among the sufferers was my friend R. L. and her sister; also in the next house the husband of a third sister. One morning during the visitation the mother of R. L. coming to her room, the patient said, "I am sure B." (that was the brother-in-law) "is dead, for I dreamt it last night." The mother made no reply, but hurried into the other room, when the sister also said, "I am sure B. is dead, for I dreamt it last night."

The fact was he had died, but the invalids had not yet been told of it.

BENEFICENT MURDER.

Mr. Robert Buchanan gives us some views in the *Daily Telegraph*, with which we do not wholly agree, but which are so suggestive and provocative of thought that we think it well to preserve his letter for future comment:—

SIR,—If I dreamed for one moment that public opinion would instantly endorse my personal judgments, I should see no necessity for expressing these judgments in a newspaper. The letters published in your columns to-day merely prove how deep rooted is the common prejudice in favour of existing institutions, how eagerly the average Englishman accepts the bondage of his own creation, the elected Legislator. With those who can recall with equanimity, even with approval, the hideous outrage on humanity recently perpetrated in New York, I have no disposition to argue; they are the citizens who accept a national Christianity symbolised by the gallows, by prostitution, and by war. Mr. Salter's sensible protest is another matter, for his letter is honest and to the point. He admits that he cannot understand my argument, because it is obscurely phrased and employs certain abstruse terms. I will, therefore, in as few words as possible, explain further what I mean. To do so clearly I must ask your readers to take a brief historical retrospect, glancing at the origins of that religion which is still accepted as the basis of our English morality.

Christianity, like nearly all religions, began in simplicity, in a terminology which may be summed up in the words "Live thine own life, but love thy neighbour as thyself." Founded on the clairvoyant evidence of a few obscure individuals, it answered the innermost cravings of all poor souls who sought a solution of the mysterious sinews of existence. Practical when most visionary, scientific when most unverifiable, it lingered on through the first century of doubt and persecution, until, as the promised Coming became more and more delayed, and as the power of the human legislator became more and more terrible, it threatened to die out altogether as a living faith. It was then that Gnosticism in many forms, using all the resources of old philosophy, from the mysteries of the Jewish Cabala to the subtleties of Greek Platonism, turned simplicity into mystic symbolism, for the man Jesus substituted the *æon Christos*, and enabled the democracy of the new faith to be dominated by an aristocracy of Gnostics, "those who knew." Thence issued the priesthood, who conjured in the name of Divine mysteries, created formulas, instituted Christian trades unions, arbitrated all questions moral and religious, and with inconceivable rapidity formed legislative centres, admirably organised, all over the world. It is impossible in this brief letter to traverse the long record of the growth of the Christian Churches. It is sufficient to point out that from the moment Christianity became a legislative religion it contradicted the very first principles of its founder, and belied its very name.

And now, in the nineteenth century after Christ, simple men, desirous of knowing what the creed of Jesus was, find themselves compelled to put all intervening historical documents aside, and go back to the first century. Abandoning for the time being all questions of supernaturalism, they find at the end of their search a character whose precepts are in strict accord with all their modern conceptions of what is right and just and beautiful: a soul who loved freedom and sunlight, abhorred intellectual pretension, affected the society of doubtfully moral persons, despised Puritanism and Sabbatarianism, when smitten on one cheek turned the other, respected the Law and the Prophets, but only up to that point where they conflicted with the tender instincts of human nature. In the meantime, the new religion, that of Science, has arisen, and has been hailed, justly, as a potent source of light and comfort. Against true Science, *i.e.*, the attempt of man to know and verify whatever is to be known and verified—no sane being can have a word to say. But signs are not wanting, nay, signs are abundant, that Science, like Christianity, is transcending its functions, assuming the old phases of Gnosticism, and attempting to legislate in the name of an intellectual aristocracy, to limit human freedom under the influence of "those who know." Much of its jargon is already as absurd as that of the Cabala, and already in one of its schools, that of Positivism, it merely substitutes for the *æon Christos* that still more inconceivable *æon*, Humanity. If, as seems possible, Science is about to lose itself, as early Christianity lost itself, in a mist of false pretensions and of beneficent legislation,

the world may yet find itself looking back on another 1,800 wasted years.

Both true Science and true Christianity are based upon the laws of nature, and exhale a democratic human sentiment. Each says in its own phraseology: "Goodness is best, the world is beautiful, pride of intellect is as mean as pride of birth, and each man should be free to live his own life, so long as his freedom does not conflict with that of other members of society." Both are tender and humane, not cruel and tyrannical; and the function of one is the function of the other—to enlarge the area of physical and moral evolution. But when science, grown Gnostic, sanctions cowardly experiments, first on helpless animals, then on helpless men, when it approves of or, at least, tolerates abominable or unjust institutions, when it spies into every dwelling and imposes its regulations on every heart, when it is pitiless to the criminal and callous to the suffering, when it suggests that men may be made better and wiser by legislation from above, when it dictates to the author what he should write and to the artist what he should paint, when it exchanges for the shibboleth of a sham religion the still baser shibboleth of a sham morality, it is marching, as Christianity marched long ago, towards a reign of priestcraft, of terror, and of the Inquisition, and it is doomed to become, as Christianity became, a dead and not a living thing.

One of your correspondents, while echoing my disapproval of Count Tolstoi's latest work, cordially approves of its suppression and of the suppression of "immoral" books generally. It is one thing, however, to disagree with the teaching of a literary work and another to desire its destruction. But in this doubtful matter of a book's morality, who is to be the judge? The priest, the legislator, the private citizen, or the public hangman? Let your correspondent glance over the list of masterpieces placed by the Roman Catholic priesthood in their Index, and he may possibly revise his opinion. I myself, personally, would like to destroy many books, and thousands of newspapers. I would like to suppress the journals which live on carrion, the multifarious foul newspapers which at present make England hideous and render private peace impossible. But what would it avail? Since these things exist and flourish, they must answer some need of the community; and so, if all were trampled out to-morrow, other rank weeds would rise to take their place. We cannot, in a word, make men better or wiser by measures of repression. The improvement must come from within, not from without; from the taste of the reader, not from the suppression of the scribbler. The law provides a remedy when indecency and mendacity pass a certain point. Up to that point it is right and just that literature, like humanity, should save or lose itself in its own way.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

25, Maresfield-gardens, S. Hampstead.

August 20th.

SUGGESTED LEGISLATION AGAINST HYPNOTISM.

The following paragraph is going the rounds of the papers. The Society for Psychical Research has also issued a placatory leaflet. Dr. Luys continues his article in the *Fortnightly Review*, and there are other materials for comment of which, when "beyond these voices there is peace," we hope to avail ourselves.

It is too early (the London correspondent of the *Yorkshire Post* says) to talk about forthcoming legislation; but, as bearing on certain current events, I may mention that it is not improbable that at the beginning of the Session a Bill will be brought in on the Conservative Benches for the purpose of restricting the hypnotic performances which are coming so much into vogue. One or two members of the House feel very keenly on this question for personal reasons. One distinguished member, a man of high scientific attainments, not likely to be moved by mere prejudices, tells a painful story of a young lady whose nervous system was broken down and whose mind was ruined in consequence of repeated experiments by a relative who never dreamt of doing her an injury. Another member has a similar story to tell with regard to a nephew. The circulation of narrations of this kind, taken along with the recently expressed opinions of high medical authorities, has given rise to a general feeling that something should be done, and it is safe to say that the attention of the House will be drawn to the matter very soon after Parliament reassembles.

EVERY good thing can afford to be small, because it is so great. It is an element and agent in the world's immensity.

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

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Light :

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

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30th, 1890.

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.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

This is not an organ of opinion that can properly take note of any loss that the death of a great ornament of his Church has inflicted upon it. But it beseeches us to take cognisance of the death of a great man, of the cessation here of a saintly life, of the withdrawal from our world of a great influence. No matter what the individual opinions were—and that they were the product of transparent sincerity and honesty of purpose no one doubts—a great personality was dissipated and dissevered when John Henry Newman's body was laid to rest. The magnetic influence of the man was enormous, and it was never used for purposes other than those to which the highest convictions of conscience gave their sanction. It is the fashion to say of him that his adopted Church did not know how to use its most valuable material. In another place we might point out how completely such an opinion ignores the astuteness of the most perfect organisation the world has ever seen. This, however, is not the place, and we forbear. We only point to the true Spiritualism that is instinct in every page of the *Dream of Gerontius*, to the same thread running through the many volumes of Newman's published sermons, qualified, no doubt, by his theological cast of mind, to his own saintly life, and to the lessons of his peaceful death.

Among us he was best known, after his secession, by his duel with Charles Kingsley, which gave rise to the *Apology* for his life. It is not here, we must say once more, that that memorable conflict can be fought over again. It ended in a rout, we may say in a massacre, of Kingsley and all who came to his rescue, and added to our literature a book of surpassing interest from the pen of the greatest master of English that, in the opinion of many competent judges, this century has seen. We have preserved, respecting this controversy, one letter sent to the *Times* by Sir W. H. Cope, which we add to the brief notice which is all that opportunity sanctions. It will give some idea of the breadth of charity that animated Newman, and of the methods of controversy which he inclined to adopt. It can, unfortunately, give no conception of the gracious sweetness and indescribable charm of the man.

The Oratory, February 13th, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM—The death of Mr. Kingsley, so premature, shocked me. I never from the first have felt any anger towards him. As I said in the first pages of my *Apologia*, it is

very difficult to be angry with a man one has never seen. A casual reader would think my language denoted anger, but it did not. I have ever felt from experience that no one would believe me in earnest if I spoke calmly. When again and again I denied the repeated report that I was on the point of coming back to the Church of England, I have uniformly found that if I simply denied it this only made newspapers repeat the report more confidently; but if I said something sharp, they abused me for scurrility against the Church I had left, but they believed me. Rightly or wrongly, this was the reason why I felt it would not do to be tame and not to show indignation at Mr. Kingsley's charges. Within the last few years I have been obliged to adopt a similar course towards those who said I could not receive the Vatican decrees. I sent a sharp letter to the *Guardian*, and, of course, the *Guardian* called me names, but it believed me, and did not allow the offence of its correspondent to be repeated.

As to Mr. Kingsley, much less could I feel any resentment against him when he was accidentally the instrument, in the good providence of God, by whom I had an opportunity given me, which otherwise I should not have had, of vindicating my character and conduct in my *Apologia*. I heard, too, a few years back from a friend that he chanced to go into Chester Cathedral, and found Mr. Kingsley preaching about me kindly, though, of course, with criticisms on me. And it has rejoiced me to observe lately that he was defending the Athanasian Creed, and, as it seemed to me, in his views generally, nearing the Catholic view of things. I have always hoped that by good luck I might meet him, feeling sure there would be no embarrassment on my part, and I said Mass for his soul as soon as I heard of his death.—Most truly yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Finally, I may add the touching lines to which Mr. Hutton draws attention in the following letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* :—

SIR,—I have been surprised no one has recalled Newman's verses in the *Lyra Apostolica*, which I send herewith. The hope expressed in them that after death he might know what was passing among friends left behind is very characteristic. They were not reprinted in his "Verses on Various Occasions."—Yours very faithfully,

National Liberal Club,
Whitehall-place, S.W.
August 19th.

ARTHUR W. HUTTON.

Weep not for me ;
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free !
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty sends ;
Nor miss my face, dear friends !
I still am near,
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth ;
Now, too, I hear
Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers and musings sweet.
A sea before
The Throne is spread ; its pure still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
We, on its shore,
Share in the bosom of our rest
God's knowledge, and are blest !

DR. AND MADAME LE PLONGEON.

We have received a call from Doctor and Madame Le Plongeon, who are in London on a passing visit of a few days. The learned doctor is well-known as the author of various works, especially devoted to elucidating the history of the civilised nations that occupied some parts of America prior to its discovery by Columbus. In this work Madame Le Plongeon is her husband's enthusiastic helpmeet. She is the only woman who has lived among the deserted old cities in the forests of Yucatan. She has published a book, *Here and There in Yucatan*, and has delivered many lectures on the subject with marked success.

WHOEVER would do good in the world ought not to deal in censure. We ought not to destroy, but rather construct.—GOETHE.

MEDIUMSHIP AND EXALTATION.

May I send you the following extract from one of Mr. Ruskin's later pamphlets—one entitled *Christ's Work in the Apennines: Letters from Francesca Alexander to J. Ruskin, Giannina singing to Beatrice?* Miss Alexander says:—

"I shall never forget how, when they (Beatrice, a popular and much beloved *improvisatrice* and poetess, and her friend Giannina) met that day, the elder and happier poetess ('Beatrice') took the younger and more heavily burdened one in her arms, and kissed her on both cheeks, saying, 'We ought to love each other, for we are sisters.'

"Then Beatrice began to sing in her peculiar chant, praying Giannina to answer her, and she sang *ottava* after *ottava*, until, to our dismay, Giannina rose, her face kindling, and prepared to improvise a sonnet herself; to our dismay, for you must know that Giannina's improvising is not like that of any one else.

"She throws herself, by some power which we cannot comprehend, into a state resembling possession, if there were such a thing as being possessed by a good spirit instead of an evil one, and words come to her that do not seem to be her own. She cannot explain it herself, so as to make us understand it, but she always suffers for it afterwards.

"It was an opportunity not to be lost to hear Giannina, and we hastily called in the few country people who had gathered under the window to hear Beatrice singing, that as many as possible might enjoy it. But I cannot remember what her sonnet was. People said it was very wonderful; I am afraid I hardly heard it; all that I can remember is a strange, painful feeling, as if my dear friend had changed into some beautiful, terribly supernatural creature, so were her face and voice changed. After a little she sat down trembling, flushed, and tearful, and I had my Giannina back again."

This charming and unsophisticated account of a phenomenon which we all know so well seems to point very much to the theory which many of us have, that when a spirit, whether good or evil, and this is the greatest question of all, possesses such a personality as evidently Giannina's was, the spirit of that person seems overpowered and dispossessed, the result of which appears so frequently to be detrimental to the organism. Note, I say *frequently*, not *invariably*. Miss Alexander expresses her feelings for Giannina's improvising as being quite different from those she felt while Beatrice was improvising. Beatrice was evidently speaking and thinking from herself, probably with all her faculties enlarged and opened, as it were, and her own spirit was in illuminative harmony with the executive powers of her senses and faculties of her mind, so that she was *all* herself, and more so than usual. The result of this, though not stated, but evident from the context, was that there were no after sufferings; indeed, if my theory be correct, there could be none, beyond a slight feeling of need for rest and quiet, if even that.

The forcible possession of a person, whether the utterance be excellent or not, never can have the effect on the hearers that the words ought to produce. The audience have a sub-conscious feeling all the time that though a voice is speaking, as no one quite knows *whose it is*, the words lose their weight, excepting as matter to be queried about otherwise than the subject of the discourse. Possibly and probably much truth may be said, but it loses in value by the discussion regarding authenticity of authority. We all may differ regarding the meaning of Swedenborg, Boehme, Dante, T. Lake Harris's and others visions and words, but at all events we know that they are the real fathers of their thoughts, and so, merely as being such, they are stamped with the first hall-mark of authority.

I don't want to follow this argument further, as logic does not enter into the question; the drift of it is—the conclusion it seems to point to—that it is better and more ennobling for persons to have their natures illuminated by their own higher selves (and here I am aware comes a query) as was Beatrice's, than dominated and changed as was Giannina's. Not that she was to blame, it was her

physique which was very vulnerable. The excitement and delight she experienced in hearing Beatrice threw her out of her mental poise and balance, and in the temporary confusion of principles she changed, unknowingly to her senses, her soul for a stranger's. A more robust and harder physique would only have had the excitement but no change of spirit; some because their natures were too well balanced, others because their physiques were too dull and unsympathetic to be touched at all.

If I may be allowed to theorise—for I know you want facts not theories, so I state them with deference—I would suggest that persons who can be dominated by another spirit other than their own, are either in a very near degree to what Lake Harris would call the archtypal man or adept, or in a nearer degree on the scale of degradation than ordinary mortals; and more and more do I think that the remarkable condition of these persons should have the profoundest attention paid to it, both on the *physical* as well as on the *psychical* plane.

There are in them marked physical peculiarities; all phrenologists and chiromancists would find the same class of qualities, and no doubt their horoscopes would reveal a certain class of similarities. This, on the doctrine of correspondences, seems to point to distinct *order* in it all. This, it appears to me, will be one of the chief tasks of the future Church, and its priests will be the fellow workers with the doctors in the coming generations, if not before, if Mr. Edward Bellamy's views happily be those of the nation. The wealth of raw material for psychical development which one sees all around, judging from the physical peculiarities I note, strikes one very much; and the ignorance of its extreme importance seems the chief cause of much, if not most, of the obscure illnesses of the day.

I was asked lately to accompany a friend of mine to see a sick man, who had been paralysed for nine years from below the knee, and up the back, so that he could only move his arms. He was a gentleman—I mean, not a working man—and he had every comfort; his attack came on from drinking to excess. The moment I saw him I realised that he had the loose physique open to all derangements by being continually dominated from the next sphere. Not that he was of the poetic and musical nature of the sweet Giannina; he had simply the physical organs ready swept for entrance of "the seven devils." These, it appeared to me, were devouring his vitality. Though he was not over forty, he looked an old man. No cure was expected on the physical plane, though this life of misery was likely to endure possibly to the bitter end of ordinary length of days. His brain was considered to be somewhat affected, and he was occasionally violent, and by no means an agreeable or lovable patient, and a possibly long life was not a pleasant or hopeful prospect.

I knew it would be useless saying much what I thought, if not harmful, as it was so new and extraordinary, and I could only feel the pity of it and suggest "hypnotism," this being the fashionable name for psychical cure. Happily, that door is now being opened. Ingress thereto may be a great teacher, though many bitter lessons will inevitably be learned.

With regard to "Beryl's" letter in your last issue, I see you append a footnote "Certainly not" to Mr. Mulford's saying, which "Beryl" quotes: "A Mortal may Mesmerise a Spirit." But why not? It seems surely that we all act and react upon each other apparently without volition. This is, *in esse*, only another form of mesmerism. Magic in one sense means invoking and provoking a spirit; in another, compelling and ordering it; in another, understanding what spirit is, and all about it. The right understanding of magic was the aim of occult learning, because man knew thereby himself and his spirit, therefore *spiritual knowledge* in the occult sense. Necessarily, mesmerism or *attraction and obediense* to law was

understood. The arrival at such knowledge is now, as then, a long process, and it appears to me that Mr. Mulford's attempt to put into concise and popular language very occult truths defeats its purpose somewhat. These truths lie frequently in paradoxes, and the saying "a mortal may mesmerise a spirit" does not *sound* likely. I fancy, however, Mr. Mulford, unless he is only compiling from other authorities, knows well what he says. Mesmerism is, it is an open secret now, the key to Occultism; but there are doubtless many locks requiring deft handling, and Mr. Mulford's plan of popularising Occultism as the method by which he opens the occult world will certainly provoke much thought and inquiry, but will certainly not satisfy or do more than stimulate the intellectual organs.

Supposing that "Beryl's" reading of Mr. Mulford's teaching is correct, though I do not see the same drift, that when a spirit leaves the earth it can be mesmerised back to it *volens volens*, what then becomes of our free will? We can none of us be said to have free will until we understand our circumstances and what there is to choose. To have free will is the birthright of man, but how few people really use it and claim it! Most people are mesmerised by the opinions of others; and most people *drift*; even "poets, philosophers, and artists" drift, and their spirits may be consequently unhappy and restless, and the powerfully magic will of a mother for her future offspring may just be enough to stop the course of a drifting spirit, as being the environment at hand that he is lazily seeking—lazily, for this is never what happens to a determined spirit in or out of the flesh—judge by analogy.

The upshot of the termination of my letter is that the occult proverb of "knowing ourselves" is the most important of all, so that in or out of the flesh we are masters of ourselves, neither drifting nor being governed. Our litany should be, "Before birth, during life, and at the hour of re-birth, from all ignorance that may be injurious to us and all around us, good Lord deliver us."

August 21st.

ISABEL DE STEIGER.

**"THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE" ON OLD AGE,
AND ITS DIVINE TENDERNESS.**

Oliver Wendell Holmes is an old favourite with us in England. His cheery philosophy illuminates all he writes, and leads him thus to discourse on "The Divine Tenderness of Old Age":—

I was a little over twenty years old when I wrote the lines which some of you have met with, for they have often been reprinted:—

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom.
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

The world was a garden to me then; it is a churchyard now. I thought you were one of those who looked upon old age cheerfully and welcomed it as a season of peace and contented enjoyment.

I am one of those who so enjoy it. Those are not bitter or scalding tears to fall from my eyes upon "the mossy marbles." The young who left my side early in my life's journey are still with me in the unchanged freshness and beauty of youth. Those who have long kept company with me live on after their seeming departure, were it only by the mere force of habit; their images are all around me, as if every surface had been a sensitive film that photographed them; their voices echo about me as if they had been recorded on those unforgetting cylinders which bring back to us the tones and accents that have imprinted them, as the extinct animals left their tracks on the sands. The melancholy of old age has a divine tenderness in it which only the sad experiences of life can lend a human soul. But there is a lower level—that of tranquil contentment and easy acquiescence in the conditions in which we find ourselves, a lower level in which old age trudges patiently when it is not using its wings. I say wings, for no period of life is so imaginative as that which

looks to younger people the most prosaic. The atmosphere of memory is one in which imagination flies more easily and feels itself more at home than in the thinner ether of youthful anticipation.

THE TENDERNESS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Adverting to the Autocrat's remarks on "the divine tenderness of old age," we were struck with the following narrative, which exemplifies that trait in Abraham Lincoln's character which endeared him to all and made him the idol of many. It is so touching, so beautifully typical of all that we should live up to, that its recital may be pardoned. We quote from the *Golden Gate*:—

In a recent conversation with a Union soldier a correspondent heard a fresh story about the late President Lincoln. As near as possible our friend tells it in the soldier's words. He says:—

I had been in the Finley Hospital several months, said the soldier. One day in May, 1863, President Lincoln and Secretary Chase walked into the ward where I was lying. You don't know how much good it did us to see them, one gets so tired looking at the nurse and at all the long row of cots. It is hard to lie on a cot day after day and hear the boys moan as their life ebbs away. Some morning you wake up, and see an empty cot near you.

"Number 6 is gone?" you say to the nurse.

"Yes; he went at three this morning, poor fellow! but it's better for him," she answers, in a sympathising voice.

We boys, therefore, took solid comfort in looking at Lincoln's face that afternoon, and in hearing him talk. He didn't say much to me that day, but it was good to hear him say anything. His words were so gentle and kind. And then he was as thoughtful as a mother; he knew just what to say.

I have been very sick. Yes; that sleeve's empty. I left the arm at Chattanooga. As I was saying, he only spoke a few words to me, and passed on to Number 26.

A Vermont boy, a mere lad, not over sixteen, was on it. He had been wounded mortally, and was near his end. Mr. Lincoln stopped at the cot, and, taking the thin, white hand, said, in a tone that was as tender as a mother's:

"My poor boy, what can I do for you?"

With a beseeching look, the little fellow turned his eyes up at the homely, kindly face, and asked, "Won't you write to my mother for me?"

"That I will," answered the President; and, calling for a pen, ink, and paper, he seated himself by the side of the cot. It was a long letter he wrote—at least three pages of commercial note; and, when it was finished, the President rose, saying:

"I will mail this as soon as I get back to my office. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?"

In some way the boy had come to know that it was the President. And so, looking at him in the most appealing sort of way, he asked:

"Won't you stay with me till it's all over? It won't be long, and I do want to hold on to your hand!"

That was too much for the great-hearted President to resist. The tears came to his eyes and he sat down by him and took hold of his hand. The little fellow did not move nor speak a word. This was some time before four o'clock, and it was long after six that the end came.

But the President sat there as if he had been the boy's father. When the end came he bent over and folded the thin hands over the breast, and then looked so sorrowful at the pale, thin face. The tears streamed down his cheeks unheeded. We all cried, too.

Do you wonder that the "boys in blue" loved Abe Lincoln?

LET us then be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things keep ourselves loyal to truth and the sacred professions of friendship.—LONGFELLOW.

To watch the corn grow and the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare; to read, to think, to pray—these are the things which make men happy.

The great man is he who is acting truly for some great object. Though his sphere of action be narrow and its separate acts small, yet are they all hereby ennobled.

If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.—LORD BACON.

EVERY man feels instinctively that while tenderness of feeling and susceptibility to generous emotions are accidents of temperament, goodness is an achievement of the will and a quality of the life.

A MEXICAN HEALING MEDIUM.

Dr. E. J. Schellhous contributes to the *Better Way* the following interesting account of a successful healer in Mexico:—

For some months past rumours and reports of a remarkable character have been in circulation respecting a young girl, Teresa Urrea, living in the District of Alamos, Sonora, Mexico. It was stated that she performed the most wonderful cures, principally by the laying on of hands, and by means of supernatural power. A party of six, including the writer, desiring to see more of the country, determined to visit the place where she lives and learn the facts in regard to her. On arriving at the residence of her father, Sr. Urrea, we saw what was at first the usual dwelling-houses, corrals, &c., &c., of a Mexican hacienda, converted into a temporary town, consisting of numerous buildings, hastily constructed for the convenience of the sick seeking relief through the healing power of this young girl. Every effort was made to accommodate us with shelter from the heat of the sun, and conveniences for our comfort. Two of our party, consisting of young ladies, were soon invited to an interview with the "saint," as she was called, and really believed to be, by those around her. They found her to be a girl seventeen or eighteen years old; of regular and handsome features, finely formed head, delicate physique, artless in manner, and a very personification of candour and innocence.

In the United States and other civilised countries, spiritual healing is regarded as one of the phases of mediumship. Teresa is a healing medium, but the people around her, in their superstition, regard her power as a gift direct from God.

In most forms of chronic diseases there is a lack of vital force. Every healthy individual has a reserve of this force, and when any unusual draught is made, this reserve force comes into active service, and the person does not realise the draught made upon him, but in cases of general debility, the reserve force is so small that a low and enfeebled condition is always present.

Some persons have a power of imparting vital force to others, the recipient being always benefited by such impartation. It is reasonable to assume, in the absence of positive knowledge, that vital force has its origin in the spiritual realm, and that advanced spirits can employ it in the cure of disease, if they have the proper medium through which vital force may be imparted to those who suffer from the lack of it. Such are called "healing mediums." In the case of Teresa Urrea, high and benevolent spirits have found a suitable medium through which to impart the healing power. She is innocent, artless, and unpretending, willing, obedient, and faithful, with an untiring zeal and a high sense of her lofty calling. She is humble, devoted, and unselfish. With a good organisation and favourable temperament, she is capable of being very serviceable in her work.

RELATION OF DREAMS TO THE WAKING LIFE.

Various distinguished writers remarking on the phenomena of dreaming agree in affirming that the thoughts of our sleeping hours must invariably bear some defined relation to the antecedent thoughts and events of our lives—it may be to the acts of the previous day; or, on the other hand, to ideas separated from our last waking moments by an interval whose years make up the best part of a life's duration. To say that dreams may deal with subjects of which we have never had any knowledge whatever is to suggest the indefensible proposition that we can and do remember all the events and ideas which have occurred and been present with us during our entire existence, or, in one word, that memory is practically omniscient and infallible; whilst against the idea just noted we must place the opposing thought, that the brain's action being largely unconscious in the common operations of receiving, and certainly in those of registering and preserving impressions, it is more logical to conclude that dreams usually represent images and conceptions of material things—these material ideas or events being often indistinctly presented, frequently altered and transmogrified in their production, and commonly projected within the range of our night-thoughts in a fashion which may defy our recognition and comparison of them as parts of the waking life of former days. There is no lack of proof from many sides of the extreme probability that these assumptions represent the whole or the greater part of the truth about dreams.—ANDREW WILSON.

The science of life may be thus epitomised—to know well the price of time, the value of things, and the worth of people.

MIND AND MATTER.

[*Lancet*, August 23rd, 1890.]

The attitude of science to questions that occupy our attention is clearly stated in an article which we invite our readers to study. We have had occasion to say hard things of that science, falsely so-called, which takes upon itself to pronounce a dogmatic opinion on that which it has never studied. We have protested against the prostitution of the honoured name of science to any such base purpose. We have also taken frequent opportunity to claim for ourselves, in the cultivation of an open mind and perfect candour in discussion of theories advanced to explain and account for facts, the true scientific attitude. Against the views set forth in the leading columns of the *Lancet*, judging from the writer's attitude, we have no exception to take. They are worthy of careful attention:—

In whatever department of thought we find it occupied, the very nature of science is hostile to uncertainty. Facts, indeed, are not its constant possession, but its object, nevertheless, is always to know the truth as true beyond possibility of doubt. Nothing therefore can, in strict conformity with its character, be received on mere trust. All that is accepted must be capable of proof, and anything that cannot be thus verified, though true it may be, is to science a thing not known. In reference to all such matters, its position is that of the agnostic, properly so-called; not that is to say, of a mere creedless bigot, but of an expectant and cautious investigator, accepting in belief only that which he has proved. In virtue of this very position, however, the description here given is but a partial one. It applies rather to a purpose than an actual condition. It is a true portrait of exact science only, and it leaves untouched the illustration of that far-reaching principle by which every branch of knowledge is made subject to the law of development and passes through doubts, conjectures, and shrouded truths to the brightness of clear understanding. Science is no exception to this rule. It has its tentative theories, its mutable facts, and provisional acceptances, and its position would be logically untenable if it were to deny to other modes of thought a share in that charitable consideration which allows time for its own conclusions, however crude, to be planned, marred, recast, and slowly matured. The assumption of such a position would indeed be suicidal, for it implies a fatal schism among the forces concerned in philosophic inquiry. Science and philosophy, it must be remembered, are not contraries. They are merely the obverse and the converse of the same intellectual process, the former objective the latter subjective as to its rational method. Either may, in the wider acceptance of its meaning, be taken to include the other, and it is only the prominence of one, the physical application of scientific study, which has associated the former with what we call matter, as distinct from spirit or mind, the natural sphere of the latter. However diverse they may seem to be, distinction between mind and matter is, in the present state of our knowledge, impossible. We are as yet without experience or information respecting the separate condition of one or another. At all points matter is instinct with incorporated properties which constitute the law of its being, though whence derived its atoms cannot tell us; and mind, on the other hand, can only confess itself through its physical manifestations. Though we should penetrate if it were possible beyond the earliest known traces of our world, we might still be as far as ever from a solution of the mystery, but at no stage could we expect to pass beyond the age at which these two became united. Everywhere we still find, whether in vital activity or in the buried vestiges of world-old existence, the sure signs of cause and effect. The design may vary, but its evidences are never wanting. Some, perhaps, may prefer to regard it as the essential possession of matter, and to dignify this with the attributes of a creator. We cannot but think, however, that the very diversity of material forms, and their infinite variation in conformity with some discoverable purpose in each case, mark them out rather as the vehicles of some compelling force implanted in them. That this force is not purposive, but fortuitous in its action, is incredible. Given a certain stage in the progress of development, circumstances may, indeed, accomplish many modifications, as the laborious genius of Darwin has abundantly proved;

but even these are governed by strict limitations, are apt to be transient in character, and are rather differences of degree than alterations in type. The argument for intelligent design is not seriously impaired, in our opinion, by such evidence of a merely material agency, and there is every reason to believe that this view is yearly gaining ground among the more scrupulous thinkers in physical science. It is significant to find an authority like Professor Tyndall, despite his belief in matter and force as primary factors in the production of life, admitting the probable existence of a "power of creation," which he associates with evolution, and proposes to invest with some feeling akin to worship. Professor Huxley's condemnation of materialism as "the most baseless of dogmas" is also—at least constructively—suggestive of a disposition to include within the beliefs of natural science the existence of a supreme directing intelligence.

A NEW FAIRY-TALE OF SCIENCE.

We sometimes speak disrespectfully of Matter, and assume that we are entitled to say that we know much of the action of Spirit. But do we? Is not this a revelation of what we have known nothing of? We stand on some star-lit night and wonder at the limitless universe that darkness reveals. What if there be within us a universe not less marvellous, not less exactly organised, than that which the external vision takes note of? Our quotation is from the *Pall Mall Gazette* :—

Sir Henry Roscoe, writing in the *Speaker*, describes why it is that the deadliest microbes may be found in the mouth or in other parts of the body, and yet the harbours of these guests may be perfectly healthy. It is, it seems, entirely a question of whether or not these organisms find their way into the blood. If they do not, all is well; if they do, the most serious trouble follows. The explanation of these remarkable phenomena (Sir Henry Roscoe points out) illustrates the saying that fact is stranger than fiction, and shows that the truths of science are more wonderful than any fairy-tale. For what does the microscope reveal? Under the eye and in the hands of a Russian physiologist working in Pasteur's laboratory in Paris the secret of this impotence of the microbe to penetrate into the blood has been divulged. For Metschnikoff has proved that certain cells contained in the blood of all the higher animals, termed phagocytes, identical with the well-known white blood corpuscles, being endowed with the power of independent motion, not only wander inside but even make their way outside the tissue, and, *mirabile dictu*, pursue, devour, and digest any bacilli, whether poisonous or not, with which they come into contact. This is then the new and true battle of life which, hitherto unknown and unobserved, is constantly going on within the body. We now learn why no entrance is, under normal conditions, possible for the invading host. These phagocytes attack and annihilate it before it can do so. They are the watchful guardians of the body. So long as they remain on guard the body is safe from attack; but should they, from any cause, relax their efforts, should they fall asleep at their posts, then the invading army of parasites passes into the system and destroys life either by the numerous mechanical lesions which it produces, or more usually by the poison which it secretes. This apparently independent life of the cell within the organism is one of the most marvellous revelations of modern science.

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER.

Miss Lottie Fowler has utterly broken down in health, and being thus incapacitated from following her avocation as a medium, she is destitute. She desires to return at once to America, with her brother, who is also an invalid. To enable her to do so, the kindness of a few friends is necessary to fit her out, and pay her passage. Pecuniary aid is solicited, that the matter may be accomplished as expeditiously as possible. Contributions may be sent to the office of "LIGHT."

WHAT greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life, in order to strengthen each other in all labour, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting here on earth.—GEORGE ELIOT.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

More About Count Mattei.

SIR,—In your issue of the 16th inst. I note under the above heading an interesting extract from the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It is here stated that "there is a section of the human race that believes Count Mattei to be its potential saviour"; and it appears from the article that Lady Paget, for one, shares in that opinion. The thought suggests itself, that in an age of general scepticism as to marvels, such as this is, a belief of this kind would scarcely be arrived at by intelligent men without its having some foundation in fact, some germ of truth, some evidence to support it. This being probable, with your concurrence and approval, Mr. Editor, I would respectfully put forward the request that some one or more of your able correspondents who have paid attention to the subject be good enough to give the result of their experience or observation as to the efficacy of this system, which goes under the name of Electro-Homoeopathy. And I would here remark that those only who have tested it by actual experiment and a fair trial have a right to pronounce an opinion thereon, all *a priori* reasoning on such a subject being perfectly worthless. Seeing how large a proportion of humanity suffer from various ailments, I would venture to urge on behalf of my request that if the large claims put forth by the Italian Count for his new theory of disease and remedies can be substantiated, his discovery must needs be hailed by all as the greatest and most important of modern times; so all-absorbing indeed that it cannot fail to throw such comparatively paltry questions as whether spirits see us, and whether animals see spirits, recently discussed in your columns, completely into the shade—at least, for a season. For with the great mass of mankind, whatever they may profess to do, priority is given to the claims and requirements of the body over those of spirit, which seems to be the order of nature in the present stage of our evolution. Nor was Carlyle far from the mark when he averred that with the great majority of men "the belly and its adjuncts are the grand reality." Here in Electro-Homoeopathy, if report is to be credited, we have the grand restorative of the outward man, a realisation of the panacea, the *elixir vite*, of which our forefathers fondly dreamt. The remedies, I learn, are very few in number, whilst one of these, known as *anti-scrofoloso*, is a specific for some scores of complaints, including all nervous diseases. All this and much more sounds romantically novel and strange to us, but dare we say that it is impossible? Surely our sad experience in the past should teach us to avoid this mistake. The object of my letter is not to impart information but to elicit it, and so I will lay my pen aside after one single observation. If good evidence can be given that Count Mattei may be regarded as "the potential saviour of the human race," the sooner we know it the better.

August 20th, 1890.

WILLIAM J. WOODING.

Re-Incarnation.

SIR,—With the above heading in your issue of August 16th, a writer, under, as it seems to me, the singularly inappropriate signature of "Excelsior," offers a criticism on an address delivered by me before the London Spiritualist Alliance on "The Argument for Re-Incarnation from the Problem of Moral Evil," which appeared in your columns about nine months ago. It is mainly a restatement of the positions to which my address was a reply, and so far calls for no rejoinder. If "Excelsior" will carefully peruse the address on which he comments, he will find they have been anticipated and answered. There are, however, some points on which a word of explanation may be given. He revives an argument elicited and replied to in the discussion which followed my address, viz., that if the argument for Re-incarnation be not allowed, then we must consider the existence of God and many other important truths as not proven. I do not admit the cases as parallel, but I never attempt to prove the existence of God. Our faith in God may be confirmed and strengthened in many ways, but if a man finds nothing in himself which responds to the appeal of nature and of conscience, I know of no logical bridge to span the awful chasm from the finite to the infinite.

"We have but faith, we cannot know." Our human personality, however, is quite another matter. If we have each had a plurality of corporeal lives, we ought surely to know something about it. It is a question of fact, of individual experience, and should be capable of proof. I do not say "material and

mathematical proof," but simply proof. When, however, we press this demand, we get, not the proof we ask for, but only conjectures as to possible reasons why proof cannot be supplied. In my address I did not refer to the argument from reminiscence, preferring to deal with one question at a time to rambling discursively over the whole field of controversy. But "Excelsior" now asks, "Does there not exist in all of us a vague souvenir, innate ideas and intuitions? and what are they but the reminiscences of past scenes, knowledge, and character?" Surely the affirmation implied in this question is an over statement; not "all of us," but only a few, and a very few, ever believe themselves to have had any such experiences. The grounds for this very exceptional belief deserve a more extended consideration and careful analysis than I can here attempt, but reserving its more adequate treatment to a suitable opportunity, I may point out that the very readiness with which anything of the sort is eagerly clutched at, shows how welcome reliable evidence of this kind would be if only it could be got. "Aye, there's the rub."

"Excelsior" says, "The extraordinary faculties of some children for calculation, arts, languages, &c., are otherwise impossible to explain, unless we suppose that God has created us unequal." There is no need for any supposition in the case, anyone can observe for himself that men are created not only with diversity of natural gifts, but that there is inequality in their distribution; and this creates that beneficent law of mutual dependence which is the base of human society. There is no more reason to suppose that specially able and intelligent men have brought over their aptitude and knowledge from a former life than that particularly sagacious animals have imported the experience of a previous incarnation. "Excelsior" affirms, "We recommence at the point before attained, each existence is a consequence of the preceding." No doubt, if Re-incarnation were true, this is what might be expected. There would then be no lost arts, re-incarnated scholars and scientists would be born *savans*. They would never at any time require to become pupils, they would be professors. A re-incarnated Plato would be born with at least a knowledge of the Greek language, and not have to acquire its alphabet. A re-incarnated Kepler from his cradle would be familiar with the laws of planetary motion, and not have to study elementary mathematics, and take easy lessons in astronomy like any tyro. No doubt there are precocious children, but where shall we find these miraculous prodigies of genius "who recommence at the point before attained"? Is it a matter of no consequence to a theory that it does not harmonise with obvious facts? Almost every sentence in the letter before me might be cited as an example of how the advocates of Re-incarnation indulge in the most confident assertions, unsupported by evidence, or by any other evidence than merely speculative and dubious argument, resting on assumptions equally unproven. For instance, "Excelsior" assures us that "the spirit, again free from the influence of matter, recovers entire lucidity just as the remembrance of yesterday returns to-day after the void of sleep." If by this is meant that the freed spirit attains to the memory of a plurality of past earthly lives, I ask "Excelsior," how does he know this, and where is the proof of it; and why should the spirit again be immersed in matter to again lose what it has just recovered? And yet we are told, "The theories of Re-incarnation are in clear, logical, and complete harmony." Again, "Excelsior" tells us that "the most important point and the pivot of all our arguments is that by Re-incarnation alone are resolved the problems of human life." And this with my address before him, in which I have enumerated some of the various theories by which philosophers have resolved these problems! How far they may have done so satisfactorily their readers must determine, but certainly Re-incarnation is not the "only" theory on the subject, and to me, as to many others, it appears one of the least reasonable. But why go on exposing its fallacies when the next advocate of Re-incarnation will again blandly repeat them as if they were unchallenged and incontrovertible actions?

T. S.

A Spiritualist Corresponding Society.

SIR,—I have a proposition to make—that a society be formed as above, which I think would be one way to assist our cause. The duty of its members would be to assist each other by correspondence or otherwise, to write to the Press, assist earnest inquirers—in fact to use every legitimate method to prove the truth of spiritual communion. Such a society would embrace

Spiritualists in all parts of the world, and I need not add the benefits to be derived by the spiritual student. Those of your readers who are favourable to the above, I shall be pleased to hear from.

245, Camberwell-road, S.E.

J. ALLEN.

The Theosophical Society and the Spiritual Science Society.

SIR,—With regard to the statements made by two correspondents, in your last issue, signing themselves respectively as President and Secretary of some society, called the "Spiritual Science Society," permit me to state briefly:—

Firstly: That the resignations of the said correspondents from the Blavatsky Lodge of the Theosophical Society were requested and accepted.

Secondly: That it would be as well for your correspondents to give the names of the numerous Theosophists from whom they have received "applications to join spiritual science classes," in order that these numerous Theosophists may have the pleasure of correcting their statements.

Thirdly: That what Madame Blavatsky *did* state was that she did not believe in the "spiritual science" of your correspondents, but that the life and writings of this lady prove conclusively that she *does* believe in SCIENCE.

Fourthly: That all your two correspondents know of "Esoteric students" is, that on one of the two asking to be admitted to their number, he was refused, and that these "Esoteric students" denied that physical and psychic phenomena, even when established, were "spiritual," or that such phenomena constituted "science."

Fifthly: That these statements may be of service to others, but that no further notice will be taken of such "spiritual scientists" by yours sincerely,

G. R. S. MEAD, B.A.,
Member of the Blavatsky Lodge, T. S.

A Correction.

SIR,—Your and our correspondent "An Inquirer" cannot read his *Whirlwind* very carefully, judging from his letter in your issue of the 16th. May I inform him and your other readers that two answers to his letter appeared in the *Whirlwind*, No. 7, for August 9th, and another in No. 9, for August 23rd, just out? 150, Strand, W.C.,

HERBERT VIVIAN.

Office of the *Whirlwind*.

The *Whirlwind* (August 23rd) contains the following explanatory letter on the subject:—

A SCIN LCECA.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE WHIRLWIND."

SIRS,—The curious story of a spectral passenger in a first class railway carriage, about which you invite explanation, will probably be accounted for in two ways: The foolish and flippant will say "the narrators had been dining"; the thoughtful may call to mind the words of Professor Draper in *The Conflict between Religion and Science*, pp. 132 and 133: "A shadow never falls upon a wall without leaving thereupon a permanent trace which might be made visible by resorting to proper processes. . . . The portraits of our friends or landscape views may be hidden on the sensitive surface from the eye, but they are ready to make their appearance as soon as proper developers are resorted to. A spectre is concealed on a silver or a glassy surface, until, by our necromancy, we make it come forth into the visible world."

It seems probable that the atmosphere of the railway carriage had photographed—if such a term may be used—a scene previously enacted within it. The air, impregnated with this scene, was looked upon by two men, who must have been *clairvoyants* or sensitives, at least at the moment of vision. They noticed the legs stretched out, which did not withdraw themselves, but which they *passed through*, as through common air.

It is to be regretted that greater details have not been given as to the surrounding circumstances. For instance, it would be interesting to know whether this particular compartment had long been disused, or disused since a tragedy might have been therein enacted. Whether the window on the side opposite to the door, by which the men entered, was closed, or whether a current of air could be passing freely through the spectre-haunted space.

Such accurate and cautious thinkers as Drs. Jevons and Babbage have recorded their belief that every thought displaces

particles of the brain and causes vibration throughout the universe of thought. How much more must action set in motion the air waves, and how likely are these careful investigators to be right when they tell us that "each particle of existing matter must be a register of all that has happened."—*Principles of Science*, Vol. II., p. 465. R. E. M.

SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions.]

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday last Mr. J. Veitch spoke both morning and evening. On Sunday next, at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell, séance, address and clairvoyance.—J. VEITCH, Sec.

GLASGOW.—On Sunday morning, Mr. Adams spoke on the subject of "The Popular Doctrine of the Atonement." In the evening Mr. R. Harper discoursed on "Nature the Work of God that speaks His Language to the Souls of Men."—J. GRIFFIN, Sec.

CARDIFF PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—On Sunday morning last Mr. Victor Wyldes delivered an able address on "The Use and Abuse of Spiritualism," and in the evening he delivered an eloquent oration to a large and appreciative audience on the subject "Spiritualism in its Bearings upon Christianity." Lyceum as usual at 3 p.m.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM LANE, STRATFORD, E.—Meetings free, every Sunday at 6.45 for seven o'clock. The following is the list of speakers for September:—7th, Mr. J. Butcher; 14th, Mrs. Yeales; 21st, Mr. H. Cobley; 28th, Open Meeting. It is intended to have a tea meeting and entertainment on Monday, September 16th. Tea at 7 p.m., punctually. Dancing and parlour games from 8.30 till 11 p.m. Tea and entertainment 9d. Entertainment alone 6d. The proceeds to form a nucleus for an "Organ Fund."—M. A. BEWLEY, Sec., 3, Arnold-villas, Capworth-street, Leyton.

MARYLBONE ASSOCIATION, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, W.—On Sunday morning last we had a good meeting, conducted by Miss Todd. Clairvoyance by Mrs. Spring and Mr. H. Towns, several delineations being fully recognised. Healing by Mr. Milligan. At three, Lyceum as usual. At seven, Mr. Hancock gave a short address and replied to questions from the audience. Wednesday next, at 8 p.m., First Aid meeting. Thursday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Wilkins. Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Healing and Clairvoyance; at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., T.S. Malone, Esq., "Six Months of Spiritualism."—C. WHITE.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH, 14, ORCHARD-ROAD.—On Tuesday in last week we had a large meeting, many strangers being present. Mr. Hagon's controls gave us good advice, and used his healing power with great success, for which many were deeply grateful. On Saturday, Mr. J. J. Vango being absent, Mrs. Mason was impressed at the last moment to come in his stead, her guides telling us they knew they were wanted. At the Sunday service, Mr. U. W. Goddard gave an able address upon "Internal Harmony," pointing out the necessity of all loving each other more as brothers and sisters. Saturday next, at 8 p.m., séance, Mrs. Mason, trance and clairvoyance; Sunday, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., spiritual service; Tuesdays, at 8 p.m., Mr. Joseph Hagon, trance address and healing.—J. H. B., Cor. Sec.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—Last Sunday we had a very pleasant evening with Mrs. Spring, and her guides gave some very good tests. Some time after the meeting had commenced four or five strangers came in, one of whom was blind. The "control" told him that he had been at sea for a long time, and that he had lost his sight through a flash or a great shock of some sort. He replied that he had been a sailor for 25 years, and was struck by lightning, which was the cause of his blindness. The "control" also saw the name of Robert over his head, and this, he admitted, was his father's name. This was only one of a number of really excellent tests. Next Sunday Mr. Veitch. Séances every Thursday at 8 p.m.—Geo. E. GUNN, Hon. Sec., 193, Hither Green-lane, Lewisham, S.E.

KENSINGTON AND NOTTING HILL SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—On Sunday last, although the weather was not so favourable as we should have liked, a good meeting was held in Hyde Park (near Marble Arch). Percy Smyth took the chair. Messrs. Bullock and Rodger gave addresses and answered questions to the apparent satisfaction of the audience. A lady put a question in which she acknowledged having communed with her son two years after his death, but she preferred to call herself a Christian Spiritualist. Some 200 or more copies of literature were distributed, including copies of "LIGHT," &c. Next Sunday at 3.30 Messrs. Emms, Bullock, Cannon and others will speak. We beg to acknowledge literature from Mrs. Schweitzer and Miss Jessie Dixon with thanks. If friends are wishing to help us who have no spare literature, we shall be glad of a donation towards the fund.—PERCY SMYTH, Hon. Sec., 68, Cornwall-road, Bayswater, W.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION, CLAREMONT HALL, PENTON-STREET, KING'S CROSS, N.—Last Sunday a good service was held, Mr. Cannon presiding. After a reading from the *Review of Reviews* on Spiritualism, Mr. McKenzie spoke, and dealt with a question from one of the audience as to whether or not Spiritualism could be regarded as hallucination. Mr. W. O. Drake also spoke, pointing out the number of eminent scientists who knew of the truth of Spiritualism, not forgetting to add, however, that all of us could have communion with our departed friends in our own homes by ourselves, and many could vouch for its being genuine. He advised all to investigate for themselves. Messrs. Bullock and Rodger followed, and supported the previous speaker's remarks. Next Sunday (31st inst.), at seven o'clock in the evening, the service will be carried out by the "young people in the ranks of Spiritualism." The service will be a musical one. A practice and meeting will be held here on Thursday evening next, at eight o'clock, when it is hoped that all those wishing to assist or to join the choir, and otherwise interested, will attend. Further particulars of Percy Smyth, 68, Cornwall-road, Bayswater, W.—P.S., pro UTBER GODDARD, Federation Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, CHEPSTOW HALL, 1, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday last Mr. R. J. Lees replied to questions on spiritual topics at the morning meeting, affording much useful information. In the evening a spiritual service was held, with address by Mr. Lees, followed by a meeting of members, who recognise the need of a meeting place of our own, in which we could combine the Sunday religious services with week night circles for inquirers and development. A discussion forum, public reading-room and library (the nucleus of which we have already), and a room set apart for receiving the sick and afflicted for magnetic treatment. About £25 was promised, and offers of help (pecuniary and otherwise) are coming in. We intend issuing a circular setting forth our plan, and shall be glad to forward the same to any friends who will help us. A general meeting of Spiritualists will be held at Chepstow Hall on Sunday evening, September 14th, when we hope to see a good audience of sympathetic friends. On Sunday, Messrs. J. Allen and W. E. Long will speak at 11.15 and 6.30 respectively. The usual meetings will be held at Venham-road (No. 30) on Wednesday and Friday.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., 36, Kemerton-road, S.E.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

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

Was it a Dream? By J. W. DE CAUX. Price one shilling. (East Norfolk Printing Co., Great Yarmouth.)

Theosophical Sightings. [Containing an important paper on "The Scientific Importance of Dreams." By Katharine Hillard. Price threepence.] (Theosophical Publishing Company, 7, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C.)

Lucifer. (Same publishers.) Price eightpence. [Many articles of interest, to which we hope to recur.]

Spiritualism and Spirit Phenomena in 1707. An Epitome of Facts, Phenomena, and Spirit Messages taken from *Lacy's Warnings.* (G. S. Pidgcon, San Diego, Cal.)

What is the Soul and what becomes of It? By THOMAS CLARKE, M.D., and A. N. CLARKE, M.A. Price sixpence. (Williams and Norgate.) [A theological dissertation on *a priori* principles.]

Hypnotism. By ALBERT MOLL, of Berlin. (Contemporary Science Series.) ["A survey of all that is important in the whole province of Hypnotism." A history of the subject; a dissertation on the symptoms; theories advanced; medical and legal aspects of it, &c., &c.]

The Next World: Fifty-six communications from eminent historians, authors, legislators, &c., now in spirit-life, through Mrs. S. G. Horn. (James Burns, 15, Southampton-row, W.C.) [A series of trance communications and inspirational writings purporting to come from a multitude of celebrities, among whom no unknown personality intrudes. Whatever view may be taken of the significance of the use of these great names, there is in these pages much food for reflection.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S.P.—Kindly defer till the Editor returns next month.

F. H. W.—We have sent your letter on to Mr. Hawkins Simpson. Hardly of sufficient interest for our columns.

E.M.—"Orthodox Theology." Thank you; too distinctly theological for use, but we are glad to have seen your letter.

E.L.—We fear we cannot be of service. We do not know of any séances available in your neighbourhood; and access to any in England is difficult.

M.O.T.—We are sorry that we cannot give you the name and address of the medical man who has observed the phenomena occurring in the presence of Francis Rodwell. Perhaps this notice may bring it to us, in which case we will advise you. It would be interesting if, in this connection, you would give a succinct account of your own experiences; but you will hardly get much guidance as to the use of these powers from those who only employ them empirically. We know of no such physician as you need apparently, but may mention the names of Dr. George Wyld, 41, Courtfield-road, S.W., and Dr. Robert Theobald, 5, Grosvenor-street, W. Dr. Lloyd Tuckey approaches the matter from the hypnotic side.