

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

It is hard to avoid casting a backward glance at the close of a conventional measurement of time. A year that is dying suggests much work that is past. Day by day the duty has been done, or the opportunity has been lost. Even an earth-worm, Darwin tells us, has a record. What is the retrospect of 1890? I am no optimist, but it is good. I am no pessimist, but it is not bad. We may say of ourselves that if we have not conspicuously done that which we ought not to do, we have certainly left undone many things which we ought to have done. There was a time when it might have been reasonably said that the sins of commission on the part of Spiritualists were serious. There was not adequate care in the exclusion of fraud, and so it came to pass that the fair fame of our Spiritualism was besmirched by the tricks and knaveries of the exploiter of the weaknesses of his fellow-creatures. It did not matter to him that his ill-earned gains came from those whose feelings were raw with sorrow, and who fell to him an easy prey because of their great grief. He traded on this, and he gambled with the holiest instincts of his dupes. He sang hymns over them, he prayed at them, while he cheated and befooled them. Some of us thought that this was monstrous, and we warned the imposter off. I see that the "Better Way" is of opinion that we have made the conditions too stringent. I am not. I would rather have no Spiritualism at all, deeply convinced as I am of its profound blessings, its immeasurable consolations, than I would allow it to be travestied by that fustian counterfeit. We made that disgrace impossible, and we were ashamed to stand out, we who knew conditions and were not acquainted with mediumship, and say that we would have our house in order, clean and irreproachable. We knew quite enough to be aware of our own ignorance beyond certain limitations. But we also knew that our antagonists had no knowledge whatsoever, and we were not afraid to "speak with our enemy in the gate." And he never took much by the speaking, and is not now fond of referring to it.

I am not, therefore, in the smallest degree afraid of admitting what I helped in doing towards the purification of public Spiritualism in this country. And—the "Better Way" notwithstanding—I entertain a strong opinion that such mixture as we found useful here might be administered with advantage in America. I do not presume to advise; it is not my part; but if our methods are blamed we may mildly defend them, and even recommend them on mature reflection for imitation and adoption. This by the way. The past year has seen no recurrence to methods that we found reprehensible. There

has been a steady tendency to study rather than to observe; a tendency to speculate and to philosophise, a wish to realise how admitted facts are to be explained, and a very wholesome abandonment of the open-mouthed gaping out of which no good ever came. A man is no better because he sees (or thinks that he sees) a thing done. Neither is he any better because he evolves a theory out of his mind and sets to work to make all things square with it. These alternations—the Scylla and Charybdis of Spiritualism—wherein so many have been engulfed are slowly becoming less terrible to the man who has his eyes open. The early glamour is fading, and those who know most are most ready to listen to reason. There was a time when the Spiritualist, who had not read a line or thought even a little bit, accepted from some "control" a series of silly statements not recommended by right reason, congruity, or common-sense. He opened his mouth and shut his eyes and took the consequences. Small wonder that he was a gibe to all who exercised the gift of reason. If he went no further, he was a jest by reason of his subject; for he forced it on all and sundry, and all were not ready for his strong meat, which he cooked and dressed and served so badly. But usually he complicated his Spiritualism with various fads. He was not content with assaulting his neighbour's soul in a robust and indiscreet way. He meddled with his body also; insisted that it should be nurtured on a vegetarian diet, and refused that it should be treated medicinally in certain ways or prophylactically in certain other ways. And so Spiritualism got the discredit of many crudities not its own.

It would be idle to contend that such a liberator of thought as Spiritualism is can avoid attracting to its ranks many faddists. It cannot be otherwise. But there is less tendency than there was to mix up in one vast *olla podrida* the refuse of other beliefs and force them on the Spiritualist. The freedom in which the man recently emancipated from some galling bondage so rejoices, is used more discriminatingly than it used to be. There is a distinction between liberty and licence. And that is no small gain. For as forms of belief have a tendency to crystallise into dogma and these dogmas, in the course of time, to impose themselves with iron chains on the unwilling conscience, which accepts them, not because it agrees with or even understands them, but because it is told that it must, hell-fire being invoked on the contumacious, so is the opposite true. Men have revolted, and, as in a revolution, they have an orgie. All is in a condition of upset; there are barricades, and law is in abeyance. Men are armed and use their fire-arms recklessly. These are not the times when one may reasonably look for peace and temperate discrimination. Rough and ready estimates are all we can expect. The future must give us what the future will accept as a verdict on our doings. That has been the case with Spiritualism. It is enough that we, who in these early days are bearing the burden and heat of the day, should try our best to fix and perpetuate a record of events the most transcendently important. We can do little more. The interpretation of them must be left to those who come after. I

personally find satisfaction in the thought that, when I have done all that lies in my power, a younger generation will come fresh to the study of the evidence that I and others have accumulated. I am glad that it should be so, and I wish them joy of the rich work that is in store for them. If any argument could weigh with me in favour of Re-incarnation, I should find it in the desire to have a finger in that tempting pie.

For the rest, I may express a hope that the quality of the matter supplied in this journal has not been inferior in the past year. It has been the desire of the Editor to reach the educated and thoughtful among Spiritualists, and to supply them with material for reflection. For the literature of Spiritualism is now copious, and consideration of its facts is quite as urgent as the indiscriminate accumulation of more. Therefore it has been distinctly kept in mind by the Editor to put forth all views that bear on our vast subject. Few current records elsewhere published have escaped notice or comment. Coincidences (so-called), dreams and problems of psychical interest have been gathered, and opinion will be invited on what they mean. Of my own share in these "Notes by the Way" I must only say with modesty that they are "an abstract and brief chronicle of the time," and that there has been only the slightest interruption to their course when illness over-mastered me. The kindness of many correspondents leads me to believe that this record is useful, and I cordially acknowledge the estimate always shown of it. The correspondence in this journal I cannot omit from notice. It would be remarkable in any newspaper for its breadth, ability and scope. It is unique in a journal devoted only to one subject for its wide range, its moderation and grasp of matter dealt with, as well as for the simple extent of it. Nothing remains but that I, who owe so much to the unstinted kindness of my many friends, should send to each and all a more than conventional wish for their spiritual and temporal prosperity in the coming year—a year, if prophets are to be trusted, that is to be one of trouble and trial. Adversity, however, is wholesome, and no one was ever the worse for it yet.

KARMA.

As we have sown so shall we reap. This is the unfailing law of the Eternal. Animals have animal souls and senses even as we have, they feel, they joy, they sorrow, they love, even as we. They have the same breath of life even as we, for "in God ALL do live and move and have their being." Whoso, therefore, kills for selfish ends, hunts, tortures, starves, neglects, or in any other way illtreats any sentient creature, be it a cat, or a pigeon, or any other creature that is powerless to resist or complain, the same shall that person suffer in this existence or in another. For "God cannot be mocked"; "as ye have done unto others so shall it be done unto you." The memory of a cruel deed will haunt the doer of it with bitter anguish through the ages, till repentance comes and atonement is made. It is the law of eternal justice, and falls on all alike; "with what measure ye mete unto others, with the same measure shall it be meted unto you again." Cruelty to dumb animals is of all crimes the most detestable, the most inexcusable, the most cowardly, the most degrading, and its retribution is certain as effect follows cause.

"Vengeance is Mine," saith the Eternal; "I repay."

Say this prayer daily and live it:—"O God, Whose loving kindness extendeth unto every living creature, giving unto all the same breath of life, and like feelings and passions with ourselves; give unto us tender hearts and the grace of considerateness to all; show Thy mercy upon us, that unto others we may show the same, and give us Thy light and love and peace, and to Thee be the glory to the ages of ages. Amen." I. O.

CHILDREN are the milestones set along the road, reminding us of the distance we have gone on the journey of life.

COINCIDENCES.

No. XVII.

The subjoined collection of Coincidences is entirely supplied by our own readers. There must be many more that could easily be jotted down in simple form to increase a collection that we desire to make as wide and representative as possible. There are "Dreams," too, and the comprehensive "Psychical Problems"—to gather up the fragments that remain over.

Some years ago, while visiting friends in the country, we were all ready to go for our morning walk, when I felt an irresistible impulse to write automatically, so requested one of my friends to place a hand on mine. Immediately a communication (of a political nature, if I remember rightly) was written and signed Horace Walpole, simultaneously with my exclaiming that I saw clairvoyantly a tall, slim, dark man, with large, dark eyes, &c., dressed apparently in black velvet tunic, silk stockings, &c. Now, I had not (to my recollection) seen a picture of Horace Walpole, and am sure I could not have said who or what he was. The following winter, having spent most of a day at the British Museum reading Ruskin, tired and hungry, I was wending my way out of the reading-room, when my hand unconsciously took down a volume from a shelf, and opening the frontispiece I recognised it as identical with the dark man I had seen in vision. A hot flush of astonishment came into my face, and not before I brought the book into a better light could I read the litho-graph-autograph, "Horace Walpole." CAROLINE CORNER.

One morning I received from a friend in London, a fellow-vegetarian, an account of a new phase of that movement, which she had adopted with advantage. It being quite new to me, she also enclosed a pamphlet about it, which, as I was then occupied with other letters, I laid aside without even opening or looking at the title. The same afternoon I received from Colorado, U.S.A., a printed paper from another friend on the same subject. Struck by this coincidence, I sat down to write an answer to my friend's letter, when I remembered I had not yet opened the pamphlet she had sent me, and on doing so found it was a copy of the very same paper, entitled "Natural Food," which had arrived from America.

A friend in London wrote to me asking me to send some papers on vegetarianism to a lady of title whose name I had never before heard mentioned. Calling on a friend next day I mentioned the circumstance and found she knew her quite well. Coming home I took up the *Daily Graphic* and the first thing I saw was the lady's name—mentioned, not in the column recording the doings of the fashionable world, but in an article on Exmoor.

Yesterday morning my husband returning from a walk with a musical friend was expatiating on the merits of "Bechstein" pianos. I had never heard of this maker. In the afternoon a friend called and almost the first words she said were "I have sold my old piano, and am going to have a 'Bechstein.'" C. A. P.

One morning, about three weeks ago, my wife was washing out some pocket handkerchiefs. A house jacket of mine was hanging on a rail near her, and from the pocket the corner of a handkerchief was visible. She thought she might as well wash it along with the others, and putting in her hand to take it out felt something hard in the pocket. On examination, she found two peculiar nails which I had picked up a few weeks before; these she laid on the table beside her, and turned to resume her washing. Before she had time to wet her hands a neighbour knocked at the back door, and my wife, being alone in the house, had to leave her basin to answer the summons. The neighbour said, "Oh, Mrs. —, I am in great need of two nails; do you think there is such a thing in your house you could let me have?" My wife handed her the two nails she had just found in my pocket, they were exactly what was required. If my wife had not espied the corner of the soiled handkerchief protruding from my pocket she would have been unable to satisfy her neighbour's need.

A week ago I went in the evening to see a friend who is very deaf. I rang the door-bell, and immediately my friend himself

opened the door. He was astonished to see me standing there, and asked how long I had been waiting. I shouted into his ear, "A quarter of a minute." He said, "I was thinking of you a minute ago; and, as *I am alone in the house*, it occurred to me that if you should happen to come you might knock and ring for an hour without my hearing you; so I thought I would come and put the door on the jar, so that you could walk in." My friend could not possibly have heard the sound of the bell, which was hung in a different part of the house from where he was sitting. Besides which, his own observation on seeing me proves that he did not open the door in response to any summons received through the ordinary senses. I should state, however, that the probability of my paying a visit *some time* during that particular Sunday was present in my friend's mind for other reasons.

SIGURN.

I send you a coincidence that occurred to me very lately.

In a letter from a lady, who is a remarkable clairvoyant, and frequently sends me visions, is the following—

This morning I was met in my room by a spirit in bright steel armour. Quite a tall spirit, like a man seven feet high. He saluted me and passed on.

Then a second appeared, taller than the other, clothed in bright raiment, and a most intense light or power with him; so much so that I could not look at him; and then when I looked again he was gone, and all that was left where he stood was an immense heap of Lotus flowers.

I don't know what it was for, nor do I understand it!

I had just copied the above into a large manuscript book and was in the act of closing the book when my eye fell on these words (many pages back), "I am Buddha. The Lotus belongs to me."

The deep significance to me of these words rendered the coincidence ten times more startling.

LILY.

I belong to a family in which the death of the head of the house is foreshadowed by the appearance of a strange bird, and this is traditional for three generations.

I recollect perfectly the incident in connection with my father's decease. My brother came in from shooting one day dressed in his usual sporting clothes, and sitting down began to chat with us quite cheerfully. He said, "I have seen a strange bird to-day; it had bright plumage and kept flying on in front of me among the heather, and quite near. The dog would not point and I could not shoot it." My father being present said gravely, "Then I shall soon die, for that bird was seen before my father's death." This foreboding was soon realised.

M. W. G.

The following facts are given by the daughter of "M. N.," the narrator of the above incident, and are interesting in connection with the traditional family bird:—

After the death of a beloved sister I was feeling languid both in body and mind, but was not otherwise ill. One day, while gazing from my window up into the sky, I became aware that a large, dark, slate-coloured bird was on the sill. I felt a gloomy influence instantly, and was glad when it fled.

The next day it came again, and I then felt so agitated that I called out to a servant in the next room, "Oh, M., there is that horrid pigeon again; I am sure something dreadful will happen to me." She, looking out of another window, saw it fly away, and then came to me, saying, "You know, Miss R., Mr. — keeps pigeons near; don't fret." I said, "Yes, M., and you know his are all white ones, whereas this was a very dark one, and more like a wood-pigeon."

On the evening of that day I was seized with rheumatic fever, afterwards complicated with pleurisy and affection of the heart, so that my life was despaired of. Canon S. was sent for, and he read over me the prayers for the dying. I overheard my medical man say to my mother, "You have telegraphed for her brother, but he will not be in time."

In spite of these depressing influences, I never quite lost hope of myself for two reasons. One was that I could not see my deceased sister, though I looked about the room for her, and I was sure she would come to meet me if I were about to die. Another was a confidence I had if I could once clasp my brother's hand, he being a man of powerful physique, I should gain vitality through his touch. Now something very like this happened, for when he came he held my hand a long time, and told me he thought I might recover if I did not attempt to speak.

From that moment I began to mend, so that at the end of a fortnight my bed was made, but it took seven months to restore me to anything like strength, after an illness so strangely foreshadowed by that dark grey bird.

R. M. N.

Some friends of mine were passing the summer at the English Lakes, and decided one fine Sunday evening to walk to a distant country church to attend Divine service. Two of the party, not being very strong, agreed to take the coach which passed their door, to spare themselves too much fatigue. The coach, on this particular evening, happened to come up half an hour late, so that when the two ladies reached the church the service had commenced and the clergyman officiating was concluding the reading of the first lesson, containing the Song of Sisera's Mother. As they walked up the aisle to their seat, these words fell on their ears: "Why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?"

M. E. G.

Some gipsies once entered the kitchen of a relative of mine to demand alms. One of them, an old woman, was very tipsy and insolent; and being reprovved by the mistress for telling gross untruths, she retorted in a fury, throwing back the falsehood to the lady, adding, "Either you or I has told a lie, and God Almighty will call one of us to account for it before four days are over." Her dreadful words were awfully fulfilled, for just four days later she was brutally murdered on the roadside by her own husband in a drunken quarrel.

M. E. G.

I shared once a tiny chalet with a very intimate friend. One evening, feeling much fatigued, I went to bed early. My friend sat beside me talking for an hour or two, and then rose to go to her own room. She came in the morning to inquire how I had slept. I replied, "I had had a very ghastly dream of a furious horse trampling on a prostrate man and savagely tearing at his limbs with his teeth." "How very odd," she answered; "after I left you last night, not being sleepy, I sat up till very late looking over some illustrated papers just arrived, and you have exactly described the subject of one of the illustrations." She then showed me the picture in question, and I found that all the details had been reproduced in my dream. We had neither of us seen the paper when we parted the night before, the post wrapper not even having been removed.

M. E. G.

With reference to the matter published under the heading of Coincidences in your paper, perhaps the following personal experiences may be of interest. When at school I was, at the annual examination, likely to be placed at the head of my form. But I had one formidable competitor and I was handicapped by not having, owing to other duties, taken up history. The day before this paper was set I took up a text-book of Greek history and happened to read an account of the battle of Marathon. The next day the one question which I was enabled to answer was "Give an account of the battle of Marathon." When the result of the whole examination was published I was ahead by sixty marks, and upon referring to detail I found that I had received sixty marks for my history paper.

Another experience occurred to me at Cambridge when in for my "Little Go." The hour of attendance was nine punctually or a fine; and no admittance after 9.15. I awoke a few minutes after eight, according to my watch, and proceeded leisurely to dress. Presently I rushed a friend and violently abused me for not going to examination. I told him to go "somewhere" and not to fuss me as there was plenty of time. He persisted, however, and showed me his clock, which made it ten minutes past nine. I still thought it a hoax but said that I would go down and look at the College clock. I pulled on my trousers and overcoat over my night shirt, happily seized my cap and gown, and ran on to King's Parade, when to my horror, the clock pointed to thirteen minutes past. I fled to the Senate-house, arriving half a minute before time. When there, I could do nothing of the paper (mathematical), except, perhaps, at the last question, but was uncertain regarding the proper position of a dot in a decimal. I made a sort of mental toss up and marked the dot. I believe it was this that got me through the examination, but I never knew why my watch played me such a trick as to stop for exactly an hour at such a critical time.

B. A. CAMD.

About a year ago, whilst sitting in my room, I was impressed with an idea that there was some unusual draught, and in consequence walked across the passage into my daughter's bedroom; I found the curtains in flames, which latter were also running up the venetian blinds.

R.

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27th, 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.

ASSEMBLY OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST
ALLIANCE.

On Tuesday, December 16th, Mr. A. E. Waite delivered an address on "The Interior Life from the Standpoint of the Mystics." In the absence of the President from continued illness the chair was taken by Mr. Ed. Maitland.

Among those present we observed Miss Bainbridge, Mrs. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Carden, Mr. J. F. Collingwood, Mr. F. Clark, Rev. Dr. Maurice Davies, Mrs. Despard, Mr. E. E. Fournier, Miss Marie Gifford, Mrs. Hunt, Mr. Edward Maitland, Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, Miss Rogers, Madame de Steiger, Mr. Swainson, Mrs. Stapley, Miss Rowan Vincent, Mr. H. Withall, Miss H. Withall, Mrs. Western, Mr. J. N. Williams, Mr. A. E. Waite, &c., &c., &c.

Mr. Waite, having been introduced by the chairman with a warm tribute to the value of his published works, said:—

If it were necessary to divide the science which is called mystical into two chief branches, we might speak of them as phenomenal and transcendental. It is not actually an accurate division, but it will serve a practical purpose by indicating a definite line of demarcation in a dual process. There is that which, under the term "Magic," comprises most branches of the occult or secret sciences, including the doctrines concerning the nature and power of angels, ghosts, and spirits; the methods of evoking and controlling the shades of the dead, elementary spirits, and demons; the composition of talismans; all forms of divination, including clairvoyance in the crystal; and all the mysterious calculations which made up Kabalistic science. Between the spiritual and psychological phenomena of our present epoch and these experiments of the past there is a strong basis of similarity; they are of the same value, and serve a similar purpose. To those who are in search of "a sign" they may be evidence of worlds transcending our normal senses, and they are valuable to that extent. But they are not true Mysticism, and those who pursue them are not real Mystics. With the entire world of phenomena, normal or abnormal, Mysticism has solely an incidental connection. The object of transcendental science is to get beyond the phenomenal world, to penetrate the veil of appearances, and, outside the spheres of illusion, to enter into the grand realities. It is to this second, more elevated, branch of what is so loosely termed transcendentalism that your attention is invited to-night. It must be admitted at the outset that it is not an easy subject, for it is concerned with the highest aspiration which it is possible for man to entertain, and the highest act which it is possible for man to achieve.

All transcendental philosophy recognises and is based upon one great fact—that the true light is to be sought within, and that the avenues of interior contemplation—the withdrawn state—and the hidden life are not only the way to God, but that they are the way of the soul's peace. Now it has been truly affirmed, by the Quietists, that "there is no real happiness save that which is the result of a peaceful heart"; so we see that the *summum bonum*, the supreme and permanent felicity, of all human existence is also to be sought within. Those who by the study of the soul have made themselves acquainted with the highest mysteries of being, and, in a certain sense, have spoken to us as from behind the veil, have denied truth and reality, as they have denied joy and contentment, to the merely outward life. On their authority, therefore, we must add to our previous affirmations that the true life, the life which is alone persistent amidst the everlasting flux of apparitions and evanishments, which is alone real amidst the multitude of the things which seem, is also to be found within. Men have sought it in the kingdoms of this world wherein God has not anything, and have failed miserably in the quest. They have sought it amid the splendours and beauties, the consolations and felicities, of exterior nature, but all her attractions and delights have been only the vesture and the threshold of the "still rest and the unchanging simplicity" which are the conditions of the grand reality.

What is there which can be offered to the mind of man that shall be of higher value and of greater intellectual affluence than is offered us by the interior life when it promises God and truth, light and the undivided permanence and beatitude of real being? It will be said that such amenities are possible at most for only an infinitesimal proportion of our race, and in the existing conditions of our environment that is unfortunately true; but the value of the interior state is not to be estimated by the standard of social disabilities. A thing is not less good, rather is it the more desirable, because it is difficult of attainment, and can, therefore, be attained by few. Let the quest be attempted by those whose surroundings make it possible, and we may profit in a measure by their achievement if we cannot achieve ourselves.

The conditions of the life of contemplation are to be found in the word "detachment." The Quietists speak of "detachment from the things of earth, contempt of riches, and love of God," and these terms of ascetic theology in the West admit of being converted into the language of modern science, into the terminology of that natural law which it has been attempted to follow through a few of its ramifications in the spiritual world. The detachment in question consists in cutting off correspondence with inferior things. The isolation which follows is not to be confounded with that of the cynical philosopher who withdraws himself in disgust from a world whose beauty he is unable to discern, and with whose goodness he has ceased to be in affinity. The isolation of the interior life is devoid of pride and jealousy; it abstracts from the humanity around us nothing which can be given to humanity, and, like the lone inspiration of the Scald, its result in the ultimate to the world may prove better than a long cycle of familiar companionship in our ordinary daily life. The suspension of correspondence with things exterior and phenomenal is the means to a higher operation, and that is the creation of correspondence with the absolute realities which transcend them.

According to Cornelius Agrippa, we must learn how to leave the "intellectual multitude" if we would come to the "superintellectual and essential unity," for that is "absolute from all multitude, and the very fountain of good and truth." "We must ascend," he assures us, "to sciences, in which although there be a various multitude, yet there is no contrariety, until at length we reach to that one inclusive science which supposes all below it, while there is nothing that can be supposed beyond it." And above even this apex of attainment, and there only, he tells us, is the positive knowledge of a pure intellect. Therefore—it is thus he ends—"let us attain to the first unity, from whom there is a union in all things, through that one which is as the flower of our essence; which then at length we attain to, when avoiding all multitude, we do arise into our very unity, are made one and act uniformly."

Solitude is essential to such a work and the education of the superior conditions is best accomplished among the primeval sublimities of Nature, in mountain fastnesses, in the Divine desolation of the wilderness, or, as the Mystics themselves tell us, in the middle of the open sea. For the majesties and splendours of the outside world are the threshold of the unknown grandeurs. The gorgeous incandescence of the sunset is eloquent in Pentecostal tongues of revelation, but not to the exclusion of the all-permeating ministry of Night, which utters a *fiat Lux* to the strong in soul. *Dies dei eructat verbum, et novæ nocti indicat scientiam.* "Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge." It is thus that we are advised by the voice of one of our illuminators, Thomas Vaughan—he that was the most translucent of all the English Mystics, he that was the brother of the Silurist, sweetest and most silver-tongued of all our devotional singers:—"Translate thyself to the fields, where all things are green with the breath of God and fresh with the powers of Heaven . . . Sometimes thou mayst walk in groves, which, being full of majesty, will much advance the soul; and sometimes by clear, active rivers, for by such (say the mystic poets) did Apollo contemplate:—

"All things by Phoebus in his musing spake
The bless'd Eurotas heard."

So also the most advanced inspirational poet of our own spiritual era, Thomas Lake Harris, has revealed to us the spiritual ministry of night, when thoughts more subtle touch

"The inner mind,

And all the fettered inner wings unbind,
When an infinite sight in the spirit is born;
When we see, as the sun sees, creation below;
And we thrill, as the earth thrills, with Heaven's warm glow;
And we move, as the light moves, from world unto world;
And we change, as the skies change, when morn is unfurled;
And we breathe the sweet breath of the angel's delight,
Till our thoughts ope, like roses, in fragrance and light;
Till within us, as round us, the Heavens are spread,
And our thoughts to our loves, like twin angels, are wed."

It will be seen, therefore, that the first recompense of the interior life is the "seeing sense" of the poet, the possession of that strange instrument of interior alchemy, which dissolves the natural world, to discover in it a new and higher order. A life led near to the heart of Nature can be sanctified by such a possession. There can be no doubt of the amenities of such an existence, for then the individual is in harmony with his surroundings, and this initial attainment will be possible to many who may be barred from the higher achievements. On the other hand, the most perfect environment which can be offered by Nature to man is devoid of the softening, sublimating, and glorifying influences ascribed to it when the heart and intelligence of the individual are without any instrument of correspondence with that environment. No one was more intimately and passionately aware of the truth of this principle than Coleridge, and, indeed, he has enunciated it in one of the most profound passages of spiritual insight which can be met with in the whole range of English poetry. From Nature, he tells us, we can receive only that which we give:—

"And in our life alone does Nature live."

Unless there be resident within us those undefinable qualities of appreciation, perception, and discernment, which constitute the poetic temperament, there is no utterance from the heart of the external world to the heart of man, there is none of that electric and magnetic contact between the centre without and the centre within, and the local proximity is worthless. The life of contemplation merely in the natural order brings, therefore, its own reward.

In the supernatural order, as it is understood by the orthodox religions, there is an immense literature concerned with the cultivation of the interior condition and with the spiritual pleasures which may be reaped from it. In the supernatural order, as we have seen, the end is God; that, at least, is the supreme, ultimate, and perfect end, and with the Quietists the life of contemplation consists wholly in the soul's surrender without reserve to God, that it may be filled with His own peace. We are told that this state stills all passions, restrains the imagination, steadies the mind, and controls all wavering; it endures alike in the "time of tribulation and the time of wealth"; in temptation and trial, as

when the world shines brightly on us. Martyrs, confessors, and saints have tasted this rest, and "counted themselves happy in that they endured." A countless host of God's faithful servants have drunk deeply of it amid the daily burden of a weary life—dull, commonplace, painful, or desolate; and to each one of their disciples the Quietists promise that all which God has been to the most exalted in the hierarchy of the saints He is ready to be to them, if only they will seek no other rest save in Him. But the hidden life of Christian theology is only the threshold of the true interior existence which is the subject of Mysticism. The devotional literature to which we have hitherto referred can at most promise to man that joy and peace in well-being which is the consequence of harmonious correspondence with a certain supernatural standard, which is called the will of God. It is to the Mystics that we must look for more. They are in possession of a science which claims to grasp the Divine essence or ultimate reality of all things, and to enjoy while in this life, and in this body, the blessedness of an immediate communion with the Highest—"free perspicuity of thought in universal consciousness"—an ecstatic immersion of the spiritual substance in man with the pure substance of Deity—all peace, all truth, all light, being seen and known, and enjoyed to an infinite degree by virtue of a community of sensations with an infinite form of subsistence.

The secret processes which constitute the science of the mystics accomplish the development of the interior life through a series of successive stages, from the New Birth or Regeneration to the manifestation of the Divine Virgin, Psyche, the vision of Diana Unveiled, the manifestation of what is called the dual flower, being the interblossoming of Pneuma and Psyche, the interior translation, which is the soul's flight towards God, and, lastly, the transcendental union which is known as the Mystic Marriage. Concerning this ecstatic state of nuptial being, which is the crown of the process, I will lay before you a short account, translated from an arcane source. The union of God with the soul is the principle of all mystic life. But this union, the fulness and final consummation of which cannot be absolutely experienced till the ordeal of physical death has been withstood, and till eternity has been achieved, can be accomplished even upon earth in a more or less perfect manner, and the literature of entire transcendentalism has no other end than to unveil to us, by a full and profound analysis of the different stages of evolution in the spirit of man, the diverse successive degrees of this Divine union. Seven distinct stages of the soul's ascent towards God have been recognised by Mystics, and they constitute what has been emblematically called the Castle of the Interior Man. They represent the seven positive processes of psychic transfiguration. The first link in this arcane sequence is called the state of Aspiration, which, from the pneumatic standpoint, is the concentration of the intellectual energies upon God as the object of thought; this state is commonly assisted by the ceremonial appeal made by religion to the senses. It has, however, a higher aspect, comprised in the second evolutionary process, which is called the condition of Mental Aspiration. Here the illusory phenomena of the visible world are regarded as informed with an inner pneumatic significance, to divine which is an important end of Mysticism. In order to make progress therein, and so attain the third stage, it is necessary that the aspirant, shaping all practical life in conformity with this theory, should perform no outward act except with a view to its inward meaning, all things which are of time and earth and man being simply figures and symbols of earth and Heaven and God. The postulant, as he advances, will perceive that the inmost thoughts of his own conscious being are only a limited and individual speculation of the speech or Word of God, concealed even in its apparent revelation, itself a veil of the Divine truth, and something which must be removed, or effaced, for the contemplation of the truth absolute which is behind it. When he has reached this point the Mystic will have entered on the third stage of his illumination. This is the most difficult of all. It is termed by the Mystics the Obscure Night, and here it is necessary that the aspirant should become stripped in the interior man, should empty himself completely, should defraud himself of all his normal faculties, renouncing his own predilections, his own thoughts, his own will—in a word, his whole self must be made void. Aridity, weariness, temptation, desolation and darkness are characteristic of this epoch, and they have been experienced

by all who have ever made any progress in the mysteries of mystical lore. The fourth condition is denominated the Absorption of Quietism. Complete immolation of self and unreserved surrender into the hands of God have repose as their first result. Such Quietism, however, is not to be confounded with insensibility, for it leads to the sole real activity, to that which has God for its impulse. The fifth degree in the successive spiritualisation of the soul is called the state of Union, in which the will of man and the will of God become substantially identified, and the individual, as a consequence, is energised by the first influx of the Divine intelligence which elaborates the eternal purpose. This is the mystical irrigation which fertilises the garden of the soul. During this portion of his development, the now regenerated being, imbued with a sovereign disdain for all things visible, as well as for himself, accomplishes in peace, serenity, and joy of spirit the will of God, as it is made known to him by the Word of God supernaturally speaking within him. On the extreme further limit of this condition, the Mystic enters the sixth state, which is that of Ecstatic Absorption, or the soul's transport above and outside itself. It constitutes a more perfect union with Divinity by the instrument of positive love. It is a state of sanctification, beatitude, and ineffable torrents of delight flowing over the whole being. It is beyond description, it transcends illustration, and its felicity is not to be conceived. Love, which is a potency of the soul or of that *anima* which vivifies our bodies, has passed into the spirit of the soul, into its superior, divine, and universal form, and this process completed comprises the seventh and final stage of pneumatic development, which is that of Ravishment. Renouncing all that is corporeal about it, the soul becomes a pure spirit, capable of being united, in a wholly celestial manner, to the Uncreated Spirit, whom it beholds, loves, serves, and adores above and beyond all created forms. And this is the Mystic Marriage, the perfect union, the entrance of God and Heaven into the interior man.

There is evidence to show that this process has been accomplished in all ages and among all nations. With it the Egyptian hierophants would seem to have been acquainted in that "early dawn and dusk of time" which preceded the first dawn of the Mosaic dispensation. This also was the end of the Mysteries in their primeval and undefiled condition. And when, scaling the "mountains of our ignorance," we look forth upon the immeasurable antiquity of far Oriental countries, upon India, China, and Japan, there also was the positive philosophy pursued with the same objects and by rigorously parallel processes. In the beginning of Christianity it was known to the Gnostic ascetics and to that wonderful circle of withdrawn *illuminati* and supreme masters in transcendentalism, who comprised the theurgic school of Alexandria. The writings of Hermes Trismegistus are the disguised history of the evolution of the human soul, and the doctrine of reconstruction is developed in the Old and New Testaments. From adepts of Egyptian wisdom and from Jewish keepers of the secret keys of knowledge, from Greek initiates, from Platonic successors, and from the first hierophants of esoteric Christianity, the absolute tradition with all its processes and all its mysteries passed on to the mediæval alchemists, to those bizarre writers and profound thinkers who have succeeded in persuading centuries that they were in search of the transmutation of metals, when under the cover of physical experiments they wrote only of the soul's transmutation, and rectified the secret *Sol* and the true *Luna* with the energies of Deific elements.

It is unnecessary, however, to have recourse to the remote Oriental world for instruction upon the highest mysteries of arcane science. There is a fund of wisdom, a fund of light, and a great body of positive and practical doctrine in the Western Mystics, who devoted their retired lives to the attainment of Nirvana in Christ, and even in the order of phenomenal achievement they did not fall behind the East. The history of Christian supernaturalism informs us that in the seven stages of transcendental absorption the body of the Mystic was seen to rise from the ground and to poise itself mysteriously in space. Ravished by interior visions, he became insensible to all that was passing around him, and, at the same time, his physical senses, which had suspended correspondence for the moment with normal exterior environment, were ministered to in a manner which

we should term magical; he saw, heard, felt, tasted, but on another plane of being, and occasionally his indescribable ecstasy was manifested in the apparition of lights and halos about him, and in the diffusion of an unearthly fragrance.

The processes of Mysticism are, however, arcane processes; the science is a secret science. You have been put in possession of the exact nature of its most transcendental end; it has, however, many ends, many purposes, and many methods, but, indifferently, all of them are esoteric in their character, concealed in a literature which is difficult to understand, and is often purposely misleading. It is, therefore, with real satisfaction that I am permitted to state that there is a practical movement on foot among certain circles of mystic study for a systematic instruction of qualified persons, under due safeguards, and with all proper precautions, in the inner wisdom of the positive knowledge. I am not able at the moment to speak more plainly, and, perhaps, it is a little too early to speak at all, but I know that there is a quickening of mystic zeal in several quarters, and I know also that the zeal is taking shape.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Egyptian Sacrifices.

SIR, - I hasten to reply to Mr. William Oxley's letter, which appeared in your columns of December 20th, because I feel that anyone might infer from it that I had wilfully or carelessly misrepresented the information to be found in Kitto's "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature." If either supposition were well-founded, I should be unworthy of the attention and confidence of your readers. Mr. Oxley says: "Will it be believed that in all the article there is not even mention of the ancient Egyptians." Let us see. Under the head of *Sacrifices*, we read that "sacrifice was admitted into the law through condescension to the weakness of the people, who had been familiarised to it in Egypt." Again: "Paganism, whether in Egypt or elsewhere, merely borrowed the rite from pure Patriarchism, which already possessed it." "Will it be believed" that the reference to sacrifices in Egypt or by the Egyptians occurs no less than three times in one column of Kitto! In the article "Sacrifice Human," we are told: -

"It was in Egypt where the mind of Moses and of the generation with whom he had primarily to do, was chiefly formed, so far as heathen influences were concerned. Here offerings were very numerous. Sacrifices of meat offerings, libations and incense were of very early date in the Egyptian temples. Oxen, wild goats, pigs, and particularly geese, were among the animal offerings." And here may be found the explanation why Mr. Oxley did not, in his researches, discover altars with channels for the passage of the blood of the victim sacrificed. "A remarkable instance of disagreement between the observances of the Egyptians and the Jews, in regard to sacrifices, is, that while the Egyptians received the blood of the slaughtered animal into a vase or basin, to be applied to cookery, the eating of blood was most strictly forbidden to the Israelites."

If Mr. Oxley's study of Assyrian, Babylonish, Persian, and Indian antiquities is as superficial as his examination of Kitto's "Cyclopædia," I am afraid we must withhold from him the title of being a careful and an accurate investigator. I am sorry for him.

NEWTON CROSLAND.

Apparitions of the Living.

SIR, - The remarkable case referred to in a recent issue, of the materialisation of two supposed spirit forms, the persons represented being afterwards found to be "in the flesh," is most extraordinary. Supposing the occurrence to have been correctly reported, a new and suggestive phase of materialisation stands revealed. If thought can thus be projected, for this is what it really amounts to in the instance cited, and under certain conditions become visible, there is, I venture to think, no need to go outside the "circle" for an explanation of Spiritualistic phenomena.

If, as Du Prel contends, there is in each of us a higher consciousness, fluctuating with a varying threshold of sensibility, it may be that it is to this we must look, in connection with some form of thought materialisation, for the elucidation of clairvoyance, automatic writing, and other puzzling phenomena. Again, if thought can assume a material shape would it be going too far to suppose that all Nature is but a manifestation, to our senses, of latent thought, just as

the hoar-frost with its transient beauties is nothing more than the congealing of the ever-present but invisible moisture of the atmosphere? Further, the potency of certain figures, amulets and charms may be due to some subtle thought latent in their signs and symbols, such signs and symbols being a visible expression or transference materially of the higher consciousness. I jot down these thoughts for what they may be worth. The subject is a deeply interesting one, and I should be glad to see it fully discussed.

ARTHUR BUTCHER.

SIR,—With reference to your Notes in a recent issue, the following explanation might be worth inserting. There is a spiritual body, known, even in St. Paul's time, to have powers independent of the natural body. This body at times, with knowledge of, and pre-arranged concert with, the natural body, can go and materialise at a distance. But far oftener it acts totally independently of the natural body, going and materialising at a distance when the latter is neither asleep nor in trance, but about its usual business,* having no knowledge whatever of the appearance of its spiritual counterpart elsewhere. In such cases it is known as the "double," and to call this "double," acting with a set purpose independently of the body, a "substantialised thought" is merely to proclaim our ignorance of the spiritual body and its powers. It seems to know much more than its natural counterpart, which it uses, we may surmise, merely as its material instrument for gaining material experience, and into it is gathered up the whole man at death, for spirits assert that in the spiritual world there are no "doubles." It appears that into this spiritual body is being gathered up the daily experience acquired through its fleshly organism. It is as much a spirit as any disembodied spirit in the spiritual world. Now, if, under the name of "double," it can go and materialise for a fixed purpose independently of the natural body, what is to prevent its going and manifesting at a materialisation séance? Instead of such cases casting doubt on materialisations at séances, it greatly corroborates the genuineness of such manifestations.

W. S.

SIR,—It was a proverb with Montaigne, I think, "never to let what you do know be disturbed by what you do not know."

Now, I take it as a matter of fact that under certain conditions human forms materialise in a supernatural way, and can be seen, felt, and heard to speak by numerous living witnesses present. Whether these entities are after all only offshoots, peelings, as it were, of more compact personalities, or what they profess to be, the spirits of the dead partially clothed for the purposes of communication, I fail to see how a glaring case of mistaken identity affects the argument either one way or another.

A gentleman goes to America twenty-three years ago, taking with him, or receiving shortly after, likenesses of his wife and infant child. About twenty years elapse, and he, going to a séance, recognises a woman and child as *his* wife and child, because they resemble photographs taken twenty years ago! On this very ground he ought to have said it could not be they. As to the child's knowing him, the thing is absurd. How could a child, or rather woman, of twenty-two know a father she had never seen since she was a year old? The mother may probably have been one of the many thousands of lonely ones whose husbands have fled to other quarters of the world, and she, being of an affectionate nature, was ready to see the lost one in the first man indicated by the medium, just as old Lady Tichborne was ready to clasp the neck of Arthur Orton. With regard to the medium, it is utterly unreasonable to expect any created being to be infallible, for infallibility is an attribute of Infinite Wisdom, and therefore God only is infallible. All we can say of mediums is that they have a wider field of vision than ordinary men. Does not this very width of horizon expose them to greater errors? It is a puzzling thing to find a particular person among the living often, how much

* Evidence of this statement is wanted. What proof is there that a "materialised double" has been seen? We have the photographing of the "double," but it was not "materialised." We have numerous communications from spirits still embodied; but, as we are advised, we have no case at all worth notice in which "materialised forms" of those still in the flesh have been seen at a séance, taking on a shape that is not theirs in their present state. This was a presentation of a twenty-four year old form.—Ed. "LIGHT."

more difficult when the serried ranks of the departed defile before the eye? Cases of mistaken identity are so common in our police courts that even a single year's record of such would be startling, and it is notorious that when a man has been absent from his native place for nearly a quarter of a century he not only returns a different man himself, but has to be welcomed, if welcomed at all, by different men and different women.

It seems almost regrettable in this instance that the husband was not satisfied that his wife and child were dead, as in that case he might have married again with a clear conscience. Was there a friendly conspiracy going on among the spirits to make] him believe they were dead, and so save him from seeing his wife in the arms of another?

M. W. G.

The Touch of a Vanished Hand.

SIR,—Respecting your remarks in "Notes by the Way" this week on Communication with our Departed—in not seeking to bring them again to scenes that might distress them in their present existence—I should like to give my testimony as to having felt "the touch of a vanished hand," though the voice was silent. I had four years lost a beloved relative, with whom I had lived from a child. In November, 1889, during an illness I went to sleep, feeling low and desolate without her kindly care. I awoke towards the dawn and saw clearly her white-robed form bending visibly over me. The attitude expressed the deepest sympathy. The arms were extended; as bending low she seemed tenderly watching me. Though her garments were about her in soft folds of white the face was veiled. In great surprise I cried out "Auntie," when she vanished from my sight, leaving me comforted in the thought that, though gone, I was not forgotten, and with the assurance that though Death's portal seems locked its gate is sometimes open; that those beyond are now and again permitted to re-visit their loved ones.

L. C. M.

"A Pretty Fancy."

SIR,—Mr. J. Mosdell, in "LIGHT," November 22nd, at pp. 565 and 566, criticises my article with the above caption, and says that I must have seen what no one else ever did, &c. Please allow me to quote a little from his remarks:—"From observations I have been able to make wrens do not flock together; I have seldom seen more than two at a time, &c." He further says, "Neither is the wren a migratory bird."

Now, I am no ornithologist, and it is just possible that there are two varieties of the wren family, and that the wren I was talking about was not the kind of wren that Mr. Mosdell was thinking about; and even if our American wren came from the old English stock, which is not very likely (as Mr. Mosdell says, "I do not think the wren could cross the sea, even if it wished to do so, as it seldom flies more than about 100 yards at a time"), it may have changed its habits since it came to this country. The English people when at home are very select in regard to the company they keep, and live in their old ancestral halls generation after generation, but when they come to this country and get Americanised, they become very democratic and social, and very migratory as well. Now, the American wren is not a bit stuck up, and does not ask its neighbour for its pedigree, but thinks one of its species just as good as another, if it only behaves itself. Neither does it lay and hatch its young in the same ancestral nest year after year, but "hustles out" and builds a new one every season. Neither does it have to cross the ocean, as the English wren would have to do, to get to a warmer climate. Mr. Mosdell forgets that the United States embrace the extremes of climate, from the snow-crowned mountains of frozen Alaska to the orange groves of Florida, where flowers bloom the year round; and when the north wind blows a little too fresh for Mr. Wren all he has to do is to button up his overcoat, take his grip, and go a day or two's journey further south, to get to a climate of perpetual summer—and without crossing the sea either.

It is very common in this country to see great flocks of this little brown songster congregated in the fall of the year ready to take their journey to a warmer climate. However, whether I had mistaken wrens for sparrows or sparrows for wrens, the circumstance was true as related, and had the narrative called forth thoughts of a higher order, such as the wise provisions of the Deity for even the least of His creatures, I would not have been surprised; but Mr. Mosdell's criticism reminds me of the

lady who visited Niagara Falls and took her nursemaid with her, and as she stood gazing in awe and wonder at the mighty cataract, as it poured down its avalanche of water to the foaming gulf beneath, she turned to the girl and asked her what she thought of it. "Well, mum," replied the latter, "O! think it would be a fine place to wash clothes."

S. T. SUDDICK, M.D.

SIR,—I beg respectfully to call your attention to the following sentence in the current number of "Lucifer."

"Indeed, when the needle of a galvanometer or electrometer fails to show any oscillations denoting the presence of electric or magnetic fluids, this does not prove in the least that there are none such to record; but simply that having passed on to another and higher plane of action, the electrometer can no longer be affected by the energy displayed on a plane with which it is entirely disconnected." (p. 298.)

This sentence by "H.P.B." is interesting, taken in connection with the account of the recent analysis of Count Mattei's specifics which appeared in your pages; and might, perhaps, be of interest to your readers.

Trusting that your health is rapidly improving, with seasonable best wishes.

503, Intake-road, Sheffield.

C. J. BARKEY.

December 17th, 1890.

DEAR SIR,—Last night was a dreadful one to travel in London. But as I heard Mr. Theobald (after objecting to Mr. Everitt's remarks on the Christian doctrine) promise to attend at Chepstow Hall and explain what Christian Spiritualism is, I persuaded my wife to venture and crossed London to hear him; result grievous disappointment, Mr. Theobald giving an earnest address on first, phenomena, occurring in his own family; secondly, on the beauties of Christ's teaching, and the necessity of leading a Christlike life. Now the address was certainly good and very interesting, but the chairman promptly stifled any discussion by not allowing questions to be put, excepting those on phenomena. I find myself in possession of a severe cold, and no nearer my desired goal, viz., "What is Christian Spiritualism"? Can any of your readers assist me?

My position is this. Brought up by deeply religious parents I was obliged for conscientious reasons to retire from the faith held by all my friends, viz., that of Baptist. This caused me great mental anguish, and my dear mother many tears, but it had to be done, and was done. I then became an agnostic, until about two years ago, when I commenced to investigate Spiritualism. This has convinced me of the continuous existence of man after death, but of very little beyond the bare fact. I confess Spiritism has thrown great light on the Bible and also on Christ's life and teaching, but the stumbling blocks remain. First, the Divinity of Christ; second, the atonement by the death of Christ; third, the vindictive punishment of sinners (eternal or otherwise).

What has a Spiritualist, who is also a Christian, to say upon these points? May I ask for assistance in this matter as an earnest student, who would gladly find rest?

I thank you most sincerely for your notes in the last number of "LIGHT"; we have read and discussed them, and found great help from them.

Perhaps you can name some book which will give me the desired knowledge.

With best wishes for your speedy recovery, and future good health.

December 15th, 1890.

THAMES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any opinions expressed by his Correspondents. He declines respectfully to enter into correspondence as to rejected MSS., or to answer private letters except where he is able to give specific information. He further begs to say that he cannot undertake to prepare MSS. for the press. Communications sent should be written on one side of the paper and be without interlineations and underlining of words. It is essential that they should be brief in order to secure insertion. Matter previously published can be received only for the information of the Editor. MSS. cannot be returned. All matter for publication and no business letters should be addressed to the Editor at the office of "LIGHT," and not to any other address. Communications for the Manager should be addressed separately. Short records of facts without comment are always welcome.

Several letters and communications are unavoidably crowded out, and will appear in our next issue.

Our offices will be closed from the 24th to the 29th of December for the Christmas holidays.

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.]

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—On Sunday last, Mr. Davies again favoured us with a very excellent address. Next Sunday, Mr. Lees.—Geo. E. GUNN, Hon. Sec.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM, S.E.—Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., Mr. J. Veitch, "Hypnotism: Is it Useful?" at 7 p.m., Mr. J. Veitch, "The Events of the Year."—J. VEITCH, Hon. Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, CHEPSTOW HALL, 1, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—Last Sunday Mr. Lees addressed two small audiences. Next Sunday Mr. Coote, at 11.15 a.m., and Mr. W. E. Long at 6.30 p.m. Our New Year's festival on January 4th, at 5 p.m.; tickets 6d.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., 36, Kemerton-road, S.E.

LONDON, MARYLEBONE, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, W.—On Sunday Mr. Hunt delivered an impressive address embodying his early experiences and deductions therefrom. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. Vango, healing and clairvoyance; at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., members' quarterly meeting; Monday, at 8 p.m., social; séances, Thursday and Saturday at 7.45 p.m.—C. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

CARDIFF PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—On Sunday evening last, at 6.30 p.m., Mr. Rees Lewis read the second portion of a paper upon the "Cardiff Materialisation of 1879 and 1880." Morning class at 10.45 a.m.; Lyceum lesson at 2.45 p.m. This society is now organising a library, for the purpose of circulating Spiritualistic literature amongst members and friends. The committee will be glad of assistance from friends of the cause, by the gift of books suitable for adults or the children attending the Lyceum. All communications to be addressed to the hon. librarian, CHARLES H. HELP, 10, New James-street, Castle-road, Cardiff.

A GARLAND OF EPITAPHS.

LAY a garland on my hearse of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear; say I died true;
My love was false, but I was firm from my hour of birth:
On my buried body lie lightly, Mother Earth.

—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

BUT Thyris never more we swains shall see—
See him come back and cut a smoother reed,
And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—
For Time, not Corydon, hath conquered thee.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

And when I lie in the green kirkyard,
With the sod above my breast,
Say not that she did well or ill—
Only she did her best.—MRS. CRAIK.
LET none affirm he vainly fell
And paid the barren cost
Of having loved and served too well
A poor cause and a lost.—M. L. WOOD.

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me.
Plant thou no roses at my head
Nor shady cypress tree.
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet:
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

The following stanza by Oliver Wendell Holmes admirably focuses, as it were, the wholesome sweetness and light that has so richly suffused all his works:—

And when, one cheerful evening past,
The nurse, long waiting, comes at last,
Ere on her lap we lie
In wearied Nature's sweet repose,
At peace with all her waking foes,
Our lips shall murmur ere they close—
Good-night, but not good-bye.

And, to conclude, here is Robert Louis Stevenson's self-chosen epitaph. What a brisk, healthy spirit rings in the lilt of it:—

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave, and let me lie:
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse ye gave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter is home from the hill.