

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.)"

I am sorry to say that health, so bad that work has been on many days impossible, has left on my editorial table large arrears of work. My notices of books, pamphlets, and papers must needs be less full than I would willingly make them if I were more able to devote time to them. These have been to me the amusement of many an hour that would otherwise have been weary. I pretend in the following running comments only to advise my readers of what I hope they may make further acquaintance with for themselves. I venture, with some diffidence, to say that I fail to attend to correspondence not from neglect but from inability. My work is now done under grave disabilities, but *it is done*.

"Evolution, the Work of a Great Intelligence" is a "compilation of letters selected from a correspondence between two young Truth-seekers." (Simpkin, Marshall and Co) To be followed by a second part entitled "The Evolution of Humanity manifests Intelligent Plan and Direction." The present little volume I do not criticise now, waiting for the second instalment. The first is what I should call "flighty" and, perhaps, "frivolous."

Mr. Morse sends me "Wilbraham's Wealth." (The Progressive Literature Agency, 80, Needham-road, Liverpool. Price one shilling.) It is a reprint from the "Banner of Light," in the pages of which it appeared in 1889. It is "a contribution to the literature of social and economic questions appealing with ever increasing force to the intellect and emotion of man to-day." Much more to the emotion than to the intellect, I should be disposed to say. But it is not my province to tell people how to keep their earthly house in order—even if I knew.

The "Religion of Man and Ethics of Science" is a new book by an old friend. Hudson Tuttle publishes with Holbrook and Co., New York, and his book is sold in London by Fowler, Imperial-buildings, Ludgate-circus, E.C. Whatever Hudson Tuttle thinks worth publishing is worth reading.

Then comes (she ought to have been first) Mrs. Tuttle, with her volume of poems. Our readers know her work, and appreciate it. This is a neat little volume, with a portrait of the authoress, dedicated to "the faithful doers of little things which form so large a part of happy and perfect lives." As I claim to myself the right to call myself a "doer of little things," I accept Mrs. Tuttle's words, and assure her of my enjoyment of her poetry.

From Chicago I have an address delivered by Mrs. Richmond, on December 7th, entitled "A Spiritual Outlook." It is an inspirational discourse, and it is of real value, but of less than some other discourses that do not claim inspiration.

Then I have the "Theosophist" from Madras, very much Oriental, and not a little Occult. My friend, the Editor, discussing Buchanan's prophecies (about which, I take it, he knows as much as I do) tells us that "Psychometry is a soul-sight by which its possessor can look into the astral light and see the pictures of events of the past ages." I do not know anything about the astral light. It is a term that I have often heard, and I know no more about it now than I did when I first heard of it. But facts are things, and it is unquestionably true that one can read psychometrically the character of a person from his letter. For the rest, the "Theosophist" goes into mysteries that I cannot.

I have a number of pamphlets and papers respecting the Mattei system of cure. I have, for example, a prolonged exposition of Sauter's system, and I have a mass of tractates that I cannot read. If I could, I should be no wiser. I do not set myself up to make any decision as to these matters. I am not a judge, nor even a jury. The interesting point to my readers is that what is fresh to a new age is forcing itself into prominence. I think the doctors are coming to the belief that some of us—children of the new epoch—want less drastic treatment than our fathers. Has it not been so in the past? Why, when a man was ill in the early days of this century, a barber bled him. Later on, a doctor bled him, and drenched him as he would (or the vet.) a cow. Now he treats him with doses that would have had no effect whatever on the *dura ilia* of our fathers. It is an interesting retrospect. It may be that the Matteists are right after all. It may even be—but it is too good to be true—that we may do without medicine altogether.

I get very funny things, and among them is the "Apple Tree Annual of Food and Cookery." It issues (as a first instalment) 30,000 copies, and it is concerned with vegetarianism. I suppose (as I said before) the race is getting more sensitive, and a less robust diet is becoming imperative. I do not know, but I think eating with discrimination, and on the side of deficiency, tends greatly to health of body.

"Literary Opinion" (a Christmas number) is one of the reviews that Mr. Stead has made fashionable. The present generation does not eat. It requires its food minced. Books are not written now. A man dribbles away in Magazines. No doubt he says good things, and the world is the better for their having been said. But the work that would enlighten subsequent ages is not written, and the world is the poorer. This chipping and chopping of the current thought is mighty nice for weak digestions, but it is perilous for the future.

Mr. Cope and his tobacco comes next. No praise could be too high for his "Carlyle," so quaint and good in all ways, or for his "Charles Lamb." Surely a better advertisement never was, for it is readable (which most advertisements are not), and it is a book which a person (that includes a woman) may read and enjoy without any reference to tobacco.

"The Phrenological Magazine" (I again make my apologies for the delay in recognition that long illness has caused; for I have been unable to read a fraction of what reaches me) contains papers that I should have been glad to notice. The time is gone and the opportunity. *Percurt et imputantur.*

I have also the "Phrenological Journal" and the "Phrenological Annual"; the last edited by Mr. Coates. It devotes some attention to the possibilities of education by means of phrenology. I do not dissociate one branch of this vast subject from others, but I dimly feel that there are unimagined possibilities in the future. I have thought and said that the dangers of hypnotism in uninstructed hands are great. I believe that the potential blessings in the hands of a good and wise man are greater.

From Mesmerism to Astrology. "The Astrologers' Magazine" (a fourpenny monthly) is, as might be expected, largely technical. The predictions of the astrologer usually go wrong, but I believe it is by reason of inexperience. He prophesies too much. So does Mr. Scott every morning at the Meteorological Office. We cannot all prophesy correctly.

Mr. Roden Noel sends me his poem entitled "Poor People's Christmas." It is a poem vividly depicting the sad lot of those who, when their more fortunate neighbours are rejoicing or rollicking, are starving. One of the saddest things in our civilisation is that the prosperity of the few seems to necessarily involve this suffering of more than themselves. It is so now. It must not be so in the future. "Peace and goodwill to all mankind" is Mr. Noel's conclusion. God speed you, say I.

"Time" has an article by Mr. Podmore on Psychical Research which is not important, being rather of the nature of an advertisement of the society. It is, however, useful as presenting to uninformed minds some truths that they may not have before met with. I must also acknowledge the seventeenth part of the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research." It contains a very important "Record of observations of certain phenomena of Trance," contributed by Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Professor Oliver Lodge, Professor James (of Harvard University, U.S.A.) and others, which I hope some more competent critic than myself will deal with. Meanwhile I observe, *solto voce*, "Spirit is the last thing I will give in to."

The "New Review" is one-third better than it was, if one is to trust the price. It used to cost sixpence; it now costs ninepence. It was the best sixpennyworth in the market. It is now the only ninepennyworth. Max Muller writes on "Christianity and Buddhism." I do not think we are profited by such disquisitions. We have Christianity with us. It has come to stay, and we had better try to raise it to its best—its "highest potential" I hear someone tell me is the properest phrase to use.

In the same "New Review" Professor Sidgwick has an advertising article on "A Census of Hallucinations." It is, of course, judicious, as anything that he writes would be. It records some few facts and it asks for more. It concerns me only—for the recorded facts of Spiritualism are immeasurably ahead of anything of the sort—in that it enables

me to protest once more against that misuse of the term "hallucination."

The "Australian Herald" comes to me from Melbourne. It is a "religious-social magazine," edited by the Rev. Charles Strong, and costs 6d. The number sent to me contains a letter on Immortality, by William Gay, which is distinctly in advance of the letters that are usually considered good enough for ordinary papers. But the writer cites my "Psychography" as worth reading; why does he not cite "Spirit Teachings"?

There are many more reviews on my table, for all which my thanks are due, that would have received direct notice, were it not that physical inability prevents me from doing more than the most urgent work of my paper.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND MESMERISM IN THE MAGIC OF THE MOSQUITO SHORE INDIANS.

THE SONS OF THE INDIAN CHIEF.

The following interesting narrative I have just found amongst my papers. It is a curious record of what, I suppose, would pass as Black Magic. The narrative was copied (I cannot now say whence) by the late Mrs. Howitt Watts, and her comments are specially instructive.—"M. A. (OXON.)."

Whilst I was living on the Mosquito Shore, Marou, a Spanish Indian, brought to me an Indian chief of the name of Michael, who made a most singular statement, of which, as a magistrate, I took notes, Mr. Patterson, the Governor of Pearl Key Lagoon, and my eldest son being present.

The chief stated that he had two sons who resided with him on the Wawa River; these young men had at some time met two women belonging to the Krookraa Indian tribe, which led to subsequent meetings.

This coming to the knowledge of the Krookraas, the women were punished and the two young Woolwaa Indians were threatened with vengeance. Nevertheless, the meetings had continued to take place. The young Indians had frequently gone alone through the forest to the place of rendezvous.

One night the youths did not return to their wigwam. Greatly alarmed, their father by break of day sent off scouts in search of them, but all to no purpose. Secret communication having been effected with the two Krookraa women it was ascertained that the young men had never come to the trysting-place. Every effort to find traces of them proved fruitless. Michael, the chief, with his wife, went to an Obeah-Man, in order to consult him regarding the fate of their sons. The Obeah-Man ordered Michael and his wife to return home, and to bring him on the morrow the *Toonahs** of their sons.

This Michael did on the night following at the hour appointed by the Obeah-Man; upon which the magician, stripping himself, placed the two *Toonahs* upon his naked body, and, accompanied by his wife—who was also a "wise-woman"—and by the chief, set forth. Passing through the dense forest, he never paused until they had reached a small mound standing free from the surrounding trees. This mound rose higher than the tree-tops of the forest. Upon its summit was a seat, formed of large stones, with a circle of stones placed around it.

Before starting, the Obeah-Man and woman had cautioned the chief not to speak to either of them a single word. During the whole course of their progress through the forest the "wise man and woman" had been muttering the same word in the same monotonous tone. The Obeah-Man seated himself upon the stone seat, and the woman went within the stone circle and placed herself upon the ground at his feet, and commenced with her hands rubbing his knees downwards. The Obeah-Man was so seated upon the stone seat that he could gaze fully upon the face of the moon which was visible above the expanse of dark forest sailing through the sky.

At first the Obeah-Man muttered words which Michael could not understand. Then he sat silent and perfectly motionless,

* *Toonah* is a square garment or blanket, made by beating the bark of the mcho tree with mallets or paddles. I have one about two and a-half yards square. They use it as a wrapper in chilly rain and to sleep on.—Original note in the "Brown Manuscript," supposed to be by the late Robert Chambers.

gazing fixedly at the moon. He sat so long thus, silent and motionless, that Michael becoming impatient, rose to approach him, but was prevented by the woman, who rose up and motioned the chief back into the shadow of the forest, where she cautioned him to remain quiet. At first he remained thus, quietly in the shade, but hearing the two speaking together, he, in the darkness, crept along the ground on his stomach until coming close to the two he heard the woman pronounce his name; they were conversing together, the Obeah-Man still continuing to gaze at the shining disc of the moon. After a while the woman pushed her husband off his stone seat and removing the *Toonahs* from him, she switched him with a Leumfra-leaf—a large strong leaf like a fan.* They then both began to descend from the summit of the mound. Michael meanwhile darting back through the shadow of the trees to his former position. When the "wise-man and woman" came down to the clump the Obeah-Man still remained silent, but the woman told him that his two sons were lying under the large mangrove tree at the end of the Silico-Creek.

The chief, having rewarded the magician and his wife, instantly started for his tribe. Obtaining assistance he went in search of his poor sons. Arriving at the place described, Michael with his assistants landed from their canoes, but could discover no trace of the missing youths.

All returned vowing vengeance against the Obeah-Man and his wife, and insisted upon their accompanying them back to the mangrove tree growing at the end of the Silico Creek. By daybreak they had again reached this place, accompanied by the man and woman. At a particular piece of ground where the brushwood was cleared, with their tomahawks they instantly commenced to throw up the earth. Here they soon came upon the bodies of the youths, who had been shot with poisoned arrows.

The Krocraa tribe being a strong one, the old chief had come down to Pearl Key Lagoon to implore assistance against the murderer of his sons.

The murderer, hearing of the application for justice, fled up the Segvia River, but was, I believe, taken by officers sent out by my brother (after I had left the country), he being then Commandant and Governor-in-Chief. A jury of six Indians from each tribe was called. The murderer was found guilty, and my brother passed sentence of death on him. After the execution notices of the trial and result were sent to each tribe and settlement.

The particulars of this strange tragedy we were careful to minutely note, in order to come at the customs of the country, as it was desirable, if possible, to do away with the influence of these Obeah-Men, who sometimes use improper and dangerous influence in the country of the Mosquito King.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS FRIEND.†

This is the last notice in the journal by Sir Walter of his dear friend (January, 1832):—

"James Skene, of Rubislaw, died at Frewin Hale, Oxford, in his ninetieth year."

His faculties remained unimpaired throughout his serene and beautiful old age, until the end was very near. Then one evening his daughter found him with a look of inexpressible delight on his face, when he said to her, "I have had such a great pleasure! Scott has been here—he came from a long distance to see me. He has been sitting with me by the fireside, talking over our happy recollections of the past."

Two or three days later he followed his well-loved friend into the unseen world—gently and calmly, like a child falling asleep, he passed away in perfect peace.

* It is interesting throughout this narrative to notice the careful observation of conditions needful to induce clairvoyance in the Obeah-Man. Communication with the persons sought is established by the *Toonahs* being placed upon the magician's person. Silence is enjoined, in order that the needful isolation from conflicting surrounding influences may be obtained. The muttered words are conducive to abstraction of mind and passive condition of spirit—also are, in fact, invocation of spiritual beings through whom, probably, the information sought would be obtained. Later on, the action of the magician's wife is that of a mesmeriser, the Obeah-Man being the *mesmerizee*, who, also by gazing at the glittering disc of the moon, induces in himself yet more strongly the trance condition. The action of *de-mesmerising* by the wife's use of the fan-like leaf must strike all students of the art and science of mesmerism. The whole history is of special value, since it gives a glimpse into the magical proceedings and rites which probably took place in the ancient "high-places" of the primeval religions all over the face of the earth.

† See foot-note in "Sir Walter Scott's Journal," Vol. II. p. 156,

A GHOST STORY.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE BY FRANZ POTOCNIK.

FROM THE "SPHINX."

TRANSLATED BY "V."

It was on a cloudy day in the autumn of 1858 that I started very early in the morning from a little village in Galicia, and after a fatiguing journey arrived late in the evening at Oswięcim (in German, Auschwitz). I was at that time head engineer to the Crown in the Government of Lemberg. Anyone who has travelled in this district thirty years ago will admit that such a journey was at that time accompanied with considerable fatigue and deprivations, and I reached my destination all the more exhausted that I had had no proper food the whole day.

The master of the hotel, Herr Löw, was known far and wide as one of the best of hosts, and was proprietor likewise of the restaurant at the station, which was favourably known to me in former journeys. After I had eaten my supper at the hotel, at which repast in Polish fashion I had taken tea, I asked for my bed-chamber. A lad conducted me to the first floor of what had formerly been a monastery, but which, in our irreverent times, has been converted into an hotel.

At the end of a spacious hall, which in former times probably witnessed the libations of the jolly monks, and was now used as a dancing saloon for the *jeunesse dorée* of Oswięcim, we reached a corridor, along which were situated what were formerly cells and now served as guest-chambers. I was quartered in the last cell opening out of the corridor, and except myself there were no visitors in the hotel. After I had locked and bolted the door of my room, I betook myself to rest.

I may have been half an hour in bed, when by the light of the moon, which streamed full into my room, I saw distinctly the door, which I had so carefully secured and which was immediately opposite my bed, slowly and cautiously open and the figure of a gendarme, in full costume, appear in the entrance, who gazed inquiringly around without entering. I do not know how it was, but I was so surprised at the unexpected visit that I could not at the moment find my tongue, and the gendarme withdrew before I was able to ask him the reason of his strange intrusion. Upset by this unpleasant disturbance, and vexed to think that I could not have locked the door properly, I sprang out of bed to do it at once, when I found it both locked and bolted!

After my first feeling of amazement at how a gendarme could enter my room with the door locked, I burst out laughing, and decided that I must have had a fit of nightmare, brought on by my hearty supper.

I returned to bed and tried to sleep; it may again have been half an hour since I lay down, when I distinctly heard the door open and saw the tall thin figure of a man cautiously and lurkingly enter the room and look with his small piercing eyes towards my bed. I yet see, after more than thirty years, that fiend-like visage, joined to the form of what looked like an escaped galley-slave, fresh from the committal of a murder. Rigid with horror, I mechanically grasped the revolver I had placed on my night-table by the bedside. At the same time the murderous looking figure rose from the stool on which he had seated himself near the door, and advanced, at first slowly, with cat-like steps, and then with a bound, and looking fixedly at me stood, with a dagger raised in his hand, beside my bed, from which I had half risen. My life long I shall never forget the fearful expression of the thin fiend-like countenance which he bent over me. And now he raised his hand to strike, but at the same moment I fired; blow and shot took place simultaneously. I shrieked and sprang out of bed, but at the same time I heard the door shut so violently that the whole house shook, while I distinctly heard steps going away from my room. Then followed a moment of silence.

Soon after the master of the hotel with his waiter burst into the room, crying out, "What has happened? Who was shooting?"

"I," was my answer in great excitement; "did you not see him?"

"See whom?" asked the host.

"Why, the man I shot at; who was he? he appeared to be the devil in person."

When I then narrated the whole occurrence, the host asked me why I had not locked the door before going to bed.

"But," said I, "it was impossible to lock it more securely than I did; if in spite of all the fastenings it was opened, let him explain it who can, it is quite incomprehensible to me."

The host and his assistant looked curiously at one another, and Herr Löw said, "Come, sir, I will give you another room; you must not remain in this one."

The waiter took my luggage and we left the room, in the wall of which we found imbedded the bullet of the revolver I had shot off.

I was much too excited to sleep, so we went down into the coffee-room, which was empty, it being past midnight. At my request the host had some punch made, and while we drank it he told me as follows:—

"I must tell you, Sir, that the room into which you were shown by my orders, has a curious circumstance connected with it. Since I have been master of this hotel, no one has ever passed the night in it without being in some way terrified. The last person who occupied it was a tourist from the Hartz Mountains. We found him in the morning dead on the floor, as though from a stroke of apoplexy. Since that time, which is about two years ago, I have had this fatal chamber shut up. But when you arrived last evening I thought, from your character for determination, which was known to me, that you were the right man to come to the bottom of the ghosly mystery connected with this room. But what you have experienced seems to make it my duty to keep this room always locked up, and in future I shall allow no one to occupy it."

The foregoing narrative reminds me a little of an experience of my own, which I will briefly relate.

About twelve or thirteen years ago, I was spending a short time at Harrogate with my sister, and, the place being very full, we could only obtain a double-bedded room at the hotel we stayed at, instead of two single rooms, which we preferred. This room was a large one at the top of the house, my sister's bed being at one end, while the one I occupied was at the other. One Sunday night, a few days after our arrival, we went to bed rather early and were soon both fast asleep. I awoke suddenly after being asleep not more than an hour, and saw two men of evil appearance standing close by my bedside and looking intently at me. It seemed as though one of them held a lantern, by the light of which I distinctly saw their faces, but which was almost immediately extinguished. Horribly frightened, I called out to my sister, but as my voice was doubtless very feeble, she did not wake, and I made no further effort to rouse her, not wishing to alarm her. I quite thought the men I had seen were burglars, and that they were still lurking about the room. For some time I lay still, trembling all over, when I summoned up my courage sufficiently to get out of bed to try and get a light; but before I had crossed over to where the matches were my fears overcame me, and I rushed back into bed and hid myself under the clothes. Strange to say, I soon fell sound asleep, and did not wake till it was broad daylight, when I immediately went to the door, which I had locked before going to bed, expecting to find the lock picked and my watch and other valuables vanished; but everything was as I had left it the night before! I told my sister of my adventure, and she endeavoured to persuade me that it was an attack of nightmare, due to something I had eaten at dinner; and although I was positively certain I was wide-awake when I saw the two men, for want of any better explanation I had to content myself with that, as at that time I utterly disbelieved in spiritual manifestations, though I think this incident a little weakened my scepticism.

It is rather curious that it was at the very same place, Harrogate, though at a different hotel, that I had a somewhat similar experience about two years later. On this occasion I was sleeping in a room by myself, when I was wakened out of my first sleep suddenly, just as on the other occasion, to see the figure of a young man standing by my bedside, and looking at me intently; as this figure had nothing forbidding about it, on the contrary was pleasant looking, I felt no alarm, and only wondered what could be the cause of my having such visitations. The figure almost immediately disappeared, but not till I had seen the face so distinctly that I could have recognised it had I met the man the next day, which I almost expected to do!

A few weeks back, when reading an account of medial phenomena in a private family in Germany, in the *Neue Spirituistische Blätter*, I came across the following passage; the incident is so like the one I have just related as happening to myself that I will give it (translated) here:—

"Once, when my daughter was on a visit to a friend in

Lüneberg, who lived in a very ancient house, she woke up suddenly in the night and saw distinctly the figures of two men in mediæval costume, standing by her bedside. At first she took them for living men, and only when, on her crying out, 'What are you doing here, who are you?' they disappeared, did she perceive that they were spirits. Besides which, the figures had such an evil aspect that she made some pretext for shortening her visit, and returned home the next day, as she dared not pass another night in the room."

About six years ago, I became convinced, beyond the possibility of further doubt, of the fact of communion between the inhabitants of the spirit world and our own, while soon afterwards I discovered that I was myself what is called "mediumistic," and twice during a period of eighteen months I was visited by apparitions at my bedside, bright spirits who brought an atmosphere of light with them. Since then, however, greatly to my disappointment, I have had no "open vision," probably because my medial powers have become developed in other directions.

V.

EXPERIENCES IN THE EAST.

SUMMARY OF LECTURE DELIVERED BY MR. FERRIMAN BEFORE THE LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY.

The lecturer briefly alluded to the interesting nature of Western Asia from a racial and social point of view, and, after referring to the importance of Syria as a centre of creeds and nationalities, gave a few instances of the beliefs and characteristics of that mysterious people, the Druses. As the people with whom he had been most in contact were Arabs, he entered more fully into their character and conditions of existence, dwelling more particularly upon the Arab of Pre-Islamite times, who was a being devoid of speculations, but draining life's cup to its dregs, living and enjoying to-day and caring nothing for the possibilities of the morrow. Remarking that Mahomet, in transforming the Arab into the Moslem, had probably taken away some of his virtues without adding others, the lecturer proceeded to give an account of modern practices among the Moslem inhabitants of Western Asia and North Africa relating to magic, divination and augury. He stated that the Arab has spiritual agencies ever present to his consciousness, and takes them duly into account in the ordering of his daily life. The belief in the Jinni and Ahræc was not broken by the imposition of the faith of Mahomet upon the Arab mind. Indeed, the Koran affirms their existence. If the Arab pours water on the ground, he ejaculates "Destoor" (permission), a tribute to the elemental spirit of the earth. Among many interesting instances of the methods of augury, divination and enchantment or *es-suflee* (low magic), the lecturer recounted a circumstance which occurred in his presence last winter at the village of Matariyeh (the ancient Heliopolis), situated on the borders of the Arabian Desert. Prince Ahmed (the cousin of the present Khedive) has his stud-park and kennels at that place. Some jewellery had been stolen, and recourse was had to *darb-el-mendel* to discover the thief. The operator was sent for, a man of venerable appearance and advanced age, who lived at a desert border village some distance away. He first heated a piece of iron, to white heat, licked it, and gave it to the servants of the establishment to do likewise, which they did without injury. One refused this test at the last moment. A boy was subsequently called from the village, then another, and another. Eventually a boy of eight or nine years of age was selected, and ink being poured into his hand, after the usual incense-burning and incantation, he saw the person who refused to lick the iron and described the place where the stolen property had been conveyed, two days' journey away. Some of the missing articles were discovered in the spot indicated. The lecturer narrated the feats of Sheikh Sadomeh and other celebrated magicians, whose reputation has extended to English students of occult knowledge. He also said that both the Sphinx and third Pyramid were reputed to be haunted, the latter by the spirit of a woman, and recounted certain experiences of a servant of his with the Jinni or Elementals, the belief in whom is universal amongst the Arabs, and the proofs of whose existence are plentiful if sought for by Europeans.

THE deepest controversy that lies before modern society is, Can the social union subsist without a belief in God?—JOHN MORLEY.

SOMNAMBULISM.

A SLEEP-WALKING HUNTSMAN.

MR. HOLWELL.

I remember seeing the Hon. Mrs. Jwincy, daughter of Governor Holwell (who was one of the victims confined in the Black Hole of Calcutta), at my grandfather's at Edinburgh, about the year 1810. From her I heard the following story about her brother.

After the Governor's return from India, he, with his family, paid a long visit to a friend in the country. A great hunt was to take place in the neighbourhood. In this amusement the Governor's son intended to take a part. In preparation for this hunt he had a new pair of buckskin breeches and pair of top-boots sent down from London. These arrived the day before the intended hunt, and Mr. John Holwell proceeded immediately to his apartment to try them on. Unluckily, the breeches-maker had made the buckskins so tight that even with the assistance of his servant he could not get into them. This circumstance caused Mr. Holwell considerable annoyance. There was no time to procure fresh ones; therefore, he reluctantly made up his mind to wear his old ones.

The hunt being at a considerable distance, Mr. Holwell retired early to bed, having to rise very early in the morning.

Near midnight the servants, going to their rooms, met Mr. John Holwell, without a light, coming down the great staircase, fully equipped with his hat on and his whip in his hand, at which they were much surprised, and stood aside on the stairs to allow him to pass.

At this moment the Governor, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Churchill, were leaving the drawing-room, and hearing the voices of servants on the stairs, and observing the light, they looked up and saw young Mr. Holwell coming down.

His father being aware that his son had at times walked in his sleep, exclaimed: "Good God, Churchill! what have we here?" Mr. Churchill put his hands on his lips, and said in a low voice to the Governor, "Hush! he sleeps."

Young Holwell came down and passed them on the landing, as if no one was there. Churchill then told the Governor that he himself would go before; he—the father—must go behind. This they did as quickly as they could, and his father woke him by a blow on the shoulders, when he fell at once into Mr. Churchill's arms.

It was found that in his sleep he had put on, buttoned, and tied the new pair of buckskin breeches, which the united force of his servant and himself could not do whilst he was awake. They were found so tight upon him that although he kept them on throughout the night, he could hardly mount his horse in the morning, and finally was obliged to go back to his room, where his man had to cut them off his legs. He set off to the hunt in his nice, easy, old, dirty breeches.

Mr. Waters lived near Edinburgh, and was a college companion of mine, and I know the following to be fact.

Waters was about seventeen years of age, strong and healthy, but very eccentric.

One morning, about three o'clock a.m. in the month of February, cold and frosty, a gentleman observed young Waters upon the top of his father's garden wall. He dropped down and walked off. The gentleman, suspecting that the lad was after some improper design, followed him at some distance. Young Waters walked along until he came to the side of a deep lake called Loch End.

There to the surprise of the gentleman, the youth undressed himself, and ran into the water, breaking a thin ice. After swimming about he came out, dressed himself, went back to his father's garden, and sprang over the wall and disappeared.

In the morning the gentleman mentioned the extraordinary scene to a friend, who told the circumstance to the father of the young man.

Mr. Waters, son., set a person to watch his son the following night, to see if he again did as described, taking the precaution, however, to lock the door leading into the garden, and remove the key.

At the same hour, as on the preceding morning, young Waters descended from his room to the door leading into the garden. Attempting to open it, he appeared much perplexed at not finding the key in the lock. He returned upstairs, but instead of going to his own room, went into the library, opened the window, got upon the roof of an outhouse and from it on to the wall of the garden. This wall he soon cleared, and set off for the lake.

The watcher went out by the hall door and followed him. Arrived at the shore of Loch End, young Waters again undressed and went into it, breaking the ice as previously. The watcher, growing alarmed, ran after him into the water, calling out loudly to the youth to come back. The poor young fellow, was thus, no doubt, suddenly awakened, for he sank and the next morning was taken out drowned.

NORMAL OR SUPERNORMAL?

The word supernatural is rightly dead and buried among thoughtful people, for as nature is all-embracing how can anything escape her grasp?

Unfortunately, however many stones of contempt we may cast on its grave, till a very cromlech rises to our self-satisfied eye, yet in sleepy corners and bigoted bye-lanes the term yet skulks about ghost-wise, bearing with it the pernicious error by which it has betrayed men for ages into false conceptions. The word *un-natural* appears to the writer to be also open to condemnation. We say a parricide is an *un-natural* crime—atrocious it may be, and happily rare, but inasmuch as under certain conditions it becomes developed, it cannot be contrary to nature, though opposed to her usual course of filial affection. In a recent case, two lads thought it right to commit this deed, and were only following the dictation of nature in so doing.

The word "supernormal" appears to be a very useful one in place of both these fallacious terms. It means *above a law*, and must not be taken to mean *above laws*, but only relegated for the time being to that domain of unformulated science whereof the laws have yet to be discovered; and as knowledge advances, facts which we now call supernormal will more and more be absorbed into the category of normal ones.

Even now it is difficult to settle to which class many unusual occurrences belong. Take the case of birds appearing, contrary to their usual habit, before human death or sickness. I am thinking not of the phantom bird of Mrs. N., which is clearly spiritual and supernormal, but of the real bird which appeared to her daughter before illness. May we not suppose that this was a wild pigeon, rendered restless by some meteorological change, and so, leaving the woods (which I happen to know were not distant), it sought companionship with tame pigeons near Miss N.'s home, and rested on her window-sill, the same atmospheric disturbance being the common cause of its wandering, and of her rheumatic seizure?

A similar case has just happened to me. One afternoon some weeks ago I observed a crowd of children at my front garden gate. The cause was an escaped parrot, which sat proudly on the top of a high tree close to my house. Great were the efforts to recapture the truant, and many the flattering words addressed to Polly, who at length flew right away. As I was just then in communication with Miss N. about her bird story, I thought to myself, I hope this will not be a bird of ill omen to me.

The next night there was an awful storm of wind and rain (it was the one which engulfed the Serpent), and above all the howling of the blast and the pelting of the clouds, both my daughter and I heard a loud exulting shriek, apparently of the bird, who, it would seem, had found her way back to the tree tops near her home, and was no doubt flapping her wings with delight, as tropical birds do in their native climes, during a long-wished-for downpour.

The effect was so weird and uncanny, I could not help saying to my daughter, what I had thought the day before that I hoped it was not of evil import.

The sequel proved it was, for going out incautiously before the wet had subsided, I took a dangerous chill, from which I am still a prisoner in my room.

With regard to robins as precursors of death, it seems not improbable that as the smell of decaying vegetable matter appears to inspire their sweetest songs, so they may also detect the approach of death in the human frame, and even delight in an odour imperceptible to our sense. Wagtails again (who were the birds accused of window-tapping in *Science Gossip*), are dear lovers of rotting river weeds, and foul-smelling riparian mud. Crickets and death-ticks may, for aught we know, have similar acute senses and peculiar preferences. In view of these probable explanations, how are the facts to be classed—as *normal* or *supernormal*?

In either case we, as Spiritualists, should not forget that behind the warring elements and subtle processes of decay which surround us as with a curtain there is one Supreme Will, which has so linked together all created things that man, were he not so blind and deaf as he is, might often recognise in birds, beasts, and creeping things the messengers of fate.

M. W. G.

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

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Light:

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

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10th, 1891.

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.

COINCIDENCES.

No. XIX.

The present instalment is entirely devoted to a remarkable correspondence on a report of Professor Max Müller's, published in the "Athenæum" of May 14th, 1887. We had our attention directed to the matter at the time, but it was not until we began this series of coincidences that we appreciated the great value of the record and the comments which it elicited. We have recently come upon the papers, and among them some clippings from the "Religio-Philosophical Journal," which published a corrected account of the whole correspondence. We avail ourselves, with all due acknowledgments, of our contemporary's useful *précis*. In compiling this series of coincidences, dreams, and psychical problems we must avow a general indebtedness to the "Journal," which we specifically state where possible. We trust this general acknowledgment may be accepted in other cases.

The "Athenæum" of May 14th, 1887, contains the following from Professor Max Müller:—

A friend of mine sent me the following inscription copied from a tombstone in the Cloister church at Dobberan, in Mecklenburg. It is written in Low German:—

Hier ligget Ahlke Pott,
Bewahr mi leeve Herre Gott,
As ik di wull bewahren,
Wenn du warst Ahlke Pott,
Und ick war leeve Herre Gott.

Instead of translating it into English myself, I shall give at once an extract from George MacDonald's charming novel, "David Elginbrod," published in 1863.

"There's a grave stane, a verra auld ane—hoo auld I canna weel mak' out, though I gaed ends errand to Aberdeen to see't—an' the name upo' that gravestane is Martin Elginbrodde. . . But ye 'se hae't as I read it.

Here lie I, Martin Elginbrodde;
Hae mercy o' my soul, Lord God,
As I wad do, were I Lord God,
And ye were Martin Elginbrodde."

Whether there is or ever was such a tombstone at Aberdeen we need not inquire. The legitimate domain of a poet's fancy is very large. But what one would like to know is whether Mr. George MacDonald was ever at Dobberan and saw there the tombstone of Ahlke Pott. Most people would feel inclined to say that he must somewhere

have come across the real inscription, because the thought expressed in it seems too singular to have occurred to two people in exactly the same form, and yet that argument will not stand.

Michelet (History, Vol. v., p. 65) tells us of a prayer offered before battle by a Gascon leader of free companies at the time of the Maid of Orleans; the prayer was:—

"Sire Dieu, jete prie de faire pour La Hire ce que La Hire ferait pour toi, si tu étais capitaine et si La Hire était Dieu."

But this is not all. Three thousand years ago the same, or at least very similar, thoughts occurred to the ancient poets of India. We read in the "Rig-Veda," viii., 44, 23:—

"If I, O Agni, wert thou, and thou wert I, then thy wishes should be fulfilled."

VIII., 14, 1:—"If I, India, were like thee, the only lord of wealth, he who praises me should not lack cows."

VIII., 19, 25:—"If Agni, thou wert a mortal and I were an immortal, I should not abandon thee to malediction or to wretchedness; my worshippers should not be miserable or distressed."

VII., 32, 18:—"If I were lord of as much as thou, I should support the sacred bard, I should not abandon him in misery."

Seeing how natural this sentiment seems to have been with the Vedic poets, I venture to translate another passage in the "Rig-Veda," I, 38, 5, which has been misinterpreted by both native and European scholars, in the following way:—

"If you, storm-gods, were mortals, and he who praises you an immortal, then never should your praises be unwelcome, like a deer in pasture grass, nor should he go in the path of Yama (death)."

See Vedic Hymns, Vol. 1, p. 87. Certainly La Hire did not know of the "Rig-Veda," nor did Ahlke Pott know of La Hire.

In these three cases I have no doubt that the same thought sprang up spontaneously. I am more doubtful in the case of "David Elginbrod." Mr. George MacDonald may have seen the same inscription which my friend Geheimerath Geffken copied at Dobberan, or it may have been copied and published in a book which fell into Mr. MacDonald's hands. It would be interesting to know, and I have no doubt that Mr. MacDonald, if these lines should meet his eyes, would gladly let us know.

In the "Athenæum" for May 28th, 1887, we find the following:—

Pau, May 1st, 1887.

Many years ago I was told the story of an American backwoodsman, who, coming face to face with a "Grizzly," put up a prayer, if prayer it might be called, that "Providence need not help him, as long as Providence did not help the bear." The story was supposed to be essentially illustrative of the "Wild West," its cool courage, self-reliance, and irreverence. Yet not long afterwards I came on the historical fact, that a general in one of Frederick the Great's wars, riding out in front of his troops before a battle, offered up what was, in substance, precisely the same prayer. The other day, again, in Alphonse Daudet's "Etudes et Paysages," I found told with inimitable grace and wit the story of the muscular Tourangeais cure, who, going on his donkey to carry the Holy Sacrament to a dying man, and finding himself obliged to fight an insolent carter, who refused to make way for him and his sacred burden, reverently placed "Le bon Dieu" under the May flowers in the hedge, and before administering a sound thrashing to the scoffer exclaimed, "Mon Dieu, ne soyez ni pour, ni contre; c'est tout ce que je vous demande." The very prayer of the German general and the American backwoodsman.

FLORENCE GAUTIER.

In the "Athenæum" for June 11th, 1887, are three letters on the subject, as follows:—

Glenwood, Virginia Water, June 2nd, 1887.

I have been hoping that Mr. George MacDonald would reply to Professor Max Müller's question as to the original of the epitaph upon Martin Elginbrod. As, however, he has not done so, I send a copy of an epitaph which, at least in one point, resembles it even more closely than that at Dobberan on the tomb of Ahlke Pott. It is from one of

those jest books in Latin intermingled with German, which were so common in Germany in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and of which the "Nugæ Venales" and the "Facetiæ Facietiarum" are the best known. The title is a mixture of Latin and German, and commences: "Schola Curiositatis sive Antidotum Melancholiæ." It is without date or place of printing, but is clearly of the end of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century. On p. 93 is the following epitaph on Hans Haschebrod:—

Hier ligt Hans Haschebrod,
Gieb mir mein lieber Gott
Das ewige lieben
Gleichwie ich dirs wolltgeben,
Wann du warst Hans Haschebrod,
Und ich dein lieber Herre Gott.

It is probable that this German epitaph is to be found in other books of a similar character to the "Schola Curiositatis," and whatever may be the possibility of the thought expressed in it having occurred to two people in exactly the same form, it is, I think, hardly probable that the resemblance in the name can also have so occurred. When I first read in 1863 what Professor Max Müller justly calls "the charming novel 'David Elginbrod,'" I at once recognised the epitaph, and came to the conclusion that not only was it borrowed from that in the "Schola Curiositatis," but that a part in the name of the hero was taken from the same.

RICHARD C. CHRISTIE.

In the "Athenæum" for June 25th, 1887, Professor Max Müller contributes the following:—

All Souls' College, Oxford. June 14th, 1887.

To write to the "Athenæum" is not without its dangers. It brings you letters from every part of the world, many of them very useful, no doubt, but some require answers, and how is it possible in these days to answer all letters?

However, I ought at all events to have communicated to you before now the contents of some of the letters on Martin Elginbrod, and I should have done so had I not wished to consult first some books which I cannot get at Oxford. Thus Professor Reinhold Köhler asked me to read the seventeenth letter in "Briefe von Goethe's mütter an die Herzogin Anna Amalia, herausgegeben, von C. A. H. Burckhardt." I possess the book myself, but have at present no access to my library. I went, therefore, to the Bodleian, but was informed that the resources of that library were too small to allow of the purchase of such a book; it ought to be bought by the Taylor Institution but there also the book was not. I therefore waited till I should be able to see Professor Köhler's note on the subject, which is sure to be valuable. Thus it happened that I also kept back for the present Mr. MacDonald's letter, for which some of your readers are naturally anxious, and which is in every respect most satisfactory. As it has been asked for I shall delay no longer. Mr. MacDonald wrote to me on May 17th from Bordighera:—

"You have a right to know all I can tell you about the seeming coincidence—for seeming only I count it—between the German and English (or Scotch) epitaph you quote. My version of it was told me—written out for me I think—by Mr. Manby Smith, a man known in his day as a writer of tales. He assured me it was in a churchyard in Aberdeen, but I do not think he spoke from personal knowledge; and my own impression is that probably it is not to be found there. Anyhow it was the germ of the book to which you so kindly refer—my first novel. It seems plain to me that, whether it has been used as an epitaph or not in Scotland, which I must doubt, it is a translation from the German at Dobberan—and for these reasons beyond the close correspondence in expression: the name had to be changed to make it rhyme with God instead of Gott, and in changing it the translator chose a name that not only corresponds rhythmically, but is almost in assonance with it:—

Ahlke Ahlke Pott,
Martin Elginbrodde.

"The assonance, indeed, although not perfect in regard to the vowels, extends in a measure to the consonants.

"I am greatly obliged to you for bringing the thing to my notice, and rendering what in itself would have been of no consequence, of the greatest interest by your quotations from Michelet, and the 'Rig-Veda' as well. They point to

the human consciousness of a something altogether deeper than desert in our relation with the heart of the universe."

This settles one side of the question. But I need not say that similar epitaphs have in the meantime cropped up from several other quarters. I shall mention only one to-day. In Zug, in Switzerland, the following epitaph is said to be found on a carrier's tombstone:—

Hier liegt der Zuger Bot;
Oh, lieber Herre Gott,
Gieb ihm das ewige Leben.
Warst Du der Zuger Bot,
Und ich der Herre Gott,
So wollt ich Dirs auch geben.

I have written to my correspondent asking him to find out whether the epitaph is really to be seen at Zug; but I have had no answer yet.

Another correspondent tells me that in "Reminiscences," by Mrs. Cowden Clarke, the same or a very similar epitaph is mentioned as having been recited by Leigh Hunt. I fear I shall have to encroach on your space once more, as soon as I have paid a visit to the British Museum.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

And finally in the "Athenæum" for July 30th, 1887, concludes the interesting research as follows:—

Oxford, July 21st, 1887.

As I anticipated in my communication of June 14th, I find I have to write to you once more on Ahlke Pott. The note to which Professor Köhler referred me is found on p. 135 of "Briefe von Goethe's mütter an die Herzogin Anna Amalia, herausgegeben von C. A. H. Burckhardt," in the first volume of "Schriften der Goethe Gesellschaft," Weimar, 1875. Goethe's mother, Frau Rath, in writing very freely and openly to the Duchess of Weimar, concludes her letter dated November 5th, 1779, with a little apology: "When I write to my best princess I feel a little like Hansz Schickenbrod with our dear Lord God. The inscription on the tomb of that good man has been put into beautiful verses by Mr. Hubner, the geographer."

Professor Köhler, who is a real mine of information—and sound information—on all that is connected with folk lore, being consulted by the editor as to the whereabouts of Hansz Schickenbrod, sent him the following note:—

"Evidently the Hansz Schickenbrod mentioned by Frau Rath is one and the same person as Junker Hans Schiltebrod, of whom Wieland, in a letter to Merck of August 29th, 1781, speaks as follows—

"Do what you can, and what you like, and do—like Junker Hans Schiltebrod in his bargain with our Lord God—'towards your neighbour, the editor, what you would he should do unto you, if you were the editor.' The two names 'Schickenbrod' and 'Schiltebrod' differ in a few letters only; one is probably a corruption of the other, unless both are disguises of a third unknown name. Junker Hans Schiltebrod's bargain alluded to by Wieland is very like a Low German tomb inscription in the church of Doberain, which has often been printed."

Among various communications which I continue to receive about this ubiquitous person, I shall only mention one more to-day, a cutting from a paper called the "Public Advertiser," probably of the last century, which contains the following Scotch epitaph:—

Here liggeth auld John Hildebrod
Have mercy on him, gude God:
As he would do, if he were God,
And thou wer't auld John Hildebrod.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

W. D. Macray writes:—

The epitaph on "Martin Elginbrod" is one which I have met with several times, I believe, in old collections of verses. My memory at present, however, only enables me to refer to one instance: Rawlinson MS., D. 377, in the Bodleian Library, one of Hearne's volumes. Here it occurs with the variation in name of "Eltinbrode," among a few other Scottish epitaphs, but without any assignment of locality.

This is from a well-known correspondent:—

Just before I left a country house this morning, conversation turned upon curious epitaphs, and several were quoted. I thought of the now well-known one, "Here lie

I, Martin Elginbrod,* &c., but could not at first recollect the Christian name, Martin. Nothing but "David" could for several minutes occur to me. This I knew to be wrong, but still "David" recurred at every attempt at better memory. I kept silence till I got the name right, but the epitaph was already known to my friends. Just now, I took up "Notes and Queries" of December 20th, which I had missed, and on opening it nearly the first thing which caught my eye was "David Elginbrod's Epitaph." I have never before, to my knowledge, seen the epitaph quoted with that Christian name, whereas I have often myself quoted it with "Martin."

December 26th.

C. C. M.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Editor is sorry that he is not able to answer the many letters that his friends write to him. He hopes they will be so kind as to accept his assurance that he would do so if he could. He is too ill to do more than is absolutely necessary.

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Further contributions are respectfully invited, addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C. Cheques should be made payable to Mr. H. Withall (treasurer), and be crossed "..... and Co."

A CHESTNUT.

Dalziel's agency sends the following from St. Petersburg. We printed the complete account of the alleged occurrence long ago. It is apocryphal, but if not true is probably founded on fact, or, at least, *ten trovato* :-

The lower classes here are at present greatly excited about an alleged "miraculous" occurrence which is said to have taken place a few days ago. A priest went with the Holy Sacrament to a young officer, saying that he had been asked to do so by an elderly lady who had called at his house. The officer said that it was nobody that had been sent by him. "Besides," he added, smiling, "I am in the enjoyment of the best of health, and by no means preparing for death." The priest, looking round the room, perceived the portrait of a lady upon the wall, and said it was she who had called and ordered the Sacrament. "But that is the portrait of my mother, who has been dead for some time," exclaimed the officer. The priest said it was an exact likeness of the lady who had called upon him. The officer was so impressed with the incident that he partook of the Sacrament. He died the same evening.

* "Have mercy on my soul, Lord God,
As I would do, if I were you,
And you were Martin Elginbrod."

DREAMS.
No. III.

Personal friends supply the following facts. They were taken down, after careful questioning, by the Editor, and are, as will be seen, of recent occurrence :-

On December 17th, 1890, I went to bed about twelve p.m., and in the early morning dreamt the following dream. I had done nothing which would lead me to account for the matter of the dream that I now relate. I saw Papa, who has been dead two months. He seemed shrunken and greyish in the face, with some sort of drapery round him. He was walking about, and first of all I seemed to see him on the bed that he used in life; then he got up and sat in a sort of folding chair near the bed. He said that Mamma thought that he was cold, but he was not. He asked for some water. As he sat his eyes seemed to show delirium, flashing and looking strange. Then in a loud voice, which awoke me, I heard him repeating a part of the Service for the Burial of the Dead, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." When I woke I was conscious of a presence in the room, and wished it gone. I went to sleep and dreamt again of him, and of other matters which belong to a different order of things, some relating to the dream recorded below. M.I.

I retired about midnight in my usual health, and woke about six or seven, and was aware of a shadowy presence coming from the room adjoining, in which M. I. slept, into my apartment. I thought it was the apparition of my husband, and I turned my head away, feeling nervous. When I looked again there was nothing. I was then out of bed in dim light, and certainly awake. I returned to bed, and fell asleep again, dreaming that some trouble had occurred in reference to a marriage. My husband seemed very much concerned, and was talking to my sister and myself, shewing us papers, and apparently trying to make us understand the difficulty. Then I was in a large house with my mother, who also was in distress about this marriage, which then connected itself with my sister. We were all in great anxiety about her future in consequence of this ill-advised marriage. When my housekeeper came in the morning she brought a letter from my mother, informing me of the fact that my sister had contracted a most unfortunate marriage. H.

The following comes originally from the "Pittsburg Commercial Gazette" :-

A remarkable case of the realisation of a dream is related by L. H. Thorp, a well-known business man of this city. Some five years ago Mr. Thorp, who was then interested in oil matters, had a dream in which he saw distinctly a peculiarly-formed piece of land, upon which he dreamt that he located five wells, one at each corner and the fifth in the centre, upon the top of a hill.

Nothing more was thought of the matter until about six months afterwards, when Mr. Thorp again dreamt the same thing with greater distinctness of detail. This time he was somewhat impressed, but business cares soon drove the dream from his mind, and it was forgotten again until two years ago, when a third time he had the same dream. When he awoke he made up his mind that if he ever came across such a tract of land he would possess himself of it. Time passed, and one day while at Greenburg he drove over to Mt. Morris, in Green County, and the moment he came in sight of the piece the dream was recalled. There were the identical houses along the road, the hill rising abruptly to a sharp peak, the two streams of water at its base, and everything he had first seen in the dream years before. Upon going to the spot where his first well had been located in his dream, to his surprise Mr. Thorp found that George P. Hukill had drilled his first well, which proved a very good one. The second well had also been put down by Hukill, at the place dreamt of, but was dry. Carrying his investigations still further, Mr. Thorp climbed the hill and went directly to the place where the fifth well should be; but he tried to buy or lease the land without avail. Mr. Thorp had never before been in the vicinity of Mt. Morris, and did not know there was such a place until the visit which recalled the dream.

For the following, originally reported in the Portland, Me., "Transcript," of April 3rd, 1889, we are indebted to the "Religio-Philosophical Journal":—

The last lecture in the Mechanics' Course was delivered by Mr. S. T. Pickard, his subject being "Dreams and Phantasms." It was a review of the volumes, entitled "Phantasms of the Living," published by the English Society for Psychical Research, and it set forth the claims of Telepathy, which was defined as the ability of one mind to impress or be impressed by another mind, otherwise than through the recognised channels of sense. Several thoroughly authenticated instances were given in which the deaths of friends, and intelligence of other events, were conveyed across seas and wide continents without the help of any ordinary means of communication. Usually, but not in all cases, the recipient of the intelligence is asleep, and the news comes to him in a dream. Occasionally, to waking eyes a vision comes, bringing intelligence or warning that is sent from distant friends in some crisis of their lives. A sixth sense was suggested—a sense that may belong to all humanity, but is in most persons latent, or called into exercise very rarely. Two anecdotes, contributed by Caroline Dana Howe, of this city, were read. The first one bears directly upon the argument for the sixth sense. The other has no such bearing, and was cited only as a strange coincidence. Mrs. Howe writes:

"When I was but a child, a very singular thing occurred in our family, which in recalling seems as vivid to me as if it happened but yesterday. One-half of the house in which we lived, not far from the Boston and Maine depôt, being left vacant, was immediately engaged by a man named Horace Skillings, one of the employés of the road, who was to move in the next day. Before daylight, on the morning he was to move in, my mother was awakened by my father's rising from bed. He seemed unwilling to say much when asked if he was sick, but my mother insisted upon knowing why he rose at that unusual hour. 'I have had a fearful dream,' he said, 'and cannot shake off the impression it has made. I dreamt that I went down to the depôt, and saw Horace Skillings literally crushed to pieces. I never had so terrible a dream in all my life, and I wish I could drive away the vision of that mangled, bleeding body. It is as real as if I saw him there with my waking senses.' So he went to his store on York-street, near State, and opposite the hill, looking down to the depôt named. As he was unlocking the store door he involuntarily turned and looked down the hill.

"A train had just come in. He saw an unusual crowd gathered there. He went down trembling, and there lay Mr. Skillings exactly as he had seen him in his dream, mangled, bleeding, dead. Child as I was, this impressed me fearfully from the first, and in later years scarcely less, as I heard it repeated by them often. I never ceased, or can cease, to wonder over the fulfilment of that morning's fearful dream. By what sense did that awful calamity reach him, my father, in his sleep? But there are those still living who can bear testimony to its occurrence."

I am glad I can supplement this with another record, mysterious and sweet, of a dream I heard twice over from the lips of a saintly lady whom many would remember among us, and whose son is living, honoured by us, in our city. This lady, Mrs. W., lived near the upper portion of Congress-street at the time I, a small girl, first heard the story. She dreamed that she was walking along somewhere on an unfamiliar road, with many people around her. They turned into a field on which was a path leading down to a river. On one side she saw a huge rock with isinglass flashing out in the sun—on the other a fine grove of trees, in front of her the river, and across the river a high hill crowned with verdure. A man came out of the grove singing, and with him a flock of snow-white lambs. He went down the bank—they followed, went into the river, and he washed them. The loveliness of the scenery, the freshness of the morning, and the exquisite whiteness of the lambs while being washed in the river impressed her vividly for many days. But by-and-by this passed away mostly from memory, as dreams ever do.

Some three years after Mr. W. and she were driving towards home from a visit to friends in the country, and concluded to take a new route, and call on friends in a

certain village they had never seen. They were persuaded to stay over night there—the next day being Sunday, and attend church and afterwards a baptism. Proceeding with the people for this purpose, Mrs. W. became suddenly impressed with the familiarity of the scenes, knowing all the time that she had never been in that village before.

When they shortly turned into the field her surprise deepened. Where had she seen that path before? The lovely grove? The rock with the mica flashing out upon its surface? That hill covered with verdure across the river? She could only puzzle her brain without answer.

Then from the grove came forward a man, with several young people in their white robes following. They were singing. He led them down the bank to the river, and that moment it all came back to her—the remembrance of her dream. Here was the path, the grove, the rock, the hill, the river, and here the white lambs being washed.

And this was what the saintly lady told us on the summer morning in that little garden on Walker-street, when I, a child, stood beside her among her beds of sweet pinks and "lady's delights."

Another anecdote, having a local flavour, was quoted as having been told the lecturer by the late Judge Goddard, of this city. The judge had an older brother, the late Colonel John Goddard, whose active life was full of adventure, and who occasionally found himself in perilous situations. Mrs. Goddard, his mother, in each crisis of his life, had a dream in which his danger was revealed to her, though she was not in the habit of dreaming about any other member of the family. On eight occasions she had such dreams in regard to her older son, said the judge, and in each case the event verified the vision. One morning, at the breakfast table, she told of a singular dream, in which she saw John struggling in the water, while horses, also in the water, were striking at him with their fore feet, and preventing him from getting out. As John was in northern New Brunswick, and it was in midwinter, the family thought that for once Mrs. Goddard's dreaming was at fault. But, after many days, waiting, a letter came from him, which told of a remarkable escape from imminent death. He was driving a pair of spirited horses across a frozen lake or river, as it proved, on the very night of the dream. The horses broke through the ice, and Mr. Goddard left the sleigh and went to their heads to assist them in recovering their footing upon the ice that remained solid. In their struggle they enlarged the hole in which they floundered, and finally he was precipitated into the water in front of them. For some time his efforts to get out of the water were frustrated by the strokes of the frantic fore feet of the frightened horses. Here was the very scene of the dream, as related, hundreds of miles away, at a Portland breakfast table, on the morning of the occurrence. Judge Goddard was then a young man, and he was personally cognisant of the fact that the dream was told days before the news of the event arrived.

From the same Journal comes this:—

A Chicago broker tells the following: "I am a business man, and have no time for anything outside of dollars and cents, figures and real estate. I don't know what I believe outside of these things, but I will tell you what I know, and you may draw your own conclusions. Fifteen years ago I was living in Philadelphia. Among my friends was a young man of thirty-two years of age, who conducted a successful mercantile business. I knew him at his home, and of all my acquaintances he was most to be envied. He had a lovely wife and three interesting children. Theirs was a home of continuous, unalloyed happiness. He came of a healthy, vigorous, long-lived stock, his paternal grandparents, nearly ninety, being then alive, while his maternal grandfather had died but a year or two before at the age of ninety-six, leaving a wife who at this time was ninety-four years of age.

"He himself was the picture of perfect health, and he was one of the most sunny natures I ever saw. One day he called at my office and told me he wished to speak to me in private. I was thunderstruck at the change which had come over him. Three days before I had seen him as I have described him. Now his face was haggard and he appeared to be absorbed by an overpowering care. When he had

entered my inner office and the door was closed, he regarded me earnestly a moment or two and then said, abruptly:

"I shall die next Thursday evening at 8 o'clock."

"Had a bullet struck me I could not have been more shocked. He then proceeded to tell me that the night before, Thursday, he had retired in usual health and spirits. He fell asleep, and in a dream there came to him an indistinct form which in solemn words bade him prepare for death because at the time designated he should surely die. Thoroughly alarmed, I interested his physician and other friends in his case. We exhausted every effort to distract his mind from the presentiment that overhung him as the very pall of literal death.

"Day by day passed, and each twenty-four hours found him worse instead of better. He was not ill, but attended, or seemed to do so, to his usual business. Thursday evening he went home earlier than usual, and kissing his wife and children tenderly, passed up to his room, where he laid down, telling his wife he was tired.

"I should have said that she had been, at his piteous entreaty, kept in ignorance of the dream and its serious effect upon him. Hence, when a little later she bade him come to dinner, he declined, alleging lack of appetite, she did not think strangely of it. When the meal was over and his wife had given her personal attention to the putting to bed of the children, she returned to her husband's bedroom, where she found him dead. It was ten minutes after eight, and the body was still warm."

SPIRITUAL ISOLATION.

In the great majority of cases the human consciousness must remain practically alone during its existence upon earth; for man can rarely, if ever, approach his fellow man in such a way that the unity of spirit is complete and unbroken. As long as the soul is imprisoned within the material body this must be so, for that same material body will always form an insurmountable barrier between them, and they can never be absolutely at one. But, although the spirit of man cannot, during this earthly life, enter into direct and uninterrupted communion with those embodied spirits even with which it is most in sympathy, it is possible that it may, under certain circumstances, be united to—may, in fact, even become one with—the Spirit of God. It is manifest that in proportion as the human consciousness rises above itself—in proportion as it is drawn more and more into unison with the Divine—the fetters that bind it to the material world will grow looser and looser, and, although they can never be entirely cast off during this life, the spirit will become more free and noble—its vision clearer and less obscured—nay, all its powers may be sharpened and developed, until it almost borders upon that higher life, which can only be perfected by the final consummation, its complete liberation, and the consequent death of the material body.

Here, then, lies the one hope of escape from that state of spiritual isolation in which mankind has been placed by nature. When the spirit of man becomes united to the Spirit of God it is no longer alone. And, moreover, this same Divine spirit forms a connecting link between man and man. Without its intervention, human affection is but vain. Distinct individualities may be attracted to one another by the grosser sensibilities, by similarity of taste and occupation, by the innumerable circumstances and accidents of life, but they can never be really united, in thought, in mind, in spirit, unless they first become one in God.

W. B. F.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

Dr. Theobald is to address an assembly of the London Spiritualist Alliance on Tuesday evening next. The interest shown in the Mattei system of treatment and the name of the lecturer will, we feel sure, draw a large audience. Mr. A. A. Watts, in the absence of the President through ill health, will occupy the chair.

Look not mournfully (says Longfellow) into the past, it cometh not again; wisely improve the present, it is ours; go forth manfully to meet the future.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Elijah.

SIR,—This is how Mr. Maitland, in "LIGHT," of December 20th, revelling as usual in the ideal, condones and interprets the act of Elijah in murdering all the prophets of Baal. He says: "By Elijah is simply a presentation—dramatic and allegorical, after the manner of all the Scripture writers of antiquity—of the discomfiture of the priests of Baal by the legitimate methods of out-reasoning, out-exhorting, and otherwise out-doing them, and this in such wise that the people, eagerly following the controversy, were, one and all, won over to his side; and the idolatrous priests, finding themselves deserted, and seeing no hope of further recognition, gave up the contest, disbanded their orders, and betook themselves to other pursuits, some of them, perhaps, even joining the winning side; so that none was left to be any more a priest of Baal. Thus were they annihilated." The above is Mr. Maitland's answer to my assertion that the murder of the priests of Baal by Elijah was a sin; and to my telling him that "he turned Scripture topsy-turvy." Is the plain account which has been believed in for so many hundred years to be obliterated by a stroke of a pen, by what Mr. Maitland must or ought to feel is a joke of his own, or an unwarrantable communication from some daring spirit of a certain order?

Again, with regard to the famous dictum, "This is Elias," Mr. Maitland tells us: "What Jesus really said was—and the Greek bears out the rendering—"This is the Elias, the preacher, emphatically, of repentance, purification, and righteousness, which was to come preparatory to My coming." Does a multitude of words proclaim wisdom? If Jesus really did say what Mr. Maitland tells us He "really" did say, why have we been so long under the mistake, that what He did say, was really: "This is Elias which was to come"? And as to "the Greek bearing out" Mr. Maitland's "rendering," surely it does not. Here are the simple words of the Greek: "Αυτος εστιν Ηλιας ο μελλων ερχεσθαι," which might be rendered, "This is Elias, he who was purposing to come."

Mr. Maitland alludes to "Elijah resuming his Old Testament form on the Mount of Transfiguration as being the sole specimen of humanity considered worthy to be made one of a trio with Moses and Christ." Just now he was "simply a presentation, dramatic and allegorical," according to Mr. Maitland. Did he "resume his Old Testament form"? I thought they went out to see "more than a prophet." Surely Elijah, in his earlier incarnation, never aspired to be "more than a prophet," and if he was "simply an allegorical presentation" he could not be even a prophet. How was it that, on coming down from the mount, the sole talk of Jesus and His three disciples was concerning the identity of Elijah and John? If it was the old prophet they saw at the Transfiguration, how could they recognise him? They could only have seen the face of an old man, whose features they knew nothing of, clad in the traditional robes of an ancient prophet. We believe that they saw "more than a prophet"; and I think that many may opine so too, if they study carefully that account of the descent from the mount.

AN OBSERVER.

[The matter is profoundly unimportant, and has been discussed at more length than we ought to have afforded. Any further letter must be very short.—ED. OF "LIGHT."]

"A Pretty Fancy."

SIR,—"All things come to him who waits," and my criticism of S. T. Suddick's, M.D., "pretty fancy" has brought its rejoinder. But would it not have been better if, in the first place, when he was giving his "English" readers the benefit of his "pretty fancy" he had explained that it was the "American" wren of which he was writing, as I suppose most of your readers in common with myself got the very natural impression that it was our own native mite that he had in his mind, my remarks about which, I submit, are all borne out and well sustained by facts?

Much of Dr. Suddick's reply to my criticism is irrelevant, and here and there shows much careless roading of the latter, as in quoting from it he certainly has this time, at least, substituted "sparrows" for "swallows."

As to his closing simile, in which he compares me with the poor semi-idiotic creature to whom he refers, all I have

o say is, that it is very unkindly reflective and reminds me of the mirror (which also possessed certain reflective properties) into which, when the poor negro looked for the first time, he was led to exclaim, "Dear me, how ugly I am."

Mortimer, Berks, J. MOSDELL.
December 29th, 1890.

The London Occult Society.

SIR,—May I call your readers' attention to the meetings of the London Occult Society, as I think they only require to be known to ensure a better attendance?

A little music, a reading, a curious litany, and a lecture or paper upon some subject interesting to Spiritualists form the usual evening's programme. Time and opportunity are given for discussion or criticism, and your readers may be sure of a courteous hearing should they join in the usual debate.

The hall is within an easy walking distance from Edgware-road Station, and London Spiritualists may do worse than pay it a visit next Sunday evening at seven o'clock. I may add I am quite unknown to the members of the society; just a sympathiser with these gentlemen in their endeavours to make known the truths of Spiritualism. J. D.

Spiritual Development.

SIR.—In reply to Mr. Coryn, allow me to give my reasons for making spiritual development our first duty. I am told that if a few amongst us can develop our spiritual natures, we shall become as beacons throwing light around. Reaching a higher plane ourselves, we shall gradually permeate humanity with the influence from that higher plane. This influence will affect others, though we never go out of our houses or perform any public functions. This Prentice Mulford teaches in his works, which, I think, are the result of high inspirations. The influence springing from such developed souls will set in motion currents urging on all reforms or ideas which are really good. But to hope to do any good by throwing one's energies into any public movements or private charities, whether they be the shibboleths of Liberalism, Socialism, or Utopian dreams of human brotherhood, without such spiritual development and elevation, is merely to float oneself down the stream of those human currents, which ever flow in the same circles, causing the rise and fall of races, empires, and systems of civilisation. Of course, a part of that spiritual development consists in working for humanity, according to the guidance received from our inspirations. All I contend is that spiritual development must be first, not last. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and all this will be added unto you. Again, this is the only means of finding out which is the right way to do good to humanity. Many of our Spiritualists think that way is in the blind following of the nostrums of Radicalism. Theosophists seem lately tinged with Mrs. Besant's Socialism. I myself believe all these things to be productive of evil, and I therefore lean to individualism. But, however mistaken we may all be, if our spiritual part has reached a plane on which we wish for love, truth, and goodness alone, we are sending good influences forth and doing yeoman's work for humanity. Allow me in conclusion to thank Mr. Coryn for his kindly remarks.

A. F. TINDALL, A. Mus., T.C.L.,
President London Occult Society.

Spiritualism and Christianity.

SIR,—Will you permit me briefly to reply to the interesting letter of your correspondent "Thames"?

I will preface my remarks by saying that he appears to have misunderstood my promise at Chepstow Hall when I dissented from my friend Mr. Everitt, in putting forth an inscription found on an old tombstone in Finchley churchyard as a specimen of Christian doctrine. I objected, and do continually object to Spiritualists taking up outworn creeds, which are no part of Christianity, and battering them down in the name of Spiritualism. Let it be done in the name of reason, and I concur; but it does us, as Spiritualists, incalculable harm, alienating from us the best and most thoughtful men, and deterring them from examining our most helpful knowledge, besides being absolutely misleading. What I promised, and endeavoured to do, was to state the relationship of Spiritualism to Christianity.

Your correspondent might obtain for threepence, at the office of "LIGHT," an address written by my brother and myself with

some care, and read before the "London Spiritualist Alliance" in November, 1888, entitled "Spiritualism and Religion: Points of Affinity and of Divergence." We did not go very fully into the relation of Spiritualism to Christianity. But at Chepstow Hall I indicated briefly my own ideas upon the subject.

"Thames" says he left his early faith and became an agnostic until he commenced to investigate Spiritualism, and then he personally proved what I have contended is the real link or point of affinity between Spiritualism and religion; and if I mistake not, he will find Spiritualism as the handmaid opening the door to the living Christ.

In all ages there has been a passionate longing to know God, and we have felt that He *must* reveal Himself in a *person*. We have believed, one after another, in some fifty Christs, according to the talented authoress of "Faiths, Facts, and Frauds." Many of these were, no doubt, estimable characters, and propounded noble teachings; and because Jesus Christ comes and *lives* the old teachings, and ennobles and glorifies them in life, I fail to see that He is what our authoress calls a fraud or a plagiarist. He is rather the complement or fulfilment of all. He takes all good doctrine and lives it, makes it move and have its being among us as it never had before. He emphasises it often by mighty works, called miracles, which have been the stumbling-block of the Churches.

Spiritualism now steps in and says to the agnostic that these things are so. The phenomena, at which he carps, are again real among us. Again do they appeal on the ground of *fact* to staggering faith, and declare the existence of a future life with its boundless possibilities, even as Christ, the Master, did.

And thus we are, as Spiritualists, introduced to the "previous question."

The creeds of the Church are, many of them, as distasteful to Christians as they are to other thinking and reasonable men. Spiritualism comes again upon the *phenomenal* platform to introduce us to the rejected Christ.

The story of love and self-sacrifice, as the fulfilling of the law, are *Christian*, and not to be monopolised by Spiritualists or by any other religious faith. It is pleasant when we find Spiritualists recognising the teachings even of one they call illogically a myth. I can imagine "Thames," like myself, was disappointed at the Spiritualists' service. I have never attended one I was not disappointed in; and when I endeavoured to lead this Chepstow service into religious light, it confirmed my conviction that Spiritualism is knowledge, and not necessarily religious.

Talk of phenomena, and they will applaud to the echo! Refer back to the Master, even on His lowest level as a mighty medium, and they will speak of being progressive! I hope we all are. But we have not yet outgrown the Christ-life and its noble self-sacrifice, and we, as Spiritualists, may yet emulate Jesus Christ's marvellous gifts and cultivate them.

Spiritualism makes these past records probable, and the future life a certainty. All the stumbling-blocks "Thames" refers to may, in its light, be cast aside. And notwithstanding the many falsities in Church creeds, and their ignoring many wonderful works we know to be real, we may, I think, approach nearer to worship, and to the truest inspiration of noble life, as we worship the Lord our Maker, in the old churches, than in assemblies where spirits so cluster around as to obscure the Higher Spirit and the living Christ.

Spiritualism is a form of knowledge not necessarily religious—and certainly not necessarily Christian—and at present Spiritualism is not adapted to the highest form of worship nor to form a *resting* place for the agnostic; let him acknowledge the service it has rendered by informing his intellect, and pass on to the Shekinah where he may fall down and worship.

62, Granville Park, S.E. MORELL THEOBALD.

[This expression of opinion comes near to what we exclude as being theological, but some form of religion, or what passes by its name, cannot be excluded altogether. Of course, we believe that Spiritualism, dissociated from what is called religion, is only a tiresome trifle. We should have thought it went without saying. If these phenomena mean anything they mean much, and they cannot escape contact with that largest factor in our life, which we call "Religion."—ED. "LIGHT."]

HOLD fast by the present. Every situation—nay, every moment—is of infinite value, for it is the representative of a whole eternity.—GOETHE.

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, S. E.—Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., open meeting; at 7 p.m., experience meeting, and at 8.30 p.m., special committee meeting.—J. VEITCH, Hon. Sec.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL.—On Sunday last, after a short address, Mrs. Spring's guides gave some excellent clairvoyant descriptions, in two cases giving both Christian and surname. Next Sunday, Mr. Drake.—GEO. E. GUNN, Hon. Sec.

LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY, SEYMOUR CLUB, 4, BRYANSTON-PLACE, BRYANSTON-SQUARE.—Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Miss Rowan Vincent will give clairvoyant tests. On the following Sunday I shall deliver a lecture on the two foes of spiritual religion—"Roman Catholicism and Puritanism." I shall also criticise Mr. Booth's scheme.—A. F. TINDALL, A. Mus. T.C.L., President.

KING'S CROSS SOCIETY, 182, CALEDONIAN-ROAD, N.—On Sunday, January 18th, a Buddhist sermon will be delivered by the representative of the Propaganda, who is already well known amongst our societies; and it is expected that a Buddhist priest will be present with his colleague, probably in his robes. The Propaganda is active amongst Spiritualists generally.—S. T. RODGER, Hon. Sec., 107, Caledonian-road.

MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, W.—Mr. Hancock delivered an interesting lecture on Sunday on the "Life, Birth, and Death of Jesus," opening up many interesting points and replying to many questions. Next Sunday, at 11 a.m., Mr. Vango, Healing and Clairvoyance; at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. Towns, Psychometric Readings. Monday, at 8 p.m., social; Thursday at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell; Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Spring.—C. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

ENDYONIC SOCIETY, 16, QUEEN'S PARADE, CLAPHAM JUNCTION.—At the afternoon meeting on Sunday Mr. A. M. Rodger gave some of his early experiences in Spiritualism, which proved very interesting, and led to other friends relating theirs at our social tea table. As Mr. Hopcroft was unavoidably absent, Mr. Wyndoe kindly took the medium's chair in the evening and gave some excellent clairvoyance. Strong physical manifestations also proved the power our spirit friends possess when all unite in harmony and brotherly love. On Sunday next we expect Mr. Hopcroft, and on the 18th, Mrs. Spring. We hope that many who have not yet visited our new premises will speedily do so. Inquiries specially invited, and a very cordial welcome given to all.—UTBER W. GODDARD.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, CHEPSTOW HALL, 1, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—Fridays, at 7.30 p.m., healing. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., Mr. W. E. Long; at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 8.15 p.m., half-yearly general meeting, when there will be important business in connection with building fund. Mr. W. G. Coote officiated last Sunday morning. In the afternoon about fifty friends partook of our New Year's social tea. Messrs. Wortley and Drake occupied the platform in the evening to good advantage, supplemented by three psychometric readings by the control of Mr. W. G. Coote, which were said to be correct by the recipients. When psychometry or clairvoyance is given from a public platform, I should like to see members give way to strangers more than they do.—W. T. RAYMENT, Assistant Sec.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—Our séances continue to be well attended, and several of our young members show unmistakable signs of mediumship. On Sunday Mr. Hopcroft's controls gave us a discourse upon Spiritualism, explaining its scientific basis. Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. R. Houchin. Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Mason. Thursdays, at 8 p.m., physical séance, Mr. Mason. 1, Lawn-terrace, West Kensington, on Wednesdays, at 8 p.m., séance, Mrs. Mason. Our Lyceum children's tea party will take place on Monday, January 12th, at Stephenson Hall, Cambridge-road, Hammersmith, followed by a vocal and instrumental concert; several ladies and gentlemen having promised their valuable services in aid of our organ and Lyceum funds. Tickets 6d., including tea, 1s. for adults, to be obtained of Mrs. Cusdin, 11, Overstone-road, Hammersmith; Mr. Chance, 1, Lawn-terrace, West Kensington, and Mr. Mason, 14, Orchard-road, Shepherd's Bush. A new spiritual song, written for this occasion, and entitled "There is No Death," will be sung by Miss Zillah Morgan; words by McCreary; new music composed and accompanied by MaJams Clara Faucon.—J. H. B., Sec.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THAMES.—A letter and postcard wait at our office. Send address there.

IN THE MORGUE.

See, there they are; you've heard so much about them!
Been made to shudder just when "Morgue" is said;
Heard of the crowds that come to jeer and flout them,
These poor, forgotten people who are dead.

* * *

Some had no friends, perhaps, and were not wanted;
Some found life dreadful, and so chose instead
(Pushing the dark gate open, nothing daunted)
That empty quiet that awaits them dead!

But most of them, I think, were overtaken,
Snatched from behind, and sudden, blindfolded,
Plunged in the sleep from which they shall not waken;
Done with their living, at a gesture—dead!

Their frozen muteness is no vague appealing:
The callous eyes, as eyes that shrink in dread,
The infrequent sympathy or tender feeling—
It hardly matters now that they are dead.

All is alike and everything is equal,
The friend they loved so, or the foe they fled;
Their tale is told, they cannot know the sequel,
These poor, forgotten people who are dead.

M. M. D., Paris, 1890.

In *Pall Mall Gazette*.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS'S NEW MONTHLY,
THE COMING DAY,
THREEPENCE.

London: WILLIAMS & NORGATE, and all Booksellers.

THE COMING DAY will advocate the Religion of Humanity, based on the Permanent Foundations of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

THE COMING DAY will read the word "Religion" in the light of the word "Humanity," and its subjects will therefore take a wide range, dealing not only with the Church, but with the State and the Home. Above all things, it will plead for the faith that the prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," stands for a great practical week-day reality, and not for a Sunday dream.

THE COMING DAY will be useful as a help to the perplexed, the doubting, and the spiritually homeless. There are many such, more to-day than ever. In all the churches, many feel the pressure of burdensome traditions; while outside of all churches, multitudes, in self-defence, are drifting towards agnosticism.

THE COMING DAY will help these by showing them that religion belongs to Humanity, not to the priests—to streets and homes, not only to churches and altars—to reason and conscience, and not only to belief—that it is love, and peace, and joy, in a holy spirit, and is as independent of creeds and rituals and rites as the blue sky is independent of the lake—or the puddle—that tries to reflect it.

THE COMING DAY ought to be easily obtained through any bookseller (on giving the names of the London publishers); but experience has shown that it is necessary to arrange for the transmission of such a magazine through the post. Those, therefore, who wish to have it forwarded, may order direct from FRANK HOPPS, New-walk, Leicester. One copy will be regularly sent for a year for 3s. 6d.; two for 6s.; four for 10s.; ten for £1. All post free.

THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.
2, DUKE-STREET, ADELPHI, W.C.

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