

# Light:

*A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.*

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

A correspondent writes: "I have been feeling a good deal the loss of my little dog, the one companion of my lonely life. I shall read with more interest than ever any discussions as to the future life and identity of animals in 'LIGHT.' My theory has always been that the germ of spirit or immortal soul is in all living creatures, but is developed by love alone: and perhaps the germ never is developed in the lowest savage man; far more certainly in a faithful dog. I think there is nothing against my theory at any rate, and I wish some seer could confirm it. When my little dog was at the point of death he suddenly lifted his head from my arm, turned it and looked fixedly in my face for several seconds; then he slowly turned his head away and dropped it on my arm and was gone. I shall never forget that last long look; it was full of love, but also of startled intelligence if I may dare say so. Was it more than good-bye; more than even I could know? Was it 'auf wiedersehen'? Perhaps." Did not Gerald Massey record a piece of evidence that was very striking respecting the 'ghost' (shall I say?) or 'apparition' of a favourite dog that presented itself at a séance where he was sitting for slate-writing? I have a dim remembrance of such an incident. Some evidence from clairvoyance was lately printed in this journal. A seer saw a peculiarly marked dog and described it so as to be easily recognised. In this matter, like a great man with the angels, I am on the side of the dogs. I believe that spirit underlies everything; and, were it not that I have the fear of correspondents before my eyes, I would go further and say that what I know as spirit is everything. I see no reason whatever why we should not sense the spirit of the flower. What a beautiful, rare, dainty thing it must be! I have heard a very gifted seeress describe the 'spirit' of a tree. I believe that all nature is but the phenomenal manifestation of the Great Spirit, portions of which are incarnated in the animal and imprisoned in temporary isolation in each member of the vegetable world. There is not only nothing in my belief that is against this, but it necessitates some such theory, perhaps more carefully guarded and stated."

As I was thinking of my friend's letter, part of which I have quoted above, I came upon one addressed to the "Better Way" (Cincinnati, U.S.A.), which interested me sufficiently to impel me to transfer the material part of it to these columns. It is written by Mrs. Cabell, and relates to two pets, of which the following account was given at the time of their death in the "Evening Star":—

The oldest dog in the district, whose age is a matter of record, died yesterday. The dog was a carriage dog, known by the

name of Secretary Stanton, and was nineteen years old. Its owner, Mrs. S. G. Cabell, of Capitol Hill. Mrs. Cabell also owned Fannie, a celebrated little black-and-tan, to which was awarded the first premium at the First National Fair of this district for being the smallest and finest dog on exhibition. Fannie took the first prize also at the Bench Show here in 1883. Fannie was ten years and eleven months old, and at no time in life weighed over two pounds. Fannie and Secretary Stanton lived together in amity. Yesterday Fannie died, within a few hours of the death of her big companion. Both dogs died of old age.

Mrs. Cabell proceeds to detail her experiences in the following terms:—

Two years ago (four years after the loss of our pets) myself and my husband spent the summer at Onset Bay, Mass., camp meeting. Immediately upon my arrival I betook myself to the cottage occupied by Dr. Stansbury, of California, for the purpose of having a séance for slate-writing. While waiting in the ante-room for my turn to come, I stepped out upon the piazza. I there saw a lady—a stranger to me—seated, intently reading. She suddenly laid her book aside, and, turning quickly to me, said, "Please excuse me, madam, are you not very fond of pets?" I answered, "Yes, I am." She replied, "I thought so, for I see a little wee bit of a dog jumping around you." Then, "Oh, what is this I see worked in flowers around its collar?" She spelled to me the name "Fannie." I turned to the lady, and asked, "To whom have I the honour of speaking?" She replied, "I am Mrs. J. J. Whitney, of California, the medium."

I had noticed as I entered the cottage a card in the window, "Spirit photographs, by Dr. Stansbury." Immediately I got an impression to stand for a picture, and perhaps—. So, turning to the lady, I said, "Madam, as you have been so kind as to describe my little pet and give me its name, may I now ask the additional favour to accompany me to the photo-gallery, and perhaps I might get its photograph." She assured me that it would afford her much pleasure to do so. And together we ascended to the miniature art-gallery just above, and called Dr. Stansbury. Mrs. Whitney was immediately controlled by her Indian guide, who described little Fannie as jumping up in my lap. The following morning I called, and was shown the negative. The strangest part of the story remains to be told. Imagine my surprise at seeing my little pet cuddled up under my arm. And my surprise I cannot express at seeing the old coach dog, Stanton, also. He occupied the most prominent position, and had almost crowded out of sight his little friend in his eagerness to get there himself, and with a look plainly expressed on his honest face, as if to say, "You did not see me, or even speak of me, but I am here just the same."

The dogs' pictures have been recognised by hundreds of people who knew them when in life. Both have been fully identified also by children in the neighbourhood, who exclaimed, "How did you get their pictures, we thought they were dead?" It was four years after their death, or passing away, when this photograph was taken, which I prize beyond all price.

That narrative is what I observe that people call "very curious," when they do not know what to say, or "very interesting," when they want to get out of expressing a more definite opinion. But it is both curious and interesting. The camera has no imagination: the sensitised plate often reveals what the human eye is not constructed to see. If a circumstantial narrative of this kind is rejected it will be on *a priori* principles. There is a residuum of prejudice in some, in most minds, that finds itself on general principles, and refuses assent to an otherwise indisputably proven fact on *a priori* grounds. My mind recurs, as I recognise the impossibility of grappling with such an argument, to a somewhat grim story that I remember reading somewhere. A Texas desperado was arrested, so the story goes, on a charge of theft—a charge of which he was admitted to be

innocent. But there was a long score against him of all crimes that man may be supposed capable of committing against his fellows, and he was incontinently shot "on general principles." I wonder how many of our facts have been "shot on general principles." There was a store of prejudice against them; they did not hook on to antecedent experience; there was no niche in the observer's mind into which they would fit; "spirit is the last thing I will give in to"; there is so much taint of fraud and folly about it all—shoot it "on general principles." There has been very much heard of such reasons as these for avoiding Spiritualism.

#### HAVE ANIMALS SOULS ?

The subjoined letter is extracted from the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" :—

In early life I was very fond of hunting. I had a favourite pointer dog, named Sancho, that I had raised and trained for field work. As each "bird" season came around Sancho and I would take an outing for a week or two just for the fun of the thing.

When at a "point" he would sometimes look back at me, as much as to say "These birds are ours." He would hunt with any man that carried a gun. But woe to the hunter who should miss as many as three birds in succession.

If that happened the hunt terminated then and there, for Sancho would strike a "bee line" for home, and no amount of persuasion would induce him to take the field again.

In a moment of absent-mindedness he one day swallowed a piece of corporation sausage containing enough poison to waft him over the "shining river." Some five years after this event I was having a sitting with a lady medium, an entire stranger to me. She said, "I see a dog with you named Sancho," and then described the animal minutely. I never saw a dog that was marked like this one. His head and ears were "liver" colour, except a narrow strip of white running up the centre of his forehead. His neck and body were white, with small dots of bluish-coloured hair on both ribs, and a spot on his rump, nearly round and about as large as a silver dollar, was of the same colour as his ears. It seemed to me at the time, and I still believe, that the medium actually saw an image of that dog.

Whether this was a veritable spirit dog, or the projected image of one by some higher intelligence, I am wholly unable to determine. Let those do so who can. C. H. MERRY.

From spirit in dogs to spirit in man. I find in my commonplace book a record which, unfortunately, I cannot now trace to its origin, but it was sent to me as a contribution to the study of the powers of the human spirit which then occupied my attention. It relates the result of an experiment agreed on by two friends. They were to try to impress each other during a week's absence, and to record the result so far as known to them. My note of the result is that the various entries proved nothing, so dissimilar were they, but one of the friends stated that on a given night in the week he had "been asleep two hours when (he) suddenly awoke as if forced by some outside power. (He) could see nothing, but had a mental impression that you (the other friend) were in the room and beset with some deep trouble, so that you did not know what to do." The friend who is referred to in the above communication relates that on that special night he *was* beset with a great trouble occurring in an ordinarily even life. He had written and torn up a number of letters about it, and had gone to bed in a disturbed state of mind, but—here is an important point—"with no intention of conveying information on the point to my friend." This seems to me worth noting, in view of a wish that I have to collect and classify all cases of the action of mind on mind, especially at a distance, and without as well as with volition, of the double, and generally of what I have before called the "transcorporeal action of spirit." In this attempt, which must be long and laborious, I shall welcome any aid, whether by reference to existing records or by the contribution of new ones.

Is it not strange that the analogy between death and sleep should so possess the mind? Here is a pretty little

poem of Lewis Morris's, but the poet has nothing for the liberated soul but sleep. It is a remnant, I suppose, of the mediæval idea that death is the beginning of a slumber that is to refresh the soul after the work of life—what of those who do no work? Ah! they will be more tired still!—until it is broken by the last trump. This is what I think a pretty fancy with that reservation :—

The white shafts of the dawn dispel  
The night clouds banked a-ross the sky;  
The sluggish vapours curl and die,  
And the day rises. It is well.

Unfold, ye tender blooms of life;  
Sing, birds; let all the world be gay:  
'Tis well—the morning of our day  
Must rise 'mid joyous songs and strife.

Beat, noonday sun, till all the plain  
Swoons, and life seems asleep or dead;  
'Tis well—the harvest of our bread  
Is sown in sorrow and reaped in pain.

Close, evening shadows, soft and deep,  
When life reviving breathes once more;  
Fall, silent night, when toil is o'er,  
And the soul folds her wings in sleep.

#### CLAIRVOYANCE OR — ?

The New York "Sunday Herald" gives publicity to the following :—

New York, March 28th, 1891.—There was a big meeting of Spiritualists in Everett Hall, in Willoughby-street, Brooklyn, to-night. They were celebrating the forty-third anniversary of the organisation of modern Spiritualism, and there was to be a test of the truth of Spiritualism.

About three weeks ago Mr. W. S. Davis, of Nassau-street, Brooklyn, who says he is an unbeliever, but a sincere searcher after truth, issued a challenge to any medium. He offered to forfeit one thousand dollars to any charity that might be designated, if any medium would read twenty words written by him and placed in a sealed envelope.

Mrs. Mattie Martin, through her husband, accepted the challenge, and to-night the test was to be made. Mrs. Martin took a seat on the platform, and her husband tied a silk handkerchief over her eyes.

There was some dispute as to the custody of the letter during the test, but the meeting finally decided that Mr. Davis should hold it.

Mr. Martin begged the pianist to play soft, slow music, and, as he began, Mr. Davis raised the letter in his hand. It was in an envelope which was secured with four rows of machine stitching.

The medium began to fall under the influence. She took a deep breath once or twice, gasped, and then her head fell back. She was in the trance.

"Do you see anything?" asked her husband.

"It is very dark," she replied. Then, after a pause: "It is very hard to see. It is all covered with sealing wax."

"Can you read it?" asked her husband.

"I can," she replied. Then she began: "I shall—be very much—surprised—if Mrs. Martin will—read this letter—for it is sewed fast inside of the envelope, it is the—work of—devil."

"Is that right?" asked Mr. Martin.

There was a sensation when Mr. Davis replied that he did not know. "A third party wrote it," he explained. "I did not write it myself, for I did not want to have mind-reading mixed up with this test."

The president asked if the writer was in the hall. Mr. Davis did not know.

The letter was then opened, the stitches and sealing wax removed, and the words were read. They were almost exactly as pronounced by Mrs. Martin. She read: "Will read this letter," when the words written were "reads this letter."

When the result of the test was announced, the hall resounded with cheers. Mr. Davis said he was satisfied and the cheque was handed to Mr. Martin.

Doubters declared that there was still some reason to believe that there had been collusion.

[This is the report as it reaches us. But we are not satisfied with the evidence. We shall probably hear more of the case. In the meantime we give it for what it is worth. As we go to press we find evidence to which we shall recur.—ED. "LIGHT."]

THE readers of "LIGHT" will be interested to know that our journal is to be found on the table of the Free Public Library, Museum, and Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool.

## ASSEMBLY OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

On Tuesday last, Mr. J. Lamont, of Liverpool, addressed the members of the London Spiritualist Alliance on "Phenomena in America from Personal Observation." Below we give the substance of his remarks.

Among those present we observed Mr. T. Blyton, Mrs. Banister, Miss Banister, Mrs. Brinckley, Mr. J. F. Collingwood, Mr. W. Cooper, Miss Cruikshanks, Mrs. Clarke, Mr. F. Clark, Mrs. Damer Cape, Miss Drake, Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, Mr. T. Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, Lady Fordyce, Miss Giffard, Mrs. Godfrey, Mr. C. Hunt, Mr. Leigh Hunt, Miss Hunt, Miss Kluht, Mr. W. Stainton Moses, M.A., Mrs. Parrick, Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, Miss Rogers, Mrs. Stapley, Mr. J. J. Smith, Mr. Percy Smythe, Mr. Boswell Stone, Miss Stone, Miss Taunton, Miss F. J. Theobald, Mr. E. W. Tooley, Miss Rowan Vincent, Mr. C. White, Mr. H. Withall, Miss Withall, the Misses Williamson, &c., &c.

### PHENOMENA IN AMERICA—FROM PERSONAL OBSERVATION.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—When we hear good Spiritualists, who live in the higher regions of the philosophy, decrying the study of the phenomena, we feel disposed to ask, "Where did *you* get your philosophy from?" Of course, you reply, "From the study of the facts." Just so; then why declaim against the student of the facts as a phenomena hunter? I venture to say that the facts are not yet too well understood, and that the more carefully you study your facts, the more consistent therewith will be your philosophy. But assuming that *you* have had sufficient evidence to convince *you* of all that is claimed for Spiritualism, what about those who are yet without demonstration? Are they expected to accept hearsay evidence? Would you have done so? No! Then the facts are needed; indeed, are the essential foundation of the whole fabric. Granted that there are a few people who have a morbid desire to run after the marvellous for its own sake, just as the tippler does after his dram, what then? Are we to give up the quest after a more accurate knowledge of man's nature as an immortal being because there are a few cranks rushing in where the wise and studious feel how little they yet know, and that they need to tread warily? Verily, no! We are only children in the school of life, and let us not despise the day of small things, nor perversely neglect the lessons which may prove of high use to us when we pass out of the mortal.

I met a gentleman one day lately, who is an engineer and an inventor. In the course of conversation he said, "I know nothing of what you call Spiritualism, but of this I feel sure, that when men like me, who are boring over inventions, are cut off, they come back to find someone fitted to carry out the object they had in view."

"Well," I replied, "I don't think you are far from the Kingdom of Heaven," and I felt that my friend had struck the keynote of the law of progress and of the relations of the two worlds to each other.

A striking illustration of this is furnished to the student when, stepping on board one of the floating palaces which convey in safety and comfort thousands of travellers across the ocean, he institutes comparisons between the rude canoe of the savage and the marvel of mechanical and artistic skill on which he stands. By a touch of a spring by the hand of the officer in charge, the complicated mass of 10,000 tons moves along as if by magic, and as the shadows of evening close, so at a touch on a small button with the finger bursts forth, from saloon to stokehole, a blaze of light almost equal to sunlight. Who or what planned this floating palace, with its ponderous and intricate machinery on the one hand, and its delicate electric and magnetic appliances on the other? The answer is—spirits incarnate using their power over inert matter; that is, assuming that matter is inert. Minerals from the bowels of mother earth are crushed, smelted, refined, till they become pliable as silk threads in the hand of the artificer, and thus a thousand brains and hands, at the bidding of the master mind or spirit, give expression on the plane of matter to what yesterday was only in the realm of thought, and is now externalised for man's temporal use.

And as spirit is the builder of this noble fabric, so also is spirit the sustainer of it. Let the brave crew withdraw; let the ship drift on to the beach; and natural, or, rather, material force, will render back again the atoms which compose it till not a vestige remains for the eye to look upon.

But a few days of pleasant sailing and a few nights of rocking in the cradle of the deep, and one fine morning we wake up in the beautiful bay of New York, with the Statue of Liberty and Brooklyn Bridge in full view; and things mundane are so enchantingly beautiful that the invisible is little thought of. Here are cities, forts, ships, steam-tugs, floating elevators, and a thousand objects of interest, where but a few brief centuries ago the Red Man paddled his canoe and consulted the spirits through the medicine man, getting the information that "pale-faces" were coming who would steal his lands and change the customs of his race.

But let me here say that my object in going to America was not to investigate Spiritualism. I had done that at home for twenty years, mostly with my own family; had proved to a demonstration that man survives the article of death; retains his individuality; and can communicate with friends yet in earth-life. All this I had proved in my own house with my wife, and a few friends occasionally. But here I must acknowledge my indebtedness to various mediums outside of my own family, in whose presence the most convincing proofs of spirit presence have been given. Among these I must mention Mrs. Everitt and David Duguid, besides many others. But having introductions from Mrs. Britten and other kind friends to several Spiritualists in America I was brought into contact with certain mediums, and classes of phenomena, a few of which I will briefly relate to this audience, though I am fully aware that some of you have given the subject quite as much attention (and more in some cases) than I have done, and also, let me add, with much more ability. My purpose, then, is not to instruct or inform, but rather to corroborate experiences already in your possession.

To proceed. In company with Mr. and Mrs. Norton, of Bristol, Conn., I paid a visit to Niantic Camp, where there is almost a total absence of commercial mediumship, or the dollar a peep business, too prevalent at some of the camps. One afternoon, Mr. Norton, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Barnes and myself were sitting inside the veranda of Mr. Norton's cottage home, when a man, a stranger, paused for a moment opposite the door, turned on his heel, came up to us, and said, "I feel that I must come in here." "Take a seat," said Mrs. Norton, handing him a chair. He sat down facing Mrs. Barnes, and said, "Think of someone you know in the spirit-world." Almost instantly he added, "I feel as if you were my mother, and that I wanted to put my arms round your neck." Mrs. Barnes then told us that her thoughts had gone at once to her only son, who had died some time previously. The man then turned to me with a similar request. Naturally, my thoughts went to my wife, who had only passed over a few months. Then the man said, "I feel very weak and feeble; and oh, I want to cling to you as if my life depended on you. I feel as if I were your wife." Yes; that was graphic; my wife was an invalid for more than twenty-five years. The man then turned to Mrs. Norton, but was less successful, as if the power were failing. He then got off his chair, bade us good-day, and asked for neither money nor thanks. Telepathy, say some; thought transference or mind-reading, say others. Better not wait to discuss these questions; we may do so later on.

Our next visit was to Lake Pleasant. Here, indeed, were all sorts and conditions of mediums. Over almost every door of cottage or tent was a sign indicating the class of mediumship professed by the occupier—healing, clairvoyance, materialisation, business, &c., &c. But during our stay of a week we observed no questionable conduct of any kind. Good-fellowship, courtesy, kindness, good humour, and sobriety seemed to prevail. Everywhere the prevalent feeling seemed to be that everybody had laid aside business cares and anxieties, and had come to enjoy camp life, which to all appearance the majority did; the fairly good accommodation at the well-conducted hotel and cottages, added to splendid weather, contributing largely to this end. At two o'clock on the day of our arrival we attended what is called the conference. This conference takes place at 10 a.m., and again at 2 p.m., in the Grove,

a magnificent natural amphitheatre, well shaded with fine trees, the lower branches lopped off, and the upper forming a green canopy, shimmering in the breeze, with the broken sunbeams flickering among the leaves, forming a temple fit to worship the gods in. At the bottom of the Grove is situated an ample platform where is seated at a table the venerable president, Dr. Beals. A lady of goodly proportions and commanding presence is speaking under control to an audience of 1,800 or 2,000 people, who are all comfortably seated on benches well arranged among the trees, each row being sufficiently high above the other to allow all to have a full view of platform and speaker. On taking our seats I asked my neighbour, "Who is the lady now speaking?" "That," he said, "is Mrs. Maud Lord, the test medium." At the close of a well-delivered address she was released from the trance, and said she would try to describe some of the spirit friends whom she saw. To my surprise she pointed to myself and said, "With you I see the form of a lady who was for many years sick and ailing, but is now well. She tells me that you have crossed the ocean. She gives me the name Mary Lamont, and claims to be your wife; is that correct?" Of course, there could only be one answer to that question—the only question she asked. She then proceeded: "You have not been married twice, but I see with your wife a lady who is in close sympathy with you. She is tall and stout, a woman of generous impulses and a powerful medium." Then stopping, Mrs. Lord looked puzzled; but presently exclaimed, "Good God; what does this mean? This woman's body has been buried twice. Do you know what it means?" "Yes," I replied. "Thank you." Now for a word of explanation. The lady described was Mrs. Harriett Scattergood, who, before she went to America, was a very dear friend of ours; and a regular correspondence was kept up between us. A fortnight before Mrs. Lamont passed over, Mrs. Scattergood, who was then residing in Newhaven, Conn., with her daughter, was seized with brain fever, and had to be removed to the asylum at Middletown, where she passed away a month after her admission. The child was broken hearted, and did not know what to do or what instruction to give the authorities at the asylum as to the disposal of the body, till she could hear from home. So they deposited the body in the asylum grounds, where it lay for four months, till our mutual friend, good Mr. Norton, had it removed to his own place of sepulture at Bristol, eighty miles distant. I omitted to say that Mrs. Lord did not give Mrs. Scattergood's surname, but she did give her Christian name and the time of her decease; also that of Mrs. Lamont.

I will now mention a slate-writing séance with Watkins. I found Watkins smoking the inevitable cigar under the veranda of his cottage. I never saw him before. "Can you give me a sitting?" I asked. "Yes," he replied, "guess I can." He showed me to the sitting-room, and said, "There are slips of paper on the table, or use your own if you have any. Write questions to six of your spirit friends, and roll the papers into pellets. I want to finish my cigar; call me when you are ready." I did so. Watkins sat at one side of the table. He said, "Keep the pellets under your own hand; I don't want to touch them." He then took two slates, told me to take a crumb of pencil from a heap on the table and drop it on one of the slates. I did so, and he then laid the other slate on the top of it. "Now," he said, "point with a pencil to one of the pellets." I did so. We then held the closed slates above the table, Watkins holding one end with one hand and I the other, but no sound of writing came. After the lapse of a few minutes Watkins said, "They can't write." He then took the open slate, and with a pencil wrote rapidly across it the following words: "I have not learned yet to write direct, but hope to do so if you come again; am glad to meet you.—John Culpan." On opening the pellet I found it was the one on which I had requested my old and honoured friend, John Culpan, of Halifax, to write me a short message if he could. "Point to another pellet," said Watkins. This time writing was heard, followed by three taps inside the slates. On opening the slates the following was found written in Mrs. Lamont's handwriting—the capital L in the surname being formed like a Z, as she always wrote it:—

"Spirit Land.—My dear John,—Am so glad to give you this short proof of my presence, but am too weak to write more. Lovingly yours, Mary Lamont."

"Let us try again," said Watkins. We did so, with no results, but the medium said, "Someone to whom the message on that pellet is written gives me the name of Harriett. She says she would be glad to write a message, but is too agitated to do so." This ended the sitting, with a request from Watkins that I should come again later on, and try to get replies to the rest; but I was satisfied, and preferred the woods and fresh air. Much more might be said about Lake Pleasant, but time forbids.

In company with Mrs. Barnes and Miss Nellie Scattergood, I visited Onset, and spent a week happily in genial company, including Mr. W. Currier, of Haverhill, Mass., and quite a number of Bostonians; good folks all. We made the acquaintance, at our boarding-house, of Mrs. Stevens, who was on a visit to the Eastern States, from California. One evening, after tea, Mrs. Stevens remarked, "I am going to call on Mrs. Bliss, who has just come from Boston, and has not yet begun to give sittings; will you go with me?" We accepted the invitation. None of us had seen Mrs. Bliss before, except Mrs. Stevens. Time passed in conversation till eight o'clock, when our party proposed to leave, but Mrs. Bliss observed, "I feel that the spirits want us to sit; will you stay? Although I have only just come, and have nothing ready, we may get along somehow." Mrs. Bliss then requested me to take entire charge of the sitting, arranging curtains, fastening doors, and fixing the circle, which was composed of Mrs. Barnes, Miss Scattergood, Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Fox, and Mrs. Mason, who presided at the piano. As an account of a sitting with Mrs. Bliss appeared in "LIGHT" some time ago, I will not repeat what was there well described, but will confine myself to circumstances relating, principally, to the evening in question. Altogether twelve forms were fully materialised, besides six partially so, including Mrs. Barnes's son, who was dimly seen; but being his first attempt he could not fully succeed. Those twelve forms comprised black and white of both sexes, ranging in height from 5ft. 10in. to 3ft. 6in. The clothing varied from full uniform to a nightdress. The tallest form was a female, at least eight inches taller than the medium, but not nearly so stout. This form was robed in white satin, with headdress to match. A little negro girl was the smallest, being only about 3ft. 6in., and was pure black, except a white tunic reaching to the knees, pearl white teeth, and the white of her eyes. She squatted on the floor, sang negro ditties, gambolled about, and came to each of us in turn. But who is this? A beautiful young woman, apparently about eighteen, steps clear out from the curtains. We hear the word "Mamma," and Mrs. Fox and the form are locked in each other's arms. "Do you know her to be your daughter?" I asked. "Yes, and she has materialised before, in the presence of another medium." And now another form, a man dressed in black frock coat, and vest, white shirt, black tie, with grey hair, and a pale face—a face to me familiar. "Can you speak?" No reply, but an intensely anxious look on the face. How is this? All the rest have spoken in language appropriate to their appearance and seeming status in society. Why can't this one speak? Ah! I have it; a week before he passed away he had a fatal fall, by which the organs of speech were paralysed, and taking on earth condition again he appears as he did before passing away, when his face exhibited signs of deep distress, that he could not speak to his loved ones, being yet conscious.

"How was the light?" you ask. Sufficient to see the time by, and even the colour of the eyes when close to the form. The faces and forms were all real, possessed of mobility and flexibility. I held the hands of most of them, and in one case the hand, while I grasped it, faded away in my own. But the crowning test was to come. Mrs. Bliss being released came out from behind the curtain, and we lighted the large parlour lamp. Then one of the company requested Mrs. Stevens to sit in the cabinet, or recess, thinking she might give conditions for something more. She did so, but when she had been a few minutes inside, she complained of being cold and nervous, and begged Mrs. Bliss to come and sit on the chair beside her. Mrs. Bliss got up, but hesitated to go, as she said she was terrified at seeing spirits. While thus hesitating, facing the curtain, a full female form sprang into being behind her, as if it had come out of her dress, placed its hands on her shoulders, and gave her a push in. Mrs. Bliss gave a shriek, and went in beside

Mrs. Stevens. This took place within three feet of where I sat, and I could have placed my hands on the form, both lamps burning at the time. Mrs. Bliss then asked me to come in to them. I did so, and while standing beside the two ladies, I was addressed by the direct spirit voice, over my head, just as many of you have heard John Watt or other spirits speak in the presence of Mrs. Everitt. The voice upbraided Mrs. Bliss for her want of confidence, and after expressing pleasure at the excellent results of the sitting, which the spirit asserted was of their bringing about, bade us good-night.

Before concluding, let me anticipate a question which may be in some of your minds, viz., fraud. I reply confidently there was no fraud there that night. I have had the disagreeable duty of unmasking frauds in England, and tearing masks and muslin off them, and we all know that there are plenty of them in America, as elsewhere, just as there are thieves and pickpockets in our churches, carrying Bibles and Prayer-books to form a cloak for their deceptions. We have frauds in our offices and shops, and have to use safes and locks to protect us from depredations, but in the face of all the frauds, I feel bound to say that many mediums have been charged with fraud who were never guilty, and possibly some guilty ones may have escaped. Let us be careful and honest in dealing with the facts on which is built a philosophy which covers the whole field of man's inquiry into the laws of nature, both mundane and supermundane; and when the fires of physical life burn low, and the soul is reaching out for a resting place, it will be found that an intelligent grasp of the philosophy of Spiritualism will demonstrate what was a mere hope in the mind of the gifted Felicia Hemans, when she wrote:—

“We press upon the brink  
Haply of viewless worlds,  
And know it not.”

An interesting discussion followed, Mr. Lamont replying to questions from members present. On the motion of the President a cordial vote of thanks was tendered to the lecturer for his address.

### A HAUNTED HOUSE. I

“The Leamington Spa Courier” gives publicity to a story of haunting which is startling if true. The place is the homestead of an extensive farm known as Upper Coscombe, about twelve miles from Evesham, in the Cotswold district. One Mr. Canning took the farm at Michaelmas last, but did not enter on his occupancy for a month. Meantime workmen from Cheltenham were employed in putting the house in order. What occurred we give in the following extract, published in the above mentioned paper on January 3rd ult. :—

About twelve o'clock one night, towards the end of October, a man by name Silvester, who had assisted in arranging the furniture, was left alone in what was originally the kitchen, an oddly shaped room, with whitewashed walls and a low ceiling with cross beams. In the daytime it is lighted by a small leaden casement, containing twelve small squares of glass, situated immediately over the copper adjacent to the fireplace, and occupying a corner. In order to look out of the window it is necessary to lean over the spacious copper, and a view is then obtained of a portion of a low wall which separates the house from the farm premises; this, with an abutting portion of the new building, and a porch overgrown with ivy, are all that can be seen. While he was busily engaged in his ablutions, by a light emitted from an oil lamp, preparatory to retiring to rest, he suddenly heard three taps upon the window pane, and, looking up, saw what he describes as the upper portion of a female face, encased in an old eighteenth century bonnet. He naturally thought it exceedingly strange to see a female in such a lonely spot at midnight, and thinking she might be belated, or someone was trying to frighten him, he hurriedly pulled on his coat and rushed out, only to find that there was no one about. He mentioned the matter to Mr. Canning's two sons, who were the other occupants of the house on that occasion, and seemed terribly impressed by the circumstance. They, however, laughed at him, believing that he had been the victim of his own imagination or something else. On the following Tuesday night, about ten o'clock, the two young Cannings, fine stalwart fellows, firm disbelievers in spectral appearances, while seated in the kitchen, distinctly heard footsteps overhead. Knowing that there ought to be nobody in the house but themselves, the elder Canning ran upstairs, diligently searched the whole of the premises, but failed to discover anyone. The next occasion on which the

apparition presented itself—and here it may be parenthetically mentioned that her ghostship is very irregular in her movements, not deigning to bestow her presence upon mere worldlings at any stated time—was on the following night, when the painters, who usually departed at dusk, remained behind to do some over-work, in order to render the place fit for the reception of Mr. Canning and his family, who were expected in a few days. About six o'clock, three of the men were busily at work in the kitchen, by the light of two or three oil lamps. One of the men heard three taps at the window, and, looking up, saw a female face peering in at the window. His startled cry attracted the attention of his companions, who, too, were witnesses of the same curious appearance. They were very much startled, and, when some other workmen came in, their ashen faces immediately elicited from them a statement that they had seen a ghost. The new comers were naturally disbelieving, and they commenced, in the way usual to men of that class, to “chaff” their comrades upon their credulity. While, however, they were thus laughing and talking, the three taps were again heard upon the window pane, and the unbelievers declare they saw exactly what their companions had described. They, too, were very frightened; apparently so much so that they dare not leave the room. At this juncture the two young Cannings and Silvester entered the kitchen, and they also saw the face at the window, which all the “vision-seers” unite in stating was that of a young woman, with features delicately moulded, and skin as white as alabaster. The whole of the face, encased in a white sun-bonnet with white lace trimming, was not seen, only the upper portion, the mouth being hidden. One of the men being close to the window leant over the copper and stared right into the face, which was only about a foot distance from him. The first to recover his speech was the eldest of the young Cannings, who told Silvester to “pop round” and see if anyone was there. Silvester left the kitchen instantly, and as the others gazed upon the window, the face disappeared, after having been there for at least three minutes. Silvester walked rapidly round to the window, a distance of, perhaps, three yards from the kitchen door, and called out, “There's nothing here.” As he said it, he peered in at one side of the window from the darkness into the lighted kitchen, and almost instantaneously those within heard the three taps—though Silvester declares that he did not—and saw the face of the woman on the other side of the window, cheek by jowl with that of the investigator. Silvester, however, further asserts that he did not see anything, but the others are positive that the face remained there until he returned to the kitchen, when it disappeared with its usual suddenness—as they say, with the quickness of a flash of lightning. This is the Ghost Story of Upper Coscombe Farm. Mr. Canning and his sons are firmly convinced that the appearances were produced by natural means, and have done their utmost to discover the origin. Had the account merely rested on the story of the coatless gentleman, or the painters brought from a town like Cheltenham into a lonely spot on the top of the Cotswold Hills, in the dull and dreary autumn, little heed would be paid to it; but when so many, ten persons in all, have avowed that they were the eye witnesses of this peculiar circumstance, it becomes all the more strange and worthy of investigation. Of course, it was not long before the story of these marvels spread among the few inhabitants of the isolated region and elicited what they considered to be reasons for the supernatural visitations. Eighty years ago, so the story told by the rustics goes, a domestic servant, of prepossessing appearance, was murdered in the house, but the author of the deed was never brought to justice, though the farmer was strongly suspected of having been the author of it, and they add that on frequent occasions, whenever the house was occupied, a luminous figure, locally known as “The White Lady,” was seen.—Cutting from “Leamington Spa Courier” of January 3rd, 1891.

### THE “CHURCH REVIEW” ON SPIRITUALISM.

Commenting on Mr. Myers' article in the “Nineteenth Century,” the “Church Review” says:—

The essay is one of permanent value. Science, as Mr. Myers points out, has lately tended to regard man's survival after death as improbable either way; but by the very reason of this neutrality, the influence of science has told more and more against the faith of Eastertide. The writer then indicates the various lines of reply which have been followed by believers in immortality, and professes his own adherence to Paley's famous “twelve men of probity” argument. But then he proceeds to develop the outline of a possible reply to scientific doubt upon scientific grounds alone; an endeavour which, as he says, has not hitherto been made. The facts upon which he relies are those resulting from recent examination of the phenomena of hallucination, thought-transference, and hypnotism, and from the careful collection and sifting of evidence as to the apparitions of the dead. His conclusion is that these facts—laughed at yesterday, generally accepted to-day, to be correlated and seen in their fuller bearing to-morrow—furnish a double line of scientific argument in favour of man's survival.

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2, DUKE STREET,  
ADELPHI, W.C.

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Light :

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 25th, 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.

A KALEIDOSCOPIC GLIMPSE.

Our table is covered with extracts from our contemporaries which we have thought it well to cut out for reference. The long and laborious process of reading our exchanges is one that we do not shirk. In no other way could we keep ourselves posted in the various types of contemporary thought. But the pile grows and all cannot have the attention that we would willingly give. A rapid glance is all that we can give, having assimilated for our own use the information contained in our cuttings. Our readers have little idea of the amount of letterpress that we have to read and digest. Let us attempt a kaleidoscopic view, in which detail must be lost in a general "impressionist" delineation. And this, be it observed, only from stray clippings; the mass of matter in all journals and magazines that reach us can only be eyed.

"THE BANNER OF LIGHT."

Here is Professor Coues on "Post-mortem apparitions from the point of view of a scientist." Always incisive, the Professor gives a clear-cut picture of his beliefs. Do I believe in ghosts? No: I have seen too many, *i.e.*, I do not hold the popular beliefs. I know that there are such things as post-mortem apparitions. All Spiritualism turns on that fact. But the fact is we are not single and simple personalities. There is a sub-conscious self of which each of us knows nothing. "I am not myself at all." This inner individuality—the soul—is independent of the body that it inhabits. It can communicate, if conscious, after death. Science does not forbid that supposition. As a matter of fact, the evidence that it does so communicate is overwhelming. So far the Professor. He goes on to elaborate his argument, and makes a very notable contribution to our knowledge of these things. It is as though a blast of wind from the sea had cleared the misty air. The wind may be cold, but it is healthy, and the Professor is brisk, and his criticisms are conducive to thought, tonic and bracing. It is not necessary to agree in detail to feel the general benefit.

In the same journal Hudson Tuttle discourses on "Prophecies of the Future." He is a preacher of glad tidings; no jeremiad in his prophecy. He will not even have Professor Rhodes Buchanan and his coming cataclysm. Yet, because law rules prophecy is possible. A knowledge of causes leads to the prediction of results. So spirits can

predict. Yes; but they are fallible, and often predict wrongly. And they are amenable to influences, get entangled in them, and sometimes prophesy smooth things. The open vision is blurred by mundane causes as well as by the fallibility of the source from which the message comes. "I would laugh at the Jeremiahs if I had not so much pity for them." Meantime, as it seems to us, the book of fate is so far closed that the peeps between its covers as often as not mislead. And a very good thing, too. Fancy a man with a clear view of his future in the next ten years. No torture devised by the Inquisition equals that horrid prospect.

"THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL."

The Journal is a large order: for no number passes without matter provocative of thought. Giles Stebbins has a word with the new Psychical Association. He gives the neo-organisation some words of warning which experience warrants. It is easy to get together a number of more or less competent or incompetent persons who dub themselves "inquirers" and knock clamorously at the closed door, but will it open to their knocking? Not always.

The Editor has started a "Growlery." Why don't you publish more accounts of phenomena? is one of the growls. For thirty years this growler has been sitting gaping at phenomena and he wants more. The Editor tells him to be up and doing. What has he ever done to advance Spiritualism? And why should his insatiate maw represent all that is to be done by a purveyor of food for thousands of readers? There is force in that rejoinder.

The "Experiences of Lorenzo Dow" (by K. E. Alexander) are worth preserving. There are some dreams and premonitions which will come under our notice in another department and at another time.

Mr. J. D. Featherstonhaugh continues his valuable series of papers on "Human Imponderables," with a chapter called "Experiments as to Identity." "The force of education and transmitted habits of thought" he finds deterrent in this investigation. They are; and in no case more deterrent than in men who have no personal experience to counteract them. One positive, definite experience tells more than tons of theory or speculation; and the inherited prejudices of many generations fly before it in an open mind. No other should meddle with Spiritualism. It needs a balanced mind, receptive yet critical, without bias and with a patient analysis to make anything of this tangled problem. The "order of nature," rudely violated by many phenomena known to us, is, it must be remembered, very imperfectly known and scientific opinion is daily enlarging the ascertained area in which it acts. It has now got beyond the tomb and, as Mr. Featherstonhaugh points out, "the reasons for not referring the intelligent motion of untouched objects, or of invisible forms whose hands we feel and who speak to and touch us to any faculty of living beings, are in our present state of knowledge insuperable." At the same time our opportunities of knowing the capacities and capabilities of these unseen intelligences are very limited and can only be increased by careful and dispassionate observation. The great revelation is that of mind apart from brain.

Dr. Holbrook contributes an article on Materialisation which stirs up thought. When did this startling phenomenon first present itself? With the Davenport's, and thence, by slow evolutionary process, from hands to the full form. The claims made—and they are most portentous—Dr. Holbrook analyses. What does the materialisation of a full form mean? An average adult body weighs 154lb.—88lb water and 66lb. solid matter. So, then, a large mass of matter must be drawn from the persons present and from the atmosphere to effect this result, far more than any room can contain. This mass cannot be got, and, if it were

got, it must be organised—68lb. of muscles, a skeleton of 24lb.; skin, 10½lb.; fat, 28lb., and so on. By an elaborate argument Dr. Holbrook shows that it cannot be done on any principle intelligible to us. Yet no one who, as the present writer has, goes through the testimony for this fact can have a doubt that it is so strong as not to be lightly put aside. It may be impossible; is it true?

#### "THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT."

Mrs. Benham contributes a paper read before the Adelaide Society of Spiritualists on "Spiritualism from a Spiritualistic Standpoint." Wallace started her inquiring mind with his "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism." Spirit Identity was the great problem. Then "M.A. (Oxon.)," Laurence Oliphant, Kingsford, and Maitland, with Madame Blavatsky, proved guides. From the "Spirit Identity" of the first writer is selected a case, "having evidence both on the material and physical plane." It is the photograph of the late Dr. Speer's little sister, taken by Hudson, and a second, taken by Parkes. The lecturer considers the evidence to be conclusive. Our correspondent, "Edina," is also cited with approval. The lecture gives a most favourable impression of the mental pabulum provided for our Antipodean friends. The conclusions and reflections of the lecturer are clear and conclusive.

#### "THE GOLDEN WAY."

"The Golden Way" (San Francisco: Mrs. Mattie P. Owen and Mrs. Rose L. Bushnell, editors) for April reaches us with an account of a regrettable misunderstanding between the editors and the trustees of the defunct "Golden Gate." Into these personal matters we do not enter further than to express our regret that Mrs. Owen should be, as it seems from her statement, so unfairly treated. The "Golden Way" is bright and varied, and is a distinct gain to the Spiritualist literature of America. In the April number, Mr. W. Emmette Coleman commences a series of articles on a favourite subject. He calls his attack on Madame Blavatsky, "The Unveiling of 'Isis Unveiled,'" which book he describes as "a mass of plagiarism, a collection of wholesale plagiarisms." He is very violent in his strictures, and his smiting is by no means of the friendly nature that the Psalmist desiderated from the righteous. We observe that the same writer is doing much the same thing in "The Carrier Dove."

Hudson Tuttle contributes a series of "Notes on Current and Interesting Topics." He deprecates any revival on the old lines of the American Society for Psychical Research. The best psychical society, Mr. Tuttle opines, is the circle. He gives plain advice as to its formation, and he adds that Spiritualists only have the key by which the phenomena observed in that best of all psychical societies can be explained.

We reproduce a few of Mr. Tuttle's remarks with cordial approval:—

The first condition is a sympathetic, earnest circle. There may not be more than three members, and there may be ten or twelve. It is not well to exceed greatly the last number. Spiritualists err in thinking numbers add strength. Unless of the right kind, numbers are weakness. The séances should be held at regular and stated intervals, and be commenced by reading, singing, and conversation. When manifestations are received curiosity or awakening interest should not be allowed to disturb the harmony. It should be constantly remembered that the communications which come spontaneous and are not sought as tests are the most satisfactory. Avoid so-called test questions and conditions until the control is established, when they may be demanded, or, what is more probable, will be useless from the character of the phenomena. When once organised and successful, such a circle is a model psychical society.

We have to express thanks to the "Golden Way" for some kindly and appreciative expressions respecting the Editor of "LIGHT" and his work. The fraternal greeting comes on his partial restoration after a long and serious illness. We reciprocate the kindly feeling so expressed, and thank our friends for their goodwill. We return our

good wishes for the success of their venture, the "Golden Way," which we can sincerely do apart from any personal feeling. The magazine is, as we have said, readable and good, well printed, and with abundance of bright, short articles which will command attention.

#### "THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL"

(April) has many interesting papers, among which are a sketch of General Sherman, and a paper on "Early Education," which some teachers may read and disagree with. "The Talent of Motherhood" is suggestive.

#### "THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS"

devotes a page of illustrations and one of letterpress to the cancer ward at St. Saviour's Hospital. Here the Mattei treatment is to have experimental testing. The ward is an airy and well-lighted room with windows on both sides. It contains five beds, each occupied by a woman suffering from cancer. For some time past Dr. Arthur Kennedy has dispensed the Mattei remedies once a week from St. Saviour's Dispensary. The hospital stands in Osnaburgh-street, close to the Portland-road station of the Metropolitan Railway. For the rest there is the usual analysis of thought in current Reviews and a very interesting account of recent Russian literature. The book of the month is Dr. Smiles's "A Publisher (Murray) and his Friends." The "Review of Reviews" has now an American edition, and its circulation there and in Great Britain is enormous and increasing.

#### SUNDRY AND MANIFOLD.

There remain, after all has been written, many excerpts deserving notice. These we must group with only passing remarks.

"The Theosophist" discourses of Fire Elementals, and tells how fire broke out sporadically in the house of a family consisting of four brothers consequent on an offence put upon a Mussulman fakir. The story is akin to many recorded in the annals of Spiritualism. Colonel Olcott, who compiles the paper, adduces other similar pieces of evidence from India and Japan. What he writes is very important in view of the contention that "we are surrounded by an astral world peopled by elemental races." We can do no justice to the argument of the President-Founder of the Theosophical Society, which introduces us to a new world and a new order of thought.

"A. K." in the same magazine, writing on the "Spiritualists in Congress," declares that union between various schools of thought is, as yet, impossible. Now Spiritualists and Spiritists are not at one, it must be admitted, and Spiritualists have little concern with that bizarre gathering. The conclusions of "A. K." are very much our own. The time has not come yet for successful organisation—more is the pity. Vigorous and sustained efforts in that direction have proved so much to those of us who were very unwilling to accept such a conclusion. Some kindly words of sympathy with "the large body of earnest and intelligent" persons who are groping after a solution of the mysteries of life and death in all lands should not pass without recognition.

"The Phrenological Magazine" discusses Wallace's latest book "Darwinism," on which it looks with regret as regards the chapter on "the nature and origin of the moral and intellectual faculties in man." That chapter should be read by every psychologist, and the writer, in criticising its argument and conclusions, makes little impress upon them. If only Mr. Wallace had understood phrenology! That is the outcome to his mind.

"The Phrenological Journal" has many interesting papers and one especially on the Dunkards, a sect of brethren who are chiefly settled in Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Indiana, and the neighbourhood. They accept the Bible, literally interpreted, as their rule of life, and endeavour to transplant the customs and beliefs of

primitive ages into the present life of the world. The attempt is instructive though futile. They are not unlike the Quakers, and a steady pursuit of an unattainable ideal has not been without its mark upon them. They have striven to realise the esoteric teaching of the Christ, and seem to us to have erred only from literalness of interpretation.

"The Tocsin" is a "Journal of General and of Medical Philosophy." The March number has an article on "Influence," which shows acquaintance with the fact that people carry with them their own aura, sympathetic or antipathetic as the case may be. A knowledge of this fact means a power of acquiring influence. Life as "The great Initiation" is a very suggestive paper. Time counts for nothing in the evolution of the soul, and our presence here postulates our survival after death. "Spirits" (not ghosts nor alcohol) is also good reading.

Here, with many unconsidered fragments that space and time forbid us to gather up, we must stop. Perhaps this kaleidoscopic glimpse may give to those who want to know what there in Spiritualism to read and ponder some faint idea of the wealth of thought, good, bad, and indifferent—and no worse than on any other subject—that awaits their intelligent attention.

### SPIRIT IDENTITY.

NOTES BY "EDINA." T

With reference to the communication which appeared in "LIGHT," of April 18th, I have to state that according to a promise made by the spirit-guide, the person therein referred to wrote a message on April 7th. The conditions were not favourable, as my daughter was ailing at the time, but the message is clear and distinct enough; only, it conveyed little or nothing to show identity except one sentence, which I cannot give. The writer states his intention of saying a great deal more to me verbally, and in writing, through my daughter, when we go to the country next week, and I trust that several "test" questions I have given to her will be answered. Till then, I refrain from dealing with this "correspondent."

During the winter we have had quite a run of communications, purporting to come from medical men formerly belonging to Edinburgh, Newcastle, and other places. The latest message is one from an Edinburgh physician, who died a short time ago. He first appeared to my daughter, and said he would write, and two nights after fulfilled his promise. I may mention that she knew him by sight, as he visited a family living not far from us. The message was written in a very peculiar hand, and the details were, in all respects, correct. As, however, my daughter may have known some of them, I cannot press the matter further than this, that the internal evidence is very strong. One part of the message contained a request that I should ask a professional gentleman here, known to me, whom the deceased said he had medically attended when in life, and who is still a great sufferer, to come to my house, and the communicator would now be able successfully to cope with his disease by a written message. I am not aware that my daughter ever knew that the late physician had attended the professional gentleman here alluded to. Certainly I did not know it till yesterday (April 8th), when accidentally meeting him in the street, and condoling with him in his sufferings, I learned that he had been professionally attended by the deceased physician, which goes far to verify the statement and request in the letter. It is hardly necessary to add that after former experiences I did not communicate to this gentleman the request of his late medical attendant, though I greatly longed to do so, on witnessing the lines of suffering in his face. One must just wait patiently till spiritual truth becomes more widely known, both in this quarter and elsewhere; but it is specially hard to be obliged to resist an opportunity of alleviating suffering, or assuaging sorrow, as in many instances we have been compelled to do, simply to save ourselves from ridicule or worse.

A MAN lives by believing something, not by debating and arguing about things.—CARLYLE.

### COINCIDENCES.

No. XXII.

A correspondent sends the following cases, which may be called in some ways trivial, but none the less interesting.—

I recently heard a poem recited, the subject of which was quite new to me. The following day I took up a book I do not remember having read before, and opened it haphazard at the very page containing the poem I had heard the previous evening.

A lady friend of my family has a green dress and bonnet, which have become associated with several deaths among her relatives. When these articles were first worn, she was suddenly called to the death-bed of her mother. After the lapse of some time they were again donned, and that very evening information was received of the death of two near relatives. As the result of these occurrences, our friend could not for some time bring herself to wear the clothes, but eventually, overcoming her repugnance, she put on the bonnet, and on that day heard of the death of her husband's mother.

An intimate friend of mine, who is an officer on board a vessel sailing between Glasgow and Australia, was reading in his berth one afternoon, the ship being then in an Australian port. He was suddenly impressed with a feeling "that something had happened," but could give no more definite account of his sensation. He was so impressed that he made a careful note of the time and date. By the subsequent mail he received the news of the sudden death of an aunt in England, who was much attached to him. Making corrections for the difference in time, it was found that his aunt's death took place about the time he got his "impression."  
H. G.

The same may be said of the following, which come to us at first hand:—

Some weeks ago a letter appeared in the "Standard" from an East End clergyman, stating how he was working against many difficulties, and he ended with a Latin quotation, "*Dulce et decorum est, pro patriâ et ecclesiâ mori.*" My knowledge of Latin is almost nil, but the sense of this is evident, and something about the wording and sentiment touched me. Last evening my brother-in-law, with whom I am staying, was quoting some Latin, and I began vaguely to try and recall a quotation, of which I wished to know the source, but so entirely had the incident of the letter passed from my mind, that I could remember neither the quotation nor how I had met with it. Immediately my brother-in-law said, as though to remind me, "*Dulce et decorum est, pro patriâ mori.*" This could hardly have been thought-transference, as the quotation was not consciously in my mind at the time. My meeting with it in the "Standard" was known only to myself.

Not long ago, our rector's wife brought her father-in-law to call on us for the first time. When they had gone I looked at his card, and remarked what a curious Christian name he had, one I had never heard before. The next day, on taking up the "Standard," I saw a death recorded, and the surname was the same as the Christian one on the card. On the following day, a letter to the "Standard" was signed with the same surname.

A St. Petersburg correspondent sends this:—

Some time since, I happened to meet in the street a gentleman of my acquaintance; and, conversation having turned upon Spiritualism and kindred topics, the name of General Jerbine was mentioned in connection with the subject. I had never heard anyone pronounce this name before—of this I am almost absolutely certain; and I had never seen it in print except once or twice in a Russian Spiritualistic paper. I may add that the name is not a very common one. On the same day, as I was driving home in a cab, and passing before a big red house, I sought for the name of its proprietor (I do not know whether this is the habit in England too, but here the name of the proprietor of a house is sometimes written upon a board placed upon the wall), and my astonishment was great when

I saw the words: "General Jerbine's house" plainly written. I had not the least idea to whom the house belonged. Was this a coincidence only or something more?

"Leo" favours us with the following:—

We were living in a very remote and inaccessible suburb. One day a friend, whom I will call Lady Y.Z., came to see us. It was proposed that she should come with us to the house of an artist who lived close by. He was not at all well-known in those days, although he has since become famous. Lady Y. Z. said, "I have not been able to go out in London," mentioning that one of her relations had just died, and she continued, "I ought to be in mourning by rights. However, the only person that it would really matter about, if she saw me, is Lady X." We assured her that it was quite impossible that she would see anyone she knew at our neighbour's house, and accordingly she came there with us. The first person we saw was Lady X.

I had written several times to the superintendent of a circulating library, asking that "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages" might be sent, and as it did not come I wrote again, complaining of the inattention to my request. The next day the book was sent, but the servant, by mistake, returned it instead of another book. Thereupon my sister went to the library to explain the occurrence, and she brought the book back. Soon after her return, the "Evening Standard" was brought in, and as I opened it the first words that met my eyes were "Mr. Baring Gould, in his 'Curious Myths of the Middle Ages,' speaks of," &c., &c.

Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood contrilutes this:—

The following striking coincidence was sent me a few days ago by a friend, in whose accuracy I have perfect confidence. The night of December 19th, I had an extremely vivid dream, almost a vision, which impressed me so much that I wrote down a brief account of it in my journal for the 20th, from which I now quote: "I thought I was at Alexandria, standing at a window or balcony, overlooking the sea, and what looked like the mouth of a river. The sky and whole scene were most lovely, all rose-flushed, I think, with sunset, for I saw a silver moon coming up, and some stars beginning to shine." On Christmas Day some new books arrived for the children, one of which was "Very Young," by Jean Ingelow, and when I took it up to look at, it opened at p. 130 of the second part, and my eye fell on the passage, "The Pharos of Alexandria! We passed almost close to it. There was a pale blue sea absolutely calm; the reflection of it seemed to lie out on the water for miles. We steamed through it and broke it, and just before we got in the whole air and the shore turned the brightest pink you ever set your eyes on, and the whole world appeared to be transparent. It was still this colour, when three or four stars shot out and quivered as if they were alive."

"M. W. G" adds this:—

A short time since, a friend lent me a printed sermon, by the late Canon Liddon, on "The Balm of the Old Testament Scriptures." In it he likens the Bible to a cathedral, the nave being the Old Testament, and the chancel the New, with the Epistles standing round as minor recesses. I was so pleased with the illustration, that I proposed to read the passage aloud to my daughter, and meant to do so one Sunday evening. What hindered me I don't know, but I felt induced to reach down my Wordsworth from the shelf, and beginning to read aloud to my daughter, I came across the identical illustration, but used in reference to his own works. It is in the prose preface to the "Excursion," date 1814. There can be little doubt it was a case of unconscious memory on the part of the Canon, who was, probably, well acquainted with the poet; but that I should have stumbled on it in one book, when I meant to have read it in another, is very curious.

This comes to us with due authentication by name and particulars:—

The editor asks for coincidences, and may care to insert the following in my own experience. I stake all I hold in reputation for its truth. Some years ago (I was then starting life in Canada) I happened to think, "I am sure if my

father would only mention to Mr. S." (a well-known publisher of Paternoster-row), "the circumstance of my debt, and its exact amount, he would pay it to him"; and scarcely were the particulars reflected on than the postman called, left a letter from my father (a well-known minister by-the-way), in which he stated that he had just mentioned the circumstance of the debt to Mr. S., who thereupon handed him the sum, and he had paid it to liquidate the debt. I had never previously mentioned the idea in any letter to my father, and it was the first time it occurred to me.

A curious Coincidence is this:—

A cousin of mine, who was staying at Folkestone, had occasion to buy a pair of shoes. On wearing them she found them to be rather short, and that the pointed toes were stuffed with something to keep them in shape. She cut the linings and took out the stuffing, which proved to be part of a letter, written some thirty year before, by a lady who was residing in the family of an uncle of my cousin. The letter was of no great interest, but was not this a strange coincidence? The letter was written from Lewes, where the uncle resided at the time of the writing.

## PSYCHIC VISIONS.

BY "NIZIDA."

["The sixth principle has only developed a little. Humanity in general has only a very dim notion of infinity, of Godhead, and of all such subjects. This means that the rays of the infinite at this stage of our progress are only just evoking our sixth principle into active life. When in process of time the rays of the infinite gather sufficient strength, our soul will come out in her true light."—  
"NATURE'S FINER FORCES."]

The account given by Professor Stowe of his life-long visions in a world apparently interblended with this world of our daily, material life and vision, awakens inquiry of an interesting nature. Forty or fifty years ago we should speedily have catalogued this peculiar faculty possessed by the Professor under the head of hallucination or delusion; but now, with the knowledge of higher powers of being which has been gradually spreading through the world, we can no longer do so. We must look for the cause of these persistent visions upon the plane of the inner mental or soul-life. The Professor, with "feeble health" and "easily excitable nervous system," possessed a corporeal envelope of finer vibrations than the majority of mankind; its senses, therefore, responded to the sights, sounds, touches, and odours of a more tenuous state of existence.

Immersed in the gross world suited to our present stage of life, we cannot realise that we live at the same time in a world more swiftly active, and filled with forms, colours, sounds, and odours more extraordinary than fall under our daily experience in the world of the material senses. But when we catch a glimpse of it through a rift in the veil of our bodies, we are amazed, and think we dream, or are insane. And at our present stage of progress in evolution it is like dreaming, or delirium. Dream and delirium also cause that very rift to be opened through which we obtain our astounding visions. Perplexed and uneasy, or frightened, we hasten to block up the opened window, and to return into the state we and our friends consider normal. Normal it is so far; but, under the changed conditions of a higher evolution, not always to be so.

The grotesque, terrible, amusing, or beautiful sights which are thrown upon our straining vision during these snatches of the soul's clear-seeing, are mostly the things amongst which we mentally live; the daily impressions and reflections thrown upon the mirror of the inner atmosphere surrounding our more ethereal selves. The higher the mental life, the more purified from earthly grossness, the more aspiring to realms of poetical, inspirational beauty, the more beautiful should be the visions. If the necessities of life, however, compel a daily mingling with the grosser herd of men, our mental atmospheres necessarily receive impressions from the incongruous, uncongenial states of being surrounding us. Necessarily nothing can be spiritually viler than the invisible world more immediately surrounding our planet at the present day, for we are said to be passing through the darkest and most wicked cycle the inhabitants of this earth can ever know—the *Kali Yuga*—according to

teachings of Eastern sages. Compelled to live, or occasionally mingle in such polluted mental atmospheres, it is not surprising that faces "ineffably hideous and repulsive" should float on the currents of the astral light, and become visible by flashes, when the psychic vision is opened, at the moment of passing into sleep, or from sleep to wakefulness. It is only by cultivating scrupulously and persistently the highest powers of the mind, not letting ourselves drift with the stream, but carefully shutting out everything which may even remotely savour of a degrading nature, that we can ensure the purity and beauty of the floating mental concepts which may take form to our psychic vision: concepts which succeed each other with such instantaneous swiftness that we can scarcely *consciously* discriminate them, but which, at the same time, fill the mental picture gallery with forms, all the more intensely expressive because they lie more closely to the innate root, or cause of all things.

Professor Stowe was *conscious* that his visions were coloured by the nature of his surroundings. Their appearance also "was observed to depend on the state of his health or feelings." Two proofs that he saw objects borne along the current of his own life-stream, shaped and coloured according to his condition, mental or bodily, of health or disease, existent at the moment. The world of his (unconscious) thought-creation he saw, as well as the world of his bodily life. Mingled with these pictures were the floating, hap-hazard visits of sundry *elementals* or other beings, foreign to himself. Had he been well versed in Spiritual Science, he would have known how to bring into order the chaos which surrounded him. By bringing his bodily vibrations into a state of health instead of disease, he would have harmonised his whole being to "Nature's finer forces," which he saw in action, and protected himself from sufferings such as those caused by the responsive vibrations of his body to certain sounds—for instance, the "harsh hollow notes" of the Indian's bass viol, "which seemed to vibrate through his whole body with a strange, stinging sensation." When these visions failed to appear, the Professor was, perhaps, more completely immersed in material life, which temporarily blotted out his psychic vision.

We cannot, from our own experience, yet formulate anything like a science regarding these peculiar visions; the causes which lie at the back of them; the laws which regulate their appearance to our senses of form, colour, sound, odour, feeling, for they appeal to all the five senses, if not simultaneously as objects on our grosser plane of physical life, yet at different periods, separately. From this fact we have to consider that they belong—even if we deem them the products of imagination—to a world of their own, similar in most particulars to ours. What have we to do with this world? *Everything*. And we are slowly evolving the requisite knowledge—slowly growing into conditions which will enable us to deal with it from the vantage ground of assured science. Evidences of this wonderful change of condition which is gradually permeating the whole body of humanity, in every shape and mode of appeal to the intellect, crop up daily, as thick as newly springing wheat in a well-cultured field. Universal attention is now directed to this subject in one form or other, and there is a marked change in the general tone of thought, whether written or spoken.

A book has recently been published which, for attentive minds willing to accept, without prejudice, teachings from a quarter obviously well furnished with the requisite knowledge, would throw much light upon the laws controlling psychic appearances and sensations. I allude to a work entitled "Nature's Finer Forces," by Ráma Prasád, M.A.\* This remarkable book upon a science hitherto undreamed of by the majority of men—"The Science of Breath,"—opens a page of marvellous insight into the subtler powers, and laws of the Universe, classifying them into a perfect order of minutest details, so that a child's mind would retain a correct picture of the ideas the author unfolds.

The author, in his preface, says: "The book is sure to throw a good deal of light upon the scientific researches of the ancient Aryans of India, and it will leave no doubt in a candid mind that the religion of ancient India had a scientific basis. It is chiefly for this reason that I have drawn my illustrations of the Tatwic Law from the Upanishads. There is a good deal in the book which can

only be shown to be true by long and diligent experiment. Those who are devoted to the pursuit of truth without prejudice will no doubt be ready to wait before they form an opinion about such portions of the book. Others it is useless to reason with."

I will make in a continuation of this article some attempt to convey to the readers of "LIGHT" an idea of the philosophy of the Tatwas, so far as space permits.

### HAUNTINGS.

Albert Morton, in the "Summerland," gives what may throw some light on the question of haunting spirits. We abridge slightly:—

This is a plain unvarnished tale of some remarkable experiences the writer had in his house, in connection with a bedstead, and is related as an illustration of the fact that there are earth-bound spirits, confined by the environments of ignorance to the localities of their earthly trials, or material conditions with which they are magnetically related, until released by the assistance of mortals, or the instructions of more advanced spirits.

In 1864-8 I resided in a country town, sixty miles distant from Boston, and occupied a cottage, which, during the time, was raised and enlarged by the addition of a lower storey. This change enabled us to use the former parlour and adjoining room as our private sitting and bed-room. In the bedroom we had a new walnut bedstead, which had never been used by others, and was free from magnetic entanglements. We were both mediumistic, and very soon after occupying the rooms described as our private apartments, we commenced a course of sittings for the purpose of developing our latent powers. Although I had been told by many mediums, during the preceding ten years, of the possession of powers which would, in future years, be of service in the spiritual field of labour, no results had as yet been obtained that afforded any evidence that the predictions would be realised. My wife had never had any indications of the possession of mediumship.

During our first sitting, my wife was impressed to write a line of cheer and greeting from my ever-watchful, sainted mother, and at our next sitting she was entranced and gave me messages from friends in the beautiful beyond; which mediumship continued to be exercised for myself and personal friends until her transition a few years later, to the land of realities, from whence she has maintained an oversight of our only child, through my present wife, to whom her loving influence is almost as tangible as the bodily presence of an earthly friend.

This is by way of a prelude, in order that the conditions, under which the spirit was possibly assisted in the manifestations of his power, may be understood. A few months after our occupying the bedroom, strange manifestations began to occur therein; strange noises and heavy knocks upon the headboard of the bedstead, sometimes with a great force, apparently, as though caused by a blow from a man's fist. These continued at intervals for several months. Later on forms appeared to be seen dimly, and one night, during my absence in Boston, shortly after retiring, my wife was startled by seeing a woman, dressed in black, standing in the doorway of the sitting-room, in which the gas was kept dimly lighted. Calling her sister and my step-sister to keep her company, they shared the bed together, but, before they were composed to sleep, after the excitement, the mysterious lady appeared again and was seen by all the frightened women. There was no more sleep for them, but no further manifestations took place.

The manifestations ceased for a few weeks; but, two weeks after the birth of our daughter, the nurse wrapped my wife up warmly—it being late in December—and, following the New England custom, opened the window and proceeded to have a "good clearing up"; moving the bed with her patient upon it, between two and three feet from the wall, and swept the carpet where it had been standing. Soon as she had done this and moved out of its way, the bedstead suddenly seemed endowed with life, and immediately moved back to its place, as though pushed by invisible hands. To my wife's inquiry to the nurse, "Who did that?" the discomposed woman could only answer, "There's no accounting for what happens with Spiritualists."

\* Theosophical Publication Society, 7, Duke-street, Adelphi.

Shortly after this time we moved to Boston, and the uncanny bedstead was placed in a spare chamber immediately over ours, but nothing worth relating occurred in connection with it until after the demise of my wife. Suddenly active operations were resumed. One night while C. W. Sullivan—the well-known medium, singer, and character actor—was sleeping in the bed, a loud crash overhead startled me, and, jumping quickly out of bed and running upstairs, upon opening the door I found the startled medium sitting up in bed, wide awake but frightened and bewildered. In answer to my inquiry, "What's the matter, Charley?" he, with some difficulty, gasped, "My God, Albert, they lifted the bed up in the air!" No more manifestations occurred that night. Shortly afterwards I occupied the bed, and was awakened by one of the most horrible experiences in my life. The sensation was unlike those produced by any nightmares, and I was apparently fully awake, but being slowly smothered in a deadly crushing embrace, only to be compared with the pressure of an octopus whose suckers pressed upon the entire surface of my body, or like being under an air chamber with the rapidly increasing condensation of the air crushing one into a nonentity. Rallying all my energies and calling earnestly upon my spirit friends for assistance, I was soon able to overcome the terrible influence.

A few nights later, my friend, D. N. Ford, slept in the same bed. On going into the parlour early next morning, I found him lying on a sofa, and in answer to my inquiry as to why he was there, he replied, "You will never get me to sleep in that bed again." He then described his sensations, which were precisely the same that I experienced, and said that after overcoming them he dressed and passed the remainder of the night in the parlour.

A short time after this, during a call from Mr. Sullivan, we reviewed our experiences with the bedstead, and went to the chamber to seek for explanations of the causes of the manifestations, in consultation with our spirit friends. Mr. Sullivan was entranced and controlled by an Indian chief, Eagle, who informed me there was a spirit present who caused the disturbances, and who needed counsel and help. I gave the spirit encouraging advice, and with the help of the chief, he was soon able to control the medium to speak, describing the methods by which he—assisted by another unfortunate spirit—produced the manifestations. When he gave his name, the matter became clear to me. The spirit was that of a feeble-minded, witless lad, whom I had frequently seen at my former place of residence. His mother and aunt whipped him, and treated him with contempt and severity instead of extending their sympathies to one who was an object of commiseration and not responsible for his defective organisation. His mother owned the cottage which was bought for my use, and he died in the room where the bedstead was placed, but a short time previous to my occupancy.

He plaintively told his story, and said he didn't want to harm any one, but didn't know any better; he wanted to make his presence known, and couldn't get away. Holding the magnetic link he followed us to Boston and remained with us. I endeavoured to explain his condition, and advised him kindly how to proceed to improve it, and placed him in the care of spirit friends, who were requested to direct him in the way of progression from darkness into light. Promising never to bring unpleasant influences again, he thanked me for my assistance, and took his departure, never returning, to my knowledge.

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#### "INVOLUNTARY HYPNOTISM."

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This is the title that heads many paragraphs now. It means only that some "mysterious individual" is playing pranks with susceptible people. He hypnotises a waiter and disorganises his orders. He gets watches from men and bouquets from women by suggestion. It was "a passion with him that he could not resist." So he was auto-hypnotised. Are not things getting a little mixed with this hypnotism? A man who "cannot resist" making fools of other people should be treated as worse than a fool himself.

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The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consist in promoting the pleasures of others.

#### "LOVE THE KEY."

This is a shilling novel (Dodd, Eyton and Co., 65, Chancery-lane), in which there is a considerable flavour of Spiritualism. The reader is introduced to a good deal which shows that the author has experience of her own and is not afraid to vindicate the truth of communications between this world and the world of spirit. We shall not attempt to give any idea of the plot, if so slight a sketch can properly be so called; but will content ourselves with telling those who are fond of ghostly marvels that they will find themselves introduced to the London Spiritualist Alliance and its President, and that there is a capital ghost story which has the merit of being true, so we are directly informed. The Major Chesham and Captain Mervin, of the story, are real persons: the bungalow near Ootacamund is the Avalanche Bungalow, a shooting rendezvous, and the sound of voices, one loud and brutal, the other as of a woman pleading with the drunken man, has since been explained by the discovery that a man had murdered his wife in this place. It is surmised that, as is often the case, the death scene is reproduced by the unhappy spirits, and that the two officers assisted at it on the occasion referred to in the novel.

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#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### Count Mattei's Remedies.

SIR,—We have pleasure in acquainting you that the new English edition of Count Mattei's "Principles of the New Science" is now ready. Price 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s. 6d.

41, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, W. WILFORD & Co.

##### The Medical Profession and Hypnotism.

SIR,—I quite agree with all that "A. J. Ward" says upon this subject in your last; something ought to be done, and speedily, in this matter, or those who have had to fight in the cause of Animal Magnetism against public prejudice and medical obstinacy and fanaticism, for many a long and weary year, will find that the fruits of their labours, that for which they have toiled, will be reaped by those who have endeavoured to oppose the work, or, at least, looked idly on. Now, why this should take place I cannot understand. There can be no more fear that Mesmerism will go wrong now, or fall into evil hands, than there has been in the years that have gone by, in which it was either ignored or ridiculed by those who are now so eager to look after its welfare. It is very kind of them to be so thoughtful and considerate in the cause of Hypnotism now that they can ignore the unmistakable facts which it presents no longer. But who was it championed the cause of Animal Magnetism in the days that are past? Not the great majority of the medical profession, certainly! Like many of my brother magnetic healers, I have had a long innings, and done some hard work to overthrow medical prejudice against this, my favourite science. For twenty-seven years have I been a public practitioner of Animal Magnetism, and now by no means feel disposed to yield up the wand which I so long have wielded in order that it may be placed in the hand of another. I shall be happy to attend any meeting on this subject, or a few interested in this matter could meet at my residence to discuss what steps to take in the affair.

Kimberley Villa, Brading-road, S. R. REDMAN.  
Brixton Hill, S. W.

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#### A FOREST HYMN.

Father, Thy hand  
Hath reared these venerable columns; Thou  
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down  
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose  
All these fair ranks of trees. They in Thy sun  
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,  
And shot towards Heaven. The century-living crow,  
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died  
Among their branches, till at last they stood,  
As now they stand, massy and tall and dark,  
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold  
Communion with his Maker. Thou dost fill  
The solitude; Thou art in the soft winds  
That run along the summit of these trees  
In music; Thou art in the cooler breath  
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,  
Comes scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,  
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.

—W. C. BRYANT.

## SOCIETY WORK.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. R. J. Lees. Monday, April 27th, at 8.15 p.m., open discussion. Friday, May 1st, at 8 p.m., free healing.—J. VEITCH, Sec

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—On Sunday last Brother Taliesin spoke a few words, after which one of Mrs. Bliss's controls gave an address on "Man, know thyself." Next Sunday Mrs. Spring.—GEO. E. GUNN, Hon. Sec.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—At our service on Sunday last we had a crowded meeting, and the Rev. Dr. Young gave us a fine discourse on the life beyond death, quoting Scripture in a convincing manner to prove the truth of spirit return. Tuesday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. W. O. Drake. Tuesdays and Saturday's séance, Mrs. Mason. Thursdays, at 8 p.m., "Developing Circle."—J. H. B., Sec.

24, HARCOURT-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—Captain Pfoundes delivered an interesting address on Sunday last on "Oriental Ethics," showing their superiority over Western Ethics in their treatment of women, and in the doing of right simply for right's sake. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. Portman; at 7 p.m., Mr. Hopcroft. Thursday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Wilkins. Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell.—C. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

PECKHAM SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WINCHESTER HALL.—On Sunday last, the subject of Mr. Butcher's control was, "The Duties of Man to God." At the Rye meeting, the speakers were Messrs. Lees and Butcher, and the proceedings attracted many strangers to the evening service, every seat being occupied. We respectfully urge upon the local Spiritualists to give better support to the Monday discussion. Sunday next, Mr. R. J. Lees at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Monday at 8.15 p.m. Friday, Healing, Messrs. Lees and Duggen.—J. T. AUDY.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S. E.—Last Saturday afternoon the mortal remains of Willie Long, son of our secretary, were laid in the earth at Forest Hill Cemetery. About seventy friends were present and took part in a Spiritualistic service conducted by Mrs. Stanley and Mr. Drake, to whom our thanks are due for their sympathetic and appropriate speeches. Mr. and Mrs. Long wish to thank their friends who showed their loving regard by their presence and by the flowers showered upon the coffin after the ceremony. Mr. Long beheld his child (seemingly unconscious) in the hands of a spirit-guide, while at the graveside. On Sunday a Floral Memorial Service was held at 311, Camberwell New-road, presided over by Mr. Drake, who prefaced by a few vigorous remarks an address by Mrs. Stanley, which, for beauty of thought and earnestness of expression, ranks among the best we have listened to. Mr. Coleman sang a favourite hymn of the dead child with great delicacy of feeling, and several friends gave examples of spirit return. The meeting throughout seemed filled with love and harmony, and our earnest wish is that such concord would exist always in our meeting. Our friends gave us also a helping hand in our new undertaking, the collection amounting to £1 6s. 1d. Sunday next, Spiritual service at 11.15 a.m.; Lyceum at 3 p.m.; "This Life and After," at 7 p.m. Wednesday, "Our Bibliography," at 8.30 p.m. Thursday, public healing (free), at 8.15 p.m.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

It having been repeatedly requested that all communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor of "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to any other address, it is now respectfully intimated that letters otherwise addressed will not be forwarded. Foreign correspondents are specially desired to note this request. It does not, of course, apply to proof sent from the printer and marked to be returned to 13, Whitefriars-street, E.C. So much expense and delay is caused by neglect to read the standing notices to correspondents that it is hoped attention may be paid to the plain directions therein laid down.

SEVERAL letters and articles duly received will be used as space permits. If not accepted, notice is always given, either privately or in this column. This applies especially to records of Coincidences and Dreams, which are reserved for use under their appropriate heading.

G.—Sampson Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington publish Mr. Haweis's books. We do not know who printed the sermon. The price is 2d.

A.M.—We regret that we did not find in what you sent anything that seemed to be worthy of note. There is no virtue in publishing unless you add to the store of knowledge, especially when the type you use is illegible. We did not wish to say anything harsh, and therefore said nothing. As to the book, the only effect of our mild notice was to bring into our office a purchaser who rated us soundly for inducing him to—but we spare your feelings.

NEVER reason from what you do not know. If you do you will soon believe what is utterly against reason.

THE grand essentials of happiness are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.—CHALMERS.

## CORNELIA HUMPHRY BUCHANAN.

We regret to notice the decease of the wife of Dr. J. R. Buchanan. Her psychometric powers were of a very high order, and she retained them to the last. At the funeral the Rev. Minot J. Savage and Mrs. R. S. Lillie officiated. Mr. Savage read a poem, which we transfer to our columns, as singularly touching and appropriate:—

When falls the night upon the earth,  
And all in shadow lies,  
The sun's not dead: his radiance still  
Beams bright on other skies.

And when the dawn-star groweth dim  
Upon the brow of morn,  
It still shines on, though earthly eyes  
That miss it grow forlorn.

Some other world is glad to see  
Our star that's gone away:  
The light whose going makes our night,  
Makes somewhere else a day.

The feet that cease their walking here,  
Tired of the way they've trod,  
With strength renewed, go travelling  
The pathway up to God.

The hand, whose patient fingers now  
Have laid earth's labour by,  
With loving skill has taken up  
Some higher ministry.

The eyes that give no longer back  
The tender look of love,  
Now, with a deathless gleam, drink in  
God's beauteous world above.

The lips, whose sweet tones made us ask  
If angels sweeter sung,  
Though silent here, make Heaven glad  
With their melodious tongue.

And, though her body lies asleep,  
Our favourite is not dead:  
She rises through dark death's bright birth  
"With joy upon her head."

And she is just our loved one still,  
And loves us now no less;  
She goes away to come again—  
To watch us and to bless.

And though we cannot clasp her hand,  
Nor look upon her face,  
Nor listen to her voice again,  
Nor watch her ways of grace—

Still we can keep her memory bright,  
And walk the way she trod,  
And trust she waits until we come  
Up to the house of God.

Let us be thankful through our tears  
That she was ours so long,  
And try to hush our tones of grief,  
And listen to her song.

Mr. Savage's remarks were in the best taste, and might have been uttered by the most avowed and pronounced Spiritualist. He especially emphasised the old idea, "Not lost, but gone before," and, he added, not so far away as men have thought. The world of spirit is not a future, but a present world, round about us, its denizens not far away in space, or slumbering till aroused by the last trump, but here, near, "about our path, about our bed, spying out all our ways."

## BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

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

"The Lyceum Banner."

"The Theosophist." (Madras.)

"Lucifer." (Theosophical Publication Society.) Price 1s. 6d.  
[Contains an important article on "The Negators of Science."]

"Sonnets and other Poems." By ISABELLA J. SOUTHERN.  
(Walter Scott, 24, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row.) Price 3s. 6d. (Dedicated by the authoress to her father, Alderman T. P. Barkas.)

THERE is a great deal of unmapped country within us which would have to be taken into account in explanation of our gusts and storms.—GEORGE ELIOT.

I MUST choose to receive the truth, no matter how it bears upon myself; must follow it, no matter where it leads, from what party it severs me, or to what party it allies me.—DR. CHANNING.