

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by the Editor.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS.

I have lately come into possession of a number of rare books, some account of which may be interesting to my readers. My notice must be fragmentary, and is intended, not to do any adequate justice by way of review, but only to give some idea of the extent to which the literature of the subject extends.

First of all I have "Complete Written Instructions in the Art and Science of Electrical Psychology and Mesmerism," by A. W. Clavis, 21, Everton-road, Liverpool: an elaborate series of directions issued from the Liverpool Phrenological and Mesmeric Institute, but undated. Whatever Mr. Clavis may have to tell us, we have advanced in knowledge since his instructions were written. But these publications are mile-stones which mark the rate of progress, and so are valuable.

"Men, Women, and Ghosts" is a collection of stories by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (Sampson Low, Son and Marston, 1870), reprinted from "Harper," and other periodicals. They give us in a very readable form a good deal of true Spiritualism.

"Charon": Sermons from the Styx, by Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, followed by Other Terrible Dreams for the Wicked in the Manner of Calderon and Hoffmann." (W.H. Allen and Co., Waterloo-place.) Nothing can be said but that it is an awful warning to the wicked.

"Wonders of the Invisible World: Being an Account of the Tryals of Several Witches, lately Executed in New England," by Cotton Mather, D.D. A well-known book but not so well known as it ought to be. Some of his remarks are very quaint. This is what he calls

A CURIOSITY.

In all the *Witchcraft* which now grievously vexes us, I know not whether anything be more Unaccountable than the Trick which the Witches have to render themselves and their Tools Invisible. *Witchcraft* seems to be the Skill of Applying the *Plastic Spirit* of the World, unto some unlawful purposes, by means of a Confederacy with *Evil Spirits*. Yet one would wonder how the *Evil Spirits* themselves can do some things, especially at *Invisibilizing* of the Grossest Bodies. I can tell the Name of an Ancient Author, who pretends to show the way, how a man may come to walk about *Invisible*, and I can tell the Name of another Ancient Author who pretends to Explode that way. But I will not speak too plainly Lest I should unawares Poison some of my Readers, as the pious Hemingius did one of his Pupils when he only by way of Diversion recited a *Spell*, which they had said would cure *Agues*. This much I will say: The system of procuring *Invisibility*, by any *Natural Expedient*, yet known is, I Believe,

a meer *PLINYISM*; How far it may be obtained by a *Magical Sacrament*, is best known to the Dangerous Knaves that have try'd it. But our *Witches* do seem to have got the knack: and this is one of the Things that make me think, *Witchcraft* will not be fully understood, until the day when there shall not be one Witch in the World.

Next I have "An Historical Essay Concerning Witchcraft with Observations upon Matters of Fact; Tending to Clear the Texts of the Sacred Scriptures, and Confute the Vulgar Errors about that Point." (London: Printed for R. KNAPLOCK, at the *Bishop's Head*, and D. MIDWINTER, at the *Three Crowns*, in *St. Paul's Churchyard*, MDCCXX.) One of the quaintnesses I may quote:—

They that have their Brains baited, and their Fancies distemper'd with the Imaginations and Apprehensions of Witches, Conjurers, and Fairies, and all that Lymphatical *Chimera*, I find to be marshall'd in one of these five Ranks; Children, Fools, Women, Cowards, sick or black melancholick discompos'd Wits.

And now comes a "Treatise Concerning the STATE of Departed SOULS; Before, and At, and After the RESURRECTION." (London: Printed for A. Bettesworth and C. Hitch, at the Red-Lyon in Pater-Noster Row, MDCXXXIII.) Here is an extract:—

THAT the Dead are said to fall asleep in the Sacred Writings, is no solid Objection to the Immortality of the Soul; for neither does the Soul perish in Sleep, nor cease from all kind of Action, but the Senses being bound up, is not affected with the external world; which may very well be the Case in the State of Death, or in the *separate State*, as it is wont to be called.

Then comes "The Doctrine of the Supernatural Established," by Henry Edwards, B.D. (H. G. Clarke and Co., 66, Old Bailey, 1845.) Some brief extract may be given, if it is only to show how much we have progressed since that time:—

The dead naturally revive and a corpse may give out its shadowy reanimation when not too deeply buried in the earth. Bodies corrupted in their graves have risen, particularly the murdered, for murderers are apt to bury their victims in a slight and hasty manner. Their salts exhale in vapour by means of their fermentation and arrange themselves on the surface of the earth and form those phantoms which at night terrify the passing spectator as authentic history witnesses.

So is "Authentic History" compiled.

To pass by some books which I must reserve for further notice, I come upon "A Manual of Cheirosophy, Being a Complete Practical Handbook of the Twin Sciences of Cheirognomy and Cheiromancy." By Ed. Heron-Allen. (Ward, Lock, and Co., Warwick House, Salisbury-square, E.C.) The book is one of the best I have seen on Cheirosophy, and contains a large amount of odd and curious information.

I have now got to Alphonse Teste on "Animal Magnetism" (Balliere, 1843), dedicated to Dr. Elliotson, which contains some curious information as they then called it. Among Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, Gauls, and

so on through the middle ages down to our own times. To this work and others that I have mentioned I hope to recur. At present I am only enumerating.

My next book is "Mysteries of All Nations: Rise and Progress of Superstition: Laws Against and Trials of Witches: Ancient and Modern Delusions, together with Strange Customs, Fables and Tales." By James Grant. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.) The book deals with what the author calls the Rise and Progress of Superstition. Perhaps there is as much superstition in rejecting what critics are pleased to call superstition as there is in accepting it *en bloc*. *In medio tutissimus ibis*.

And then I have the inevitable "Mother Shipton," who lived in the second year of the reign of Henry VII. (1486), of whom I need say no more than she must have been a most remarkable medium. The writer of the book, which is anonymous and undated, tells us that "Satan looked on her poverty to be great and knowing her evil inclination (for you must understand that Satan is a good scholar) and, perceiving that she was willing to accept any proposition to change her condition, accosted her in the form of a very handsome young man," and so on. We may leave Satan out of the question, but Mother Shipton did produce some very remarkable prophecies.

My last antiquity is "An Essay about the Origine and Virtues of Gems. By the Hon. Robert Boyle, Esq., Fellow of the Royal Society. (London: Printed by William Godbid, and are to be sold by Moses Pitt at the White Harte in Little Britain, 1672.)" A rare and quaint book, which tells me, amongst other things:—

That the Honourable Author of this *Essay*, before he would see or hear any thing of that Prodigium of *Steno*, did upon occasion solemnly declare to the Author of that English Version (who there protests, that he speaks it *bonâ fide*;) the sum and substance of what is deduced at large in this Tract; the Manuscript whereof the said Interpreter then saw, and received it into his custody for publication: Which Sum was this; First, that the generality of *Transparent Gems* have been once Liquid Substances, and many of them, whilst they were either fluid, or at least soft, have been imbued with Mineral Tinctures, that con-coagulated with them; whence he conceives, that divers of the real Qualities and Virtues of Gems may be probably derived.

Secondly, as for the *Opacous Gems*, and other Medical Stones, as *Blood stones*, *Jaspers*, *Magnets*, *Emery*, &c. he esteems them to have, for the most part, been Earth (perhaps in some cases very much diluted and soft) impregnated with the more copious proportion of fine Metalline or other Mineral juices or particles; all which were afterwards reduced into the form of Stone by the supervenience (or the exalted action) of some already in-existent petrescent Liquor or petrific Spirit, which he supposeth may sometimes ascend in the form of Steams; from whence may be probably deduced not only divers of the Medical Virtues of such Stones, but some of their other qualities.

Amongst my more recent books is "The Marriage of the Soul," by W. Scott-Elliot. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co.) The lines are graceful; the book is admirably turned out. All I can do is to give a very brief specimen, which does no justice to the poet's verse, but is all that I can find space for:—

So to the end the struggle aye sustaining,
Longing for peace but reaching strife instead,
Battle we sternly through the days remaining
In the fierce fight between the quick and dead.*

So without friendly grasp of comrade cheering,
So without love but with the heart aflame,
Lonely as on the mountain summit nearing,
Equally tread we o'er men's praise and blame.

Boundless compassion bear we to all living,
Linked to no mortal—wedded to no wife,
Service and fellowship to all men giving,
Weave we the garment of the Perfect Life!

[* Between the immortal HIGHER SELF and the lower personal self.]

SYMBOLIC DREAM VISION.

I was much interested in the letter "W. S." wrote on the above subject in a recent issue. I think it is a pity that more serious thought is not given to dreaming. Paracelsus says that our spiritual condition can be inferred from our dreams. Of course he means inferred by a priest or doctor of psychical lore. There is a rough way of reading dreams, and I think the symbolism of dreams is roughly interpreted correctly, but where one is at fault is in *placing the vision*.

For instance, that in dream symbolism "dirty water is always of fatal import" I do not quite think holds good. It is a symbol of disorder and impurity and an evil condition of things, but not necessarily more. In this case let us say a dreamer dreams such a dream as "W. S." states. How is he to interpret it?

It appears to me that to correctly interpret *one* dream we must have a greater knowledge of things "behind the scenes" than most of us have, as the science of the true priesthood is dying or dead. A few questions, however, could be put to the dreamer, which may help him on to an interpretation.

First, is he in the habit of dreaming about water?

Second, does the water represent itself somehow the same, yet under different aspects of rough, smooth, dirty, clear, shallow, deep, as a flood incoming, or water low and mud where water should be? Is he in it or on it, alone or with other people? Does he find that dreams of water, if he is a dreamer of water, *i.e.*, under a watery rather than fiery sign (these people dream of fire as their portent), also refer to his spiritual condition and to his soul, water being a symbol of psychical powers; and does he note that dreams on certain days come true, whereas the same dream on another day seems to be, and is, of no importance?

Short of having made a great many patient observations of this kind, I am not sure whether we are justified in assuming that a dream, however remarkable or interesting, as is that of "W.S.'s," is of sufficient importance to have a collective reading and issue.

Dreaming of water has always been my dream, and it is my sign. It has been only of late years that I have found any clue to the tangle; but this is the clue.

If I dream on a Thursday or Sunday morning a water dream so as to have a distinct vision that I can write down, results invariably follow. These results are often very different. I may have had a superb dream, with what I might think a collective reading; but, quite the contrary, it is always nearly individual and unimportant. Whereas I may have had my water dream of a very trifling and insignificant class, the results are often quite as great but also individual. Sometimes they presage events on the material plane (and generally do). Sometimes some danger to spiritual life or some benefit and gain in the spiritual world. Sometimes physical illness, or physical enjoyment.

This would seem a very selfish sort of thing, but after all it is not. We have each of us *really* to progress, or the reverse, *alone*, we have each of us to bear physical pain or pleasure *alone*. Sometimes I have fancied—I can only say fancied—for I have no reliable knowledge short of there being a true priest to inform me *vivâ voce*—that I have had a dream that shadowed some public calamity, but I cannot say with certainty. I think if one had a dream that could be *surely* read to be so important as to have *collective* significance, one might lay claim to be tolerably far advanced in the spiritual state.

As a rule I should say our dreams are guides to us when carefully thought out only as individuals. Had I had the dream "W.S." speaks about, I should, I think, especially were it a Sunday or Thursday morning, be in some trepidation, for I should infer that some of the Watery Dethroned Powers were working evil for me, and a kind friend in the Astral world had, before I left it on awaking, hastily shown me a rapid symbol picture, and that therefore I must be on my guard spiritually and bodily, for evil was on the alert, and might catch me unawares. The upshot might only be a severe cold or some small domestic worry, or something less even than that, because I was on my guard, and under the protection of the Master, who can protect all who trust in Him for protection from the malice of the Dethroned.

Nothing but experience from watching results can guide us, whether to read our dreams as significant collectively

(such as the prophets dreamt), or, as is most likely, individually as warnings to us, or as banners with messages of coming joy.

Dreaming about other people is a very puzzling thing. I confess to be quite in the dark as to *how far* we can interpret it, for symbolism plays such a thorough part, it can never be overlooked. For instance, let us say dirty water means personal illness or trouble (it *may* mean that of the nation, too), that is comparatively simple, but sometimes people who stand in various relations to us in life often figure in our dreams. This part of the dream rarely comes out correct, and I think the reason is because we take the personages for the qualities they represent; we find the symbolism so difficult, we get confused, and no wonder. Of course there are dreams and dreams, but I am referring to symbolic dreams, which after all appear to me the most important, because, I fancy, having direct meaning for us. Perhaps many "religious" persons, if they paid attention to their "dreams," would have occasion for much self-abasement, and their hearts would sink when they realised where they really stand.

In that most charming and delightful novel, "Peter Ibbetson," the account of the results of "dreaming true" is fascinating in the extreme. It is such a picture of the astral world. But some of us want more than that. We want instruction; and I think a great deal of solid instruction, drastic reproof, and hopeful encouragement may be drawn from our dreams, if with sober minds we watch and consider, and remember that there are many planes on which a dream can be interpreted. We must however, beware of placing them too highly, *i. e.*, of public and national importance, lest the desire of their fulfilment should work evil.

For instance, if we assume that a bad dream relates to others, in whom we have no special interest, there is a fascination in seeing prophecy fulfilled that helps prophecy, whereas if we consider that the bad dream relates only to ourselves, we suffer much more because we dread the fulfilment in this case. If, on the other hand, there might be a weird satisfaction in its fulfilment, I confess in my own case if I dreamt of foul water all over the street, I should greatly fear I was going to have an attack of illness, or some trouble, or else that my spiritual state was altogether neglected, and that false and "foreign" ideas were getting the upper hand. The upshot would be certainly *something* of some of these.

I confess I should not have any forebodings regarding the nation; though I do not say such is not the correct reading. I say only that it is wiser to assume individual rather than collective significance to our dreams. This water dream has been very interesting to me, as when I first remember it it was a dark underground river, just like what now is an underground railway, but dark and rough and dirty. It went out at length to the open sea, and I can assure you that I have stood in my dreams and watched the last man (what I was I do not know, though always myself) ascending, because he always escaped up a ladder; the last huge wave that swallowed up everything—that vast wall of green water—is plain now to my eyes. Then inundations of all kinds, great tidal waves, still haunt me, not in dreams now, but the brain picture of what I saw in my dreams.

Then glittering oceans far away, lovely clear sky-blue crystal water in rocks and caverns. And how often have I dreamt of swimming and floating in water, being in and on ships, arriving at harbours, and seeing them in the distance receding. Also the dark black sky, with the angry rearing white crest of the coming cruel wave. Every description of dream have I had, wanting always the perfection of form which makes a dream true collectively and of import to others than ourselves.

It is only of late that I feel I know when the dream means anything, or nothing, in which case I may have caught the reflection on someone else's looking-glass.

ISABEL DE STEIGER.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

"The Ethical Echo." (64, Dame-street, Dublin.)

"The Phrenological Journal." (L. N. Fowler, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Hill.)

THE "Harbinger of Light" is just completing its twenty-second year of issue, during which time the present Editor and Publisher has worked for it without remuneration or any pecuniary profit; he now asks subscribers to endeavour to increase the circulation by bringing the paper under the notice of their friends.

THE KEELY FORCE.*

Concerning the Keely force and its discoverer, we must receive information as we can best get it, and be thankful. Otherwise there would be some ground for taking exception to the chaotic method of Mrs. Bloomfield Moore. The first part of her pamphlet—that entitled "Wisdom in Mystery"—has precisely the same connection with the subject in hand that subsisted between the head of King Charles I. and the kite of David Copperfield. But the head was indispensable to Mr. Dick, and no doubt there are many earnest men and women who feel it a duty towards their convictions to drag in the doctrines of Theosophy by the window when they cannot naturally come in at the door. The *Wisdom of Mystery*—more especially when mystery is unnecessary—is not perhaps the wisest text which it would be possible to expound, but there is proverbially nothing in a name, and nothing certainly in Mrs. Bloomfield Moore's initial chapter which in any sense corresponds to its title. We learn incidentally that Jacob Böhme was "the greatest and most famous of all Theosophists in the world," and we are thankful for such a recognition of the illustrious Christian mystic. But has Jacob Böhme become a Thibetan Brother? Has he entered the "choir invisible" of the "Divine Hierarchy," and the college of the Mahatmas? We are not "scorning and scorning"; we are seeking information respectfully in view of an extreme panegyric which we are distinctly glad to have seen. There is a certain connection, it would appear, between Böhme and Keely. The one "gave birth to an idea," the other to a "system." We may not entirely concur in this refined distinction, for there was something of system in the idea of the Teutonic Theosophist, and there is something, let us hope, of idea in the system of the American investigator of arcane forces; but we are, at any rate, in complete agreement with Mrs. Moore when she remarks that "both are exceedingly imperfect in the expression of their views." Professor Bunton, it is true, observes that Mr. Keely's "vibratory theory" is so "simple, beautiful, and comprehensive" that he hopes it will prove to be experimentally true; but as it is described in the writings of its discoverer it is not a little difficult to understand. Accordingly, the Professor has undertaken to make an abstract of the Keely philosophy, and has so mastered the working hypotheses that he is sure he can expound them intelligently to any educated person. Would it be wanting in courtesy to hint that we should have preferred a concise abstract of Professor Bunton's explanation to the complex dissertation of Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, with its references to the Kabbalah (we may say that there are *ten* Sephiroth), to the "potencies" of Schelling, the political philosophy of Rénan, the Self and non-Self of Watson, the aphorisms of Biaz, the "concepts" of Schopenhauer, the "material horizon" of Hudson Tuttle, and much more which seems really quite foreign to the purpose, and is exactly that kind of mismanaged erudition that confuses instead of enlightens "the average reader"? It is not till the fourteenth page of an extremely thin pamphlet that we are fairly introduced to the theories of Keely himself, and then it is in a cloud of transcendentalism about the "affirmation of Nature in God." However, the mysterious force of which we have heard so much and understand so little is in its present operation "a condition of sympathetic vibration, associated with the polar stream positively and negatively," and the impalpable ether is the medium for its application. The existence of this force Keely is prepared, or preparing, to demonstrate by means of an instrument which he terms a "depolariser." When this is perfect, he will also be able to prove the truth of his theories on such matters as "disintegration, cerebral diagnosis, aerial suspension and dissociation," as well as the "celestial gravital link of sympathy existing between the polar terrestrial and equation of mental disturbance of equilibrium." Mr. Keely, it will be seen, has a fatal quarrel with perspicuity in language, and his amiable champion seems equally hostile to lucidity in method. The pamphlet before us will inform no person, not otherwise initiated, as to the force itself or how it is applied by its discoverer. Though entitled "Keely's Progress," we learn nothing of the nature of his experiments, and the chapter on his present position only shows that he is badly in want of

* "Keely's Progress." Compiled by Mrs. BLOOMFIELD MOORE. "Theosophical Siftings," No. 1, Vol. V., Theosophical Publication Society, 7, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C.

money. Doubtless there are many uninvestigated forces in the universe, and Keely may have alighted on one of them; we do not question his *bons Ades*; and we would not say one word to detract from the praise which is due to Mrs. Bloomfield Moore for the unselfish and practical help which she has extended to the expounder of "sympathetic outreach" and the septenary division of matter. But we do say that we have learned nothing. The Keely hypotheses are left where we first found them "a tale of little meaning though the words seem strong." W.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

THE CASE OF J. H. PAYNE.

By "EDINA."

This is an exceedingly good case, so far as regards verification of details.

In the end of July we had some sittings with a friend from America largely interested in psychical phenomena. During the meetings messages were automatically written, purporting to be from persons who had lived and died in the United States, and more were promised. Several of these were handed to our friend in order that on his return to America he might endeavour to trace out the life and history of the communicators. On arriving at our summer quarters, a day or two after the last of the sittings just referred to, a message was automatically written by our family medium purporting to come from a person named "John Howard Payne." As we did not keep copies of the messages handed to our American friend, who is now on his way home, I am unable to say whether this communicator had written previously; but my impression is that a letter was promised from him in one of the four or five messages we had got. I do not reproduce the whole of this message, but give the leading points of it chiefly because there are family references in it. The message begins "John Howard Payne," and after a few preliminary remarks says, "I was an American dramatist and was born in the year 1792. I acted at Drury Lane in the year 1812, was at College at Schenectady, U.S.A. I was the editor of the 'Theatrical Mirror,' and then published a periodical called 'The Past Time.' In 1807 I was appointed American Consul at Tunis." Then follow a couple of rather rambling remarks which seem to imply that the writer is speaking in the third person regarding Payne, and then the first person is resumed, and the message states: (1) That he left Tunis for a while and went back to America; (2) that he was the author of the song "Home, Sweet Home"; (3) that he returned to Tunis, having been reappointed Consul; (4) that he died there in the year 1852; (5) that if our daughter visited America she should go to the cemetery of St. George and see his monument; (6) that "the dear old man John Jackson did my bust; he comes from Boston"; (7) he then refers to my daughter's infirmity and her ability to do a little "hip reading," and promises to write again on the first occasion he can get power to do so.

As this writer was quite unknown to any of us, and as I was particularly sceptical as to the authorship of "Home, Sweet Home" claimed by the communicator, I wrote from the seaside to a friend in town and asked him to find out any details regarding this person and his life history, either from any encyclopedia or other book of reference. Within two days I received his reply, which is now given verbatim: "August 8th, 1892. Haden's Universal Index of Biography says John Howard Payne, American actor and dramatist, born 1792; died 1852. So your dates are correct.

"In Maunders' 'Biographical Treasury,' 1870, published by Longmans, Green and Co., it is there written: 'John Howard Payne, an American actor and dramatist, was born in New York in 1792. From childhood he was a prodigy. In his thirteenth year he was a writer for the Press and Editor of the "Theatrical Mirror." At sixteen he appeared as Norval in "Douglas" at the Park Theatre, New York. At Boston he appeared among other characters in those of Hastings, Rollo, Edgar, and Hamlet. In 1812 he came to England, and made his debut in Drury Lane in his twenty-first year. In 1825 he edited a London dramatic paper called "The Opera Glass." A great number of dramas were prepared by him for the London stage, chiefly adaptations from the French, and in some of them Charles Kemble appeared. The air of "Home, Sweet Home" first appeared in Howard

Payne's "Clara, the Maid of Milan." In his latter years he occupied the post of Consul at Tunis where he died in 1852."

In a subsequent letter from my friend in town he states "I looked up the 'Illustrated Book of English Songs' from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, published by Ingram and Co., Millard House, Strand, London. Over each song is given the author's name, and under 'Home, Sweet Home' is J. Howard Payne in the opera of 'Clara, the Maid of Milan.' Music by Sir H. H. Bishop."

After receiving these two communications, I had occasion to take a run into town, and was able to verify one more point, viz., at Schenectady there is a university called Union College.

It will thus be seen that in all material details the message written by my daughter at the seaside in my presence is verified through the kindness and research of a friend in town. I have only to add that none of the works above mentioned were ever in our possession, and at the time of writing it we were living in a place where access to any book of reference on the part of the medium was quite impossible. Whether the message was written by J. Howard Payne from "the other side" may be questioned; but that the medium ever heard of or read about such a person is absolutely impossible, and among the many communications received, giving satisfactory evidence of identity I consider this case one of the best and most complete on record.

The only part of the message remaining unverified is about the monument in the cemetery of St. George and his bust by Jackson of Boston, but I hope to be able to get some information about these from America in the course of a few weeks. My impression is that the cemetery "St. George" is likely to be situated in Boston, U.S.A., looking to the fact that the message gives Jackson of that city as the sculptor. In the meantime, however, these two minor details must remain unverified.

THE MATTEI "CURE" FOR CANCER.

We print the following with all reserve.

The "British Medical Journal" states that Dr. Potter has furnished it with the report of a committee appointed twelve months since, at the request of Mr. W. T. Stead, to investigate the alleged cures of cancer by what is known as the system of Count Mattei, a system which had been brought into great prominence by articles published in the "Review of Reviews" and elsewhere. The gentlemen who undertook this task, after a great many other leading medical men had declined as unworthy of attention, were the late Sir Morell Mackenzie, Mr. Lawson Tait (Birmingham), and Dr. G. W. Potter, and after Sir Morell Mackenzie's death, Mr. H. Reeves, F.R.C.S., of the London Hospital, and Mr. John Hopkins, F.R.C.S. Dr. Potter reports that all but five persons who offered themselves for treatment were refused by the Matteists, although selected from those who were in the first stage only of the disease. He recounts the several occasions on which, under one pretext or another—as time progressed and it became evident that not one of the five cases were in any way benefited by the so-called treatment—the Matteists, endeavoured to escape from the continuance of the investigation, but vainly. At an early date, disgusted with the obvious efforts of the Matteists to evade a fair trial, Mr. Lawson Tait seems to have retired, but nevertheless a strict weekly observation by Dr. Potter, as chairman of the committee, by a registrar specially appointed, and by other members of the committee was made. The result has been, as might have been expected, a complete failure, and Dr. Potter adds that while the chemical analysis of the so-called "electricities" of Mattei by Mr. Stokes show that they contain no more active ingredient than distilled water, the clinical results fully confirmed the analysis. The investigation is now at an end, and full details will, it is believed, be published by Mr. Stead. The "British Medical Journal" adds that no other result could have been expected in respect to a so-called "treatment" obviously founded on such false and ridiculous pretensions, and this affords only one more instance of the extraordinary credulity of the mass of mankind and the facility with which they accept the most outrageous statements of ignorant quacks.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

We reach God by wings, not by climbing footsteps.—Dr. ALLEN.

DREAMS.

From the "Pall Mall Gazette" we extract the following letter:—

SIR,—I have been much interested in reading the article with the above heading which appears in your issue of August 2nd. May I be permitted to give you an example of a most curious dream I had some years ago, and which came almost literally true? I was living in London at the time, and I had a correspondent in Dublin. This gentleman was a valued and life long friend. One New Year's Eve I dreamt that I stood in a spacious, bare-looking entrance hall. Presently I saw a letter put into the letter-box on the hall-door. I went over, took out the letter, which I saw was addressed to myself, and in the handwriting of my friend. I opened it, and found it to contain an oblong piece of bluish paper, partly printed, and partly written in red ink. I read it, and it ran as follows:—

"Order for the burial of (here came my own name) in (here came the name of a well-known cemetery in the vicinity of Dublin), on the 9th day of June 18—, in grave (a number)."

I should say I never could recollect any more of the figures. I stood looking at the paper, and, as I did so, I heard the voice of my friend calling to me. I went over to him and gave him the paper. He read it, and then said, rather testily, "Yes, it's all right; come this way." I followed him upstairs, and into a very barely-furnished room, in the very midst of which was a kind of stretcher-bedstead, with what seemed to be some sheets upon it. He told me to lie down. I did so; he covered me with a sheet; I closed my eyes, and I thought *I was dead*. Presently some one else came into the room, and they began talking about arrangements for my funeral. I opened my eyes and saw with him a strange man, with a short, dark beard. I then seemed to lose consciousness from terror, and awoke crying bitterly. I wrote and told my friend the dream, and he replied, chaffing me unmercifully about it. However, again and again I dreamt the same dream and so terrified did I become as June 9th drew near, that my friend actually took the trouble to come over to London and took me down to spend the day at Hampton Court. The next New Year's Eve I dreamt the same dream. My friend—who was a medical man—this time insisted upon my coming over to Dublin for a holiday, and to try and forget all about it. The months passed on, and I did not dream it again. We had a foolish disagreement about something or other, and I, standing upon my dignity, did not reply to several of his—I must admit—good, kind, and temperate letters. One night in June I was so restless that I lay awake the *whole night*, and determined to write a contrite letter to him the next day, for it was *I* who really was in the wrong, but I was too obstinate to admit it. I went down to the British Museum after breakfast, and I returned about two o'clock in the afternoon, to write my penitent letter. As I entered the hall, I saw five telegrams for me upon the hall table. They all told the same tale: my dear friend had died early that morning. It was June 9th. I was stunned. A doctor was sent for, who at once ordered me to be taken over to Dublin in order, if possible, to rouse me from my apparent apathy, for I did not shed a tear. I should mention here that some weeks previous to his death my friend had taken a new house in which I had never been, and which was the chief cause of our disagreement. When I arrived in Dublin I was taken at once to the house, and the minute I entered the hall I recognised it as the one I saw so often in my dreams. Moreover, a gentleman came forward to meet me: it was the very man to whom my friend had spoken respecting the arrangements for my funeral. For many years afterwards I kept my friend's letters respecting my dreams. They were seen by many, and I regret to say they were accidentally destroyed but a short time ago. The man with the short, dark beard succeeded to my friend's practice, and took the house. A year afterwards he died in the very room in which my friend died. What I have here told you is well known among my friends.

B.

A GOOD CHARACTER.—The character is like white paper: if once blotted, it can hardly ever be made to appear as white as before. One wrong step often stains the character for life. It is much easier to form a good character at first than it is to do it after we have acquired a bad one; to preserve the character pure than to purify it after it has become defiled.

SPACE SOCIETY.

From the "Agnostic Journal" we quote, slightly abridged, an interesting letter of an old correspondent of our own:—

SIR,—“Spiro,” quoting Dr. Gill, in your last issue, as to the enormous distances of the stars, &c., apparently asks how such distances can be reconciled with any ideas of a space society.

In “The Transition,” the first few lines of Part I., it is stated, we would deal with ideas men do not possess, meaning that it is now proposed to discuss subjects quite new to the generality of mankind. The great question we propose to examine is: Is space, these heavens astronomers are now telling us of, inhabited? Is there any universal intellectual community corresponding to this physical universe, new to us, which we are now told of? We must get our minds a little more accustomed to contemplating the dwelling-place, space, before we can understand dwellers therein. Attempts like Dr. Gill's, which I have already seen, are useful. But probably for many it will be easier to adopt another standard of measure, and accustom the mind to that. Miles only confuse us, causing an attempt to grasp numbers, which is another matter.

Many, in these days of travel, have formed a tolerably clear idea of the size of our earth. Did we attempt to measure its circumference in tenths of an inch we should only confuse ourselves with the enormous line of figures. Just so, we must give up measuring the heavens by miles. The longest line we can get to both ends of is the diameter of the earth's course round the sun. Add a little for the sun's movement in space, and we have probably some two hundred millions of miles, more or less, as our base for all other measurements of the heavens. So first try and get this distance into the mind. Remember that, when looking at the sun, you are looking at a body nearly a million miles across—eight hundred and eighty thousand more or less. Two hundred times that would nearly represent the diameter of our orbit, our longest get-at-able line for measuring.

Now, when we come to picturing our space society, and how they pass through space from world to world, we shall see that they probably travel swifter than light itself. They may travel at least one million of miles a second, instead of the sixty miles an hour of Dr. Gill's calculation; and they are guided by other means than light, and by other senses to correspond. There are bodies now known of, worlds, travelling at four hundred miles a second; and beings we image as travelling from world to world, and using such worlds as resting places, must travel far faster than the worlds themselves—that is, far faster than four hundred miles a second.

We must accustom our minds to such measurements. But all this in due time. Before developing our picture of space society we would deal with the question—*Does it exist at all?*

The Bible tells us of visitors from the heavens. What heavens? And is its story romance, a mere fairy tale, or not? The Bible gives us tests, which it bids us examine, which it says should satisfy us whether its story is romance, or our visitors were real visitors from space. It also tells us why intercourse was stopped and how to get it renewed if ever we care for it.

I wish it to be understood that I am not romancing my space beings, but proposing to examine, and *test*, this ancient romance. What will be the result of the examination? We cannot tell till we try. As well ask what will be the result of looking through a telescope. My advice is: Look and see. Even so. Who will look into what the Bible calls proofs that visitors from the heavens really spoke to our ancestors? But the proving requires long and careful thought. I cannot place it fully before mankind as long as I am—Yours truly,

REJECTED.

THE spirit is *the all*. It is the real. It is God. It manifests to us according to the instruments it can find—we call them “mediums.” The manifestations are known as “phenomena,” and the masses stop right in the phenomena. These people are known to the world as “Spiritualists.” They are symbolised in the pipe laid underground that carries the water. They never realise that there is water going through the pipe, but they worship the pipe in its various forms, such as Slate-writing, Clairvoyance, Trance, Rappings, &c., neglecting the wisdom they convey to us. The first step in search of *divine power* is to know that all phenomena, no matter what their form, are but as the shell to the nut. When we see phenomena we must not think of them as the end, but look for the spirit of truth which they always convey.—

JOS. M. WADE.

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["M. A. (OXON.)"]

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For theories, we get over no difficulty, it seems to me, by escaping from the obvious inference of an external spiritual agency. When the phenomena are attributed, for instance, to a "second personality, projected unconsciously and attended by an unconscious exercise of volition and clairvoyance," I see nothing clearly but a convulsive struggle on the part of the theorist to get out of a position he does not like, at whatever expense of kicks against the analogies of God's universe. When all is said, "solve the solution," we have a right to cry. And although, of course, sensible men in general would rather assert that two and three make four than that spirits have access to them, we, women and poets, cannot be expected to admit that two and three make four without certain difficulties and hesitations on our own side.

Even with respect to the theory which occurs to yourself, you say that sometimes you cannot cleave to it as satisfactory, simply because we don't "live deeper" when we go to Mrs. Hayden. Some of us have sat hour after hour in solitude and silences God has made for us, listening to the inner life, questioning the depths and heights; yet the table did not tremble and tilt, and we had no "involuntary answers" from the deep of the soul, in raps or mystical sighs, or bell-like sounds against the window. It will have occurred to you, too, on further consideration, that the manifestations have not come, for the most part, through deep *livers*: and, again, that if they came through deeper modes of living, they would be profound in proportion to the profundity of the life; they would scarcely ever be frivolous and commonplace. You escape from no difficulty by your theory.

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August 20, 1892.]

RECORDS OF PRIVATE SEANCES FROM NOTES TAKEN
AT THE TIME OF EACH SITTING.

No. XXV.

FROM THE RECORDS OF MRS. S.

September 13th. We did not meet in circle, neither were we in the seance-room, but sitting in the drawing-room in a strong light, and under these circumstances several pearls were brought and placed on the table, mantelpiece and floor.

September 14th. Circle met at nine o'clock, Mr. S.M. having been impressed to sit at this hour. I was occupied in my room about the proposed time of our meeting, when several loud raps came on the door. On opening it no one was there, so I concluded the friends wished my presence in the seance-room. I at once joined the medium and Dr. S. On sitting down I saw a bright figure standing behind Mr. S.M. We were told it was Mentor. He then came between us bringing cool air full of the scent of roses, which he wafted over our hands and faces. G. manifested, making more beautiful sounds than usual; he answered our questions on his musical instrument, which sounded like a harp. He said he knew Erasmus, that he was seventeen years of age when he came under his instructions; he also knew Melancthon and Luther, of whom he did not express much approval. Mentor then showed us lights, not equal to those we had previously had, but he was able to brush our hands with the drapery surrounding them, which felt very fine and soft, like Indian muslin. Then G. gave five twangs on his harp for the alphabet, spelling out the word, "Break"

On returning to the room more beautiful scent was brought, and a little sprinkled on our hands. Mentor many times during the seance fanned me with the scent-laden air. He then showed us two or three very large lights. One must have measured with its drapery quite two feet in height; he brought it close to my face, and brushed my hands many times with the drapery; he also touched my hand, and his hand felt as human as my own. Mentor then controlled the medium, and expressed great sorrow for having accidentally hurt me at a previous seance. The lights were not good, as Mr. S.M. was ill, and the atmosphere was not right, and this interfered with their development. The medium then said he saw a fresh spirit standing by Catharine. She advanced to the table and rapped clearly. We were informed it was the "Maid of Kent," who had been allowed to come to the circle for her good. We promised to pray for her. This announcement was received by many very jubilant raps. Imperator then controlled the medium, and after saying "Good evening, friends" and blessing us, spoke for a few minutes with difficulty. He said it would not be well to keep the control as the conditions were not good; regretted the accident to my eyes, and said Doctor would give the medium some rules it would be well for all to follow. "We groped," he said, "in the dark even as they did. With more perfect conditions the manifestations would surprise us." Our friend (to whom reference has been made) was still resting. She had passed through the spheres of suffering during her illness. "I had wished" (he continued) "to speak to you on the subject of worship, but must postpone doing so until a more convenient season. May the blessing of the Supreme be with you." After Imperator left the medium, Mentor brought more scent, and presented flowers to each of the circle. When we lighted the gas we found a small heap of seed pearls in front of each of the sitters, placed by the flowers Mentor had previously given to us.

September 16th. This evening the circle met under the usual conditions. G. manifested quickly, making most beautiful musical sounds, and through them answering our questions. Mentor wafted perfumed air over each of us. There were many different raps and sounds made on the table, one foreign to the circle. It was like a grinding disintegrating sound on the table. We asked who it was, and whether the spirit could communicate. The message was given, and then Mentor rapped, and also Dr. Dee, who told the medium he had impressed him when in Dublin to look at his magic mirror in the Dublin Exhibition. The medium had visited it the previous summer. The spirit-lights this evening were fainter, but moved about with great rapidity. They formed behind the medium, played round him, and then darted over the table and nearly up to the ceiling. One light lasted for a very long time, and rapped twice upon the table behind the medium. G. again mani-

festated, making sorrowful, weird-like sounds. Not liking these we closed the seance. These sounds were accounted for afterwards, as the medium's mother was in great sorrow, and her state reacting on him caused the melancholy wailing music.

September 17th. This evening the circle sat as usual. The room quickly filled with spirit-light, and G. soon manifested, making sounds as if playing on a harp and then on a tambourine. Mentor fanned us with scented air, very cool and refreshing. Sounds and rappings were heard near the medium, and the control was quickly established. Imperator spoke, and told us our friend still slept, and that the time of sleep was not long for one who had been prematurely removed from the earth. Spirits often remained asleep for a much longer time. Dr. S. then asked Imperator if he would kindly give us advice as to the forming of a circle for investigation, after our return to town. He answered that he could give no advice upon a subject he knew so little about. Perhaps when the circle had met once he might be able to offer some suggestions. Spirits who had long left the earth knew very little about it, especially when their work lay elsewhere; his work was with this medium and circle, and he would not allow him to be used for experiments outside of it. Dr. S. then asked whether it would not advance the movement if the facts of Spiritualism were brought home to men of science and position. A long discussion ensued between him and Imperator. He declined altogether at present to have the work, as far as he was concerned, made public. The world was not yet prepared for it, and as in the time of Christ, so now, the very men you wish to convince would laugh you to scorn; you would retard the work, bring discredit on it, and ridicule and contempt on yourselves. This we would save you from, as we see clearer than you mortals. The foundations we are now laying (he said) may bring forth fruit when your children, and children's children are filling your places. In this material age martyrs are not made, nor is the love of truth sufficiently strong to make men care to burn you.

September 20th. Circle met under the usual conditions. Very soon Mentor brought scent and fanned us with cool air. A clear rapping sound came on the floor. On asking who was manifesting alphabet was requested, and a great name was rapped out. This the medium declined to believe, unless vouched for by Imperator. G. came, and said it was true that he was really present, and that the raps we then heard were made by him. G. became very angry with the medium for doubting the presence of his friend, and wailed on his harp in the most melancholy manner, answering our questions quickly, and pulling the strings of his harp very sharply, as if vexed. Imperator then controlled for a short time. He said the spirit was that whose name was given, and that he was very distressed that the medium would not believe in his presence in the circle; he did not like to leave. The spirit continued rapping. I then said we were very sorry, but it was most difficult to associate such a name with raps on the floor, but as Imperator had vouched for his presence we must believe he was present. G. again manifested, and seemed more satisfied. Imperator then said A. had left a proof of his presence for the medium. On looking under the table we found a book placed there, and inside the name of the author recently written.

We held one other short seance before returning to London. Much scent was brought; also G.'s musical sounds; and a fresh manifestation was made, sounding like a marble striking the table sharply, and then falling with force to the floor.

September 27th. This evening the circle met in London under its usual conditions. G. quickly made his presence known by welcoming us with his harp-like notes. Mentor brought scent and cool air. The same dropping sound was heard that we had had before. Another sound was then heard: we were told it was produced by a spirit who had attached itself to the medium that afternoon while he was at Kensal Green Cemetery. The spirit asked for our prayers. Imperator controlled the medium with difficulty; said he was anxious to come and welcome the circle back. The spirit from Kensal Green was earth-bound. We might help it by our prayers. Our friend still slept.

September 29th. The circle met under the usual conditions. The medium had been overworked and felt tired: from this cause the manifestations were retarded. On asking "Is anyone here?" Instantly G. responded "Yes" by three musical notes. This was all that could be elicited. We decided to

leave the room for a time. On returning G. immediately manifested. We inquired why he had not done so before. He then called for the alphabet, and said to the medium, "You were disturbed." After this came the dropping sound, described at a previous seance. Then a most peculiar noise was made in the air outside the circle; it reminded us of a large bird flapping its wings and preparing to pounce on its prey. The sound was weird and gruesome, and caused us to feel very cold, and uncomfortable. It also made explosive raps on the harmonium stool. At last it was able to answer our questions, and Mr. S.M. requested it to come by me. It came and rapped gently; said it wanted our prayers to help it; that it had annexed itself to the circle during a visit that two of the members had paid to Kensal Green Cemetery. It was not happy. I said: "I cannot pray for you unless you give me a name, or at least somewhat to know you by." A name was then given which I will call X. The spirit then left the circle and returned to the stool, making most dismal sounds, greatly to our discomfort. I remarked how sad it was to think that perhaps there were hundreds of spirits waiting, hovering near their bodies for someone to help them. A voice answered in a deep whisper, "Millions." After this Mentor fanned us each in turn with cool perfumed air. We felt this a very pleasant influence after the melancholy sounds the earth-bound spirit had produced. Mentor bade us good-night and we parted without a control.

October 4th. We sat without any results. Afterwards we were told that manifestations were withheld as they did not wish a seance held on that evening.

EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY.

THE SENSIBILITY OF WOMEN AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF TEARS.

At the meeting of the International Congress of Experimental Psychology at University College, a paper by Professor Lombroso, of Turin, upon the subject of "The Sensibility of Women" was read. Woman was described by Signor Lombroso as a being man loved, flattered, and—despised, without understanding her. The difference between the weight of woman's brain and that of man had been noted, but without sufficient allowance for the difference in the weight of the body; taking that into account the difference in the two brains was very small. The professor had scientifically tested the relative sensibility of men and women to touch and to pain, and his verdict was that, with the exception of girls, whose sense of touch was fine, women had considerably less sensibility than men. There was a correspondence, however, between an obtuse sense of touch and a debased physiognomy, and the latter was much more common with men than with women. The professor cited practical authorities. Biloith preferred to try a new operation on a woman because of her greater power of endurance. Carle had assured him that women submitted to surgical operations with the most extraordinary readiness, almost as if the operations were on other people rather than on themselves. Giordano's testimony bore out the statement of Balzac that women apprehended evils more than men, but bore them better. Dr. Martini, a distinguished dentist of Berlin, expressed astonishment at the superior courage and willingness of women in regard to dental operations. Mela found that men fainted from pain more frequently than women. All this resulted, said Professor Lombroso, from women having a less degree of sensibility. On this account they recovered better than men from suffering and injury, and lived longer. The period of woman's greatest sensibility was from three to twenty years of age, and that was the period of the greatest mortality. She had a longer middle age than man. What had led to the belief in the greater sensibility of woman was her greater irritability and freer expression of feeling. Also, women had less power of resistance to the reflex action of the brain than men, and reaction was greater. Women learned by their own experience the power which they possessed through tears, and hence they wept from policy. wept much, and wept at the right time.

At the conclusion of the papers, Dr. Bramwell, of Goole, gave a hypnotic demonstration, the subjects being patients of his whom he had at first hypnotised, but with whom he afterwards found suggestion in the waking state sufficient. One of the subjects had had eight teeth removed without pain, and, on the suggestion that she would not be seasick any more (being the wife of a sea captain, and sick on every

voyage), she had now been to sea seven times without recurrence of sickness. Dr. Bramwell had also, by hypnotic suggestion, cured her of neuralgia, insomnia, and near sight. —"Pall Mall Gazette."

SPIRIT IDENTITY AND DEVELOPMENT OF A MEDIUM.

The question of spirit-identity being not only interesting but important, and the Editor of "LIGHT" having expressed a wish (July 2nd, 1892) that his readers would send him their views, their conclusions, and the steps of reasoning by which they arrive at them, I am tempted, but with considerable diffidence, to send the following.

My diffidence is due mainly to the fact that I am but a beginner in practical acquaintance with spiritual phenomena. I may, perhaps, be permitted to give my experience. For a very long time past I have been in the habit of reading with the greatest interest such books bearing on the subject as came in my way, but had not made a study of it. I had noted that very many of the points brought out coincided with my own views, whilst others seemed to present difficulties of greater or less degree. Some of these I brought to the notice of one of the greatest authorities on the subject living, and found, as might have been expected, that they originated from my own ignorance. Steady reading enlarged my acquaintance and made me eager to know more and to see for myself some of the phenomena described by others. I had a wholesome fear of professional mediums, and did not then know that I had in my own household the means of gratifying my wishes.

In accordance with a suggestion made by a relation who was staying with us, she and one of my daughters made a trial on March 15th of obtaining communications by means of the planchette. In a very short time questions were answered, bearing chiefly on matters of a private nature, known some to one, some to neither of the operators. I should mention that the two ladies in using the planchette always sat at right angles to each other, so that the difficulty of writing any pre-determined words would have been great. The experiments were successfully continued on the next two evenings. It was on the latter of the two when the question of the identity of the control was most satisfactorily determined. The spirit purported to be that of a brother of the writer, who died in 1856, of whom the two who were using the planchette knew absolutely nothing beyond the fact of his existence and one of his Christian names. Among other things known to me alone of the three, but related correctly, we were told so many incidents in my brother's life that I have no hesitation whatever in believing this to be a case of true proof of the identity of the controlling spirit with that which it purports to represent. At none of the many subsequent sittings when the same intelligence has made its presence known, has anything happened to lead me to reject, or in any way modify, this opinion.

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August 20, 1892.]

"Once when it [the table] was going away from me, sliding on all four legs, I seized the top and ineffectually tried my best to prevent its being moved away. On another occasion when it was at an angle of about 45 deg. (having been kicked by L.D., who, owing to the furniture, could not be reached with the top), the medium's hands being still on the top, I took hold of it (the top being then [having gradually assumed that position] vertical with the floor), it was only after a severe struggle that I was able to raise it. . . . The position of the table and of the medium's hands was such that, if no unseen force were being exerted, my efforts would have been seconded." The medium also placed her hands on a heavy library table: its movements could not be restrained by pushing in a contrary direction. At our nineteenth sitting, April 24th, it was found that the medium could write automatically. The writing has often been continuous; at other times we have been told to ask questions. I soon found that it was merely necessary for me, sitting at a short distance from the medium, to write my questions, which were immediately answered by the medium on her piece of paper.

In addition to the spirit already mentioned, others have communicated, two at least of whom gave decided proofs of their identity, giving information known to none in the room but the questioner, and which was found to be correct. The information was entirely of a private nature, bearing on events long since past. Many drawings have been executed automatically, some well, others but indifferently. Among other physical phenomena the table generally used has been, at mental or expressed request, made light or heavy—capable of being raised very easily and then brought to the ground very violently, or the contrary. F. W. L.

The writer of this interesting narrative is an old friend of mine, and I rely on all he says with absolute security.—Ed. "LIGHT."]

PSYCHOLOGY IN HIGH PLACES.

From the proceedings of the Experimental Psychologists, it is evident that a thorough practical knowledge of hypnotism will be demanded of the pedagogue of the future. The Cambridge Teachers' Training Syndicate will hold an examination in it, and a Tripos in Mesmerism or a School of Advanced Catalepsy may shortly be looked for. For not only can this wonderful power, properly wielded, cure "inveterate idleness, biting the nails, and moral perversity" (as vouched for by Dr. Bérillon), but it can even cause the ploughed undergraduate to triumphantly surmount "Little-go." No need now to abolish compulsory Greek: your tutor merely makes certain "suggestions" to you at the beginning of your freshman's year (for details of procedure apply to Mr. Myers) and the trick is done. At Oxford, on the other hand, the subtle undergraduate will probably take to hypnotising the examiners who *vixit* him. Much may be done with kindness.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

MADAME GRECK AND THE INDIAN CHIEFS.

Madame Elsa Greck, the well-known trance medium, has lately made the acquaintance of the family of one of the Indian Chiefs at the Wild West Exhibition. The visit was made in the first instance at the request of her little Red Indian spirit-friend, "Sunshine," so well-known to all Madame Greck's friends, who was very anxious to meet her own people through her medium. An impromptu seance in the Chief's tent was so much appreciated that they expressed a desire to talk with "Sunshine" again, and so the Chief and his wife and daughter-in-law and her little child have since visited Madame Greck more than once. They seem to be thoroughly familiar with the phenomena of mediumship and the conditions necessary for a good seance, and this is not to be wondered at, as it appears that the chief's wife is also a trance medium and saw "Sunshine" clairvoyantly and Dr. Forbes also. According to the daughter-in-law she "went to sleep" and prophesied, and it always came true. She foretold that her husband would come to England three times, and this is his third visit. Questioned with regard to the practice of their medicine-men in healing diseases, she said that they generally laid their hands upon the patient, in the same way as our magnetic healers. A strong friendship has sprung up between the two families which is not to be severed when the Indians cross the Atlantic and return to their home in Dakota; and they have expressed the hope that some day they may meet again over there.

DR. COUES ON WORDS.

From the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" we quote an interesting article by Dr. Coues. We need not say that anything that he writes is worth attention. His present article is more especially important from the fact that he has been recently engaged in a work that must be historic, "The Century Dictionary." All our readers will be glad to know that Dr. Coues has had a good holiday and has returned in full vigour to his self-imposed work in connection with the World's Fair at Chicago. Alas! for the loss of the President, Colonel Bundy, which imposes on him such additional work:—

"There is nothing in the realm of research more fascinating than the study of words," said the well-known scientist and scholar, Dr. Elliott Coues, as he seated himself in his library for an after-dinner chat with a representative of the Press.

"For one man who is fitted for the study of words," said Ruskin, "fifty are fitted for the study of things." That Dr. Coues is pre-eminently one of the few who is fitted for the study of words has been demonstrated by his work on the 'Century Dictionary.' Dr. Coues was formerly connected with the Smithsonian Institute, but for several years has been devoting himself to the departments of zoology, comparative anatomy and biology, of the 'Century Dictionary.' The fact that he possesses a prodigious memory, together with a keen intuition which enables him to at once distinguish the relation of things and see with swift accuracy the entirety of any subject to which he gives his attention, makes him one of the most entertaining and charming of conversationalists.

Naturally, after the announcement which he had made in regard to the study of words, as we drew up our chairs before the open wood fire we fell to talking of them.

"An interesting fact in regard to words" (said Dr. Coues) "is the large number of words which are being added to the language each year, and the extreme fewness of words in common use. It takes a child several years to acquire a thousand words. The average illiterate person never uses more than from one to two thousand words. Intelligent persons, even those engaged in the learned professions, do not make use of more than from six to eight thousand words all told, although there are properly belonging to the English language over two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Of course, this is exclusive of the Latin technical words, which are not, properly speaking, English, although they are used as a part of the language.

"There is a large number of words," continued Dr. Coues, "which until recently have escaped the attention of lexicographers. In the text of the 'Encyclopedia Britannica' there are ten thousand words which have never been formally entered and defined in any dictionary. In the 'Century Dictionary' there are seventy thousand words found in no other. This fact shows the unrealised wealth of the English language. And, by-the-bye, here is a statement which is not without interest: There is not to-day any man living who is sufficiently learned to write one average page of the seven thousand pages of the Century Dictionary.

"This work," said Dr. Coues, "marks an epoch in the history of our language. For the first time we have an encyclopedical work brought down to date in all departments. In doing this the antiquated and absurdly untrue notion that lexicographers lay down the law of language has been successfully overcome. Until very recently the notion has obtained that the dictionary was a sort of Mosaic code which must not be tampered with. A short time since I saw an account of a lengthy discussion between several learned men as to whether the words 'dude' and 'boycott' could properly be entered in a reliable and trustworthy dictionary. The conclusion was that it might be safe to enter 'boycott,' but that the entering of 'dude' was of doubtful advisability. This is a fair example of a venerable relic of lexicographical tradition; a galvanised trilobite, so to put it, of the silurian epoch in fossilised dictionary making which strained at a 'dude' and swallowed a 'boycott.'

"You see the truth is that there are certain unalterable universal principles which control the development of language with which the lexicographer has nothing to do. It is a fact, perfectly apparent to those who have given any attention to philology that language grows by a natural process of evolution, and it is equally obvious that the lexi-

ographer can properly do nothing more than to classify, and also to explain, results.

"You ask me," continued Dr. Cones, "as to the number of words which are annually being added to the language. It is difficult to even guess the number. In the mind of those who stand foremost in technical departments large numbers of new and needed words are annually being coined. You see, the progress of study and the advance of thought along these lines—particularly in biology—has been unprecedented during the past thirty years. The result of the discoveries of one generation is not incorporated in text books, encyclopedias, and dictionaries until a following generation comes on the scene of action. For this reason we are just now getting the results of this unusual activity in technical departments in a large addition of words to the language. I should say, at a rough estimate, not less than one thousand words are annually being added to the already very large number. Then, too, in addition to the ways in which I have already mentioned, in which the language is being increased, there are many words that spring up no one knows how or whence.

"The Shakespearian standard," continued Dr. Cones, "was, as of course you know, less than two thousand five hundred words, not counting those that are compounded and hyphenated. However, the famous writer or authority of to-day, whether he uses words to express nice shades of meaning or as technical tools of thought in his own department, must have at his command a vocabulary of from thirty to forty thousand words, the latter being the maximum acquired by any man now living.

"There are some queer things about words when you come to know them intimately," said Dr. Cones. "Now, one would naturally conclude that words of fifteen or twenty syllables, such as basiokeratochondroglossus, the name of a muscle at the root of the tongue, and dnerycystosyringotomy, the name of a surgical operation on the tear-duct of the eye, would be most difficult for the lexicographer to manage. Nothing could be further from the fact. The most difficult words we have to define are those of two and three letters. The truth is, like some people, they are so simple that there is nothing by which you can possibly describe them.

"You suggest," said Dr. Cones, "that there must be some decrease in the language by obsolescence and it is true that there is, but as compared with the additions which are made each year this decrease is very small indeed. You ask me, this being true, what will be the ultimate result? I am sorry that I cannot give you information on this point, but not being a prophet I must refuse to disclose. You see I am only a dealer in Gradgrind facts."

VERSES BY DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[Written in a copy of "Over the Teacups," presented by the author to Mr. J. Y. W. MacAlister, Editor of "The Library."]

Deal gently with us, ye who read!
Our largest hope is unfulfilled,
The promise still outruns the deed,
The tower, but not the spire, we build.
Our whitest pearl we never find,
Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
Lose half their petals in our speech.

THERE is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood, that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency—who that has pined on a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land—but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and, if adversity overtake him, he will be the dearer to her by misfortune; and, if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him, and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

A MIRACLE IN MAGNETISM.

From the "Banner of Light" the following remarkable case of healing:

[TRANSLATED FROM "ANNALI DELLO SPIRITISMO," OF TURIN.]

For the truthfulness of this account of an extraordinary cure of paralysis of the throat by magnetic treatment, Signor Nicoforo Filalato, Editor of the journal from which we quote it, after a careful examination of the facts, personally vouches.

The gentleman upon whom this cure was wrought is Signor Beniamino Chesi, Professor of Music in the Imperial Conservatory at St. Petersburg. He says:—

I was paralysed in the right eye, the left arm, and the throat. I was just able to speak, however; but it was impossible for me to swallow anything, and death from starvation appeared to be inevitable. No one of the prominent physicians who attended me could give me any relief; all of them predicted a fatal result of my malady, and that in a very short time.

The news of my distress spread rapidly among my countrymen, who hastened to me, and, by turns relieving one another, faithfully kept watch at my bedside.

On Saturday, November 25th, toward midnight, I received a call from one of my countrymen, a man of venerable appearance, Giuseppe Tani, whom, until this time, I had known only by name.

After the others had gone, and only those remained who were to watch with me during the night, Signor Tani seated himself by the side of my bed, and, looking upon me with great earnestness and sympathy, said to me, "Do you know, Signor Chesi, why I have come to see you? I have heard of your cruel suffering, and that the doctors have exhausted all the resources of their art, but without success, to relieve you. Well, then, I have come to cure you, if such be God's will."

This statement greatly astonished me, and I asked him with what remedy he expected to cure me. "Wait," said he, "and do not interrupt me." Saying this he began to make passes with his hands over the parts of my body which were paralysed, and especially over my throat. After this had continued for a little while he ceased his passes, and asked me, "How do you feel now?" "A little better," I replied, "but a raging thirst is consuming me; my throat is so dry that it seems as if it were on fire. Oh! if I could swallow, even if it were but one drop only of water!"

At this, Signor Tani, offering to me a cup half filled with water, which he had previously magnetised, said, "Drink this." "How can I drink?" I said; "it is impossible for me to swallow anything whatever. Do you wish to suffocate me?" "Have no fear, my friend," said he, extending the cup to me a second time; "God will sustain you. Make the effort to drink, and I will try to help you."

Impressed by his earnest and confident manner I took the cup, and carried it anxiously to my lips. He placed his hands around my neck and gently pressed and rubbed it, while I drank with the greatest caution, fearing that I should strangle myself. To my unspeakable astonishment and joy I felt the water going down my throat without pain or obstruction. I drained that cup and then another, and, as I could swallow the precious liquid without difficulty, I felt that I was saved.

My saviour then said to me, "You are positively cured. Would you not like to eat something?" To my reply, "Oh, if I only could!" he responded by causing some tea and biscuit to be brought, and, soaking the bread, I ate freely. I could no longer doubt; the paralysis of the throat was gone; and, more than this, the state of my arm and eye had during the time greatly improved.

On the following morning, Sunday, the physicians came to hold a consultation about my case, but were confounded by my restoration to health. Learning from me the facts, they had honour enough to acknowledge that my cure was due entirely to the method adopted by Signor Tani.

Signor Chesi desires that the widest publicity should be given to this statement; first, because of the incorrect accounts of his case which have appeared in some of the papers; and, secondly, to bear witness to the value of this treatment in cases such as his; and, lastly, to make an open acknowledgment of the service which Signor Tani rendered, he who for thirty years has been a benefactor of suffering humanity.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents, and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.

Marriage of Miss Corner.

SIR.—The kind expressions in "LIGHT" in respect to my daughter Carrie's departure for her new home in Ceylon, tell me that you will be pleased to hear of her safe arrival on July 19th. and of her marriage on the day following, a notice of which I copy from the "Ceylon Observer" of July 21st. She is much delighted with everything and everyone she has seen, and everything appears to augur a happy result. S. St. Thomas's-square, Hackney. W. E. CORNER.

MARRIAGE.—On July 20th, at the Dutch Presbyterian Church, Wollendahl, Arthur Francis Ohlmus, of "Fernery," Dehiwala, to Caroline, daughter, of W. Elgie Corner, of London, and of Yorks, England.

Hypnotism in America.

SIR.—Semi-official news, lately received, confirms that privately forwarded last month, in reference to the Bill introduced into the New York Legislature, to restrict the practice of hypnotism, granting the monopoly of exercising it to the physician only.

It appears that the two letters on the subject, signed "F. O." and published in your paper on April 2nd and May 7th last, and which were reprinted and largely circulated in New York, calling the attention of the legislative bodies, the authorities, and the Press to the matter, caused the House to reject the Bill.

Everybody interested in the advancement of human knowledge has been very gratified with such a decision of the Legislature, whose action, under the circumstances, exalts it to a high level in the opinion of the most enlightened minds of Europe and America.

The Belgian Government and Chamber may take a lesson and profit by the teaching!

45, Cornhill, E.C.

GEO. C. COOKE.

August 15th, 1892.

Madame Blavatsky's Spirit Returns.

SIR.—Before "A.F.C." can conclusively establish the fact that Madame Blavatsky has in spirit appeared to herself and brother, one very important condition is necessary, that the investigator as well as the sensitive and any others present should be wholly unacquainted with the individual while living, either by personal knowledge, photograph, Press description or other ways. From the context I gather that "A.F.C." knew Madame Blavatsky in one of the ways I suggest.

Why should this be a necessary condition? Because of the easiness of imprinting mental images upon the spiritual retina of the sensitive. For instance, a Glasgow lady, and considerably mediumistic, is capable of seeing live men, women, children, all kinds of live and dead animals—horses, dogs, birds, flies, monkeys, elephants, &c.; trees, shrubs, rivers, mountains, houses, ships, all in a tea-cup. But "A.F.C." would not declare that all these things were real and objective, and were in the room! But more to the point; while the lady would be "reading a cup," as it is styled by some, I have willed the lady (unknown to the psychic) to see a tree or a mountain, a boat, &c., and I have several times been successful. No intelligent Spiritualist can deny this possibility, and that our ideas can and do take form.

It is therefore just as likely that "A.F.C.'s" mental wish (from her knowledge of the lady) would either take form objectively, or more probably subjectively impress the medium, without Madame Blavatsky being at all present.

T. WILSON.

Omens.

SIR.—I am not deterred by fear of ridicule from avowing a belief that public events of importance have forerunners in time in (often trivial) occurrences of a significantly similar character, or with some curiously coincidental peculiarities. I will mention two in relation to the downfall of Lord Salisbury's Administration. On May 26th last, shortly before the General Election, the late Premier's brougham with himself in it was upset in St. James's-street. "Upsetting the coach" is too familiar a figure of speech for the overthrow of a Government for the significance of this (otherwise happily harmless) accident to escape observation. On June 14th last, the day

or the day after the authoritative announcement of the proximate date of the Dissolution of Parliament, the Salisbury Club, St. James's-square, came to an end.

Here are two other (possibly) omens, as yet unfulfilled, the first to be mentioned being perhaps interpretable differently as political proclivities may suggest. Just at the time of Mr. Gladstone's impressively delivered and almost solemn warning to the House of Lords, in the course of his speech in the House of Commons on Tuesday, the 9th inst., "the scene" (says the "Daily News" of August 10th) "was made more notable by a curious atmospheric effect. A black thunderstorm gathered over the House, suddenly steeping it in the deepest gloom . . . and what should have been a bright summer afternoon became black as night."

Of the following, owing to my omission to take a note at the time, I am unable to give the exact date. But about the time—my impression is that the coincidence of time was exact—of the adoption of the Home Rule policy by the Leader of the Liberal party, I read in a newspaper (probably the "Daily News" or the "Pall Mall Gazette") of the fall of the sword from the equestrian statue of William III. at Dublin, the ligatures of the sword, or scabbard, having become worn out by rust. It is hardly necessary to point out that this statue, and especially the sword, may be, and by the Irish is, regarded as the symbol of Orange or alien ascendancy.

Of astrological interest, though not coming strictly under the head of omens, is the figure of the heavens at the moment of the beginning of the Division in the House of Commons on Thursday night, August 11th-12th. That was at 12.5 clock time, exactly true midnight. The Sun, significator of the Government, was thus precisely on the Nadir, or cusp of the Fourth House, denoting in astrology the end of the thing in question. But what is also remarkable is that the place of the belligerent Mars at Mr. Gladstone's birth, the twentieth degree of Aquarius, was at this moment of the Division exactly on the meridian, in opposition to the Sun, thus dominating the situation, and signifying the victory of the Leader of the Opposition over the Government.

August 12th, 1892.

C.C.M.

An Apparition.

SIR.—A friend in Australia, knowing that I feel interested in Spiritualism, sends me the following story which was told him by Captain Thompson of the Quiraing, one of the Australasian United Steam Navigation Company's vessels.

One night at sea—it was in the days of his apprenticeship—a tall stranger in a ragged red shirt and a tall hat, carrying a bundle, came past him, went to the fore-castle and disappeared. Another sailor saw him and the two had a search but could not find him. The ship arrived in London, discharged, and the hands were paid off. The sailor shipped again, taking the coxswain's place. Other seamen signed on in the course of a few days, and one day the identical red shirt and tall hat appeared. The coxswain saw him, and told the mate that if he were shipped he, the mate, would not go in the vessel, telling him why. The mate made some excuse and got rid of the Yankee. The ship loaded and dropped down the river. When the crew was mustered two or three were found short, and a crimp was employed to find substitutes who were in due time shipped. The Yankee was one of them! The ship was under weigh and the coxswain and Thompson had to take their chance. The Yankee turned out a first-rate sailor, but a most repellant messmate, always quarrelling, and from talking in his sleep it appeared that he had murdered some woman. One evening, after a row, he went rampaging about the ship in his tall hat and ragged red shirt, suddenly went into the fore-castle and fetched out a bundle, walked round past the coxswain and Thompson, as his double had done on the last voyage, went forward and jumped overboard. He must have sunk at once, bundle and all, as no sign of him was ever seen again.

The following story is told by Mr. J. Newman, a tradesman of Cooktown, North Queensland:—

In 1825 I was making my first long sea voyage, as an apprentice, being one of the crew of the ship Emily, owned by a Mr. Halkett, and bound from London for Adelaide. One of my fellow apprentices was a lad named Hetherington, a rather rowdy young fellow who went by the nickname of "Fagan." One day, when the ship was about six weeks at sea, and still to the westward of the Cape of Good Hope,

one of the mates was relieving the other at 7 p.m. just as the cabin passengers' dinner was ready. The newly come officer noticed that the maintopmast studding sail which was stowed upright along the maintopmast shrouds was loose and ordered Hetherington to go aloft and secure it. The studding sail was on the lee side. So after getting into the maintop up the weather rigging he had to pass abaft the mast to get to the lee side. This he did safely, and after making the sail fast he started to pass to windward. In doing so, by some mischance, he let go his hold and fell upon deck, just in front of the cabin door, the vessel having a big poop deck. He was taken up insensible and died about the middle of the night. And now comes the ghostly part of the tale.

While the ship was at sea Mrs. Hetherington, the mother, sent a letter to Mr. Halkett anxiously begging him to send her the first possible news of the Emily as she had seen a lad fall from the masthead on to the deck. She could not tell who he was for certain, but feared that it might be her son. On receipt of the captain's report from Adelaide Mr. Halkett wrote to Mrs. Hetherington, and on comparing dates it appeared that this dream or vision occurred on the same date as "Fagan's" fall and death.

15, Green-street, Canton, Cardiff. RICHARD PHILLIPS.

SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions. No notice received later than the first post on Tuesday is sure of admission.]

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL. — On Thursday, August 11th, a seance was given by Mr. Coote. On Sunday last Mr. Butcher spoke under control on "Trus Religion." Sunday next, Mr. Blackman, address; Thursday, seance.—J. E.

THE STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, E.—Spiritual service each Sunday at 7 p.m. Speaker for Sunday next, Mr. H. Hunt. Mr. Bradley will sing a solo previous to the address, which will be continued each Sunday.—J. RAINBOW, Hon. Sec.

MARYLEBONE, 86, HIGH-STREET.—On Sunday last, Mrs. Stanley reviewed some of the "Objections to Spiritualism," indulged in by orthodox thinkers and others. Sunday next, morning, at 11 a.m. friendly meeting; evening, at 7 p.m., Mr. R. J. Lees; Thursday evening, Mr. Norton, at 7.45 p.m., seance; Saturday, Mr. Hensman, at 7.45 p.m., seance.—L. H.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION.—Victoria Park. Open-air work. On Sunday next the field day will be held in the above park. Messrs. Brunner, Brooks, Darby, Dever-Summers, Emms, King, Rodger, Percy Smyth, and other speakers expected. Friends from all parts cordially invited. Meetings at 3.30 p.m., and 6 p.m. Tea to be had in the park at nominal prices. The park is easily accessible by tram, train, and bus.—PERCY SMYTH, Organiser to London Federation.

PECKHAM RYE.—On Sunday afternoon Mr. R. J. Lees, held his usual meeting, when there was a large assembly. He took as the basis of his lecture "Zöllner's Transcendental Physics," thus approaching Spiritualism from the scientific side. The audience received the evidences of "Zöllner's" investigations in rather a sceptical spirit, but Mr. Lees was able to put the ideas he wished to establish in an unanswerable manner to those who were open to consider the evidence.—J.C.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH, 14, ORCHARD-ROAD.—On Sunday Mr. Mason presided at the organ. Mr. Bangs, the chairman, briefly introduced Mr. Walker, whose guides gave an address on: Spiritual progress, referring to Swedenborg and other great seers, and enforcing man's personal responsibility. Several questions were put by the audience and replied to. We hope to have Mr. Walker with us again shortly. Tuesdays, at 8 p.m., seance, Mrs. Mason; tickets. Sunday next 7 p.m., Mr. Norton.—J. H. B., Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., public seance; 3 p.m., Lyceum; 7 p.m., experience service. Wednesday, 8.30 p.m., seance, Mr. W. E. Long. The spiritual work which we as a society have undertaken is proving itself to be a successful means of help to those in darkness to understand the light, as our meetings always bring good and uplifting influences, and afford spiritual food and sustenance to the many friends that attend.—W. C. COOTE, Hon. Sec.

CARDIFF.—On Sunday last we were favoured with addresses by the controls of Mrs. Green, of Heywood, in the morning on "Spiritualism, a Religion," and in the evening on "Spiritualism, the Comforter." We had good audiences, the hall being quite full in the evening. The addresses, though only occupying about twenty minutes, were full of pithy, practical matter, presented in that easy, homely, and

sympathetic manner which always secures for Mrs. Green an easy entrance to the hearts of her hearers. Clairvoyant descriptions were given after each address, and were, with but few exceptions, immediately recognised. We are pleased to say that Mrs. Green has been able to arrange to speak for us again on Sunday next. Mr. Geo. Spriggs, accompanied by Mr., Mrs., and Miss Everitt and Mr. Sutton, is expected to arrive at Cardiff on the 18th inst.—E. B.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.—Information and assistance given to inquirers into Spiritualism. Literature on the subject and list of members will be sent on receipt of stamped envelope by any of the following International Committee:—America, Mrs. M. Palmer, 3101, North Broad-street, Philadelphia; Australia, Mr. Webster, 5, Peckville-street, North Melbourne; Canada, Mr. Woodcock, "Water niche," Brookville; Holland, Van Stratten, Middel-laan, 682; India, Mr. Thomas Hatton, Ahmedabad; New Zealand, Mr. Graham, Huntley, Waikato; Sweden, E. Fortenson, Ade, Christiania; England, J. Allen, Hon. Sec., 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex; or W. C. Robson, French Correspondent, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor Park branch will hold the following meetings at 14, Berkley-terrace: the last Sunday in each month at 7.15 p.m., reception for inquirers. Friday, at 8.15 p.m., for Spiritualists only, The Study of Mediumship. And at 1, Winifred-road, the first Sunday in each month at 7.15 p.m., for reception of inquirers. Tuesday, at 8.15 p.m., inquirers' meeting.—J.A.

KENSINGTON AND NOTTING HILL SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—The newly decorated and comfortable hall which we occupied last Sunday was well filled with persons from all parts, and we are very confident of doing a larger and more important work which lies beyond the scope of other societies. There is room for all, and let us, although believing in a different line of action, help one another. Mr. W. O. Drake took the chair, and, after giving some explanatory remarks, Mr. Emms spoke upon the theme put forward from the chair—"Various thoughts on the prospect of united work upon a free platform in promulgation of Spiritualism pure and simple, not crushing Theosophists', Re-incarnationists' or Buddhists' views, but seeking to convince them that Spiritualism is the field wherein they will find 'fact' in place of 'theory.'" Messrs. Read, Wallace, Dever-Summers, Hopcroft, and the writer spoke in the same strain of thought. A letter of sympathy and regretting absence was read from the secretary of the London Federation. Next Sunday morning, at 11 a.m., Percy Smyth; evening, at 7 p.m., Messrs. A. M. Rodger, Ward, Wyndoe, and Drake. Questions allowed.—Victoria Hall, Archer-street, Bayswater, W.—PERCY SMYTH (for the promoters).

IN THE NIGHT WATCHES.

Patches of moonlight in my room,
Stillness of air and thought;
The peace of night without its gloom,
Solemnities unsought,—
For spirits come about us then,
Longing to sense the life of men.

Unagonised by light of day,
Their weak nerve bodies come.
I hear not what they sigh or say,
But know they are not dumb:
Each still reports the sin, the woe
Which binds their hearts to long ago.

The blessed watchful angels see
Their helplessness and mine;
My soul they shield from injury,
And pity theirs who pine
Self-prisoned in the dreary shade
Where none can find them out and aid.

Yet might not fervent prayer avail
To bring them touch of love?
Can faith and mercy ever fail?
(Omnipotence above).
Good angels, teach me now a prayer
For spirits sullen with despair.

—A. J. PENNY.

In what way, or by what manner of working, God changes a soul from evil to good, how He impregnates the barren rock with priceless gems and gold, is, to the human mind, an impenetrable mystery, in all cases alike.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

As we must take the care that our words and sense be clear, so, if the obscurity happen through the hearer or reader's want of understanding, I am not to answer for them, no more than for their not listening or marking. I must neither find them ears nor mind. We should therefore speak what we can the nearest way so as we keep our gait: not leap; for too short may as well be not let into the memory as too long not kept in, whatsoever loseth the grace and clearness, converts into a riddle; the obscurity is marked, but not the value.—BEN JONSON on "Style."