

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

Pursuing my record of some correlated facts, previous to what I hope next year to do in some more systematic account of individual séances, I place on record the sub-joined very carefully detailed account of phenomena within my own experience. In so doing I am largely actuated by a desire to encourage contributors to this journal to send records of a similar kind, brief, carefully drawn, divested of verbiage and of all speculation. It is very desirable to keep recorded facts apart from the ideas that the recorder may have formed respecting their cause and origin. The narratives that follow are simple accounts of plain occurrences which two or more people carefully observed and accurately noted.

PASSAGE OF ONE SOLID BODY THROUGH ANOTHER.

March 21st, 1873.—At 3.30 p.m. I had an unpremeditated sitting with Mr. Williams, at his own rooms, 63, Lamb's Conduit-street, Holborn. Dr. Stanhope Speer and myself were the only persons present. Mr. Williams showed us a small iron ring which was on his left wrist. He stated that it had been put there at a séance some days previous. It was a small soldered iron ring, too small to pass over the hand, or up the arm more than two inches. We examined it carefully, and found it to be sound, and without any apparent joint, except where the ends of the wire had been welded together. By no conceivable means short of filing could it be got off the arm. On the table was a large iron ring, nine inches in diameter, as I should say. There was no large ring on the arm of Mr. Williams.

When we three sat down, at the end of a long, oval table, the light was that of an imperfectly darkened room, to which the eye soon became accustomed so as to distinguish objects readily. I could see quite clearly enough to be sure of what was going on. We grasped hands thus: the left hand of Dr. Speer grasped my right, the left of Mr. Williams grasped the right hand of Dr. Speer, the right of Mr. Williams grasped my left. I have no sort of doubt as to the fact. All hands were *firmly* grasped, and as Mr. Williams became more and more convulsed we held on with a determined clutch. After some minutes of that convulsive movement which precludes some great evolution of force, a sound of some object falling on the table was heard, and almost simultaneously the large ring, which had been placed on the table before we sat down, was put on my friend's arm, over the coat sleeve. He is perfectly certain that he never let go the hand he grasped. I affirm the same. Yet when I struck a light there sat my friend grasping Mr. Williams' hand. The little ring lay on the table, and the larger ring was on my friend's arm. Both rings were sound and whole; of that I satisfied myself by ringing them. Now this, I take it, is a clear case of the "passage of a solid body through a material obstacle." That ring could not have been on my friend's arm concealed by a veil of spirit substance: there was no circuitous route possible: no being biologised: no loosing hands for a moment (and even that would not account

for the withdrawal of the little ring from the medium's wrist); it is a pure and plain case of the passage, by means not yet to be accounted for scientifically, of iron on to and off from arms of men, whilst the hands belonging to the arms were firmly clutched.*

On that occasion also I saw what I have never seen at any other time, namely, the gradual movement of a chair behind the medium; its suspension in the air about eighteen inches behind his back, and gradual rising to the level of his head, where it remained for a space of at least five minutes, after which it slowly settled down, like a falling leaf, on to the table. All this lasted ten or twelve minutes, I should think, and my eyes were perfectly able to follow every slight change in position.

I remember well the first occasion on which the ring was put on my own arm, at the rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Holmes, in Quebec-street, Hyde Park. It was a dark séance, attended by some half-dozen or so strangers to myself; time, 9 p.m. The power had been remarkably strong throughout the evening, when I was called upon to hold the medium, by both hands, away from the circle. I held the wrists of the medium with a grasp of iron. I could feel the full tide of the force coursing through my body: and the ring, about a foot in diameter, was slipped over my left forearm as gently as though it had been of liquid substance that divided to let my arm pass through. I felt a soft, velvet-like pressure against the outside of my coat as the ring passed over, and then the touch of the iron as it hung loosely on my arm. It passed gently on so that I could feel and observe the operation. Many opportunities as I have had of noting cases in which solid objects have been found in places to which they could have been brought only by abnormal means, I have never had as good an opportunity of testing the actual process as in this instance.

October 18th, 1874.—Séance at house of Dr. Stanhope Speer, Alexandra-road, N.W. Present, Dr. and Mrs. Stanhope Speer and myself. Darkened room. I had removed from my fingers three rings which I had been wearing during the day. My arms are sometimes jerked about during the manifestations, and rings on the hand are apt to make a noise like rapping. I threaded the rings on my watch-chain, a double one, having at one end a watch and at the other a pocket aneroid. The chain was passed through a button-hole of my waistcoat. The room was dark, and I was in a state of the most perfect clairvoyance that I have yet attained. I was not in a state of even partial trance, being able to describe to Dr. and Mrs. Speer the movements of the figures which I saw in the room. These figures to my eye were as clearly defined as are the forms of individuals in broad daylight; to the other sitters they presented the appearance of luminous foggy masses, shaped like a column some five or six feet high. On occasions when the clairvoyant state has been less completely established a similar foggy appearance has been presented to my eye.

We were seated round a small square table about three feet square, Dr. Speer facing me and Mrs. Speer sitting between me and him. My attention was directed to a figure which stood in the corner of the room behind Dr. Speer. It stood looking fixedly at me, and slowly advanced towards the table. I described its movements, and Dr. and Mrs. Speer saw the pillar of light shifting its position. The form approached with outstretched arm pointing towards me. I was astonished to find that the table was no barrier to its advance. It remained stand-

* Dr. Speer subsequently told me that during the sitting, whilst the hands were grasped as above described, he felt the ring, which was subsequently placed on his arm, with the under part of that hand with which he grasped Mr. Williams' hand. He satisfied himself from time to time of its presence there. He is not able to state the exact time at which it was removed from the table and placed upon his arm.—Signed, STANHOPE SPEER, M.D. (Edin.)

ing a couple of minutes, as I judge, apparently in the middle of the table, or rather on the floor of the room where the table was placed, and then retired backwards to its old position—still pointing at me. After a short interval the hand dropped, and simultaneously my three rings were thrown on to the table from the corner in which the form stood. It then faded from my gaze.

DESTRUCTION OF VEGETABLE LIFE BY SPIRIT AGENCY.

During the last week of August, 1874, I was staying at the house of my friend, Dr. Thomson, 4, Worcester-lawn, Clifton. In the course of a walk one day we called at a gardener's, and I got a large, yellow rose bud which we saw cut from the tree. I put it in my button-hole, and we continued our walk. Before we reached home the rose had acquired a totally different odour and the centre of it had changed to the colour of moistened brown paper. The work of destruction proceeded so rapidly that the whole bud was dead before evening. We put it under a bell glass on the dining-room mantel-shelf, and there it remained for four or five days, giving out various odours—especially a very powerful one of verbena—and gradually shrivelling up until it presented the appearance of a crumpled piece of brown paper moistened with oil. After the second day the scent was mixed with perceptible odour of decaying vegetable matter.

I have frequently observed the same phenomenon, especially in cases where we have put fresh flowers on the table before a séance. The perfume is drawn from them and fills the room, while the flowers droop and die within an hour. This has repeatedly occurred in the case of flowers which I have myself plucked and put in my button-hole.

ACCORDION PLAYED WITHOUT CONTACT OF HUMAN HAND.

That which hundreds of others have witnessed at various times I, also, have had opportunity of observing more than once. On April 30th, 1873, at the house of a lady in South Audley-street, in the presence of Serjeant Cox, Mr. Crookes, two ladies and myself, an accordion was played in the following manner:—Mr. Home's hand holding the instrument was withdrawn from under the table, and was impelled, apparently by the same invisible agent that produced the sounds, towards the shaded lamp which was close to my right hand. In the full light which was so thrown on the accordion, we all saw it playing, expanding, and contracting in the manner usual when a tune is being played upon it. After this had gone on for some time, it was again withdrawn beneath the table, still playing; and two of us, on looking under the cloth, saw a hand manipulating the keys, and playing the instrument. That hand was not visible in the light of the lamp, and had no connection with any human body in the room. One of Mr. Home's hands was on the table, and the other held the accordion. The hands of all other persons present were in full view on the table. At other times when the accordion has been held in the same way by Mr. Home, I have heard the strangest and most weird melody proceed from it, like nothing earthly that I ever heard. A very strange effect those sounds had upon all who heard them: so weird and ghostly were they. The bellows-action of the accordion was perfect, and the keys were pressed down exactly as if manipulated by a human hand.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

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

The Argosy. (Bentleys.)

The New Review. (Longmans.)

The specimen number of the *Daily Graphic.*

The English Illustrated Magazine. (Macmillans.)

Beeton's Christmas Annual. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

Harper's Christmas Magazine. (Sampson Low & Co.)

In the Queen's Name: A Breach of Faith. By WILLIAM DIGBY.
(A. Bonner, 34, Bouverie-street.)

JOHN PAGE HOPPS' new book is now ready: *The Little Wicket Gate to Life.* A Christmas book for young people. One shilling. Also *Sermons for our Day.* Part IV. Concluding the series. One shilling. And *Twenty Sermons for Our Day.* In purple and gold. Two shillings. Post free from the Author: Lea Hurst, Leicester.

I DENY the prevalence of a destructive and irreligious spirit in the hearts of the immense majority of the people. I believe that the world wants not less but more religion.—JAMES MARTINEAU.

NOTES OF SOME STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

A correspondent sends us the subjoined visions which came to him after self-hypnotisation by gazing fixedly at a disc. We print them as a contribution to the already vast store of experiences which have been accumulated, and as differing from anything we have before read.

In the current number of the *Journal* of the Society for Psychical Research Mr. F. W. H. Myers is reported as as having said respecting visions in crystals by seers that he had formed a theory that such seers were persons who had in a high degree the power of visualising in imagination, but he had had to abandon that theory, as he had recently met a lady who could more easily see visions in crystal than anyone he knew, though she was a bad visualiser.

[Some time ago there appeared in this journal a request for records of psychical experiences induced by gazing at a card fixed on the wall with a disc in the centre. I had a record of such observations, but at that time I could not find them, and they have only lately come to light. For the following results I disposed myself thus: One hour was allotted for gazing, from eleven till twelve, and I sat down with my face to the north, looking intently at the black disc on the centre of a white card (six inches square) for five minutes. I then closed my eyes for a few seconds, and on opening them fixed them on the blank wall, with the results detailed in the following strange chapter of accidents, extending over seven nights from September 26th till October 2nd, 1886. I cannot recommend any reader to go through the same process, as I can assure anyone so inclined that the ordeal was no child's play. FRICO.]

FIRST EXPERIMENT.

Cool wafting over my head continued for a short time while looking at the disc. Phantom disc, first appearance very dark, with curious looking cross-bone lights intersecting. This passing away there followed two more very indefinite, but there played within their circumference weird looking lights; one with an arrow right through it. As the time allotted wore on, strange panoramas imprinted themselves upon the card. The black disc formed itself into most fantastic shapes: it shot out laterally, then vertically, and turned itself quite round; then, suddenly, the card became darkened, the black centre becoming light; when that cleared away—I shall not easily forget the sight—two bright discs, the same size as the black one, formed, what looked to me, a pair of eyes, staring wildly at me. This manifestation returned twice. During the appearances of the eyes, there played all over the card singular formations of star-lights disporting themselves in many forms, but never off the card, and, finally, nearly the entire hour there kept within the subjective vision a beautifully formed hand, that of a lady; the forefinger and thumb were applied to the card, making an effort to lift it, for the purpose of casting it from her; this was plainly seen, as the hand showed me what it would do.

SECOND EXPERIMENT.

Ceasing to look at the card, closing the eyes and turning to the wall, the phantom disc was very dark; it shot up the wall with prodigious speed. Then followed three light discs, the last being almost invisible, but always accompanied with light more or less bright. Turning again to the card I became conscious of a lady standing at my side, she being as alleged in great sorrow because of my present pursuit. She in tears besought me to cast the card from me, as I was taking the sure way to ruin my soul; then again I saw her on her knees still in tears, and again imploring me to desist. At this juncture a crucified Christ was presented to my view, the form being fearfully attenuated and sorrowful looking. This manifestation was also shown to me on the card. Then there appeared a man in armour chiding me for not giving heed to the lady's monitions. All this was subjective, but, nevertheless, very objective to the clairvoyant vision. What esoteric or exoteric interpretation can be put on all this, for verily I was lost in a sea of thought?

THIRD EXPERIMENT.

Again the disc was very dark with cross lights; other two followed, but were feebly defined. The back of the head was subjected again to the cool, wafting breeze, accompanied with

acute pains during the process. The card was somewhat restful this evening. Clairvoyance, however, showed an astounding panorama, and presented to my view a horseman riding at a great speed: as he reached the card he stayed his steed, faced me, and unrolled a scroll, pointed at it, then shook his hand at me, and bid me beware; he then sped on. At this time I began to feel myself sleepy; and although I bid the state begone, it mastered me, but not for long, and I woke up with the sound of voices; once I caught the words spoken; they were "This won't do."

FOURTH EXPERIMENT.

Tried insulating the chair legs to-night; have nothing much to relate. Dark branches imprinted themselves all over the card with phantom discs, first, as usual, dark, then followed four very light. Sleep again overcome me, and I heard as I woke up the words "Try chlorine." What this referred to I know not, as I was not in any way experimenting with the gas.

FIFTH EXPERIMENT.

Was cognisant most part of the evening of a lady in horizontal position over my head. The form was elegant, and the face more than beautiful, and smiled very sweetly while holding a branch over me. Nothing was spoken and the figure remained rigid. Then a phantom disc; first one rushed up the wall as if it had life, all the following ones more or less distinct. About the middle of the sitting I saw myself put on a pair of scales; I was no sooner so placed than down I went with a great bump on the floor. A man now approached me dressed in Highland costume, and gave me something to drink, then I rose up—mercy on me! what do you think? *A barrel.* By what manner of means or arch rites do I find such sights panoramaed before me?

SIXTH EXPERIMENT.

Finishing the gazing at the card, I this night saw six dark discs in rapid succession rush up the wall. The rest of the phantom cards were undefined. During the sitting a strange scene rolled in upon my sight—a vast ocean, with an atmosphere of a weird-looking darkness. I saw vessels running out from a harbour, and as they got out to sea a fire rushed after them, chasing them, as it were, into mid-ocean and sunk them. Vessel after vessel was thus run down. The card to-night, after the above sight, assumed in turns light and dark blue. During the change from colour to colour I found my eyes intensely stretched, so much so as to become very painful.

SEVENTH EXPERIMENT.

This night but one large dark phantom disc was seen, together with several foreign-looking faces, something like Tartar peasants.

FRICO.

DECLINE OF MATERIALISM IN PARIS.

A curious sign of the times is the decline of materialism and scepticism among the Paris University students, to which one of the most eminent of the professors has just drawn attention, and the marked tendency to mysticism which is spreading among them. They feel a desire to believe in something; but the old religions do not satisfy this craving, and they are looking out in quite other directions for spiritual sustenance. The phenomena of hypnotism have, it appears, given a considerable stimulus to this movement—the "flirtage avec le Divin," as M. Barrés calls it—and one group of inquirers is content with such glimpses of "the Divine" as Spiritism and table-turning can yield them. Others, again, have taken to attending the Sunday services of the Swedenborgian chapel in the Quartier Latin. Buddhism has found favour with another section of them; the Buddhist temple and priests at the Exhibition having given the gospel of Sakya-Mouni a decided boom. A few Frenchmen of maturer years are believed to lean toward that cult, M. Ribot among them; and any one who has had even a "flirtage" with it is sure of a warm welcome at the religious "raouts" of the Duchess of Pomar.—*St. James's Gazette.*

THE weight of a man's circumstances is the press that makes the wine flow.—SYDNEY DOBELL.

WE do not, of course, ask that that which appears to be a falsity should be believed as a truth; but we do demand that you shall not suffer the absolute conviction of truth, on the one hand, to be stifled by the suspicion of falsehood on the other.—GEORGE BUSH.

TELEPATHIC VISION.

The following narrative (translated from the *Sphinx*) was communicated by Herr G. F. Friedrich to the Psychological Society of Munich:—

Mr. T., a high judicial dignity, now pensioned off, had in his service a faithful creature, "old Lisbeth," handed over to him by his parents, to whom he had promised to keep her for life. Lisbeth had saved money during her life-long service in the family, and this seems to have aroused the cupidity of some relatives, who finally induced her to leave her kind master, and live with them. She parted from him in tears, and Mr. T. was also deeply moved, having tried his utmost to dissuade her. Years elapsed. He had moved to a distant town, but on her birthdays and also at Christmas he had invariably written to the old woman, and sent her some money, without, however, getting a single acknowledgment. Still, he never doubted that she was otherwise than well and happy, as he had strictly enjoined on her to appeal to him in case of need. But Mr. T. narrates: "One cold, dark November night in 1887, at about 4 a.m., I was suddenly and violently awakened, and made to sit up in bed. A nameless terror seized on me. In full possession of all my mental faculties, and with my eyes wide open, I felt spellbound and paralyzed by a strange influence, and by a will apparently more powerful than my own. Involuntarily I was made to look in a certain direction, and then with terrible reality a vision was presented to me. I saw a deep river faintly illumined by a yellowish-grey light, and floating on it, with head and body distinctly visible, and the long grey hair tossed by the stream, the well-known form of old Lisbeth. She stared at me reproachfully with eyes fixed and expressive of despair, intensified to frenzy, from which I was unable to avert my own. They held me spellbound, and a conversation without words, but distinctly striking my ear, took place between us.

"'Master,' she said, 'master, why did you leave me so entirely forlorn? You were my only hope and consolation: your fault is that I must die so miserably.'

"'Lisbeth,' I replied, 'you had money, and in every letter I wrote to you I sent you some. Why did you not write or return to me? Your faithful services to me, your devotion to my parents I never forgot.'

"'O master,' said the form, 'now I know you did not forsake me; but my relatives intercepted your letters, and kept the money. They flattered me, until I had given them nearly all I had, and the rest they forced from me by threats. They would not let me write or come to you, and when I had nothing more to give them they beat me, starved me, and made me sleep, half naked, in a cow's pen on a little straw. Only last evening my own sister's child said unto me, 'Make sure you die soon. You are not fit for anything else. To-morrow you must leave this house.' To-night I could not sleep, and knew not what to do. I thought of you, but then I said: 'He will have nothing more to do with me,' and I heard a voice saying: 'Nobody will help you; make an end to your misery.' I ran to the river and jumped in. O Master, you are good.' With these words a happy smile lit up the old face. The eyes lost their terrible expression, and assumed one soft and peaceful. The whole vision became gradually more distant, faded, and was gone."

Further sleep that night was impossible. Mr. T. determined to write at once to the clergyman of the parish in which Lisbeth lived, but urgent business that day prevented him, and he was already beginning to smile at himself for allowing a "vivid waking dream" to agitate him so much. When reading his paper on the following morning, he found in it an account of old Lisbeth's suicide by drowning, at the time he had the vision, and under circumstances and from causes exactly identical with those revealed to him at that time, an incredible story, or at best but a marvellous coincidence, says the ignorant sceptic. Marvellous, indeed, say I, but one of those marvels of God's spiritual universe, of which but an infinitesimal fraction probably is revealed to us in our earth-life. The spirit of a drowning woman in the very act of departing from the body, rushes to the person then uppermost in her thoughts, and impresses on that person not only these thoughts, but even her own picture, and that of her surroundings.

If a man has evening prayers asking for health, and then sits down to a full supper of indigestibles at eleven o'clock at night, his prayer is a mockery. A man has no right to pray for the safety of his family when he knows there is no cover on the cistern.

JOTTINGS.

"Now is the winter of our discontent." It is well nigh impossible to overtake and deal with the press of matter that pours upon us now that Christmas draws nigh. Who writes it all? Who reads it all? Who is responsible for the infusion into most of it of the occult in some form or other?

What strikes us even more than the prevalence of this Occultism, generally Spiritualism, is the amount of knowledge displayed by the writers. Most of the stories show a more than bowing acquaintance with our subject. The writers have studied our literature, and, not infrequently, write with knowledge. This is a marked improvement on even five years ago.

We can do little more than look round the pile of literature of an ephemeral character that occupies the editorial table: and, as a portion of it cannot be supposed to refer to us in any way, and since it will be freely noticed in various journals, we must be excused for ignoring it in these pages.

The first we take up are specimens of Christmas Tales scattered broadcast by our own printers, "The National Press Agency." Needless to say that what they do is well done, and their "reader" must have been considerably surprised at the dose of Spiritualism that this coming Christmas has administered to him.

The Argosy has a capital story which turns on hypnotism—"Professor Latimer, F.R.S.": by Emily H. Huddleston. The tale is more than usually well told, and the way in which the Professor was hypnotised in a railway carriage and reduced to a fallacy by an experiment conducted unconsciously to himself on his own vile body makes a story both clever and amusing.

Mr. Punch is not exempt from the prevailing infection. A page in his Almanack for 1890 is devoted to "Hypnotism; a modern Parisian romance in four chapters." These, depicted by Du Maurier's art, equal alike to the choicest feminine loveliness and the most repulsive masculine ugliness of form and feature, give us these four scenes.

Scene 1.—In Paris. American billionairess (supremely ugly and very fat) to Doctor (old and astute): "M. le Docteur, I see the Duc de Sept-Cadrans is a patient of yours. I want him to propose to my daughter. A—any fee—that—a—" Doctor: "Madame, I will ypnotise M. le Duc. Ve shall see."

Scene 2.—Same *dramatis personæ*: "Sorry to trouble you again so soon, but my daughter declares that she will not accept M. de Duc just because he is an hunchback, an idiot, and a pauper." "Madame, leave it to me. I vill ypnotise also your daughter."

Scene 3.—The Ducal idiot is seen walking with the billionairess whom he has been hypnotised into marrying. They make a very suitable pair.

Scene 4.—The lovely daughter is also appropriately matched with the Professor of Hypnotism, who has practised his art to some purpose. Thus and thus, *Mr. Punch*.

Beeton's Christmas Annual is entitled "A Wave of Brain Power," and is written by Sir Gilbert Campbell, Bart. It, too, deals with occult subjects: spectral visitants, hidden mysteries, Spiritualism (of course), will-power, and all the "Christmas tricks." There is much to alarm the nervous person, and so probably that unbalanced creature will get the book and read it.

The *New Review* has a remarkable poem by Bret Harte, called "The Station Master of Lone Prairie." It describes a scene and an event on the Union Pacific Railroad in 1880. A grim, bleak scene, a grey sky and a lonely shed. Desolation!

Nothing beyond. Ah yes! From out the station
A stiff gaunt figure thrown against the sky,
Beckoning me with some wooden salutation
Caught from his signals as the train flashed by;
Yielding me place beside him with dumb gesture
Born of that reticence of sky and air;
We sit apart, yet wrapped in that one vesture
Of silence, sadness, and unspoken care.

They talk, this grand man and his interlocutor, "each following his own thought . . . those dim parallels of the rain-washed boundaries" of the station-shed, "and hearkening for long lost voices that will not come back." And so, he "yielded, bit by bit, his dreary past." He had lived there long, and had suffered much from fire, from tornado, from the war.

Till the storm passed, and the slow tide returning
Cast him a wreck, beneath his native sky,
At this lone watch gave him the chance of earning
Scant means to live—who won the right to die.

All this, and then a roar and far off cry:—

The coming train! I glance around the station,
All is as empty as the upper sky!

Naught but myself—nor form nor figure waking
The long hushed level and stark shining waste—
Naught but myself, that cry, and the dull shaking
Of wheel and axle, stopped in breathless haste!

"Now then—look sharp! Eh, what? The station-master?
Thar's none! We stopped here of our own accord.
The man got killed in that down train disaster
This time last evening. Right there! All aboard!"

A very powerful and creepy story told as few but Bret Harte could tell it.

Alfred Austin has some verses in the *World* which are worth reading. "As Dies the Year" is good. In October the dying year comes "feeble and faint and can work no more." "Weaker he waneth" as November showers its blessings on his head—not the first that blessings have killed. The rest we venture to quote:—

He is numb to touch, he is deaf to call,
December, hither with muffled tread,
And gaze on the Year, for the Year is dead,
And over him lay a wan white pall.
Take down the mattock, and ply the spade,
And deep in the clay let his clay be laid,
And snowflakes fall at his funeral.

Thus may I die, since it must be,
My wage well earned and my work-days done,
And the seasons following one by one,
To the slow sweet end that the wise foresee;
Fed from the store of my ripened sheaves,
Laid to rest on my fallen leaves,
And with snow-white souls to weep for me.

It will be remembered that the police of Arran buried a murdered man's boots in order to lay his ghost. We wonder what is the origin of that idea? In some parts of Great Britain we are informed that one slipper of a man who has "died hard" is buried with him. What can he want with a single slipper? And how does the possession of that slipper conceivably keep his ghost quiet?

The *Daily Telegraph* wants to know what a ghost has to do with clothes at all. It would, perhaps, be an adequate rejoinder if we were to suggest the scandal that would be caused if all the haunting (as our contemporary puts it) that "is done in this country in every variety of costume" were suddenly done without any costume at all. An army of unclothed ghosts!

The *Telegraph* has some very apposite remarks in the course of its leader on the subject which we quote:—

The progress of inquiry into the history of human beliefs has taught us in these days to take a more indulgent view than formerly of these mystical imaginings of mankind. Now that the student of anthropology has learnt to recognise the scientific interest and significance of folk-lore, he has begun to look upon popular superstition with other eyes. The "old wives' tale" has become far more venerable than it used to be, now we know how very old the wives were, and that their fables were first told, not to the childhood of late generations, but to the earliest infancy of our race. No doubt it was suspected long enough ago by most people who had reflected intelligently on the subject that most of the fantastic beliefs and customs traditionally preserved among us must have been handed down from an extremely remote past. But it is only of late years that any adequate conception of their immemorially distant origin has been acquired, or, still more, that any notion of their bearing upon the development of human thought has been brought distinctly into view. Now, however, we know that some of them are common—of course, in more or less modified, but still in recognisably identical forms—to widely distinct races of the world; a fact which traces back their existence to a period anterior to the great separations and displacements, themselves prehistoric, which have taken place among the inhabitants of the globe. Folk-lore, in other words, and folk-superstition are as old as religion itself, of which, indeed, they were sometimes the earliest offspring, and sometimes even the sole actual representative.

It is this dignity of origin which makes their tenacity of life not only intelligible, but also, we may add, respectable.

“Beliefs which took root in the human mind coevally with the first infantile attempts of man to find an explanation of the phenomena of the world” have a claim to respectful treatment. Yes: and we may add that their survival to this hour among shrewd and practical people argues well for their vitality, and something in favour of the bottom of truth that is in them.

We have seen in the *Daily Telegraph* repeatedly, articles at once sober and amusing which embody truth in an attractive form, and we are thankful for such mercies until the day comes, as it surely will, when we shall depend no longer on the scant tolerance of inherited prejudice. There are signs all around us that day is breaking.

God is the Universal Father; man is the universal brother; and the spirit of love and wisdom is the one working life of both. This life brings immortality to light; and through angelic ministration and spirit intercourse, man is assured of the continuity of personal existence beyond the grave.

In this way the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* defines the basis of organisation. Will our readers think over it?

The *Yorkshire Weekly Post* has published some curious medical records of the seventeenth century. They are very quaint and very consolatory as showing the strides made in science since that time. In one case (A.D. 1673) a remarkable remedy is applied. The record must not be mutilated. It is too good to be lost:—

“In April, 1673. A Chirurgion at York brought me about 20 worms, which he had just taken out of an Ulcerated Ankle of a girl about 8 years old. She had been in great Misery for some Months; and had been sent up to London, where she was Touched and Dress'd for the Evil. Some time after her return, her Pain continuing, a young Puppy was opened and applied to the Sores. The Chirurgion, who took off the Puppy, found it to his great admiration, full of worms, at least 60 in number, what with those he found in the Body of the Puppy, and what he drew out of the sore Ankle. The same Puppy was again applied, and at the second taking it off, I made her a visit. I saw only one worm got out of the Puppy, but a very live and stirring one: Many were afterwards killed by injections.” The old Surgeon evidently did not consider that the maggots were engendered in the putrescent puppy.

Then we have an ancient record of what we now call massage. No date is given, but it was published in the seventeenth century.

Dr. Beal affirms: 1. “That he could make good proof of the Curing or Killing of a very large and dangerous Wen (that had been very troublesome for 2 or 3 years) by the application of a Dead Man's Hand, whence the Patient felt such a cold stream pass to the Heart, that it did almost cause in him a fit of swooning. 2. That upon his brother's knowledge, a certain Cook in a Noble Family, being reproached by the ugliness of his warty hands, was bid by his Lord to rub his hand with that of a Dead Man; and that his Lord dying soon after, the Cook made use both of his Lord's advice and hand, and speedily found good effect. 3. That he can assure of an honest Blacksmith, who . . . appeased the Gout and other pains by stroaking the parts affected.

And last of all, a very interesting account of Greatrix, “the Stroker.”

“Tis near 20 years since I saw Mr Greatrix Stroak any; but I give you nothing here, which several Friends, who were Eye-witnesses as well as myself, do not remember and think exactly true. My own brother, John D——n, was seized with a violent pain in his Head and Back Mr. Greatrix (coming by accident to our house) gave present Ease to his Head, by only stroaking it with his hands. He then fell to rub his Back, which he most complained of; but the pain immediately fled from his Hand to his right Thigh; then he pursued it with his Hand to his Knee, from thence to his Leg, Ankle and Foot, and at last to his Great Toe. As it fell lower, it grew more violent, and when it fell to his Toe it made him roar out, but on rubbing it there it vanished. Another told me, That when a Child, being extremely troubled with the King's Evil, she was touched by King Charles II. but she was nothing the better: but Mr. Greatrix perfectly cured her. Where Mr. Greatrix stroaked for Pains, he used nothing but his dry hand; and for the Evil, if they came to him before it was broke, he stroaked it, and ordered them to poultice it with boiled Turnips and so did every day till it grew fit for lancing, he then Lanced it, and with his fingers would squeeze out the Cores and Corruption, and then in a few days it would be well with only (!) his stroaking of it every morning. Of course the note of exclamation is not in the text.

This from the Echo:—

The *Freeman's Journal* calls Mr. Balfour “a grinning quadrumanal.” This will not matter to Mr. Balfour, who is well aware that not one in fifty of its readers knows the difference between a quadrumanal and a quadrilateral or a quadrillion. Our contemporary is quite welcome to

describe Mr. Balfour as a quadricornous quagga, or even as a quadrisulcate quadruped, so long as it does not publish reports of suppressed branches of the League.

But that is not so bad as calling him a *Theosophite*, which some more than usually abusive print has lately done. It may be explained that Mr. Balfour is a Vice-President of the Society for Psychical Research, and therefore, of course, a *Theosophite*. A philologist might exercise himself as to the origin of that abusive term, *Theosophist*, we know. But who or what is a *Theosophite*?

Good for Madame Bernhardt:—Madame Sarah Bernhardt is a firm believer in the marvellous and, as yet, unexplainable. She has related that when at New York, on her first American tour, she woke up one night, after a terrible dream, in which she had seen her son Maurice bitten by two mad dogs. The vision made such an impression on her mind that early next morning she telegraphed to Maurice, and received the reply that he had been bitten by two dogs, but that the wounds in his arm were not serious. Moreover, the dogs were not rabid, but had been immediately killed. Madame Bernhardt could, she affirms, mention numerous other circumstances in her life which it would be impossible to put down to mere chance or coincidence.

Our readers know that Lord Tennyson's “Day Dream” has been set to music by Mr. Charlton Speer. It is now the inspiring motive of another artist. Mr. Burne-Jones is (says the London correspondent of the *Liverpool Post*) nearly approaching the completion of the greatest work of his life. It is a commission he undertook many years ago for Mr. Agnew, and upon which he has bestowed an infinitude of loving care. The subject is found in the old legend of the Briary Rose, which Tennyson put into verse nearly sixty years ago. Everyone knows the story as told in the dainty verse of “The Day Dream,” with its pictures of the sleeping palace, the sleeping beauty, the arrival of the fairy prince “with joyful eyes, and lighter footed than the fox”; how he broke the charm that lapped his love in sleep, and how

Across the hills and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy Princess followed him.

Burne-Jones tells the story in his own way in four pictures of colossal proportion and infinite beauty. The work is so far forward that there is hope of its being exhibited in Boud-street next year.

ASPIRATION.

My spirit waits for Thee,
God of Humanity!
Hope of our night!
Shine, all my fears to still:
Shine, till my soul I fill
Full with Thy light!

Yet should no perfect rays
Lighten life's darksome days,
Oh! bid me still
Seek Thee through shade or shine,
Trust Thee, with faith divine,
Working Thy will.

Asking nor joy nor rest
On Friendship's tender breast,
That may not be:
Only to watch and pray
That Hope, that Courage may
Abide with me.

Wisdom is Thine alone,
What have I of mine own?
Naught can I claim.
But I may humbly still
Ask of the Father's will,
And own His name.

So I, upborn by grace,
Wisely may hold my place
In honour high.
I would not traitor be,
I must not coward flee,
Or doubting sigh.

For when life's fight is o'er,
Silent the battle's roar,
The victory won,
What then of sorrows past,
When Thou shalt say at last
“Servant, well done

—I.R.

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

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Light :

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14th, 1889.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM.

The *Daily News* has recently published an article on "Magic" which is a good example of the method employed by a writer for the public Press, and presumably for the instruction of the public, on a subject of which he is ignorant. It is worth while to look at this method, keeping in view the way one would set to work to instruct if we were expounding a subject with which we were acquainted.

The critic has got hold of a book which we do not advertise as he does, and it has set him thinking on Magic. He wants a new book on the subject. It must be written by a man who is "an accomplished anthropologist, well acquainted with savage necromancy, the Spiritualistic side, and the side which is merely a false use of analogies, and the aspect in which trances and the employment of drugs are familiar." This astonishing sentence gives us some idea of the mental condition of the critic. The trail of the "Folk-Lorist" is over it all. But why should a man be an anthropologist to understand magic? What is "savage necromancy" and what has raised its ire to make it savage? What is the "Spiritualistic side"—side of what? It might be a fitch of bacon. What, again, is "a side" which is "a false use" of anything? And what is "an aspect" in which drugs become "familiar"? The expression sounds somewhat improper.

This, we beg to observe, is a single sentence out of a long article, and it is a very fair sample of the rest of the stuff. We are taken to hypnotism, of course, and "tricks whereby the attention of the spectator is diverted." Certainly the article in question is of this nature, for it is the most unconsciously "diverting" thing we have come across. And the tricks are said to be of a nature to make a man "imagine himself to be looking at one thing while he is really looking at another." Decidedly the writer has fallen a victim to this strange trick. He "imagines himself to be looking at one thing while he is really looking at another," or, rather, at a figment of his somewhat vacant fancy.

It would be an insult to the sense of our readers to pursue this nonsense over the column which the *Daily News* devotes to it. If our contemporary is not ashamed to trifle with its readers by such twaddle we are not disposed to grumble at the criticism that it thinks good enough for publication. But our readers are of another rank, and we refer to this sorry stuff only to contrast it with what is becoming more and more usual in the treatment of our subject in the Press. Not only do writers gauge opinion more accurately than they did, and so treat us more respectfully, but they increasingly are drawn from a class that knows something

of that on which it is invited to write. Hitherto an encyclopædia and a dictionary have been held to be an equipment adequate for a critic of Spiritualism; even the dictionary has not kept him straight, and a common grammar is obviously necessary to the *Daily News*.

We are told, and we believe it to be true, that the power is passing, or has passed, from the Pulpit to the Press. We have heard astounding nonsense talked under the sanction of religion. Men have felt themselves justified in informing other men from the pulpit of the counsels of the Supreme. They have consigned their fellow creatures to endless torment, while they have condemned others to a fatuous Heaven; but we doubt whether any "heated pulpiter" ever talked in the same space such rubbish as this leader writer has provided for "the largest circulation of any Liberal paper in the world."

THE MAGNETIC CONGRESS AT PARIS.

This has been a year of Congresses, and Paris has had more than its share. We have already noticed the Spiritist Congress, where England was represented. We have now to say a few words about the International Congress of Magnetists. The account is condensed from the *Journal du Magnétisme*, a paper founded in 1845 by the Baron du Potet. And here it is only fair to say that had the proceedings of the Spiritist Congress been summarised with the same succinctness in the Spiritist journals as those of the Magnetic Congress have been in the *Journal du Magnétisme*, a far better knowledge of that Congress would have been possible for English readers. The Congress of Magnetists was in session for a week, beginning its work on October 21st, at 9.15 a.m., and concluding with a banquet on Friday evening, October 27th.

The President was the Comte de Constantin, and though differences of opinion were freely displayed, those differences appear to have been urged with perfect good temper.

Among the papers presented to the Congress was one by Dr. Foveau de Courmelles, on the "Legal Aspects of Magnetism." He contended that magnetisers should be legally recognised and that a special diploma should be granted authorising persons to practise curative magnetism. Dr. Foveau considered that the exercise of magnetism should be regulated on the same lines as those of medicine, pharmacy, veterinary surgery and so forth.

There was some difference of opinion as to the necessity of the magnetic or hypnotic sleep, and some speakers were very careful to differentiate between hypnotism and magnetism. Considerable importance was evidently attached to this distinction, and this was evidenced by the discourse of the Abbé de Meissas. Of this address the *Journal du Magnétisme* says:—

One felt that behind the distinguished speaker, there was the authoritative voice of Rome. . . . This voice, admirably interpreted by M. de Meissas, reassured the most timorous as to the use made of magnetism. The speaker won over to the noble cause of charity, and to the side of curative magnetism, the most recalcitrant, the most hardened in the belief that the devil is behind each magnetiser. He was able to make his audience understand, from the point of view of the relief or cure of the sick, that the practice of magnetism is the pure and simple application of the sublime words of Christ: "Love one another, comfort one another!"

M. Donato stoutly denied that there was any danger attendant on the somnambulant sleep, and so warmly opposed any interdiction of public sittings. In this he was entirely out of accord with the Abbé.

Several conclusions were adopted at the last sitting of the Congress. Certain of these, proposed by Dr. Gérard, were as follows:—

Magnetism, as to its effects, may be divided into two branches, one which belongs exclusively to physiological, the other to psychical phenomena. We understand by physiological action

the *ensemble* of the forces which concur in restoring the normal equilibrium of the nervous functions. . . . We understand by psychical agents, the *ensemble* of the mysterious forces which urge the cerebral organs to suspend their natural functions so as to reveal themselves to us in their different manifestations. We think that these "willed" (*voules*) excitations are likely to produce serious sensory and mental trouble in those subjects who submit to them. In consequence, we agree to exclude these methods of pure demonstration from the ordinary practice of magnetism, and to leave the study of them to a special commission of scientists and doctors, who may induce or gather together all these psychical phenomena for their better consideration, for their classification, and for the determination of the consequences to which the experiments lead.

Among the propositions of the Abbé de Meissas, which were carried *unanimously*, were these:—

The magnetic sleep is not indispensable in the treatment of the sick.

Magnetism is not to be confounded with hypnotism.

The Congress is to meet again at The Hague in 1892.

It may be permitted us to add, since the question of terminology is now mooted, that the use of the word *Magnetism* as employed by speakers at the Congress is unwarrantable. There is already an accepted usage of the term, and to apply it in a sense which can only be justified as metaphorical is not wise.

DR. MAPES.

The *Banner of Light* is printing some reminiscences of the Pioneers of Spiritualism in America, which should be valuable, if only because they will preserve what would otherwise be lost. We wish that our English friends who bore the burden in the early days would entrust to us similar autobiographical records. If it be not so we shall lose an important mass of matter which the future historian of Spiritualism will sadly miss. We have ventured to condense our contemporary's article.—[ED. OF "LIGHT."]

In any new movement, whether religious, political, or social, the sound of titles is agreeable. Is this pleasure felt because of a repose we are accustomed to place in mental power, or that which represents it, or is it from the belief that distinction in letters or science gives one ability to recognise truth, and thus the truth-seeker justifies himself through another in holding fast to new ideas, in spite of popular scorn? "Observer" was inclined to believe the former, and welcomed the accession of a new name known to the world of science as a real power—a force to be relied on, an evidence of strength and progress.

It was with great pleasure, therefore, that "Observer" learned that the clear and explicit writer on Spiritualism, under the cognomens of "Phoenix" and "Old Spiritualist," was none other than Professor James J. Mapes, LL.D., known to the scientific world as President of the Mechanics' Institute; Vice-President of the American Institute; Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy in the National Academy of Design, New York; Professor of Chemistry as applied to the useful arts in the American Institute; and member of various learned societies.

He was an agricultural chemist, and justly famous for his learned articles on "Isomeric Compounds." His writings had within their external and scientific truths a basis of progress and higher revelation. He was a personal friend of Professor Hare, of Philadelphia, and like him was inclined to give to facts their weight, and always endeavoured to analyse them on the material basis.

"Observer" was naturally gratified when a friend desired to make an appointment for an introduction to this renowned professor. The cordial manner, the hearty good-will, of this true gentleman are well remembered. His face was aglow with good feeling; his genial smile lighted his features; in fact, his spirit seemed to force itself outside its tenement, and give spiritual power to every look. Yet he was possessed of a fine physique, and one would believe him a "good liver."

He talked most freely of the singular phenomena that had first called his attention to the facts of psychic science. He found it necessary to write for public journals under an assumed

name, when the subject was spiritual phenomena, for this was thirty years ago, and positions were lost and reputations staked by a public avowal of interest in the scientific experiments that a few learned men were making that proved a new force in nature, or a new adaptation of the laws of nature.

His voice has in later days been frequently heard through the organism of Mrs. Richmond, under his familiar name "Phoenix." "Observer" wonders whether it requires courage for a man of position and attainments, who has passed from the material to the spiritual plane of being, to stand in public and utter through another his higher thoughts.

In talking of his own experiences, he said he commenced his investigation that he might redeem his friends and associates who were "running to imbecility." His patience in pursuing his researches was truly commendable. He had promised to sit for twenty evenings, and although evening after evening nothing occurred, yet he persisted, and on the twentieth the full reward came. Raps occurred everywhere about the room; a guitar was played without visible hands, and there were movements of chairs, &c., all proving a force that had been abiding by its law through all the nineteen sésances of disappointment, to present itself as a vital, intelligent power, full of sympathy, versed in science, prophetic, consistent, truthful. His honesty and fearlessness in pursuing investigation seemed to open to him new fields of discovery; he searched a wonderful realm of unexplored science, and his reward was suggestions leading to new truths.

The members of the circle, nearly all of whom were men of science, became advocates of Spiritualism. They continued their meetings for several years.

Professor Mapes spoke with the greatest satisfaction of the mediumship of Cora Hatch, now Mrs. Richmond, through whom he had received in private marvellous scientific answers to his questions. He was a good listener, and wished to learn of the experiences of others. But the greatest pleasure was evinced by him when he spoke of Mrs. Mapes's experience. The Professor had remarkable conversational powers, as also had other members of his family. Mrs. Mapes had a timid, self-depreciating spirit, and felt deeply her inability to express the thoughts that surged through her brain. In her earnestness she uttered this petition: "Oh! beloved spirit friends, give me some gift whereby I can express to others the thoughts of beauty that press upon me for utterance." Soon after, she was passing through the drawing-room, and saw a box of water-colours and implements for painting. She had never handled a brush, and knew of no talent possessed by herself for artistic work; but she felt a sudden impulse to try her hand with colours, and she carried the materials to her room, and began at once to paint, most delicately and artistically, flowers that would do credit to any artist. She executed several thousand, and in each one she saw some spiritual significance underlying their external beauty. The finish of these works was marvellous, although they were done with great rapidity; the delicate veining of leaf and petal sometimes was revealed only under the microscope, as one would look for the hidden beauty of a flower under a glass; yet all was done with such rapidity and with such dash that there was no appearance of hesitation or tampering with colour, but a bold, free hand gave great effect to every stem, leaf, and petal. This gift was a great delight to the Professor, and he was proud of every new picture from her hand.

"Observer" was most hospitably entertained in his beautiful home in Newark, where he exhibited his grounds, and explained his processes of culture with such enthusiasm of manner that he led all to foresee the time when the desert should blossom as the rose, and man become the creator of the new forms of beauty. Let us turn to the pages of our diary and find if the impression he made is of present interest:

"May, 1857.—A new star in our heavens! A new light in our sky! To talk with a learned man is worth a month in college; to talk with one both learned and progressive is elevating and ennobling. To-day Professor Mapes led me to see more clearly than ever how universal is the law of progress, and I felt as if sometime I might be able to solve some of the problems of nature and spirit. But I also felt how grand is the human intellect when it is obedient to a gentle heart. To be affable, kind, generous, hospitable, is not that greater than to be a professor? But to be both, that indeed makes a man. I am very glad I have lived this day, if no other days come, for my hope has been strengthened, my faith confirmed, my aspiration uplifted."

OBSERVER.

AN INQUIRY.

By MRS. A. J. PENNY.

The idea, which naturally arises when the shortcoming of the intellect is realized, that we have no power of knowledge, is based only on forgetfulness of the fact that we have powers which mere intellect does not include, and to which the intellect may be made the servant.—JAMES HINTON'S *Life in Nature*, p. 225.

Why does not Christian faith effect more in a country where the State does all it can to support its temporal agencies, and society holds it to be the correct thing, and self-sacrificing men and women do their utmost to promulgate its doctrines and enforce its blessing rule? Why, with all this many motived favour, is Christian faith at the present time so far from predominant, so powerless to make Materialists aware of their folly, so unprevailing against every sort of vice? That is the question. Though, naturally enough, our clergy dislike to have this question raised, and when it is, refer to the enormous development of Church work, and the admirable zeal of Church workers, in the last half of this century, as proof of revived spiritual life among us, impartial observers cannot take exceptions for the rule, and suspect that when consulting among themselves, bishops and priests deplore just that loss of hold upon the national mind, for which, as it seems to me, a deeper reason has to be found than any usually offered. Let us, when seeking it, leave untouched the vexed question of the more or less of surrender to mundane influences; and assume that the internal transformation of ecclesiastics is generally as real as their seeming conformity to the world; granting this, what in the abstract makes theological teaching as ineffective as it now is? Why with so many devout and earnest-minded men and women is it so commonly passed by, like an old edition of a grammar no longer in high esteem, though the language it professes to teach is more than ever studied? In my belief it is the inevitable result of having made Reason an arbiter in spiritual concerns. When that great pillar of the English Church, Bishop Butler, wrote, "Reason is the only faculty whereby we have to judge of anything, even revelation itself," he inflicted a deadly blow on the religious faith of succeeding generations. So long as people could be impressed by appearances of consecration and by the grandeur and beauty of music and architecture in church and cathedral, the injury was not manifest, for then the senses and imagination combined with habits of reverence for all authority to maintain the devout awe which Reason justified. How different now! Nothing but *intrinsic* goodness and *intelligible* worth is revered by a democracy; and luxury at home—or, failing that, in all places of public course—has in every class somewhat deadened sensibility to external magnificence; it no longer impresses the vulgar mind as it did early in the century, and it is, I suppose, rather an exceptional nature that can now be strongly affected by ecclesiastical pomp and ceremonial. The majority observe them coldly, and turn away to criticise; and thus Christian faith gains little by appeal to the senses, be it ever so æsthetically good. From any such appeal, souls famished for want of spiritual sustenance—*proportioned to their need*—turn as from a flimsy covering of what seems to them the stone put in the place of bread, though offered by the most devoted minister of the Gospel. Is it not a tragedy of daily occurrence? Time revenges every wrong; but its slowly accumulating penalties seldom seem to fall on the real wrong doers; perhaps because the mischief done, as in the present case, is so often done unawares, or due to the fatal union of good intentions and bad judgment. It is now as if the spirit of the age were saying to our Established Church,—on its defence however slow to admit that it is so: "You appealed to Reason in the past, and now Reason shall be your judge. You obstinately refused a hearing to mystics, who had told you century after century that Reason cannot decide what is requisite in spiritual life: you scorned them as visionaries, denounced their larger claims as fanaticism, and quenched every effort of spirits to gain attention and influence, except by 'duly appointed channels'—asserting that as God was a God of order, any new ministrations of the spirit was disorderly, therefore evil. You appealed to Reason with 'divinity pride,' and now it is Reason that is sapping the strongholds of faith by inroads as gently irresistible as those of the sea, where it encroaches more and more upon the land."

Mr. Mansell helped, as I suppose, to make the first great breach some thirty-five years ago, when he proved—to his own satisfaction—that God was *unknowable*, because by no process of

reason to be cognised. Having heard that famous book of his only admired and delighted in by clerical acquaintance, I was greatly surprised when I read it, soon after it came out, for it seemed to me to open a direct high road to infidelity; and this I believe was suspected after a time by many who at first applauded. Mr. Matthew Arnold followed as a destructive; and with all his exquisite grace of diction, inculcated both in prose and poetry that in this life's wilderness man is spiritually an orphan, owing his best gifts to "a stream of tendency"; that no Divine heart is open to him for a refuge now and hereafter; and more recently Reason has supplied such arguments as we find in *The Kernel and the Husk* against believing some facts in the narrative of our Lord's life on earth; the verity of His resurrection among others. Since then Reason, together with great talent, has provided such gilt-gingerbread substitutes for faith as glitter in *Robert Elsmere*. What is still worse, this plausible patron of orthodoxy has undermined the religious convictions of able men still occupying our pulpits, and preaching what they think it well for the people to believe, though the more enlightened cannot. Are they enlightened who for one moment expect to convince without convictions? Victims they, and even more to be pitied than those they call a flock, though unable to fold or feed them—victims to the well-meaning arrogance of their forefathers who took away the key from the mystic's sanctuary, where burns in secret the light that never pales. They drive away seekers from sanctuaries and treasure houses which they themselves refused to enter; and now when the wavering lights that Reason could throw upon sacred mysteries are rudely extinguished, their descendants, unable to find the key, to reach the hidden entrance to light unquenchable, have begun to try and persuade themselves that what was deemed mystery of old is proved to be delusion, and that all which the smart mentality of our day cannot believe of angel and spirit, or credit regarding God's method of rescue, is to be put away among the childish things, the full grown man rejects; who must re-adjust the whole story of redemption before he can find it credible.

Thank Heaven! another stream of tendency, contemporaneous with this, has been gaining volume and rapidity of pace. The world of spirits has not allowed us all to be so piteously befooled by learned ignorance. Though doing it in many odd ways, and with what one of Mr. Oxley's angels spoke of neatly as "miscellaneous droppings from the higher state,"* it has forced upon most reluctant believers a consciousness of the "sensible immaterial"† regions which surround, say, rather, which permeate those we occupy in matter.

(To be continued.)

THE WORLD WITHIN.

SONG OF THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Weary of earth, my child, weary of sin,
Seek ye the home of rest, the World Within;
There shall ye dream again dreams that are fled,
Born of fond memories faded and dead:
Out of the mists they rise, hallowed, sublime,
Changeless, eternal, defiant of time.
Dreams of a future and hopes of a past,
Bright with as splendour that never could last;
All we tried hard to gain, trusted to win,
Meet us as angels in that World Within.

Would you your eyes now dry, earth-born, of sin?
Seek ye that hallowed spot, the World Within.
Out of the depths, O child, out of the din
Hands are outstretched to you welcoming in.
Yea, though this life be dark, weighted and sad,
Choked with weeds foul and dank, rotting and bad,
Yet there's a blossom, child, born of a sigh,
Angels have heard it—it never can die.
Sighs for the future and sighs o'er the past—
Why mourn a sunset that never can last?
Earth is the shadow, child, fleeting and dim,
Truth thou wilt find in that Soul-World Within.

CAROLINE CORNER.

THE burthen of suffering seems a tombstone hung round us, while in reality it is only the weight necessary to keep down the diver while he is collecting his pearls.—DANIEL MACMILLAN.

I DETEST clever men for fear that they shall confound justice. I detest an eloquent mouth, fearing lest it confuse truth. I detest the most respectable people of a neighbourhood, because they mimic virtue.—*Sayings of CONFUCIUS.*

* *Angelic Revelations*, Vol. V., p. 52.† See the chapter on "Necessité d'un Sensible Immatériel," in L. C. de St. Martin's *L'Esprit des Choses*, Vol. I., p. 88.

THE HON. SIDNEY DEAN ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIONS.

From an address delivered before the Spiritual Alliance of Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A., by Mr. Sidney Dean, we extract the following apposite remarks. We are indebted to the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* for the report:—

The first historic form of the development of the religious nature, as we have seen, is ethnic in its character. It belongs to race, nationality, climate, and environment. But a little removed from each other, the religious philosophies of Zoroaster, Confucius, and Buddha show a slight advance upon the old and upon each other. If time permitted I would show wherein, or in what particulars, their successors crept up out of the narrow, limited, and restricted areas which environed them, turning their faces, like a flower, towards the sun of a more universal religion, or the religion of all nature and not of a section or part. For the trend and drift has been and is towards a religious philosophy and form universal in its character, and intellectually harmonious with all mankind, of whatever nation or tribe, whenever and wherever born, or living and dying on earth.

In other words, the religious nature in man is under the law of evolution or growth, like his intellectuality. The Gods of Egypt, of Greece, and Rome, even in their so-called pagan state, were in some respects an advance upon those great systems, already referred to. The Jewish religion was still more advanced; while Mohammedanism, a child of Judaism, and partaking much of its spirit and doctrine, yet dominating Arabia, Turkey, and adjacent territory, having a following of more than one hundred and thirty million people to-day, and succeeding the founding of Christianity by 600 years—seems to be the only instance of relapse rather than progress yet disclosed in history. Hunting for the cause, we find the reason for this relapse or step backward in the fact that Mohammedanism was not a child born of Christianity or the latest and most advanced form of the religious nature, but that it dates backward to Judaism and its errors which Christianity supplanted, and from which it was evolved or born. Neither Judaism nor Iranism was universal in their character, but, like the religions which preceded them, were ethnic, or localised by country, nationality, tribe, or family. The Jewish Scriptures and the Mohammedan Koran or Bible have many things in common, and their study affords much knowledge to students of comparative theology.

The latest born of all religions, has, under the great law of evolution, been the best, and that is known as the Christian religion. It entered the world mid-way of the advancing thought and intellectuality of the historic ages, and by its nature and teachings stepped to the front as the universal religion of man, proclaiming the fatherhood, the universal paternal character, of God or First Cause, and the like universal brotherhood of man. It was a religion bounded by no nationality, no caste, no age of the race, no condition of mentality, no clime or latitude of earth, but, appealing to the religious sense of all, asked, and still asks, acceptance of all.

In its fundamentals it discloses the paternal in Deity, the law of love as enthroned in the universe—the true law for the government of the individual and the evolution of character from the cradle onward, for ever. It voices the true relationship which exists for man, and gives the law of their proper adjustment; it enthrones personal purity and an adjusted harmony of the three-fold life, and it lays its hand on the door of the tomb and rolls it backward to show us that the living tenant is not there confined in darkness, but that he passed that way like a traveller and left his mortal clothing behind him, while he sped onward into the eternal light and life beyond. Nay, the Christian theology discloses both worlds of conscious being, this and the future.

It deals with the spirit, and the law of the spirit. It enthrones the spirit in man as the superior force of the control of the nature and in the development of character. It steps across the threshold of the mundane life, on the death side of the mortal existence, and discloses continuous spirit life for every mortal-immortal child of earth. The doors of exit from the mortal swing both ways in the Christian philosophy, and spirits return to earth as well as go out from it. And the philosophy of return, like all the philosophy taught, is illustrated by examples, not only in the sacred books of Christianity, but practically in the different ages of the world.

The pure philosophy taught by the Nazarene and His Apostles is broader, deeper, higher, and better, than the creeds which present it in emasculated form to-day, and better than the creedists who, in despite of its inculcations of charity and non-judgment, still outlaw from its mercies and its hopes all who refuse to conform to their utterances or swear by their shibboleths. It is as broad as the needs of humanity, and if the law of evolution still obtains as I believe it does, then the higher spiritual truths found in the universal religion of the Nazarene Brother will yet be evolved out of the bands of creed, church, and a dogmatic theology claiming an exclusive hold upon truth, and will stand confessed, the hope, the sustaining power, and the real comfort of the race.

The union of the two worlds of conscious life is the highest outcome of the religious nature of man. It is the culmination, the crowning. That future life made clear to intellect and heart, and the restoration of the broken threads of the mortal in the immortal, is a fit crowning for man's religious nature, and discloses the wisdom, love, and harmony of God's great design and work in the creation of the human race. *Nothing less can do it; nothing more is needed to establish it.*

THE ASTRAL BODY.

The *Revue Spirite* has the following, which it asserts is from the *Mot d'Ordre*, of October 22nd, 1889, where it appears with the heading "Bavardage":—

You may like to shiver a little. Well, then, listen to what we heard not later than yesterday from a scientist who does not wish his name known for the present. One must deal warily with the Academies.

The said scientist has invented an optical instrument—for seeing ghosts!

"This experiment," says the *savant*, "was very difficult. Recollecting that it had been asserted that it was possible to see the astral body (*le corps fluïdique*) leave the body at the moment of death, I was not willing to remain any longer in a state of prejudice and ignorance. I therefore arranged the apparatus, and when I had just about finished developing at my leisure its proper arrangement as to light and magnifying power, I was called to the bedside of a dying person. I waited during long hours, until the moment when the dying man was about to breathe his last breath. A sudden trembling, shaking the whole body, announced that the supreme moment had come.

"With one of my friends who was assisting me, we placed our heads under the dark covering of the apparatus and kept our eyes steadfastly fixed on the object glass. The particles of dust in the air were magnified many thousands of times, and for a moment their violent movement produced a cloud in front of the glass. Then a delicate column of violet vapour, condensed into a flocculent mass, was clearly seen above and around the body. The particles appeared to pursue one another, as if obedient to some sort of central attraction. The cloud condensed more and more, and took the vaporous form of a man, then rapidly became purified until it was as colourless as the most perfect crystal. At this time there was around us a feeling as of terrible stillness. An indescribable sensation held us fast, our hearts no longer seemed to beat. We kept our eyes fixed on the glass. Particle after particle grouped themselves together so as to reproduce the exact form of the man we knew so well. The form floated at about a foot above the body, to which it was distinctly united by a delicate cord. The face was undoubtedly the face of the man, but much finer and calmer. The eyes were closed and the shape seemed to be asleep. By a double impulse, we both of us experienced the desire that the form should awake. At that very moment the bond which joined it to the body broke. A slight trembling passed over this beautiful, perfectly modelled form, a violet flame shone where the heart should be. It stood up and gave a sorrowing look at the abandoned body, extended the hand with a gesture of adieu, then vanished, condensing into a small sphere which disappeared in the dawn of the everlasting to-morrow."

And why not? says "Un Parisien," who signs the article in the *Mot d'Ordre*.

QUICK is the succession of human events; the cares of to-day are seldom the cares of to-morrow; and when we lie down at night, we may safely say to most of our troubles, "Ye have done your worst, and we shall meet no more."—COWPER.

DUAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

Mr. Kiddle has been addressing the American Spiritualist Alliance on "A Phase of Spirit Influx." In the course of his remarks, scholarly and valuable, as is usual with him, he thus refers to the subject of double consciousness:—

Combe cites the case of a highly-accomplished young woman, who, after awaking from a deep and prolonged sleep, was discovered to have lost all her acquired knowledge—her mind having become a blank. While being re-educated, she fell into a similar state, and on passing from it, found herself restored to her normal personality, the intermediate consciousness and its acquirements having been totally obliterated. This case was a parallel to that of Miss Reynolds, of this State, who underwent a similar transition from one personality to another, each lasting for years, and the final transition being into the abnormal, or secondary state, in which she deceased, after it had continued for twenty-five years. It is easy to account for these phenomena on Spiritualistic principles and in the light of analogous incidents; but without these they are wholly inexplicable.

Dr. Joseph Coomstock, in his *Account of Persons with Two Souls* (New York, 1838), refers to the case of a Rachel Baker, of this city, an account of whose peculiarities was drawn up by the United States Senator, S. L. Mitchell, and is attested by some of the most distinguished physicians of the time, among them Dr. Valentine Mott. This young woman, in her normal state, was a very ordinary person, but her "sommnambulistic" consciousness or personality was widely different. In that state she preached eloquent sermons, and uttered the most fervent prayers and exhortations with a power and accuracy of elocution which but few clergymen could equal. In short, as described, it was a case very similar to that of the well-known trance-speaker, Mrs. Richmond; but at that time the term mediumship had not been invented, and the thing was unknown except as a phenomenon which the medical and mental experts could not explain; and, as a body, they still remain in persistent mystification.

The case of Jane C. Rider, an account of which is given by Dr. L. W. Belden in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, Vol. XI., presents phenomena that illustrate still further what Dr. Coomstock calls "two souls in one person," and what Wigan called "alternate consciousness."

It is sometimes the case that the psychological action of the foreign influence is unable to obliterate wholly the individual's own personality, so that the latter is aware of the fact of a duality of consciousness—of a partial possession which he is unable to resist, and to which he feels himself an unwilling victim. We have a curious illustration of this in the *Fifth Annual Report of the Crichton Royal Institution* (1844). A man conceived that he was not simply himself, but also another person; that is, that in his body were two persons, each exercising a separate volition and intelligence. His own selfhood appeared to be vile and depraved and prone to evil acts; while the better personality with him struggled against this tendency, and endeavoured, even by violence, to restrain, and even to chastise the wicked one to which it was allied, often leaving marks upon the body for days. These conflicts were frequent, and often could be arrested only by outside interference.

Here was a complete reverse of what generally occurs in such cases, for the foreign personality is usually a depraved one, inciting to vice and the commission of those crimes which, in the old legal parlance, were said to be perpetrated by the "instigation of the devil." There is, indeed, as we frequently observe in cases related in the papers, very often a fixed impression in the mind of a criminal that the guilty deed was instigated by another selfhood than his own, exerting an influence over him that he could not resist. A recent case affords a very strong illustration of this evil influence consciously recognised but irresistible by every exertion of the person's own volition. This case, reported quite generally by the newspapers, was that of a young man, twenty-seven years old, of the name of Harry Munzer, who voluntarily came before the court in Chicago, desiring to be adjudged insane, so that he might be protected from an evil influence which he could not resist. The most remarkable feature of this case was, that during his account of the matter to the jury the change of personality actually took place, much to their astonishment and even horror. We are told that "from an innocent expression at the beginning of his narration his features changed to one of extreme cunning and iniquity. As he

proceeded, deep lines appeared on his cheeks beside the nose; the eyebrows contracted darkly, and the corners of his mouth drew down. His forehead wrinkled up as an old man, and his voice actually changed, so that a listener might have supposed that a man of forty-five was talking. His voice came from deep down in his chest, and, in fact, the entire aspect of the man was changed. He bent forward in his chair, his shoulders stooped, and his eyes became watery. When the narrator reached that portion of his recital where he spoke of killing, the jury gazed upon the face of a man about to commit murder."

He had previously spoken of the *spell* coming upon him, but he remarked: "I can take care of myself here." The "queer sickness," as he called it, came upon him about a year before. He remarked:—

The sight of a tool, or anything with a blade to it, would start every fibre and nerve in me to tingling, and I became afraid of myself—afraid for my friends. I felt an impulse growing upon me to harm or kill, though I was conscious of what I was doing.

Of course the verdict of the jury was *insane*. Yes, insane, unsound, inasmuch as the normal state of a man always permits him to hold the volitional control of himself. When, from any cause, that control is impaired or destroyed, the influence of spirits is increased, and obsession, which is a *hostile* spirit possession, becomes possible. Mediumistic quality, depending upon conditions and natural peculiarities the nature of which is unknown, renders it possible for persons to become the instruments of spirits for various phases of expression on the material plane, and has been of great use for the spiritual enlightenment of mankind; but it is a dangerous profession, and may, if abused or not rightly used, lead to great evil both to the medium and society. We live in an ocean of spirits, that are drawn to us, or repelled from us, by the operation of forces subtle in their character, but uniform in their action. It behoves all to study the laws controlling these forces with the utmost care, so as to profit by the beneficent, and avoid the evil and noxious. All live under a great responsibility to do so, and thus receive and enjoy the best kind of spirit influx of which they are susceptible. No one can evade it entirely.

The study of the philosophy of material germ life has been of incalculable service to mankind in teaching them how to ward off disease, and especially how to check the spread of those terrible epidemics the ravages of which, in times gone by, decimated the human race. So the study of the kindred philosophy of those subtle elements of spirit influence which encompass us, and often work terrible evils—for there are also spiritual epidemics—would be of corresponding value. We are approaching the time when science will extend its researches to that vast realm, and thus do a greater service to humanity than it has ever done before.

MADAME RACHEL'S PREMONITION.

Mr. Sutherland Edwards quotes some passages from M. Legouvé's touching account of Madame Rachel's premonitions of her early death:—

One evening, a few days after the first representation of *Adrienne*, the ordinary business of the theatre was interrupted for a regular stage rehearsal. Incessant corrections and repetitions delayed us all so long that it was fully eleven o'clock before we got through the first four acts. From the very beginning of the fifth act, something in Rachel's accents thrilled me to the heart. Never before had I seen her so truly, simply, and affectingly tragic. The flickering little smoky lamp threw livid hues on her face, which were positively terrifying, while the emptiness of the great auditorium imparted to her voice a strange sonority that startled as well as enthralled. The effect was deathlike! The act over, on our return to the green-room, I happened to look into a mirror, and could not help noticing how pale my face was. Regnier and Maillart, too, were like sheets. As for Rachel, she sat for a time in a corner, silent, fluttering nervously, and wiping the tears that still flowed down her cheeks. I went up to her, pointing by way of compliment at her companions' faces, and saying, as I took her hand:—"You have played that fifth act, my dear, as you will never play it again in all your life." "That is my own conviction," she replied. "But do you know why?" "I think I do. None being here to applaud, you never thought of acting for effect, and you became in your own imagination poor Adrienne, expiring at midnight in the arms of her two friends." After thinking over this observation for a few moments she replied, "No. That is not why. An exceedingly

strange phenomenon took place within me. It is not over Adrienne that I have been weeping, but over myself! Something suddenly told me that, like Adrienne, I should die young. I felt as if I were lying in my own room, at my last moment, present at my own death! And when I repeated the lines, 'Farewell, dramatic triumphs! Farewell, entrancing art that I have loved so much!' You saw me shed real tears. With mournful despair I was rapidly realising how soon time would sweep away every recollection of my little talents, and how the world would soon be left without the faintest trace of poor Rachel!" Alas; poor Rachel's presentiments were only too well founded! A very few years later she lay on her death-bed.—*St. James's Gazette.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Spiritualism at Bedford Park.

SIR,—Madame de Steiger is so well able to take care of herself that I should not be so impertinent as to take up the cudgels for her. My reason for writing is because it seems to me that the controversy on Mr. Henly's address at Bedford Park really covers ground of far wider area than the mere consideration of a lecture at a suburban club-house.

I happen to know a good deal about Bedford Park, and if Mr. Henly continued his lecture as he says he began it I do not wonder at all at the result. The language is perhaps somewhat more choice, but I confess that I cannot see much difference between the *matter* of the opening of the lecture, and what would be heard at the Salvation Army room within a stone's throw of where Mr. Henly was speaking. The people of Bedford Park are not likely to accept the dictum of any individual, however earnest, who comes to them and says, "I have the only true gospel, you must believe."

It must not be supposed, however, that I am defending any rudeness on the part of the audience. That such rudeness did take place, I have very little doubt, for I was present on Saturday at a lecture given by Colonel Olcott, and I was very much ashamed of the way in which certain *poseurs*, assuming to themselves a position of leadership which they do not possess, treated the earnest and single-minded Colonel. But these people do not represent Bedford Park, and a crowded lecture-room was the best evidence of an earnest desire for knowledge. Other evidence I have of that very eager desire, and, I regret to say, of the disappointment caused by Colonel Olcott's discursive treatment of the subject.

If these things were so when a lecturer of Colonel Olcott's reputation addressed the Bedford Park people on Theosophy, which is a subject of some popularity, what could be expected as the result of a crude lecture on a subject of still such little popularity as Spiritualism? But I may be permitted, perhaps, to further explain why I consider this matter of considerable importance.

When I was a boy I was bound by very strict *religious* rules, and not being allowed to read worldly books on Sunday, I was forced to fall back a good deal on "tracts." At that time, a good many years ago—I think it was before the consulship of Plancus—the religious tract dealt much with the excellence of the so-called Methodists. Conversations between the converted ploughman and the wicked farmer; or a death-bed argument between a pious dairymaid and a sporting parson; were revelled in by the tract-maker. Of course, the farmer and the parson got the worst of it always. Boy, as I was, and disallowed, as I was, to do any thinking that Clapham had not permitted, it seemed to me, somehow, that these good people who had the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, would have done a great deal more if they had been a little more polite, and had tried to understand more the nature of the great army of the "unconverted." Personally, I frankly confess, the result was exactly different from what the pious writer intended.

Now I fancy that some Spiritualists, a decreasing number I hope, act very much as did the sanctified plough-boys and others who put S. S.—"sinner saved"—after their names in their hymn-books and Bibles. These well-meaning people seem quite incapable of understanding that what is to them not only conviction, but the totality of knowledge, presents itself to others under a very different aspect, and through this incapacity, well-meaning as they may be, they succeed perfectly in defeating the object they have in view.

To deduce principles from phenomena is one thing, to show that phenomena must follow necessarily from the assertion of principles whose antecedent probability cannot be denied, is

another thing. The deductive method is right enough when the phenomena are conceded, but the inductive is that which would have appealed more strongly to Mr. Henly's audience.

It is all very well to say that such and such phenomena were thought worth recording by Messrs. Crookes and Varley, but it should be remembered that the names of very important people might easily be given who deny the accuracy of the observations of those distinguished scientific men. With the writings of Huxley the ordinary intelligent audience is far more likely to be acquainted than with those of Messrs. Crookes and Varley, who are scientific among the scientific. A "War-cry" Spiritualism is as little likely to be received complacently by such an audience as a "War-cry" religion.

It is quite possible that some may ask why all this fuss about Bedford Park. And the question at first sight is reasonable. But it should be remembered that the origin of the little community of Bedford Park lies in the æsthetic movement of seven or eight years ago, and though "cultchaw" is a word of dire import to such as bow the knee to the dynamos, yet that culture is still the characteristic feature of the isolated Chiswick village, and the audiences which listened to Mr. Henly and to Colonel Olcott, comprised probably more poets, artists, literary men and journalists than are likely to be found gathered at one time and at one place in any suburb of London, or town away from London. So the audiences were typical, and the demeanour both of speakers and hearers was important and instructive.

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A Dream.

SIR,—About two months ago a friend experienced the following remarkable dream. Its authenticity being undoubted I think it may be of some interest to your readers. She dreamed that she was, with her husband, busily preparing to leave England, their destination being Australia. The household furniture had been disposed of, and trunks and boxes were being packed with all possible haste. The departure was to take place in a day or so, the port of embarkation being London. The name of the vessel was a short word and appeared to her to be *Oporto*. The vision returned several times during the night, and had a deep effect upon her mind. These details she related early in the morning to her husband, and also to a gentleman who was staying with them at the time. The idea was so extremely improbable that the possibility of its possessing any prophetic tendency was dismissed from their minds, and the subject soon after forgotten. A fortnight ago, however, her husband received a communication from Melbourne, which led to the acceptance by him of an appointment in that city. The subsequent events naturally coincided with those depicted in the dream, and to-day the *ss. Aroya* bears them to their new home across the seas. It has been found, moreover, that the letter was written within a few hours of the time when the vision occurred. I may add that the idea of leaving England had never occupied her thoughts for a moment, and certainly was not "upon her mind" at that period. These particulars can be corroborated by the gentleman above referred to, whose name and address I enclose.

December 6th, 1889.

J. T. W.

Terminology.

SIR,—I beg to submit the following suggestions to the consideration of your readers with reference to the question of nomenclature:—

(1) That the whole field of occult phenomena, as well as the philosophies put forth to explain them, be termed **PSYCHONOMY**. *Psyche* "soul;" *nomos* "law." The law of soul in contradistinction to physical law. *Psychonomy*, therefore, would be a convenient word embracing all the sciences which treat of the soul and its forces, whether embodied in a physical organism or not.

Then there would be psychonomic phenomena and psychonomic philosophy.

(2) Let the word **ODISM** denote the science whose province is to treat purely of psychonomic phenomena. This science, again, would naturally divide itself into two divisions.

On the one hand there would be the science that treats of the phenomena exclusively from a hypnotic, or mesmeric, point of view.

(a) Let **HYPNODISM** designate this branch of the science. Using "*odic*" as a convenient designation of all psychonomic facts, spiritualistic as well as hypnotic, or mesmeric, the compound "*Hypnodic*" would cover all the phenomena produced in the hypnotic or mesmeric sleep, except in cases where the

asleep is turned into a spirit-medium; then, of course, the phenomena change their character and would fall into the second division.

(b) Let *Psychodism* represent all the phenomena of dreams, second sight, ghost seeing etc., and also all mediumistic phenomena. *Hypnodism* would regard phenomena simply in regard to their relation to hypnotic, or mesmeric sleep, but *Psychodism* would regard the whole field of phenomena in their relation with *Soul*. The word itself is colourless except that the source of *Odism* is in the soul, but leaving it an open question whether the odic phenomena are produced by the soul of the sensitive, or by some other soul, namely, the spirit of a departed human being, or some other intelligence.

(3) *Psychonomic Philosophy* would, of course, have to be called by different names, and would, as is already the case, break up into different schools; such as those of Spiritualists, Theosophists, Christian Scientists, &c.

The good old word *Spiritualism*, should these ideas find acceptance, would then have to be restricted entirely to the philosophy that accounts for the facts of *Psychodism* by the intervention of spirits, or souls of the departed. The word *Psychodism* would take its place with regard to mere phenomena, and the dear old word would hardly know itself when its face was washed and it was dressed in the pure garb of the highest spiritual philosophy.

OPTIMIST.

God's Justice and Mercy.

SIR.—Mr. Joseph Clayton has drifted into a fatal logical clench in maintaining that God is just but not merciful. He says, "If God deals out a penalty less than the offence, He is not just, nor would He be just if He dealt out a punishment greater than the offence." There is surely a most conspicuous fallacy involved in this argument. If through prayer and repentance on the part of the offender, God decides to remit the penalty incurred by the transgression, He exhibits His mercy beyond all possibility of dispute. Mercy and justice must each be displayed under different conditions.

December 1st, 1889.

NEWTON CROSLAND.

SOCIETY WORK.

SEVERAL "Society" Notices are omitted because they reached us too late. They should be in our hands by Tuesday morning.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—On Sunday last Mrs. Yeales addressed a full room. Sunday next, Mrs. Stanley.—M. GIFFORD, Secretary.

ASSEMBLY ROOMS, BEAUMONT-STREET, MILE END.—On Sunday last Captain Pfoundes lectured here upon "Buddhism, the Doctrine of Enlightenment." On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Rodger will lecture upon "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism."

KING'S CROSS SOCIETY, 253, PENTONVILLE-ROAD (ENTRANCE CORNER OF KING'S CROSS-ROAD).—Last Sunday Mr. Veitch opened the discussion in the morning, and in the evening gave an able address upon the principles of Spiritualism. Our speakers for next Sunday are: 10.45 a.m., Dr. Daly, "Clairvoyance"; 6.45 p.m., Captain Pfoundes, on "Spiritualism and Buddhism."—S. T. RODGER.

MARYLEBONE LYCEUM, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, W.—On Sunday last the four groups were led by Miss Smythe, Mr. Collings, jun., Mr. H. Towns, and myself. Recitations by several children. The children's tea and festive gathering will be held on Saturday, December 28th, tea at four o'clock; a limited number of tickets at 9d. each for those attending visitors' group, and which must be taken beforehand.—C. WHITE, 75, Babcombe-street, N.W.

LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY, CARLYLE HALL, CHURCH-STREET (THREE DOORS FROM EDGWARE-ROAD, CLOSE TO STATION).—Last Sunday evening Mr. Hocker gave us a very interesting lecture on his experiences in Spiritualism. We have decided to close the hall for the Christmas holidays. Our next meeting will, therefore, be on Sunday, January 5th. On the Wednesday evening of last week I gave a concert at the Portman Rooms, Baker-street, at which was produced my sacred cantata, *The Worship of the Image*, which was composed under spirit influence. An audience of 700 listened to the work, and the general verdict appeared to be that the cantata has considerable merit. It was very well rendered by both soloists, band, and chorus.—A. F. TINDALL, A. Mus. T.C.L., President.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday last, Mrs. Stanley very efficiently occupied our platform at both services. At the evening meeting five subjects were selected by the audience, and were ably dealt with to the evident satisfaction of all present. On Sunday next Captain Pfoundes at 11.0 a.m. and

Mr. R. Wortley at 6.30 p.m. On Saturday, December 14th, Mrs. Spring (for members only) at 8.15. On Monday there will be a circle to which inquirers are heartily invited at 8.15, when Mrs. Watkinson will be present.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., 79, Bird-in-Bush-road, Peckham.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It will ensure despatch if all matter offered for publication is addressed to the Editor of "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to any other name or address. Communications for the Manager should be sent separately.

It seems desirable to make clear that any facts previously published in transactions of any Society or in any journal cannot be printed as original matter in "LIGHT," and should not be sent to us except for our private information. All records sent, moreover, must be accredited by the name and address of the sender, and will gain in value by the attestation of witnesses.

The Editor begs respectfully to intimate that he cannot undertake to return rejected MSS. If accompanied by stamps to pay postage in case of its being deemed unsuitable for publication, he will use reasonable care in reposting any MS.

He also begs respectfully to intimate that he cannot undertake to prepare for the press communications that are not suitably written. He begs his correspondents to see that all articles and letters forwarded are written on one side of the paper, are ready for the printer, and are of moderate length. Those over a column in length are in danger of being crowded out.

SEVERAL correspondents are asked to be kind enough to excuse delay in printing what they have been so good as to send us. The pressure on our space is great.

C.E.G.—We have no works on astrology at command, but will look into the question and do anything possible.

F.S.—We should think Gerald Massey's recent poems suitable. We have no personal knowledge of the phenomena of which you speak.

IN DECEMBER.

The hours of the year are fast falling away,
As leaves when the Autumn winds blow;
With the darkening sky and the shortening day,
Are Frost, and his fair sister, Snow.

The birds of December are fluttering down,
They nestle so close and so light,
Mother Earth, who before looked so ragged and brown,
Is re-clad in a mantle of white.

As Summer and Winter each other have chased
The world over again and again,
Mnemosyne oft with her pencil has traced
How to sunshine has followed the rain.

Hic jacet is writ upon many a heart
Where the soft down falls silent and fast;
I remember me one, and reveal but in part,
A grief buried deep in the past.

Ah! many a time as we sat by the fire,
When twilight was closing around,
I whispered to Lily my heart's fond desire,
And told of the hope I had found.

As I sit here beside her long vacated chair,
The fire of my life burning low,
A radiant presence illumines the air,
And again sets my bosom aglow.

The dream of the past I dream over anew,
Nor think how the years are gone by;
But only of her so devoted and true,
My love, who shall never more die.

And then in the spirit strange things I discern,
I no longer am sad and alone;
In darkness and sorrow to her still I turn,
And her heart-throb still beats in my own.

Oh! who shall read for us the riddle of death,
The mystery of life and of love;
Transcending the bound of our weak mortal breath,
Eternal in realms high above?

T. S.

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER.—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of £1 from Mr. Thomas Grant, in response to the appeal for Miss Lottie Fowler.

CURE.—"E.T.G.," who gives us his full name and address, writes: "A remarkable recovery from a serious illness has taken place in my family, and I feel it my duty to express my sincere thanks for it to Mr. W. Goddard, 14, Princes-mews, Bayswater. Our little one, of four and a-half months, was suffering from bronchitis and inflammation of the lungs. He had been given up by our able and much esteemed family doctor, when I asked Mr. Goddard to come and see him. He at once did so, and I thank God he was the means of recovering our little one from the very grasp of death; and the recovery is complete. I will gladly give further particulars to any one wishing it."

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 21, Bedford Square, London, W.C.