

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.)"

The current number of *Blackwood* contains a ghost story which, I feel convinced, I have seen before. I cannot fix time and place, but, if I have not seen it in print, I must have dreamt it. Every detail is familiar to me; but I am vexed that I cannot remember where I read it. It is entitled "Can a Mother Forget?" and is signed "Garth Gibbon," probably a *nom de plume*. The editor will know who the writer is, and can ascertain whether this striking story professes to be original. Here it is in outline. In an overcrowded and poor district of London, one cold February night, two priests sat in their homely room. The elder had come in from his day's work, weary and worn to death, drenched to the skin. As they sat the door was opened by a tall lady dressed in black, a beautiful woman with a rare air of dignity. She advanced to the elder priest, Father Warren, and begged forgiveness for intrusion. She desired him to come and bring comfort and consolation to a departing and erring soul. The father pleaded that he had not eaten since the morning, was drenched to the skin, and very weary; another priest more worthy should fill his place. The lady demurred. She adjured him by all that he held sacred that he would not fail to come and to come quickly. He complied, and she guided him to a house at which she knocked and said, "I have shown you the place and told you of the urgent need. I must go now." And with a solemn blessing she departed and vanished out of sight.

The door was opened and the priest explained his errand. "I have been summoned to a death bed, pray take me at once to the room." The servant looked perplexed, and said there must be some mistake. Perhaps he would come in and explain to the master. He assented, and was taken to a comfortable room where a young man waited for his dinner, the cloth laid ready. The father explained, and his host expressed regret that he had been victimised on such a night. He insisted that he should stay till he was thoroughly warmed and fed. They soon became confidential. His host told him that he was once a Catholic, but since his mother's death he had belonged to no Church. "If she were indeed living in any state, she would find some way to communicate with me, for Heaven itself could bring no joy to her, if I were shut outside." The priest pleaded with him to come back to the lost faith. He did not plead in vain, whatever be the arguments he used. The young man was touched and prayed to be received back. The father assented, and, leaving the young man to his meditations, passed into an adjoining room. There he saw the picture of the lady who had brought

him. His young host entering, after an interval, told him that it was the portrait of his mother. He then made his confession and received absolution. It was late before they parted to meet next morning at the seven o'clock service. The young man did not appear, and the father went to inquire the reason. The servant who opened the door announced her master's death during the night. He had passed away in the night without a sign. "Who can doubt that it was his mother who came for me last night?" said the priest to himself: "for can a mother forget, even in Heaven, the child of her love on earth?"

Charles Dawbarn has been discussing in the *Progressive Thinker* (Chicago, U.S.A.) the question whether animals have a hereafter, and D. W. Hull has, in the number just to hand (July 5th), some interesting remarks in response. He considers that life is indestructible and that animals will survive death. He also thinks that dumb animals understand what is said in their presence even if the remark be not directly addressed to them, and gives the following illustration of that capacity and also of the exercise of the faculty of reason in a cat.

It is a question in my mind whether cats understand human speech, or catch the import of remarks personal to themselves. In 1886 I had a cat whose only fault was that she brought kittens into the world more rapidly than we could provide places for them. On this occasion she had a fresh brood, perhaps a week old, and the disposition of them became a matter of some concern. One evening said Mrs. Hull: "I want you to take those kittens in the morning and drown them." The old cat was in the room at the time, and in the morning the kittens were nowhere to be found. For several weeks Mrs. Hull watched the cat as she would go out to see where she had hidden them, but pussy evidently knew what she was after, and would wander a long way from the house. After the kittens had grown enough to take care of themselves they came from a recess to an old cellar-way which had been boarded up and the entrance filled. They had been secured in a place from which they could not emerge till they got old enough to climb a perpendicular wall at least three feet high, but how she kept them from "mewing" we never knew. I have no idea she understood the very words of the remark of Mrs. Hull as we understand each other; but somehow the import must have been conveyed to her. There was also a certain amount of reason in her action. A mathematical calculation was made determining that her kittens must be placed where it would be impossible for them to expose themselves.

The venerable Chauncy Giles has been setting forth the doctrine of the New Church respecting the relations of spirit (soul) and body. His views are worth reading, and mentally comparing with orthodox Church doctrine and the teachings of Spiritualism. I by no means quote them with acceptance, but only as matter of interest.

The New Church regards the spirit in an entirely new way. According to its doctrines the spirit is the man himself in the human form, and the seat of all his power and life. It is organised of spiritual substances, as the material body is organised of material substances, and possesses all the organs, external and internal, in general and particular, that compose the material body. It has a head, trunk and limbs. It has eyes and ears, brain and face and vocal organs, heart and lungs, arteries and

veins and nerves. Every organ performs the same relative function that the material organs perform. The spiritual lungs breathe a spiritual atmosphere; the heart propels a spiritual blood through arteries and veins; the nerves give sensation and power; the hands grasp spiritual objects and the feet walk upon a spiritual earth. The eye opens to the light which flows from the spiritual sun, and the ear vibrates in harmony with modulations of the spiritual atmosphere. As a whole and in each least part the spirit is in the human form. The common idea has been that the body was first formed and then the spirit was breathed into it, as men make an engine and set it in motion by steam. The new doctrine teaches that the spirit itself moulds the body into its form, weaves its fine and delicate textures in its own loom, and clothes itself in every least part with it, making it a medium of communication with the material world, the home in which it dwells a complicated and miraculous instrument, adjusted with infinite precision to all the forms and forces of matter, to gain natural ideas and delights to serve as materials for the development of the affections and the intellectual faculties. But it is merely a temporary service. The material body renders the same service to the spirit that the husk does to the corn, the chaff to the grain.

The *Cincinnati Enquirer* gives the following account of the discovery of a hidden will through the intervention of spirit power. The account is circumstantial, the *Enquirer* is a paper of repute, and I give the narrative as I find it. There is nothing in it that has not been repeatedly paralleled before.

Ten days ago Daniel Brenner died in Bucyrus, Ohio, from an apoplectic attack. His sudden taking off in the prime of life was a great surprise to his many friends. In looking up matters pertaining to his estate his relatives were surprised to find there was no will, for while it was not certain that he had made one, his relatives had always supposed there was a will in existence. An executor was appointed, who proceeded to settle up matters in connection with the estate.

Daniel Brenner has a brother, J. P. Brenner, whose home is at Sulphur Springs, six miles from here. Since the death ten days ago, J. P. Brenner has been acting, as his relatives thought, in a very peculiar manner. He was restless, and each morning would recount points of conversation he had held with his deceased brother during the night. His relatives feared his mind was affected and were afraid it would result seriously.

Yesterday morning Mr. J. P. Brenner got up early and went down to the kitchen and made the fire for breakfast. Half an hour later he went to his wife's room and told her that he had just had a long talk with his dead brother, and that he was troubled because the estate was not settled as he would like. The spirit had said there was a will made, and told him where it was. He insisted he would not go and find it, but his folks said they would go with him, and so, together with his wife and daughter, they went to where the spirit had indicated, and in an old unused cupboard where there were a lot of papers, they found the missing document, just as the deceased brother had said they would. The will bequeaths all the property to Mr. Will Brenner, an only son of Mr. J. P. Brenner. Will Brenner's home is at Cincinnati.

In the *Passion Play as it is Played To-Day*,* Mr. W. T. Stead gives a remarkable account of his visit to Ober-Ammergau recently and what he saw there. He has been fortunate enough to secure the right of reproduction in the British Empire of the splendid series of photographs produced by Messrs. Faller, Buchmiller & Co. from the originals of the Court Photographer of Vienna, Mr. Stockmann. The reproductions in Mr. Stead's 130 quarto pages are excellent, if one considers the difficulties to be contended with. The Christus (frontispiece and p. 11); the lonely agony in the garden (p. 63); the various presentations of the Virgin Mother (pp. 10 and 111); the Judas (pp. 43 and 80); the grand head of Peter finely contrasted with that of John the Beloved (p. 37); the inquiring interrogative gaze in the eyes of Thomas (p. 51) may be specially instanced where all is worthy. The text of the play is printed in parallel columns, German and English; and the little book contains a mass of information which will make it invaluable to a traveller to

* Mowbray House, Norfolk-street, Strand. 1s.

Ober-Ammergau and interesting to those of us who are not able to go so far, but who wish to realise in the study what we may not see. I have seldom seen a book so completely finished and so worthily done.

Dr. Elliott Coues thus accounts for himself in the *Religio Philosophical Journal*:—

I find many persons wondering why I do not write more about psychical research and allied topics, and some seem to think I have changed my mind—or lost it, perhaps—or have got wearied and wavering—or have been worsted by the “Theosophic” knaves—or what not.

Nothing of the sort! The facts in the case are so simple that nobody seems to understand them. For six years—since 1884—I have been doing the hardest literary and scientific work of my life, absolutely without interruption sustaining a load of labour that few men could carry without staggering. I refer, of course, to my share in the authorship of the *Century Dictionary of the English Language*, now publishing. That work is, in my judgment—and the best critics will not seriously disagree with me here—the greatest ever undertaken by an American house, and likely to prove one of the greatest in the English language. It undertakes to resurvey the whole field of human knowledge, and set the standard of the English tongue for at least the contemporaneous generation of men. My share of the work is extensive, important, and of weighty responsibility, covering the whole fields of general biology, zoology, and anatomy. It has absorbed nine-tenths of my waking consciousness all these years, and held the lexicographic and encyclopædic pen to my fingers for an average of eight hours a days—Sundays included. All that I have been able to do in lines with which the *Journal's* readers are familiar, represents merely the overflow of thought-currents in the sluice-way of this great dictionary. No man ever had a more cruel taskmaster than I make myself: and sometimes it cuts me to the raw to hear persons wondering what I am about, and why I “dissipate my energies” and “fritter away my time!” Such know nothing of my work but spraying and dashing; the steady current is noiseless and unbroken. Enough: I am now making copy for the dictionary in the letter S, and this means I am well along in the last quarter of a long race. When this work is ended we shall see what we shall see. For the present my friends must be satisfied if I occasionally give them a helping hand or a suggestive thought, and my enemies ought to be satisfied with the lively lobstered tint at which I manage to keep them boiling, dictionary or no dictionary.

Washington, D.C.

ELLIOTT COUES.

HIS DREAM CAME TRUE.

J. D. Young, the well-known insurance agent, had a dream Friday night which caused him to awaken and arouse his wife (says the *Cincinnati Enquirer*). It was that he saw a wagon coming along with two bodies in it, and in lifting one of the men out, as he was turned over, he appeared to be dead. Then two men appeared at the head of the corpse who seemed to be Italians, and were arguing as to whose knife it was that fitted the wound, which was on the right side. Then he heard the name of the dead man. It was Mark Taylor, and as he knew no man by that name he asked in his dream, “Who is he?” and the reply came loud and distinct, “Why, he's the coachman of John Henry.” When Mr. Young came to his office yesterday morning he asked Mr. Henry, who had an office with him, the name of his coachman. Henry replied, “We have a new man,” and Mr. Henry gave a different name than Taylor. “He was cut last night,” said Young. “Yes,” replied Henry, “but how did you find it out? It was not published in the papers.” Young replied: “I dreamed it, and that's all I know about it.” Now both Mr. Henry and Mr. Young are puzzled about the coincidence.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

A NEW Spiritualist journal, called *The Reconstructor*, has just appeared. It is edited by J. S. Loveland, at Summerland, Cal., U.S.A., and the first number contains two contributions from our old correspondent, Albert Morton, who always has something good to say.

THE American journals are being greatly improved in form and appearance. We noticed the new shape of the *Religio Philosophical Journal*. We now have the *Better Way* (Cincinnati, U.S.A.) greatly improved in type, paper, and general appearance. We wish our contemporary all prosperity in its “new dress.”

FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

By DR. CARL DU PREL.

We take across to the yonder shore our fundamental psychic tendency, and this is what determines and decides our state after death and our conduct in the future life. The wishes and desires of the dying are also the wishes and desires of the dead, and what we have left unfinished in this life, when death took us by surprise, we shall have a desire to complete, especially if a violent anxiety to do so animates us. Such a wish may occasionally apply to very trifling matters, in fact, so trifling that they might appear unworthy for a spirit to entertain, but altogether unnatural would it be if death were to totally blot out thoughts which were deeply rooted in our soul. Kerner relates that the seeress of Prevorst appeared to her sister seven times after her death on account of a certain bit of business. Augustinus relates that a deceased person appeared to his son in a dream and showed to him the lost receipt of a paid debt. According to Ernesti, a dead father also appeared to his son, pointing to a chest full of money, and also a heap of bills requiring settlement. In the Waverley novels an account occurs concerning a landlord in Scotland who was deeply affected about a sum of money which had still to be paid, although he had been persuaded that his father had already settled the account. The father, therefore, appeared to him in his dream, told him the name of the man who held the papers referred to in his possession and who had personally received payment of the amount, and that he be put in mind of the whole affair by pointing out to him that at the time of the transaction a certain Portuguese coin had to be changed. The son indeed gained in this way a lawsuit already considered as lost.

A similar story is also related by Kerner from his own home, in which, however, a deceased father does not appear to his anxious widow, but to a daughter of his, who very likely was more receptive for visions of the kind. More complicated is the following case: When the poet Collin died in Vienna, his friend Hartmann got into great difficulties on account of the loss of 120 florins which he had paid for the deceased on his promise of repayment. One night, therefore, Hartmann saw the deceased in a dream, requesting him to put two florins down on the number 11 for the next drawing of the lottery, neither more nor less. Hartmann did as he was told and won by it 150 florins. This dream may also be interpreted as a case of dramatised clairvoyance, in which, however, the exact fixing of the sum to be risked in order to obtain money enough to liquidate the debt would appear as a very singular coincidence.

Other emotions, such as hatred, revenge, penitence, &c., may lie at the bottom of acts of the will, continued beyond or after death. Much is said about criminals who are persecuted by the phantoms of their victims. This may in most cases be explained as a psychic exaltation carried to the verge of hallucination, but woe to the murderer possessing mediumistic faculties. Shakespeare has drawn for us the portrait of such a one in Macbeth.

A well-accredited example of transcendental revenge is narrated by Goethe, with a slight alteration of name and place. This narrative comes from the memoirs of the actress, Hippolyte Clairon. Baron von Meyer, who also relates it, adds from an authentic source that the affair may be found in the acts of the Parisian police. The turning point of the story is a repudiated lover, who, in his dying struggle, exclaimed that he would pursue her just as pertinaciously after his death as he had done during his life. For some time after various spook phenomena took place. Every time at the same hour a penetrating cry was heard right under the windows of Clairon's room of so plaintive a sound that the actress fainted the very first time she heard this cry. No one, not even the police, could discover the originator of the cry. If the actress was not at home nothing was heard. Often, however, was the cry heard just at the moment of her arrival. On one occasion, when the President de B. accompanied her, the cry exploded right between him and her, so that B. had to be carried out of the carriage more dead than alive. On one occasion Clairon allowed herself to be persuaded by a sceptic to evoke the spirit. The cry resounded three times with terrible force and rapidity. Afterwards the spook assumed a different form; instead of the cry a shot was fired in through the window, without, however, breaking a pane of glass. The police took all imaginable precautionary measures to discover the cause of this disturbance. The houses opposite were visited and searched and were also furnished with sentinels, whilst in

the street detectives were placed at various posts. Notwithstanding all these precautions the shot was fired without interruption for three consecutive months through the same window and at the same time. Where Clairon was leaning once with the intendant against the balcony, at about the time when the shot was usually fired, the explosion of the shot was so great that both of them were hurled into the middle of the room, where they fell down like dead on the floor. Two days after this occurrence Clairon drove in company with her chambermaid past the house in which her lover had died; they spoke about him, when all at once a shot was fired out of the house, which went right through the carriage, so that the coach driver urged on his horses to greater speed thinking their vehicle had been attacked by robbers. Later on a clapping of hands made itself heard at a certain hour, as applause in the theatre is given by the public. It was heard in front of her door, but the detectives saw nothing. After two years and a-half the spectral manifestations ceased, having run a course, as if the lover, who died under the influence of a violent passion, had gradually reached the resting point of reconciliation.

Louis Philippe de Segur relates another case of revenge. The President of the Parliament of Toulouse passed a night on his return from Paris in a village inn, where he saw in the night the apparition of a bleeding spectre, which revealed to him that he was the father of the innkeeper; that he had been murdered by his son and roughly buried in the garden. The judicial inquiry established the fact and the murderer was duly executed. Later on the spirit appeared again and asked the President how he could give expression of his gratitude. He requested from the spirit to be informed by him of his hour of death in order to be able to prepare himself, and the spirit promised to give him notice eight days before the fatal event. A little while after a violent knock was heard at the President's door, but no one was seen. As this knock was produced twice more the President, going outside, saw the phantom, which announced to him the now impending day. His friends tried to talk him out of it, and even he himself became sceptical when he reached the eighth day in perfect good health. In the evening just as he was going into the library, the report of a shot was heard, and the President was found weltering in his blood. A lover of the chambermaid had been lying in ambush for his rival, and mistaking the President for him, shot him in his stead.

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

This is from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* :—

SIR,—Your article on Thomas Lake Harris recalls an incident which occurred in New York City in 1854. A family with whom I was intimately acquainted had lost their oldest child; a sweet girl of two and a half years. The parents were members of an Episcopal church. The child died on Christmas Day and the disease which took her off was malignant scarlatina. The rector of the church to which the parents belonged was asked to officiate at the funeral, but he declined. Another clergyman was applied to, and he also declined. The parents felt sorely grieved at the refusal of these Episcopal clergymen to officiate at the obsequies of their darling. A friend suggested Mr. Harris, and the parents gave a rather unwilling assent. Mr. Harris readily consented to officiate. I attended the funeral. He read the first fourteen verses of the 14th chapter of St. John, making them a basis for the remarks which followed.

The prayer which he offered and the address which he delivered were full of comfort and consolation; they fell like balm to the wounded soul of the bereaved parents; it was "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning." The whole family and myself became Spiritualists, and always attended Mr. Harris's meetings when he held them in New York. He was a brilliant and fascinating speaker, and we have always had a kind feeling and a sincere admiration for him, and I am truly sorry that his high ideal has not been realised. He is a poet of no mean order. Besides his *Epic of the Starry Heavens* and *Lyric of the Morning Land*, he has written many shorter poems, all of which, so far as I have read them, have the ring of pure metal and the air of inspiration. I have lost track of him for the past twenty-five years, and reading your article recalls so vividly the circumstances under which I was attracted to the investigation of Spiritualism, that I cannot resist the impulse to relate the incident which sheds a halo of glory around the head of Thomas Lake Harris.

WILLIAM V. NOE.

FAITH.

Mrs. Richmond, speaking at Chicago, U.S.A., recently, delivered a noteworthy discourse, from which we make such extracts as space permits:—

This, then, is the basis of faith: that which asserts itself without permission, that is born in a realm where reason does not enter, concerning which doubt has no perception; that abides as the light of the soul and the human spirit. In everyday life, if humanity had less faith in one another at this moment it would not be possible for you to live: bandits preying upon each other, the highway robbers turned loose upon the world, every man seeking selfishly his own ends; but still the supreme faith that you have in one another keeps you still and leads you to higher life. The moral principles that govern the world at this moment—for human society for the most part is kept in order and decency—the higher inspiration—are born of the Divine faith. It is a mistake to suppose that the doubting of a creed, or dogma, or belief has anything to do with this surpassing wisdom. Was it doubt of the Hebraic Church that made the religion of Christ possible? No; it was because the Church was a church of forms and ceremonies, because it did not suffice to feed and sustain the spirit, and the new light came, bringing with it the newly-awakened faith that declared its presence and proclaimed its light. Would the lack of belief in anything make a religion like that of Christ? Could a negation produce a positive light in the mind? The blackness of night piled up mountain high could not make the morning; it serves as a background upon which the luminous glory of the new morning will appear.

Christ's presence was a living light, and that made faith possible. All else was death because it did not live, because there was no light from within the soul, because the forms and ceremonies in the Hebraic Church were but external, and all power was the power of eternal life. In Christendom is it not much the same? Men do not lose faith in religion; you do not lose the vision of a living light, but because the light is not there and the religion is not there.

We are not ashamed nor afraid to declare the name of faith as the only attribute by which man perceives Divinity. When people say that they have immortality demonstrated to their senses, or demonstrated merely to their reason and intellect, they do not know what they say: but for the Divine perception which makes the senses the possible recipient of some of the confidences of the soul there could be no demonstration. The eye outwardly may see a manifestation, but the spirit must perceive what the manifestation means. Men might witness for ever the phenomena of the signs, tokens, and wonders that accompanied the prophets of old, but if the spiritual perceptions were not awakened they would be no evidence. The senses cannot take evidence for eternity; one cannot by any possibility measure the light of eternal truth by the vision of the human eye; but if something attracts the attention of the vision, and the mind takes cognisance of that, one finds this living perception welling up from within the soul, and recognises the external manifestations as an attestation. One may with safety say that the living evidence is found within; but the corroborative proof of that which seems to satisfy a great many minds must come through the senses, only to prove that the senses do not determine, but that gliding behind the manifestation is the form of a loved one, behind that form is the spirit that is loved. Without the loving presence of angelic messengers and ministrations of immortal life, of what value would be all the denominations in Christendom? A mere succession of physical phenomena would be no more than a succession of rain-drops falling upon the earth, a mere succession of outward facts would be nothing. That is why a great many people witness many hundred demonstrations of spirit power and still are not satisfied. Satisfaction comes from within, the realm of faith must be touched by inward enlightenment; and this illumined window which opens soul-ward, heavenward, must first be unveiled and revealed before you can have any knowledge of what any of the manifestations pertaining to the other world can mean.

Then let us correct another error: many seem to think that faith is credulity. Nothing could be further from it: faith is so divine a certainty, so absolute a possession in the human spirit, it needs no faltering aid of what human beings call credulity. Credulity is human imbecility; credulity is born of the lack of faith, it is the very antithesis of faith; when men have faith they need nothing that credulity requires. Like its twin brother doubt, credulity creeps into the narrow chambers

of the human mind that is cramped and dwarfed from the lack of faith. Equally incompetent to possess spiritual truth is the mind that is tethered by doubt and the mind that is trammelled by credulity, and both of these seem to be the average state of the human mind. By spiritual exaltation, by the awakening of the inner perception, you will learn to know that faith is not belief. A man may believe to-day and doubt to-morrow; a man may believe to-day and have added evidence to-morrow which will make him doubt his very belief. But one who has faith, and understands its true meaning—faith the knowledge of things unseen—never changes, for faith is the divine certainty of the soul: perceiving *a priori* that which belief may sanction, which the external senses may confirm to the outward understanding; even though belief is denied, though the external senses disapprove, faith which is all supreme will take possession; the human life is dominated by the power of faith against all external reason.

Such is our definition of faith, and as for doubt in spiritual things it is utterly impossible that there shall be doubt; when there is no knowledge the state of doubt is imbecility, for there is nothing to doubt. The man who approaches with sincere desires to know the realm of spiritual truth and says, "I have no knowledge," states the limit of logical requirement: he is not required to doubt, he is not required to say, I am an unbeliever: he cannot be an unbeliever of a realm of which he knows nothing, it is utterly impossible; if he has any knowledge of the laws of logic he knows a man can only believe or disbelieve that which may or may not be demonstrated to his mind. The perceptions of the spirit either do or do not exist, if you have no faith you are simply blind or unawakened in that direction as yet, if you do not know of the realm of the spirit it is simply ignorance, and to call ignorance unbelief, to dignify it with the name of intellectual doubt is one of the absurdities of modern thought.

Banish every idea that science has ever invaded, touched, or had anything to do with the realm of religion, let it for ever depart from your minds that the scientific truths of this or any age have affected in the smallest degree the faith of the human spirit that turns toward God. Not only has that realm not been affected, but whatever science has done or has claimed to do in that direction is to clear the dogmas and creeds away, and faith will have more room in the world.

A VISION OF THE EVENING.

The *Whirlwind* is responsible for the subjoined story, which is remarkable enough even for that erratic print. Is it a joke? Or is it a fact? Were there "visions about" that night? What is the explanation?—

In the prospectus of the *Whirlwind* you promise to "investigate the occult," so perhaps you may be able to throw some light on the following strange experience:—

Some years ago, one winter's evening, I was dining at Mortlake, and accompanied by a friend took a train about 7 p.m. from Richmond to reach the former place. I jumped into what I thought was an empty first-class carriage, but to my surprise, I saw as I entered a pair of legs stretched right across the centre space. The train was moving, and I hurried in to make way for my friend who was following. I expected the legs to be drawn away to allow of my passing, instead of which I seemed to *pass through them*, and on seating myself found that they belonged to a man (or what seemed to be a man) half-reclining on the opposite side near the door with his head resting on his hand. He was very handsome, dressed in black, and his hair was grey. He was bare-headed and there was no hat in the carriage. The expression of his face was one of terrible agony, and his colour that of death. He never moved a muscle during the ride between Richmond and Mortlake. My companion, a man who was an utter disbeliever in the supernatural, was as strangely impressed as I was, and when we got out the first thing he said to me was, "There is something uncanny there, let us go back and look again." We had never taken our eyes off the carriage door, and our spectre companion (?) had not alighted. We looked into the carriage, even under the seats, but no one was there.

Can you explain this; was the man we saw an astral body or a ghost? For flesh and blood could not have melted away, as that man melted, in the minute between our exit from the railway carriage and our last look into it.

Richmond, July 6th, 1890.

AN INQUIRER.

GIRLS HYPNOTISED.

This comes to us from the *Banner of Light*, which has a good deal more to say in reasoning on the matter. The facts are the really important point.

Under the above heading, with several additional headlines, a recent number of the Boston *Daily Record* prints the following:—

AUBUNDALE, June 10th.—There is a system of instruction in vogue at Lasell Seminary which is believed to have produced nervous prostration in two well-known instances [i.e., two members of the class, living in Newton]. It is known as the art of mind-concentration, and during the year just drawing to a close this department has been conducted by Miss Annie Call, to a class of about 120 young women. Miss Call believes the system one of great advantage to her students, teaching them entire and full submission to the will, and placing them in such positions that they may entirely relax their nervous systems, and gradually learn to economise their new force. The catalogue of the seminary thus describes the new department, which, by-the-way, has never been introduced elsewhere in this country in an institution of learning:—

NERVE-TRAINING.

We have introduced a systematic training in the use of the mind in itself, as well as in its guidance of the body, and the results should bring young women to a better nervous balance, and so prepare them to meet life out of school with strong nerves, thoroughly controlled according to natural laws.

The two girls from Newton, referred to by the *Record*, were reported by their family physician to be "thoroughly hypnotised or mesmerised, and in a serious condition," and are now, it is stated, only in a convalescent state after a six months' illness.

In explaining the system of instruction Miss Call says:—

I work to obtain a perfectly quiet mind, and then to get that mind well centred or focussed by its owner at pleasure; and to secure a better direction of the mental faculty. We aim first to secure a perfectly passive body, and then to be able to use any muscle or nerves necessary, whether we are to play the piano, sing, or sustain a part in an act on the stage. In this way the body is left more perfect for natural expression in any form. In pursuing the study the first thing we secure is the power of mind-concentration pure and simple, and the second is to acquire the power to act independently in thought.

The system under discussion, as explained by Miss Call—who is reported to be a cultured lady of much experience and varied erudition—deals with the method of breathing by the subject, also the separate use of the muscles in various parts of the body, independently of the other—the mind being centred upon the one thing being done at the time.

Miss Call evidently does not consider the system itself to be primarily chargeable with the affliction of the two invalids specified.

The *Banner* considers this system to be akin to statulience as expounded to Dr. Fahnestock and continues:—

In a late number of the *Boston Globe* the same affair is discussed in an article which states that President Bragdon of Lasell Seminary was interviewed by a reporter from that paper upon the story that hypnotism was in the instruction given to pupils under his care.

He said that the statement published in a Boston paper to the effect that the two Newton girls were prostrated as a consequence of the instruction conducted by Miss Call, the elocution specialist, was untrue. The faculty could not admit that the illness of the two girls, serious and deplorable as it certainly was, was in any way due to the methods in use in the class.

"Even if Miss Call's instruction could be reasonably said to be the cause," said Dr. Bragdon, "it would not be remarkable that a system, which in hundreds of cases produces benefit, should here and there in one or two cases meet with subjects whose condition of body made unforeseen danger. Many such cases are met with in gymnastics and military drill, but nothing is ever said about it.

"Miss Call simply uses the first part of the Delsarte system, as it is used in hundreds of institutions all over the world. Delsarte's name for this particular process was 'devitalisation,' I believe, but Miss Call prefers to call it 'mind-concentration' or 'relaxation.'

"I understand this practice is necessary to get out of the habit of involuntary muscular rigidity, such as accompanies great pain or excitement, and interferes with natural and graceful action in the untrained.

"It is not true that the attendance on these classes was required until these cases of illness were made public. Before that happened, as well as at present, this instruction was free to all pupils, and all were expected to take it, but no compulsion was used."

As a help to nervous organisations in overcoming that condition of tension and excitation in the system which leads to neurasthenia and its evils, the power of "mind-concentration" may well be cultivated and employed. This, if properly directed, might be made of great use by all who desire the mind to regulate and control the body; and intelligent persons will seek to

acquire such a habit by personal thought and study. But this is very different from the indiscriminate employment of mesmeric power or hypnotic control over other minds than our own. Many individuals are endowed with a quality of positive will-force which enables them to obtain control over other lives. Accident or experiment may acquaint these positively vitalised persons with the power they possess; but ignorant of the laws of psychology, and not knowing how to intelligently direct, hold or withdraw their mental force as the case may demand, such natures may become very dangerous among sensitive persons who come under their influence.

WHO IS THE GREATEST GENIUS OF OUR AGE?

MR. KEELY.—BY MRS. BLOOMFIELD-MOORE.

Under the title of "Keely's Contributions to Science" in *Lippincott*, Mrs. Bloomfield-Moore describes the evidence which in her opinion entitles Mr. Keely, of Keely's Motor, to rank as the greatest genius of our age. Keely, she says, has penetrated into the Temple of Truth and raised the veil of the goddess. Mr. Keely, in the opinion of Madame Blavatsky, has discovered Vril, the mysterious force of the universe to which Lord Lytton drew attention in his *Coming Race*. Mrs. Bloomfield-Moore contents herself with calling it an unknown force. Keely calls it sympathetic negative attraction. It is the governing medium of the universe, and he has been partially able to control it. Mrs. Bloomfield-Moore says:—

"Mr. Keely has determined and written out a system of the vibratory conditions governing the aggregation of all molecular masses, as to their relation sympathetically one to the other, stating the conditions to be brought about in order to induce antagonism or repellant action, disintegration, &c.; but he has not yet been able to control the operation of his disintegrator so as to use it with safety to the operator, for mining purposes, &c.

"He has proved by demonstration that the subdivision of matter under different orders of progressive vibration evolves by such subdivision entirely new and distinct elements, too manifold to enumerate. He has systematised the proper vibratory chords, progressively, from the introductory molecular to the inter-etheric, embracing seven distinct orders of triple subdivision.

"Keely has discovered that all sympathetic streams, cerebellic, gravital, magnetic, and electric, are composed of triple flows; this fact governing all the terrestrial and celestial orders of positive and negative radiation.

"Keely has discovered and was the first to demonstrate that electricity has never been handled; that it is in principle as material as is water; that it is not merely a force or a form of energy—that it is matter; and that what we call electricity, and have diverted for commercial use in electric lighting, is but one of the triune currents, harmonic, enharmonic, and diaphonic, which are united in pure electricity.

"These same researches have enabled Keely to pronounce definitely as to the nature of what is recognised as gravity, an ever-existing; eternal force, co-existent with the compound etheric, or high luminous, entering into all forms of aggregated matter at their birth; as Epicurus asserted—whom Newton scoffed at for entertaining such an idea.

"Keely has constructed instruments by which he is endeavouring to determine the nature of the triune action of the polar terrestrial stream, or envelope, as regards its vibratory philosophy.

"He has discovered that the range of molecular motion in all quiescent masses is equal to one-third of their diameters, and that all extended range is induced by sound-force, set at chords of the thirds which are antagonistic to the combined chords of the mass of the neutral centres that they represent.

"He has broken joints of his fingers and thumbs, he has broken his ribs, he has had his left eye paralysed for weeks, he has lost the sight of one eye for months, in his hand-to-hand fight with the geni that he has encountered, and cannot completely subdue until he has effected the condition of polarisation which is necessary for the control of rotation and reversions in his commercial engine.

"Not the least among the ultimate blessings to our race which Keely's discovery foreshadows is the deeper insight that it will bestow into the healing power of the finer forces of nature, embracing cures of brain and nerve-disorders that are now classed with incurable diseases."—*The Review of Reviews*.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
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ADELPHI, W.C.

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Light:

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

SATURDAY, JULY 26th, 1890.

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

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

REFORMATION AND SPIRITUALISATION.

"The Broad Church; or, What's Coming."—REV. H. R. HAWES in *Contemporary Review*.

"Can the Church be Reformed?"—MR. A. P. SINNETT in *Lucifer*.

"The Passion Play at Oberammergau."—W. T. STEAD.

These three disquisitions present a problem of the age from the point of view of a clergyman of the Established Church, a Nonconformist, and a Theosophist. The Church has lost its power, says Mr. Hawes, intelligent men refuse to attend Church because intelligent men refuse to occupy the pulpit. On every creed and dogma of the Church, Catholic and Protestant alike, may be inscribed, "It was true: it is true: it is true no longer." That is, when formulated it was the nearest approach to truth then attainable: it contains essential truth: but that truth needs to be restated in terms of modern thought.

"This is the story that transformed the world, and will yet transform it," cries the Nonconformist in his enthusiasm over the dramatised story of the Passion at Oberammergau. Creeds may perish. Truth crystallised into dogmas may incur contempt by our very familiarity with the terms of them. Man's crude additions to the eternal verities may shock a more spiritual age by their coarse materiality. Nay, the whole fabric of that organisation, the tottering superstructure which the presumptuous ignorance of ages past has reared on the Divine story, may fall with deafening crash. But the story that transformed the world will live, and will once more transform it, till Christ's Kingdom come. "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean."

To this writer the story of the Passion is real in another than a Catholic sense. As presented in the Passion Play it is "merely a passing episode in the unceasing martyrdom of man." It shows, not the Divine, but the human aspect of the life of Jesus, the Galilean; it compels us to see Him without the aureole of Divinity, as He appeared to those who knew Him in His everyday life, a man amongst men. This is one aspect: the personal record of a human life. But the Christ-idea is different. It is being perpetually retold, the Christ is being constantly re-incarnated in the history of all succeeding times, since in the person of Jesus of Nazareth He was manifested on this earth. The Messiah comes re-incarnate in the great causes of Justice, Freedom, and Humanity, whenever and wher-

ever the great cause of Progress is advanced. He is crucified afresh as each step is won in obloquy, scorn, and blood. He rises afresh and ascends to His Heavenly home as the weak and helpless, the poor, the suffering, the outcast, and oppressed are succoured and comforted. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me" is the benediction perpetually being pronounced on the upward toilers on the thorny path which leads to victory over some old-world abuse or modern tyranny. The story of the Passion is the story of each generation that has some worthy deed to boast of.

Can the Church be reformed? asks the Theosophist. That is, can spirituality be infused into it? Can these dry bones live? Can this material organisation, "a corrupt mass of erroneous misrepresentation, so far as the people are concerned; an association of pecuniary interests from the point of view of its priests," "recover touch with the grand Theosophic ideas which underlie its teaching"?

That which to Mr. Sinnett is connoted by the term Theosophy has, he thinks, so coloured the thought of the age for these past six or seven years that it is highly improbable that its impress will be lost. Can it leaven the Church? Can the Theosophist, and, we may add, can the Spiritualist hope that the Church "will ally itself in time with healthy currents of spiritual enlightenment, enter on a path of real internal reform, under the influence of which it will keep abreast of the great esoteric movement, and thus finally metamorphose itself into something like the pure theocratic system. . . . when priests represented the most advanced spiritual knowledge of the period, and commanded the real and sincere reverence of all other classes by standing before the people as the visible embodiment of all that was noblest and best in humanity?" Or is the exoteric presentation of a lost truth doomed to fall deeper and deeper into contempt with the wisest and best elements of a more spiritual generation, to be eventually broken up with violence, "when its incompatibility with the advance of spiritual science has become too glaring to be tolerated any longer?"

Mr. Sinnett does not disguise his strong desire "to see Theosophic progress accomplished through the agency of the Church, if that be possible, rather than by means of a religious revolution." But the reformation must be thorough, moral as well as intellectual. "The brains of the Church have been paralysed all these centuries because its conscience has been stifled." How far will the intelligence of the cultivated classes support the demand for reform? How deeply has the public conscience been stirred? These are the problems that lie upon the threshold.

And what concern have we Spiritualists with these high matters? Much every way, as we have repeatedly pointed out. Ours is not the reformation that concerns the Churchman, for the whole organisation of the Establishment might vanish like a dream and our faith would remain untouched. Nor is it that of the rather emotional pietist who idealises the story of the Gospels and reads it into contemporary history. We deal rather with facts and deductions arising out of them, though we need not allow them to intrude on holy ground. Nor is our point of view quite that of the Theosophist, albeit there is between us much community of interest. The Theosophist sets out equipped with a scheme of Universal Brotherhood; he claims for Theosophy that it is the synthesis of all religions, and his face is turned eastward for illumination. Against such aims only foolish or wicked folk would protest, but they are not quite ours.

We look upon the Church as an organisation, the human element in which is materially strong, while the Divine element is proportionally weak. The truth is there, but the candle shines dimly through the earthen vessel that contains and obscures it. The spirituality of the Churches—including within that term all forms of professed religion

—is at a low ebb. Men have “quenched the Spirit,” adhering to the letter that killeth and neglecting the Spirit that giveth life. Blue mould has crept over these organisations; the fungus growth of decay and coming death is enveloping them. Science is active, the science of Materialism. Theology is corrupt and effete; religion, where it exists, is independent of faith. The age is one that has been educated in material methods. Can it have the proof it craves of immortal life? That is the great question. The answer must be, No, not in the way that it now demands it. But that which *can* be given as a contribution to the evidence of life beyond the grave must come from the accumulated testimony that we alone can furnish; the barriers of Materialism, the presumptions of science, long divested of spiritual knowledge, can be broken down in no other way than by the direct evidence which it has learned to regard as alone worthy of attention. Then will come the time when the weight of evidence can no longer be honestly resisted, and Spiritualism will have done its perfect work.

PHRENOLOGY.*

Mr. Coates' series of practical lectures strike us as singularly free from affectations and assumptions that too often disfigure similar productions. They are intended to give directions to the learner, and they are, as they ought to be, clear and precise. “Learn to be self-reliant, cultivate independence, observe and think for yourself, and be a servile copy of none.” Good advice not only for the phrenologist but for mankind. “Be practical rather than theoretical. . . . Avoid scanning the skies of your subject, assuming pedantic airs when you should walk with more humble assurance among your fellows. . . . Remember that you are human, liable to err . . . eliminate all feelings of personal like and dislike . . . in going through life use your eyes.” . . . Excellent. If the young phrenologist follows Mr. Coates' advice he will have learnt much more than the practice of phrenology.

It seems that the average size of the head of an adult British male is 22 inches in circumference, with length and coronal height of 14½ inches; 24 inches is very large; 20 inches, small; 18 inches, indicative of defective power. We have no space to deal with Mr. Coates' hints on health, which are sound and judicious. The answers to questions that form the material for the fifth lecture are very useful and clear.

The *Phrenological Journal* is an American monthly magazine, published simultaneously in London. It contains much on the Science of Health: a sketch of the character of George Combe: a paper on “Some Vagaries of Mesmerists,” which contains some plain truth: and a variety of interesting notes. The leading article criticises Mr. W. L. Courtenay's “Can there be a Science of Character?”

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

On Thursday, July 3rd, the headquarters of the Blavatsky Lodge of the Theosophical Society were opened at 19, Avenue-road, N.W. Annie Besant in the chair, H. P. Blavatsky by her side, ensured adequate power on the platform. In the room every inch of standing room was occupied. Mr. Sinnett spoke cordially and, as he always does, well. He was received with enthusiasm. Various foreign delegates then gave account of their districts, and Mr. Keightley recounted his American experiences. Mrs. Besant wound up a successful meeting by an effective and pointed address. Madame Blavatsky, finding that mundane curiosity interferes with Theosophical work, is visible only on Monday and Friday evenings. Mrs. Gordon is anxious to inform the inquiring mind by the distribution of leaflets, as our advertising columns show. And “Diagnoses and Palliatives,” by H. P. B., in the July *Lucifer*, is eminently worth reading. Some may agree, in which case it will do them little good, except for a warm sense of approbation. Some may disagree, in which case they will find material for thought, for which they will be either the better or the worse.

* *How to Read Heads: Practical Phrenology.* By JAMES COATES. *The Phrenological Journal.* L. N. FOWLER.

A FAILURE.

[AN ALLEGORY.]

A Child of the Universe, during its pilgriming from Eternity to the Eternal, once found itself for a space of time on Earth. Here it wandered awhile, ever increasing in consciousness of its own Being, gathering many experiences, and seeking to find the Happiness that Faith's faint but never-dying whisper told was to be found and possessed by all who had learnt how to seek it aright. For many years the Pilgrim wandered o'er our plains, noticing, though without full satisfaction, the many wondrous forms that sprang from earth, air, and water, still often admiring the exquisite fitness of every production, and its exact accordance with all its environments. Yet the Child ever fared further afield, looking for something to love; for he was set upon achieving Happiness; yet he knew not the agony which all who would learn the meaning of Love must endure.

One calm, warm, peaceful morning, following many dark days of storm and gloom—the Rage and Despair of Nature—the little Pilgrim stopped, wonder-stricken, before a beautiful flower blossoming in the midst of the stony, sterile path along which he was journeying. It was a Red Rose—nothing more nor less. But the Child had never before seen such a flower, and to him it was the only Red Rose in the whole Universe. It had been growing, shooting up, and making branches and leaves during the preceding storms and glooms. And in the succeeding silence and calm it was now beginning to unfold, concealing more beauties of form and hue than it disclosed, filling the surrounding space with rich and rare fragrance, exhaling an atmosphere of gladness all around, so that older and more experienced pilgrims might well have been fascinated. As for the Child, he halted, and said, “This is the destined object of my Love. I will rest here, for now, surely, all my weary pilgrimings are done. Here will I live and love, with my Red Rose that I have found, for ever and for aye.”

So the Child rested awhile; and for a space slumbered, and dreamed that he had found and taken into his own keeping his long sought for Happiness.

But when he awoke he was no longer alone. By his side was a Form, shadowy, vague, indistinct. At first the Child hardly noticed its presence; but little by little the Form commanded the Child's attention and notice, so that he began to question it, and to inquire who and what it was, and its purpose and business.

And the Form, often changing in appearance, yet never quite distinct, answered variously with its varying aspects; at one time asserting that its name was “Fate,” at another time “The Will of God”; then it declared itself to be “Blind Chance.” But the Child feared it not, save when it took its most ghastly shape, and hissed that it was a Dweller on the Threshold; yet was he not overmuch troubled, for he was of stout heart, and filled with the love of his Red Rose.

Anon he began to converse with the Form and to confide to it how he had determined to live for ever and for aye in that region with his Red Rose that he had found, and which he loved so. Then the Form grew gigantic in stature and became overwhelming in its might; and in terror-rousing tones it proclaimed its right name to be Karma. And it showed the Child how that on these plains its power is such that all must obey its behests to the uttermost, or be crushed and ground to pieces; and that only the inhabitants of heights inaccessible to the Child could bend its course to their Will. Further, it said that it had ordained that so soon as the Red Rose was fully unfolded, and was perfect in its beauty and fragrance, another Child than our Pilgrim should pluck and possess it.

Then the Child wept. For he knew that after the Rose was plucked it would die; and he entreated the Form if by any means he might work and suffer, only so that he might live in the presence of his unplucked Rose for ever.

But the Form was inflexible, and said that another must enjoy the full perfection of the flower.

Then the Child wept more bitterly.

At length, wearied with the little Pilgrim's weeping, the Form vouchsafed this further information: “When that other Child shall have plucked your Red Rose, and shall have been satisfied to the full with contemplation of its beauty, and shall have drained it of all its fragrance, which is its love; and when the blossom is wholly dead, its hues faded away for ever, its scent absorbed by its surfeited possessor—so that nothing whatever but lifeless, loveless, formless matter remains in its decay-

ing and crumbling leaves, you shall have its worthless remains to remind you of the past."

Then the Child wept no longer ; for his heart brake ; and he died.

And of his Soul was made one of the Angels of the Prince of Darkness.

SIGURD.

GOOD ADVICE TO MEDIUMS.

By DR. G. VON LANGSDORFF.

FROM *Neue Spiritualistische Blätter*.

TRANSLATED BY "V."

We meet with earnest warnings to mediums in Spiritualist journals oftener than ever, and as I sometimes receive the same at my private sésances it would seem as though we obtained inspiration from the other world to impress upon us the earnestness of spiritual communications.

We Spiritualists by conviction have long passed the preliminary stage of seeking for proofs of the possibility of communion with spirits, and now what we have to do is to make good use of what we have learnt. It is unfortunate that the greater number of sésances, private as well as public, should be held principally for the purpose of entertainment, people going to them as they would do to a concert, theatre, or any other amusement. They should consider that mediumship, like everything else, may be abused, especially when the love of gain or selfishness is present. It should not be forgotten that the medium is controlled by a power acting from outside himself, and though in his normal condition he may be a perfectly honest man, if he is exposed to evil influences he may appear to be bad, dishonourable, or even a cheat.

We have gradually found out that the same medium, who at one time will utter words of the highest wisdom and sublimity, give, as a test medium, the most convincing proofs, or as one for materialisation the most remarkable manifestations, and at another will produce nothing but what is commonplace, unsatisfactory, or even false. What is the reason of this ?

The sitters leave the circle with different opinions of the matter. Some think hardly of the medium, others ascribe the failure to want of power on his part, while there may be a sceptic present who has taken part in such a sésance for the first time, and who will probably the following day write to the papers exposing the fraud, as he thinks it. It occurs to no one that the fault lies less in the medium or in the controlling force than in the members of the circle themselves. We ought to remember that the whole proceeding is a psychical one, and that the soul of the medium must be influenced by the spiritual emanations from his surroundings.

If the emanations come from such as are really seeking for enlightenment, or longing for comfort respecting some departed friend, or in some great and sudden bereavement, such a state of mind will naturally attract the spirits of dear ones and the results will always be satisfactory. But it is quite otherwise, even with the same medium, if among the sitters are found one or more who are actuated solely by curiosity or the wish for amusement in having a sésance with a renowned medium ; or if among the curious there is one who has come to the sésance with the firm intention of discovering imposture.

If these psychical laws are understood upon whom then does the onus of good or bad results at a sésance rest but upon the thoughtless public themselves ?

It is, therefore, most necessary for mediums, as well as for those who visit them or employ them at their own residences, to know these spiritual laws and to recognise the fact that in the vicinity of the earth are many earth-bound spirits, as well as that mediums are to be compared with modern "hypnotised subjects." A person who has been only once hypnotised is very easily hypnotised again, and so mediums are not only easily controlled by any spirit—good or bad—but especially by those by whom they are surrounded.

This is frequently the case when a medium has formerly been intimately connected with his present foe, and with those mediums whose mediumship does not make them better men, or those who, as frequently happens, disdain to read about Spiritualistic matters, thinking they know all about spiritual laws and have nothing more to learn. Such self-conceit and egotism generally is bitterly punished.

Instances of mischievous control frequently occur when mediums mix with persons who know nothing whatever of

Spiritualism but the name. The medium's protecting spirits thus feel themselves repelled and are inclined to leave him to himself in order that he may learn by experience.

At one of our recent sittings I asked, "Why are not certain mediums warned by their guardians (*Schutzgeistern*) to avoid false methods?" The very sensible answer was: "Just as everyone has to work out his own salvation so we are not permitted to influence the will of the medium. Do you think it would be to his advantage if we were perpetually at hand to remove every stone from his path?" But it is otherwise when mediums who are fully convinced turn to us to show them the way to greater perfection ; then, indeed, it is our duty to assist such earnest seekers ; but few mediums do this. People of to-day are far too much fettered by earthly desires ; but this will not always be the case, and with coming years knowledge will increase. Eventually man will find out that his mistakes were necessary in order to elicit earnest longing for the right way. Each one prepares for himself on earth his own heaven and his own hell. Does he earnestly desire Heavenly gifts, they will be granted him ; but if he looks more for earthly, selfish joys, these too he will obtain ; but he will have to bear their results and to go through a bitter process of purification.

Heed well the following maxims :—

1. The evil which exists upon earth must be overcome by good.
2. Thought is transferred from man to man just as much as it is from spirit to man.
3. Your souls must be strengthened by a species of spiritual gymnastics, and then only will they recognise that as true which appears true to the inner pure spirit.
4. All sin, disease, and death are to be regarded as heirlooms.
5. Your mystic Christ is a symbol of the highest attainable human purity. Strive after it."

O, that these teachings from the other world could be imprinted on the hearts of every man and every medium !

A GOOD MANIFESTATION.

If I may be so privileged I should like to state a very recent occurrence and ask an explanation of the facts according to natural law or spiritual manifestation, or by the powers that be.

My husband called at the house of a neighbour whom we will call Mr. H. It was about 5 p.m. when they separated, Mr. H. going into his house and my husband coming home ; but, being detained on the way, did not get home until 8.10 p.m. As I was preparing his supper, I stepped into the pantry where the light did not shine, and a voice, which both myself and husband recognised as Mr. H's., called at the dining-room window only a few feet away, saying, "M., come out here!" M. being further away in the sitting-room, I repeated the call, "M., come out here !" But on his going out it was found that no one was near.

The next morning a brother-in-law of Mr. H. called and told us that Mr. H. had suddenly died between five and six o'clock the evening before. There is no doubt in our minds as to the reality of the spirit voice ; but according to all explanations which I have seen, such occurrences should generally occur at the moment of dissolution, or when in the death struggle the mind reaches out toward some dear absent one. Now it is very plain to us that under the circumstances M. would have been the very one on whom H. would have called, but it was over two hours after death. Is it possible the spirit was unconscious for that period and unaware of the change, or was it the condition of darkness on my entering the pantry which made it easier to come there ? We are only mediumistic, not developed mediums, and do not invite communication with the spirits at present, and for good reasons. Should you think best to give this an answer you will oblige.

H.

[The heading we put to this letter may be regarded as all the answer necessary for explanation, only we might add that the spirit was, if not exactly in darkness, not yet conscious of the fact that he was a spirit, but still believed himself a mortal, or one dreaming. Otherwise it is a spiritual manifestation of common occurrence nowadays.]—*The Better Way*.

Good character largely depends upon the constant repetition of good actions until they become habitual ; and whatever innocent means are necessary to secure this should be used. The best should have the preference if they can be made effective ; but it is useless to press unavailable motives to which there is no response in the heart of the one to be influenced.

MORE NOTES BY "EDINA."

SPIRIT IDENTITY AND CLAIRVOYANCE.

At the first sitting we had with Mr. A. Duguid in October last he described to us with marvellous fidelity the appearance and personal characteristics of A—K—, a friend of thirty years' standing, lately deceased in Glasgow, at whose funeral I had been present a few days previously. He stated that this friend appeared to be much troubled regarding his money matters, which I took to mean as to how he had left his affairs. At that early period of my inquiries into the phenomena of Spiritualism it did not occur to me to open up communication by means of the table. This came later on, at Mr. Duguid's second visit, when he informed me that my deceased friend had been present to his "inner vision" and seemed urgent to speak with him during a great part of his walk home from my house. To my great surprise a couple of days after our first séance I had received a letter from a firm of solicitors in the West of Scotland, asking my aid in obtaining payment of the life policy of my deceased friend, which, owing to the want of proof of age, could not be easily got, and also inviting my aid and counsel as to certain of his investments of which I had some special knowledge from holding the same stocks. I had some little trouble in the matter and a good deal of correspondence; but in the end everything came right, although owing to his last sudden and fatal illness the deceased had made no settlement.

Very soon after my deaf daughter began to "see and write," and as noticed in a former communication to "LIGHT," A.K. came to her and held up a piece of paper on which he had written his name and the fact that his widow and family were removing to Edinburgh at the May term, which was quite true.

Within the last few days this friend has again come among us, for my daughter, among a number of other interesting messages, received during the last week, wrote the following letter, which I reproduce as far as possible: "A—K—, R—-street, Glasgow. My wife removed to C—-street, Edinburgh, and she will be more comfortable there with the family. If I had known I was so near death I would have made my will properly, and my wife was very difficult to find how to get my money. Mr.—" (my name) "was kind enough to get it out for them." (Here follow several private details.) "I am writing to you in the spirit hand, and have not much to give you, so I will withdraw this note with my kind compliments to Mrs.—" (my wife), "and hope she will see her old friend" (A.K.'s wife) "at Edinburgh. A—K—." The signature is an excellent attempt to reproduce the (to me) well-known signature, but as for two years and a-half my friend was a confirmed invalid, I cannot say what it was like near the close of his life. The body of the letter is not at all like his former handwriting as I knew it in his active days some years prior to his demise.

The interesting point about this message is the part I took in arranging his money affairs, which was quite unknown to my daughter, with whom I had no communication on the subject, and the acknowledgment he makes of this in the first written message he sent to me. I have only to add that the communication was written in our house in the country, where the family now are, which explains the hope of my wife soon seeing his widow in Edinburgh. I consider this one of the most satisfactory tests of identity which has come within my cognisance in a comparatively brief experience of Spiritualism.

I add two instances of clairvoyance which struck me as very conclusive. Two Sundays ago, while we were sitting in the drawing-room, our little boy came and spoke to his deaf sister, I said, "Did you see me to-night?" The reply came, "No, I did not" (I had been at the cemetery); "but I saw you yesterday sailing up to the Forth Bridge." This was quite true, though I had not told any of them about it, for, having been down at Leith Pier in the afternoon, I took a short sail up to the bridge without landing, and did not think it necessary to mention the fact on my return, as the bulk of the family were at the Exhibition for the day, and were not in when I came home.

The second question which was put to my boy by my eldest son was: "F—, where was I to-night?" and the reply (given through my daughter) was "I saw you going up H—-street, and along Q—-street to the office." Now this was quite accurate, though none but my eldest son knew it, for he had gone to his office for five minutes on the Sunday night to get a letter lying there.

I cannot conclude this communication without expressing my great regret at the ignorance and prejudice existing in many minds on this occult subject. I have many loving messages in writing from dead friends to their sorrowing relatives on earth, but dare not deliver them. On two occasions I have attempted to do so, but the result has been profoundly humiliating to me. The fact is, spiritual phenomena require study and an "open mind," and how much both these essentials are wanting in an age of shams, money grabbing, political unrest, agnosticism, and materialism is sadly apparent by the attitude of the Press and the public to the answer which Spiritualism gives to the momentous question, "If a man die, shall he live again," an answer which has been a solace to many a sorrowful heart within the past forty years of spiritual progress.

THE CURIOUS DREAMLAND OF THE BLIND.

A number of years ago the subject of the dreams of the blind was investigated by some English physicians, who were curious to ascertain at what age a child became consciously observant of the world around, so as to remember the scenes presented to its eyes. One thousand blind persons in the various asylums and public and private institutions of Europe were examined and catechised with reference to this point, and the results carefully noted down. It was found that very few children who lost their sight before the age of five years could reproduce in their dreams any portion of the visible world about them. Before that time, no doubt, they saw, but the "sight-centre" of the brain was not sufficiently developed to enable them to recollect with accuracy the scenes they beheld. At the age of seven or eight years most of them could remember much, and when they dreamed they always dreamed of seeing. They were no longer blind. In dreamland their eyes were opened; they could see the world about them. But a most remarkable feature of their dreams was the fact that the world and people and things in it looked exactly as it did when they last saw it. For example, there was a blind pauper in a London alms house who, at the age of six, had lost his sight. His mother at that time was a golden-haired blonde of twenty-five. Forty-four years later, at the age of fifty, this unfortunate man's mother, being in the same poor house, and then an aged, infirm, and white-haired woman of sixty-nine, he dreamed of her more than once, but never as an old and wrinkled woman. He was not able to recollect ever having seen an old woman, but he dreamed of his mother exactly as she was when his eyes were last closed, as a gay young beauty of twenty-five. There is something pathetic in this arrest of time. The world might grow old and the people in it wax heavy with years, but his dream-sight was ever young. To him the world stood still, and the inhabitants he recollected were always young.

Another case was cited of a man who at the age of eleven years lost his eyes by an explosion of powder. He was the son of a soldier, and remembered his father as a slender officer in a red coat. Thirty years later, when his father was no longer slim, but a burly English country gentleman, the blind son dreamed of him, but always as a slender officer in a red coat. Another boy, who became blind of scarlet fever at the age of twelve, many years later dreamed of his brothers and sisters and youthful companions as still boys and girls, although they had all grown to old age. One of his brothers was in Parliament, another was a banker, and he occasionally dreamed of them as in these lines of life, and laughed at the drollery of seeing a boy at a banker's desk overseeing the business, and another in Parliament speaking to grey-haired men. Two of his sisters were married and had families. He dreamed of themselves and of their children, yet to him the present mothers of families were but little girls directing the actions of their grown-up children.

—Short Cuts.

THE Spiritual Science Society, 37, Ovington-square, S.W., sends us its prospectus. The president is Alan Montgomery; the secretary is C. J. J. Hanson; and the declared objects of the society are to "bring to practical use the knowledge of the spiritual sciences for the welfare of mankind generally, and, through the medical sciences in particular, to apply the spiritual sciences to the relief of diseases both mental and physical; to demonstrate and apply the higher phenomena of the mind (commonly known as "abnormal" or "occult") to the study of the fine arts, viz., sculpture, painting, literature, and music. The president is elected for life, and has a power of veto on any officer elected to work with him.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Pre-Existence.

SIR,—I did not intend to enter into any controversy on this subject, and will now only say a very few words, because Mr. Paice has quoted an argument of mine which he seems to think is inconsistent with a belief in each person's individuality originating at his birth. My argument in "Darwinism" was to show that there were peculiarities in our mental nature that could not be explained by a development through the law of "natural selection"; and the conclusion I arrived at was, that the development of man's spiritual nature was determined by other unknown laws, though its *derivation*, like that of the body, was by hereditary descent through the complex lines of diverging ancestors. I can conceive, for example, either that the human spirit has an inherent power of progression under favourable conditions, or that it is subject to influences from the spirit-world which, without destroying its individuality, greatly foster its growth and advancement. The fact, proved by Mr. Galton in his *Hereditary Genius*, and a matter of common observation to most of us, that mental and moral tendencies are often hereditary though subject to greater divergencies than physical characteristics, is, I think, a clear indication that both *originate* through the same law of ancestral derivation, though their progressive development seems to be subject to different laws. The fact of the hereditary transmission of mental and moral qualities seems to me fatal to the theory of Re-incarnation as being the general law of spiritual development.

The argument or illustration from a supposed eternal progression is not worth pursuing, since it leads to so many insoluble and even unthinkable problems. The illustration from the hyperbola does not seem to me to render the position at all more intelligible, of personal identities progressing from a past eternity to result in all the weakness and imperfection of existing human nature. I limited my argument strictly to the origin of our personal individualities or identities. If these have, for all of us, existed from eternity, then we are all uncreated independent beings—gods, in fact—and our present state of weakness, ignorance, and impotence, in relation to the universe around us, becomes still more inexplicable and contradictory.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

What do Spirits See?

SIR,—In answer to the question "What do spirits see when they visit us?" I have one or two experiences to relate. Perhaps others may know of something similar.

I had purchased a life-sized bust in white marble; it was placed on the sideboard in the dining-room. At the first séance we had in this room after the purchase of the bust, the table rapped out, "What is that bust?" Another time I placed some silver plate which had been given me, on the dining-room table, and the question was asked, "What is that?" The sitters were my cook, the medium; my daughter and myself; we sat then in the dark, supposing that was necessary. I learnt later on that it was not. One evening the table suddenly started off, knocked itself against the door, which we opened, went across the hall into the drawing-room, and close up to one of my daughters, who we learnt was to come into the séance-room. The table rushed back, so that only one could keep close to it, and she held only the tip of one finger on it. Now here comes the curious part. As soon as we entered the dining-room I closed the door; the room was then in complete darkness, the girls were making a noise, half laughing, half frightened. I was tired, and instead of going to my usual seat by the window, where the table always stood, I felt my way to an arm-chair by the fireplace; there was no fire. I heard one of the girls exclaim, "Oh! the table is going back." And in a minute it came close up to me, *tilting gently* over against me. I was surprised, because there was not the faintest ray of light, and they could not have heard me move to the fireplace, or stopped exactly where I sat.

Once, my friend, who had recently lost her husband, was sitting with us. She had received a letter of condolence from a Masonic lodge; the letter was open on the table behind us. The question was asked, "What letter is that?" I said what it was, and asked, "Can you read it?"

"Yes," was the reply, and in the silence that followed we all distinctly heard the rustle of the paper as if it had been turned over.

My medium was a very apathetic girl, did not appear to have any interest in the sittings or to be surprised at anything, but

one evening she was much startled. I sat at one end of a small oval table, she at the other end, my daughters one on each side. The table had been moving up and down very much, when suddenly Jane cried out in a fright, "Oh, my chair is pulled away." She had been jerked back from the table, chair and all. The next evening there was nothing for some time, and I remarked that I supposed there was "no power," when we heard a dull, pushing sound on the carpet, and when we lighted up my heavy davenport had been pushed out six inches from the wall. A short time after this we sat in the light, and instead of messages through the table tilting my daughter began to speak, at first always in a language unknown to any of us, though I recognised some Spanish words. Two years after this, when I heard my little boy (as I believe) at Mrs. Billings' séance, he told me that "the man who spoke through Edie used a curious language." I asked what it was, and he replied, "It is a sort of compound language; he used to live in South America." I wrote down many of the words. I remember that she called her hair "moss." When she spoke English her messages were always truthful, and contained much that she could not have known. If ever I have the pleasure of seeing you I should like to tell you how she acquainted us with things relating to the family which we afterwards found to be correct. I am sorry to say that I have no mediums, practically, now. Two daughters are married who are both mediums, and two who are with me, though both are sensitives, one speaking Italian at a séance though she does not know a word of the language, and the other both hearing and speaking, never use their powers. I thought it better for them not to do so, one is not strong, and the other, the little Italian, would be too easily impressed, so she is half afraid.

W. GLANVILLE.

A Conversation.

SIR,—I had this pleasure a few days ago, and feel—I do not know why—desirous of again addressing you, in order to lay before your readers a conversation that I had last year with one of our eminent Italian philosophers—Professor—, Senator of the realm.

We met at the barber's shop and as we are friends of long standing we chatted about sundry matters, when all at once, observing that I held a Spiritualist book in my hand, he, without minding the presence of several other persons unknown to us, addressed me as follows: "How can you, Sebastian, intelligent as you are" (I am obliged to quote his words) "lower yourself in the estimation of your friends by giving your time to such foolery as Spiritualism? Are you not aware that as far back as history reaches man has always been hankering after what we call transcendental, and the result has ever been a *handful of flies*?" ("un pugno di mosche," an Italian expression meaning trash). To which I very calmly but with a slight sneer retorted: "Pray, have you ever been present at a *séance*?" and he: "Just fancy if I could stoop to anything like it!" "Then," I continued "have you read anything that might give you a just idea of our investigations?" "All bosh! How can you ask such a question? of course not!" "Well then," I rejoined, how can you, my dear fellow, have the pretension, without the least knowledge of what you cry out against, to dictate to me who, after having seriously considered the matter for the last twenty years, make no mystery of my most sincere devotion to a science that will yet spread over the world, bearing *glad tidings* and such indeed as will change the destiny of man on this planet? Go to and learn, and when you have done so, then and then alone shall I be willing to enter into a discussion with you on the subject—but with you now, who bluntly confess yourself entirely ignorant of the matter, I cannot stoop to argue. No teacher can condescend to discuss a problem with a perfect tyro!"

He did not answer, but seemingly absorbed in thought left the shop without even wishing me good-bye. After a few minutes, however, he again made his appearance, and after pressing my hand he whispered in my ear: "I spoke as we all must—and could not otherwise; yet I cannot help telling you privately that my innermost desire would be to draw near to you." "Well then," I answered, "I, as a friend, will frankly tell you that you would do very wrong. I am a bird of the forest and my movements are free—but you are in a cage and cannot imitate my example without forfeiting your position. Listen! you have through your talented publications amassed riches. Now your colleagues have not had the same knack of availing themselves of their knowledge to gather pelf, and they naturally feel envious and jealous, and if they could but have the slightest notion that you wish to follow on my track, they would without

pity cover you with such an amount of ridicule that you would be forced to fly Florence and Italy and go and seek for shelter in the backwoods of Australia!" "Yet," I added, "fear not, for there are plenty of us in the breach, and we feel perfectly sure of our eventual triumph—and then *when the soup will be on the table* (*"quando la minestra sarà in tavola,"* another Italian figurative expression)" and the world will be ready to taste it, then shall we have the honour of inviting you to sit down with us and partake of it. But till then go your own way as you have done until now."

He pressed my hand with a grateful smile, and said: "*Thank you, I understand.*" and then again left the barber's shop; and I felt conscious that I had rendered him a service, as matters stand to this day. Our ideas are sweeping on, however, and I hold that in a shorter time than we are perhaps aware of, it will be no longer a *capital sin* to be a Spiritualist, and people will look up to us for our unswerving devotedness to the as yet unpopular, but nevertheless the grandest cause in the world's history!

Florence, July 18th, 1890.

SEBASTIANO FENZI.

Mediums and Mediumship.

SIR,—Having noticed in "*LIGHT*" the assertion that spirit communications often contain a mixture of the true and false, for which no satisfactory explanation can be given, I offer some suggestions partly based on personal experience.

Esteeming mediumship to be one of God's best gifts, I cannot believe that such bewildering and destructive mystifications can come from a really good or superior spirit. If imposture be allowed, it is to teach the necessity of rigidly analysing all we receive, and distinguishing truth from imposture.

No doubt most mediums will have observed with myself, that in good communications the writing is rapid and unhesitating, but that frequently both the character and execution suddenly change; indeed, so marked is the interruption and the accompanying confused and often disagreeable sensations, that one is more or less conscious of the substitution effected.

These interruptions may occasionally be allowed as a necessary discipline for our development and exercise of judgment, but probably are more frequently due to the absence of necessary conditions in the medium, thus giving access to bad, cunning, or malicious intruders ("the gates are ajar and a motley crowd rushes in"). At all events, I cannot conceive that a simultaneous expression of good and bad, true and false, can proceed from any superior intelligence.

It should be remembered that a medium's mentality is often a complete chaos, yet we expect, without the necessary conditions or even the necessary preparation, to enter into communion with beings between whom and ourselves there exists at the moment neither psychical nor moral affinity.

How few comprehend the gravity and importance of the faculty, how few understand that a medium is a harp whose chords may be gently touched by the angels, or rudely struck by the most degraded of invisible humanity!

The many causes that render a medium an easy victim to a species of obsession have been most ably treated by "M.A. (Oxon.)," and require no comments of mine. I will only assert that if any medium, hot from a recent angry and uncharitable discussion, or under the influence of other disturbing causes, tries to obtain a superior communication, he will certainly be disappointed, but if, on the contrary, he is in the state of bodily and mental tranquillity which gives the peace of mind that passeth all understanding, how different, how safely may the result be predicted.

For all, therefore, who employ this noble faculty, a proper preparation, an earnest and profound consciousness of the act, is indispensable, and the results obtained by the curious or merely scientific medium cannot merit much permanent confidence.

The faculty may exist independent of moral condition, but the effects produced, the quality of the co-operators, certainly depend on the moral and intellectual condition of the medium, combined with the necessary flexibility and passiveness.

It is of the first importance that all communications be rigorously analysed, and those that will not stand the test of logic and reason rejected. But no small amount of common-sense is sometimes required to detect the artful snares of those who, clever and unscrupulous on earth, still remain so. The vulgar impostor may be easily detected, but the intelligent knave who speaks in elevated, or high-sounding language and artfully flatters the personal ideas of the medium, is, indeed, to be dreaded.

Allan Kardec thus sums up some of the indications by which to judge spirit communications. "The language of the superior spirits is always dignified, noble, and logical, exempt from contradictions, respires wisdom, benevolence, modesty, and the purest morality, is concise, and without unnecessary repetitions. The inferior, ignorant or vain spirits, on the contrary, endeavour to compensate the emptiness of ideas by abundance of words. All theories evidently false, maxims contrary to sound morality, ridiculous counsels, vulgar, trivial, or simply frivolous expressions, in short, all signs of malice, presumption, or arrogance, are incontestable evidence of inferiority."

Unless the medium becomes *fascinated*, and refuses to accept the judgment of others, the precautions mentioned will probably be sufficient personal guarantee. When, however, communications are received containing new theories or ideas important to the general welfare of Spiritualism, the question of authenticity becomes of far greater importance, and these should never, however plausible, be accepted as law until corroborated by repetition in all directions, at home and abroad, and sanctioned by the judgment of the majority.

The exceptional force of our doctrine can only be retained and concentrated by this careful elaboration of all fundamental theories, which should be put to the vote with scrupulous attention to the quality of the voters at the *other end of the line*; for it is as unwise to blindly accept all that comes from the invisible world as to credit all presented by the wiseacres in this. Better reject a dozen truths than accept one Utopia, for the truths will be repeated, but the deception may cause incalculable mischief.

Were these simple precautions adopted, probably fewer bewildering chimeras would be exposed to the scoffs of our adversaries, or distract the earnest inquirer.

The *form* of the language employed appears to be of secondary importance. If an identical communication be received by an ignorant and an intelligent medium, it is evident that though the ideas expressed are the same, the rendering of them must be very different and in accordance with the respective mental capacity of each, just as the effect of a musical composition varies in accordance with the perfection of the instrument on which it is executed.

Rio de Janeiro.

EXCELSIOR.

June 14th, 1890.

Sounds like the Chirping of Birds in the Presence of Mr. D. D. Home.

SIR,—I shall be very greatly obliged if any of your readers will favour me with a minute description of sounds like the chirping of birds so often heard in Mr. Home's presence; and also state how they have been explained or accounted for, by Mr. Home himself or by others speaking on his authority. I heard them once only, when I passed a night on a couch in his room, observing what took place during his sleeping and waking hours; and I was not able to give undivided attention to the chirpings. The next day I asked Mr. Home about those sounds, but I am sorry to say I cannot recall his answer distinctly.

Abbotsbury, Dorsetshire.

J. HAWKINS SIMPSON.

"Looking Backward."

SIR,—Touching Mr. T. L. Henly's letter in your issue of the 19th inst., allow me to say that according to medical statistics, cancer is *at least* as prevalent among the rich as among the poor. Some recently published statistics show that there are more cases in St. John's Wood than in a corresponding area at the East End.

The origin of cancer is perhaps to be found in unsuitable (not necessarily *poor*) diet, for the disease prevails more in some localities than in others.

S. S.

Books for Sale.

SIR,—The widow of the late C. W. Allwood (an ardent pioneer of Spiritualism), being in want of pecuniary assistance, wishes to dispose of the undermentioned works. Would you kindly allow me, through "*LIGHT*," to inquire if any of your readers would aid her by purchasing either or all of them?—

Two Vols. of *Spiritualism*: By JUDGE EDMONDS and GEORGE J. DEXTER. *Scars of the Ages*: By J. M. PREBLES. *Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism*: By N.B. WOLFE. *ENNEMOSER'S History of Magic*: By HOWITT. *The Alpha*: By EDWARD N. DENNIS. *MUDGE'S Lectures. The Constitution of Man*: By GEORGE COMBE. *The Spirit Land. Narrative*: By W. M. WILKINSON.

15, Somerleyton-road, Brixton, S.W.

GEO. HANNE.

CHERISH your best hopes as a faith, and by them abide in action.

SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions.]

HANOVER ROOMS, 7, ARGYLL-STREET, REGENT-STREET, W.—Lecture for Sunday next, at 7.15, "Connop Thirlwall: a Broad Church Bishop on Supernaturalism," by Rev. Dr. Davies, M.A. Choral evensong. All seats free.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—On Sunday last Mr. Chadwick gave a powerful and eloquent address on "The Evidences of Immortality." Next Sunday, Mr. Darby. Séances every Thursday at 8 p.m.—GEORGE E. GUNN, Hon. Sec.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH, 14, ORCHARD-ROAD.—On Sunday last, Mr. Mason gave a short address. Mrs. Mason's controls took subjects from the audience. Saturday, July 26th, Mr. Vango; Sunday, 27th, Mr. A. M. Rodger; Tuesday, 29th, Mr. Hagon.—J. H. BANGS.

193, HITHER GREEN-LANE, LEWISHAM, S.E.—A meeting of friends interested in the subject of Spiritualism will be held at the above address on Sunday next, at 3 p.m., when an address will be delivered by Mr. Veitch. Friends and inquirers residing in the neighbourhood are cordially invited.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday morning last, Mr. Leach spoke upon the "Celestial Woman," showing that from the doctrine of correspondences it applied to principles of humanity. Evening, the President, Mr. Audy, and Mr. Leach spoke. Sunday, July 27th, 11 a.m., Mr. F. C. Klein; evening at 7 p.m.—J. VEITCH, Sec., 19, The Crescent, Southampton-street, Camberwell, S.E.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, CHEPSTOW HALL, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday last, Mr. R. J. Lees delivered two impressive discourses dealing with the Spiritual philosophy of which he is such an able exponent. On Sunday next Mr. J. Dale and Mr. R. J. Lees. Wednesday (at 30, Fenham-road), an open circle for inquirers at 8.15 p.m. Friday, healing by Mr. Lees at 7.30 p.m.; and for members only on Saturday with the Secretary.—W. E. LONG, 36, Kemerton-road, S.E.

CARDIFF PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—On Sunday last a powerful discourse was delivered by Mr. Victor Wyldes, based upon the text, "In My Father's House are many mansions." In the evening he delivered an eloquent address to a large and appreciative audience upon "Ancient and Modern Occultism, Theosophy, and Spiritualism." In the course of the address, which was characterised by a spirit of the broadest charity, the development of psychic power through humanity was traced from the earliest ages up to the present time, the lecturer concluding with a powerful peroration. A Children's Sunday Lyceum, under the leadership of Mr. Edwin Adams, has just been formed. The prospects of the Lyceum seem to be most encouraging.

MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION, 24, HARCOURT-STREET.—Good attendance last Sunday at morning service, several being treated by Mr. Vango. Lyceum after service; marching and calisthenics, led by Mr. Collings. Mr. Wortley delivered an instructive address. Recitations by Lizzie and Hetty Mason, Maud Towns, Messrs. J. and T. C. White. Evening, address delivered by Mr. Wortley on the "Struggles of Life." Thursday, séance at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Wilkins; Saturday, séance, 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell. Sunday next Captain Pfoundes will lecture on "First Aid to the Injured in Cases of Accidents." All cordially invited, as it is proposed to form classes; members will be able to prepare for examinations in connection with the St. John Ambulance Association.

HEAVEN.

FROM *Light on the Hidden Way*.

We think that Heaven will not shut for evermore
Without a knocker left upon the door.
Lest some belated wanderer should come,
Heart-broken, asking just to be at home;
So that the Father will at last forgive,
And, looking on His face, that soul shall live.

We think there will be watchmen through the night,
Lest any, far off, turn them to the light.
But He, Who loved us into life, must be
A Father—ininitely Fatherly.
And groping for Him, all shall find their way
From outer dark, through twilight, into perfect day.

If the cause of Spiritualism ever needed bold and fearless advocates of its truths—staunch defenders of its rights and privileges as the true teachers of its sublime philosophy—then the present is that auspicious moment! The progressive nature of man is daily unfolding, and his inward cry is, "Light, more light!" A new cycle of thought is doubtless hovering over the earth sphere, and a new awakening is about to dawn upon us. Progression with sure and steady movement is treading her path, leading to her untold heights, and wisdom is being written within the tablets of the human soul!—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

RE-INCARNATION.

This spirit dwelling loosely in the instrument
Through which it functions in the world of sense,
Which of full revelation is so reticent,
Though of its presence giving evidence,

Can it be the product of one life,
Or the outcome of a short-lived strife?

Is it a gift of God, freely bestowed at once,
To favoured mortals chosen at His will?
Not so; else were the purest of pure innocence
A brand, and not a crown; its value nil.

A favourite no true man will be,
He will win his way by industry.

Yet there are those among us who have learnt to think,
While others live like beasts devoid of thought.
How is it that a few stand on the very brink
Of Spirit-life? Because they long have sought!

Knowledge is not given, it is gained.
Holiness is won, 'tis not ordained.

Re-incarnation says the soul is born again,
And yet again upon the earth, to win
Victory after victory, cleanse off each stain,
And free itself from every taint of sin.

So unconsciously all souls shall grow,
Until they at last awake, and know!

—I.J.S.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

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

The Buddhist Ray. (Santa Cruz, California.)

How to Read Heads. By JAMES COATES. (Hay Nisbet and Co., 169, Fleet-street. Price one shilling.) [A series of practical lectures on phrenology, containing much useful information.]

The Phrenological Journal and Science of Health. (Fowler and Wells, Imperial-buildings, London, E.C.; 775, Broadway, New York. One dollar and fifty cents per annum, fifteen cents per copy.)

Collection d'Ouvrages Relatifs aux Sciences Hermétiques. Cinq traités d'Alchimie des plus Grands Philosophes, Paracelse, Albert le Grand, Roger Bacon, Raymond Lulle, Arne, De Villeneuve. (Albert Poisson, Bibliothèque Chacornac, 11, Quai Saint Michel, Paris, 1890.)

The Agnostic Journal and Eclectic Review. [Contains *inter alia* the concluding portion of "Questions for Spiritualists," by J. H. Beatty; "Weak Points in Theosophy," by A. F. Tindall; and a letter from Thomas May on "Neo-Theosophy and Some Weak Points in Theosophy."]

Lucifer (July 15th). [A very good number, including amongst other articles an incisive leader by Madame H. P. Blavatsky: "Diagnoses and Palliatives"; "Can the Church be Reformed?" by A. P. Sinnett; "Modern Apostles and Pseudo-Messiahs"; "Astrology as a Science," by "Sephariel"; "Remarkable Instances of Suspended Animation," and an account of the opening of the new headquarters of the Theosophical Society, 19, Avenue-road, N.W.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

CORRESPONDENTS who are kind enough to add to our "Coincidence" column will please note that it appears only twice a month as a rule, and that their contributions may be considerably delayed, as we have much matter on the file for future use. We do our best to acknowledge all contributions, but some are missed at times. The MS. is not, therefore, rejected.

R.J.D.—Thanks. We use at convenience.

R.C.—Thanks. We use in future "Coincidences."

M.W.G.—Have written, but you give only Weymouth as address, and we have not the full one with us.

F.O.—Thanks. We put your contribution with others of same kind to be used in due course. We have a mass on hand now.

READER OF "LIGHT."—We have no acquaintance with the book you mention, and have no means of access to it, being now out of town.

S.F. (Florence).—Your contribution has been put aside for use. We have plenty of such now for next two months. We cannot possibly acknowledge all the hundreds of letters on matters concerning the Journal that reach us, and mean no discourtesy in saying so.