

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goske.

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NOTICE.

The Editor will be out of reach of postal communications for a month. He begs the consideration of his contributors and correspondents during that time. With the exception of his own personal contributions, the Journal will go on in its own orderly way. "Notes by the Way" will be replaced by a series of "Coincidences," which he hopes may be found of interest, and to which he trusts that his readers may be able to add.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

My mind has been occupied with the general dreariness of that which is called an "organ of opinion," and is professedly representative of some form of "thought," by a perusal of the *Scots Observer*. It is refreshing, this oddly named journal. Why "Scots"? But I will not quarrel about a title. The *Scots Observer*, since it pleases the responsible people so to call it, is a distinct improvement on the quality of my weekly sustenance, more nourishing and less indigestible: perhaps I may say also less offensive. There used to be the *Saturday Review*, but it is "extinct even as the fire among thorns." There is no fire left, and there are many thorns. And there is the *Spectator*—"the poor ye have always with you"—and the dribble of water, an oasis in a parched desert, provided by the *Scots Observer* is welcome. It is bright, wise, witty and not at all aggressive. In it Oscar Wilde says of "LIGHT" that it is "the organ of the English mystics." I do not like that word "organ." It recalls one of my chronic annoyances. But let that pass. There is the usual article on hypnotism, without which no review is complete. In the course of it the writer tells us that the author of the *Origin of Species* "having heard of the influence of music on plants, caused one [one what?] to play the bassoon close to some growing beans." We are not told with what effect. "A Concert of Bleat" is amusing: and to hear Ruskin called the "All-Father of Fallacies" introduces a new element into one's mental life. For the rest, not to be too precise, the *Scots Observer* is what Mark Twain called the Tower of London, "a sweet boon."

Are we not getting on? Are not the resources of civilisation far from being exhausted? For it is recorded, and with every semblance of truth, that a man may recently have been done to death in this way. He had been condemned to death on March 28th, 1889. I draw attention to that date. He was then grossly tortured and finally killed after having had that prospect—though he could not have anticipated all the attendant horrors—before him for sixteen months. I do not hesitate to say that this is a piece of shocking cruelty, quite inexcusable because there is no excuse for it. I do not think that any

man ever commits a crime of a nature for which I should say that this vindictive penalty is justifiable. And the account given of this latest triumph of civilisation is sickening. It may or may not be right to kill a man because he has (or has not) killed another man, but, assuming that we are to act on that ancient barbaric law—"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth"—at any rate let us take the equivalent respectably. If it be well to kill a man, then let him be killed speedily and not tortured. So long as that is the law of the land, I, a law-abiding man, acquiesce, but I do not agree. And the sooner I can get such scenes as that at Auburn made impossible the better I shall be pleased. I protest against this desecration of human life. I deny the right to meddle with that which the meddler has no power to replace when he has found out his mistake, and that he meddles in the name of "law"—which has my respect when it is reasonable—does not in this case enlist my sympathies. We are in the presence of something greater than "law" when we deal with human life. It is a paltry excuse to make that a man must be hanged in order to get rid of him. I never read anything more sickening, revolting, and repulsive than the account of the "scientific" execution of Kemmler by electricity. The man was a brave man as terms go. That is to say, he had been kept in suspense for a year and a half, and he met his death with serenity. We are told that he "partook of what was supposed to be his last Communion four months ago." "He was roused at 4 a.m. on the day of his execution, made a careful toilet, and ate his breakfast in view of a crowd peering through the windows of his cell." And yet we have the audacity to send out missionaries to the heathen! I do not remember reading anything which has caused me more shame than this recital. The man—bad as he may have been (and I am not his judge)—was a brave man to the last, composed in mind and well-behaved in deportment. The people who did him to death were very much the reverse. "The base of the spinal column was burnt to the bone over an area the size of a man's hand. . . . The scalp was burned through and the skull almost calcined." How can one measure the suffering of those sixteen months with their agony of anticipation, and those few hours of torture? And *cui bono*?

This nauseous story, of which I have given only an odoriferous sniff, a dainty sample, has its moral. Are we to be told that there is no spare room for criminals on this earth, and that we must, therefore, get rid of them as we do our dust? And is that the higher morality, or the lower morality, or any morality at all? Are we to accept it because it is "law"? I am of opinion that the law which sanctions such a scene as that witnessed at the execution of Kemmler should be repealed at once, improved off the face of this earth with as little delay as possible. It is a disgrace to common humanity.

And may I, being on the war-track, venture to say that there are other Shibboleths than that fiction of "law" current in people's mouths that are susceptible of improvement. We want to cultivate the faculty of looking facts

squarely in the face. Let the doctor, for instance, tell us how many lives are lost, squandered, year by year, by reason of the stupidity of mankind. Let the chemist and the analyst tell us exactly what we are consuming. But it is cruel to go on. We live in a fool's paradise, and perhaps that is our most appropriate dwelling-place. For myself, I am contracting the habit of looking with suspicion on any statement which is universally accepted. It is almost certain that it is a fallacy, or else that it is that superficial truth which even superficial thinkers distrust. Is not that in itself a superficial truth? Take politics. Half the people who govern us think that a monopoly of truth is to be found among those who sit on one side of the Speaker's chair. Take religion. The people who arrange our future state for us, and who know nothing whatever about it, are hopelessly at sea when they come to narrate any definite statements of fact. Take those men who have planned out the latest form of scientific extinction of life. They cannot agree about it or its details. They would throw scorn, with a plentiful hand, on any of us who came to them with any such record as they have given to us. We should be told, with a lofty tip tilted sneer, that science was accurate and that we were not. The priest would—well, we know what he used to do when he could. And in my heart I believe that the brand-new man of science is worse than all the priests. Heresy is the salt of thought, and, therefore, of opinion; and therefore of all creeds, churches, communities, and faiths, except, perhaps, of those that pretend to know everything.

That round pebble, worn by the attrition of the water of life, is to be distrusted. It is smooth and ineffective; once it is jagged and serviceable. The fact is that we are all too groovy. We are apt to persuade ourselves that we believe things because other people say that they believe them. Very few of us take our thoughts apieces, and see how much really is our own. On what real ground of thought or conviction, I wonder, does a man believe that the character which he has built up during his life, which is his and himself, can possibly be transformed by any magician's wand? Thinking is a troublesome process, and we all shirk it. We want to sleep or doze quietly through life, and most of us succeed in realising our wishes. But there are some who are called out and who hear the Divine Voice; they cannot avoid thinking; and they are not so often called names as might be expected. After all, we may calculate on the progressive tendency of the race—some of it; as we may on the conservative proclivities of the rest of it. Perhaps they will counterpoise each other.

It is not for one man to attempt a solution of the problems that perplex our daily life; but it is, perhaps, open to him to protest against their being added to. I cannot reasonably be asked to solve all the problems of futurity. Even a fool might decline that task. But I am within my right in asking my very variegated correspondents to think seriously what Spiritualism does and does not mean. One thing, amid much that I cannot understand, I do grasp. Spiritualism does not and cannot mean one tithe of what is charged upon it. Hercules himself, re-incarnated and reinforced (I suppose), could not bear the burden. The situation would be impossible.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

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

St. Mungo.—By "SALADIN." (W. Stewart & Co., 41, Farringdon-street, E.C.)

SUPERSTITION looks like the simple child of religion and passes unsuspected, till grown to a degree of strength it steals the reins from its mother's hands, and drives her out of the house.—JOHN SKELTON'S *Senilia*.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

By the REV. SAMUEL WATSON.

[From the *Progressive Thinker*.]

Mr. Watson is thus placed on record by himself. He is one of our oldest, most outspoken, and most respected Spiritualists, and we take pleasure in transferring to our columns a very interesting chapter of autobiography, using our right only to abbreviate so as to be within our space. We make our apologies for curtailing our friend's utterances where all are good:—

I was brought up after the strictest sect—a Methodist. My father for about forty years was a class-leader, hence I was cradled in this Church. In early life, I trust, I consecrated my heart to God and the Church. In 1836 I was received on probation in the Tennessee annual conference. My first year was spent on the Wayne circuit; my second on Franklin, Ala.; my third in Clarksville, Tenn. From this station I was sent to Memphis, in 1839, where I have been officially, in the city and vicinity, ever since. My prejudices were, perhaps, as strong as those of most persons against what was called "spirit rappings." I read everything I saw against them, and I vorily believed it to be one of the vilest humbugs from the land of "isms."

In 1854 my attention was arrested by noises, mostly like the knocking at a door in my house for admittance. They would occur during the day, heard by all the family, but mostly at night, in my bedroom. It became a source of great annoyance to me, but how to get rid of it was beyond my knowledge. A servant girl, who was born in our family, and had nursed three of our children who had died, said it was the children. She said they were with her often; that she saw them and talked to them as she did when they were living. I did not believe her, and I threatened her if she persisted in such foolish notions.

One evening I had her sit down by a small table, my wife and myself alone being present. Very soon there were raps on the back of my chair. I could feel the vibrations of the chair against my back. I was convinced that if they were made by the girl it was in a manner of which I was wholly ignorant. I was perplexed and knew not what to say or do. I resolved not to threaten to chastise her any more, or ridicule the subject as I had done. The raps continued, not only in the house, but on my person, by day and night, for months. The noise made on my shirt bosom resembled more the telegraph-machine than anything else.

It has been my custom, most of my life, to spend some portion of the evening in private devotion, meditation, and self-examination. Having read in my boyhood *Baxter's Saint's Rest*, I resolved to adopt his plan of spending the close of the day in self-examination and religious exercises. I have often, when thus retired from mortal eyes, with my door locked, felt as sensibly the presence of persons as ocular demonstration could have made them. These were not only as impressive, mentally and morally, but physically, as I ever felt the touch of mortals upon my person. This I know, as well as I can know any physical phenomenon. At first it produced some excitement and even fear; but I was soon satisfied that they were those who loved me and came to "minister" to me. It produced then the most hallowed influence upon my mind and heart, such as I never before experienced.

There was at this time much excitement on the subject of "circles" and what occurred at them in the city. I never attended any of them, nor would my self-respect permit me to be associated with what I heard occurred at them. Miss Mary, daughter of Rev. William McMahon, spent a night with us. She told us that she had never been where there was any investigation of this subject, but that when she took a pen or pencil in her hand, and sat down quietly, with paper, it would write without her agency; that she had written in fifty different hand-writings, a number of which had been compared with those by whom they professed to have been written—members of her father's and mother's family, who had long since been dead—and that they were the same chirography. After supper, while we were conversing upon the subject around the table, a rap, as loud as if struck with a hammer, was made on it. A pencil and paper were brought. I asked a number of questions mentally, and answers were given, demonstrating that whatever controlled the pencil was cognisant of what was passing through my mind. So

far as I know the answers were truthfully written. This was the first time I had thought of my mother in connection with this subject. She died when I was a child, on the eastern shore of Maryland. I have very little remembrance of her, but I was inclined to believe she guided the pencil, as it was said she did, in Mary's hand. My wife and her uncle made a similar experiment with the same results.

A great many things occurred at my house for several months. It was thus that my attention was first called to this subject.

Having been before the people in some capacity for over fifty years, the presumption is that they have some knowledge of me. To those who have no such information I would simply say that I have been a Methodist preacher thirty-six years. The Church has placed me in positions of honour and responsibility beyond my capacity to fill in a manner satisfactory to myself, yet they continued me in them until I saw proper to sever my connection.

In 1856 I was stationed at the largest Methodist Church in this city. That year I investigated Spiritualism for several months for two hours every Tuesday and Friday evening with Bishop Otey, Drs. Pittman, Taylor, and Kerr, in this city. When convinced of the truth of it beyond the possibility of a doubt, I avowed to my congregation on a Sabbath morning my belief from the pulpit. It is not faith with me, but knowledge.

I believe in this, as in most things, "truth lies between extremes." Whilst I may not be sufficiently radical to suit the views of many Spiritualists, I shall not meet with endorsement from those who adhere to creeds.

Spiritualism lifts the veil between the natural and the spiritual world, and reveals much in regard to man's future in the other life.

Man groped in utter ignorance for thousands of years in regard to any life beyond the present. Not only the ignorant pagan, but the most enlightened nations of the world, knew absolutely nothing respecting the most important subject that ever engaged the attention of man. With a cold, blank, cheerless Atheism on the one hand, and the dogmas of the Church on the other, it is most assuredly something to obtain a clear insight into the spirit-world. Modern Spiritualism, like Christianity, came into the world when it was most of all needed to enlighten the world upon this most important subject. The Church attacked Atheism because it attempted to destroy man's brightest hopes and crush out every noble aspiration of his soul. Atheism attacked the church because it laid heavy burdens on men's shoulders too grievous to be borne. An internecine war had been raging between the contending parties when Spiritualism stepped into the breach between them, crying, "Stay your hand and stop this warfare! Come and let us reason together. Atheism, you are right in endeavouring to bring to an end this undue power of ecclesiastical tyranny. And you, the Church, are right in using your utmost power to destroy the blank and cheerless prospect of annihilation." In this matter Spiritualism has done good service to mankind, though its good results are not so manifest now as they will be when the two belligerent parties can look at these questions from a Spiritualist standpoint. The way is now opened to the spirit-world to men's eyes that had been so long closed by priestly dogmas on the one hand and scepticism on the other. Spiritualism has come to bring back to man those truths that have been so long lost sight of, and to restore those primitive doctrines taught by Divinity eighteen hundred years ago.

The great question of more importance than any other of which we can conceive is: What is the great object of my creation, whither am I tending, and where is to be my eternal home? I maintain that these questions are more satisfactorily answered by Spiritualism than by any other system the world has ever known. It is furnishing a solution to the problem which has troubled mankind more than any other. It says to the desponding mourner over the loved and lost: "Come hither, *hear, see, feel, and know* that your departed friends still live, and because they live you shall live; receive the assurance that you shall live also." The riddle of the universe is read—the mystery of ages revealed. The question which has been asked thousands of times, propounded by Job, "If a man die, shall he live again?" has been answered in the affirmative. Correcting the translation, and reading it, "If a man die, shall he live on?" it is true; he lives on for ever. "There is no death"; what is so called is only a birth to a higher life. What Socrates hoped for, Jesus taught, and Paul believed, we most assuredly know. I do not wish to convey the idea that immortality was not known until the advent of Modern Spiritualism; far from it; but I do say there are classes of mind, and that number has been increasing with great

rapidity among the educated both in Europe and America, that have not been reached by the testimony which they have had of immortality. They have demanded something more tangible than they have ever found to demonstrate the fact of any existence after the present. This age is a matter of fact age. Man has asserted, and will forever maintain, his right to think for himself. The day of blind adherence to human authority has gone; the age of faith in other men's testimony is rapidly passing away, and *demonstrative knowledge* is what is demanded by the age. It demands the evidence of sense, and declares it will not be satisfied with any other. These are the strongest and most conclusive, the most overwhelming demands that can be made, and yet it is the very kind that Spiritualism proposes to meet. All this is now easily furnished by spirit manifestations.

If the teachings of Spiritualism were to be practised, its influence on society would be very salutary. It is calculated to effect great changes for the better among mankind. It enunciates the great principle taught by Jesus in his first Sermon on the Mount, when He inaugurated the principles of Christianity—that all men are brethren, and should act toward each other as such. There is a bond arising out of our common humanity and immortality of man that should bind all human kind in one close union, that should destroy discord and prevent war. No matter what zone may have given him birth, he has claims upon his brother man which cannot be ignored with impunity.

Love to God and man, the divinest principle in God's universe, is the leading characteristic of the highest forms of spirit teaching. It is the fulfilling of the whole law, as taught by Christ when establishing his system of ethics. Sectarianism, that bane of the churches, should find no place in the spirit circle. Being human, we are necessarily imperfect, and liable to err; and from this fact we should learn to look leniently on the errors of others. None of us can be infallible. Spiritualism informs us that errors in judgment pertain to those who have passed to the other side of the great river, and that consequently we must submit all we get from them to our own judgment, and practice the utmost toleration towards those who may differ with us.

Progression is enunciated more clearly through Spiritualism than in any other form of belief. Belief in eternal progress is one of its most distinguishing features. There is no standstill taught by good spirits. Growth in *knowledge, wisdom, love, and advancement*, and the elevation of soul approximating the divine, are the principles taught by it, to which the Spiritualist clings. Its philosophy never rests. Its law is progress. The point which was invisible yesterday is its goal to-day, and will be its starting point to-morrow. Whatever point may be gained in earth life will be the starting point of spirit life. In the future world progress goes on for ever, and happy are they who have made a good commencement here.

MATERIALIZATION.

This phase of Spiritualism has been one of the most difficult for us to comprehend. That spirits can appear, or seem to be as they were in natural life, is a well-established fact. The first time I ever saw any of these manifestations was about twenty years since, in this city, at the house of Mr. Baldwin, through the mediumship of Mrs. Hollis. It was about 3 p.m., seven citizens of Memphis being present. There were some twelve or fifteen persons seen by us; some of them were recognised as the relatives of those present.

When Mrs. Hollis was at my house and gave a séance in my library, the first one that appeared was my eldest son, whose portrait was in the room. He died when a child, nearly forty years since. Mollie, his mother, talked to us for some time, and said the room was not sufficiently magnetised for them to show themselves as they expected; that they intended for our first-born to show himself as a child and then show himself as he has grown up to manhood.

On another occasion several children walked out, pushing the chairs before them—one of our own, named for us, among them. He then showed himself as he has grown up in spirit life.

The most interesting part to me was the meeting and talking to my former wife. She said she wanted me to have the photographs of my present wife and myself taken, life size, and hung up in the room, as they would help magnetise it. The concluding "God bless you!" brings comfort to my heart which words have no language to express.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

Some suppose that Spiritualism commenced with the "Rochester knockings." This is an error which must be obvious to everyone who has paid any attention to this subject. Spirit-

ualism has existed in all ages, and in all nations of whom history gives any account. At the present day the hundreds of millions of population in the East are Spiritualists. All Catholicism is Spiritualist, and must be, or abandon all its saints and miracles. Protestantism alone has apostatised from the faith and experience of the universal world, and even now through Protestantism daily facts are restoring the empire of Spiritualism to its natural throne in the heart and intellect of man.

For forty-two years in the United States and thirty-seven in Europe these facts have been carefully examined by every class of society, and every class of intellect, literally from the palace to the cottage. The question has been thoroughly sifted by the keenest minds.

For the last century there has been a tendency among philosophers to ignore the universe of spirit. This Materialism has spread over our country to an alarming extent among intellectual people. A very large proportion of the conductors of the Press are Materialists.

Just at the time when the learned and philosophical of the age thought they had completely put down spiritual faith and branded it with the bugbear name of superstition, it started up again, in, to them, ridiculous manifestations. For years science considered it too ridiculous for their assumptions, and yet it has defied any explanation upon any other hypothesis than the spiritual theory. Some of those who stand at the head of the scientific world have been investigating the subject for years under the strictest test conditions at their own houses in London, and have given to the world the most astounding accounts of the return of spirits, looking and feeling as natural as they did in their earth life. These manifestations are occurring all over the country, giving as palpable proof of identity as other scientific facts of which the senses can take cognisance.

I believe that Spiritualism is destined to be a power sent by God to destroy the greatest curse of modern times—that deadly materialism which has been started by infidel philosophers, taught by the learned and scientific, suffered by the Church to damp the vitality of faith, and is now causing such broadcast misery to men of the highest talents, who find nothing in it but darkness and despair in regard to man's future destiny.

If those who ignorantly ridicule Spiritualism knew the mental poison of infidelity—if they knew the ineffable consolation, the peaceful assurance of life and immortality, which can be derived from the assured truths of Spiritualism—they would at least pause and learn practically something of it before they condemn it in their ignorance of its philosophy and its teachings. There are many persons of intellect and cultivation in our midst who hesitate not to say that if Spiritualism does not demonstrate the immortality of man, it never has been done, at least to their satisfaction. I have watched this spiritual movement with much interest from its commencement. At first I believed it to be one of the vilest of humbugs, and those who were engaged in it were instigated by the devil to deceive the people. Many of them taught that which was in direct opposition to the most sacred truth which had been instilled into me from childhood. Those who first investigated it were, to a great extent, those whose religious proclivities were adverse to Christianity. They would naturally attract to them spirits whose opinions were in harmony with theirs. Hence their teachings were, to a great extent, in opposition to the churches. As a legitimate consequence, the Church, with but few exceptions, opposed the whole movement, and when it could not deny the phenomena attributed them all to the devil. I read everything I saw on the subject, and frankly confess I partook of the same general opinion entertained by the Church. Nor do I know that I ever should have given any personal attention to it, but it forced itself unbidden and unwelcome into my family, in 1855, a synopsis of which I have given in *Clock Struck One*.

Scientific men for many years professed to look upon the subject as one far below their dignity to investigate. Materialism, born in Europe, brought up and confirmed by the tendency of scientific thought, forced away from the Church by abuses and superstitions, arises and plants itself firmly, enters the schools and universities, permeates the social fabric, and eclipses the faith. Had Spiritualism spoken first through the Church Materialists would have said: "These mediums are hallucinated; this is only a delusion, or a contrivance of the Church to impose upon the credulity of mankind." There would have been force in their objections and explanations, at least to minds predisposed to their way of thinking. But the voices came not through the Church; they did not profess friendship to the Church; nor did the Church tolerate them; their ministers were among their

most violent opposers. In fact, the antagonism between the two has been so marked that the materialistic mind has been for ever stopped from laying the "delusion" or "contrivance" at the door of the Church, and stands amazed, confused, and confounded before the inexplicable phenomena, and to one acquainted with the phenomena the mere materialistic arguments have no force whatever. All this is now matter of history and can never be erased.

The Church is a great social force, an enlightening and saving force; that it has not the spiritual power it once had, is, also, an acknowledged fact among its members; that its fragmentary discussions are contradictory is admitted; that the advance of free thought and the unfoldment of science, seem, at least, to be in a line of direction away from the Church is also true. The spread of a materialistic philosophy throughout Europe, and its rapid introduction into this country by the flood of immigration, which is yearly drifting westward, is seen by all observers of the times.

Spiritualism, weak and insignificant at first, foolish and contradictory afterward, growing now more orderly and more steady, is also known by all who have kept up with its history. There is significance in this fact, which, to my mind, argues the unfoldment of the truths contained in Christianity, or rather their blending in a sweet fellowship, which will bring order out of confusion and concord out of discord, in the rejection of falsehood and the firm establishment of truth upon a basis which can never be moved. Then the most sublime truths and most lofty conceptions of lives of purity, justice, charity, and holiness will lift the soul to the gates of paradise, in contemplation of the speedy coming of the Kingdom of God.

This I conceive will be the orderly triumph of the facts and truths of spirit intercourse, and that, too, without the overthrow of the Church, but rather with its more firm establishment, not of the dogmas and creeds, but of the great eternal principles taught by Christ and the Apostles.

However widely Spiritualists may differ in regard to some things, they agree upon more fundamental principles than do the professedly Christian churches. Let us notice a few points upon which there is universal agreement among Spiritualists:—

1. That man has now, as St. Paul says, a "natural and a spiritual body."
2. That his natural body is subject to physical laws, which, if obeyed, will bring health and happiness in this present mode of being.
3. That at what is called death, he simply sheds off his outward covering, leaving for ever his natural body to return to its original elements; and that this change is simply a birth to a higher life.
4. That there is a spiritual world surrounding the natural world, which is as real and tangible to spirit existence as the natural world is to natural existence; that this world is as adapted to the spirit's existence as the present is to the natural body, and subject to spiritual laws.
5. That there has ever been communication between the two worlds, as the history of all nations and ages abundantly proves.
6. That modern Spiritualism demonstrates beyond the possibility of doubt the immortality of the soul by the communion of loved ones in a variety of ways, more satisfactory than was known to the generations gone before.

Christianity never should have arrayed itself against it; nor do I believe it ever would but for the fanaticism of some of its adherents. It was amongst the members of the Methodist Church that the modern phase took its rise, and it is among the members of the churches that there are the largest number of Spiritualists; not that they believe in, or have any sympathy with, much that has been held as Spiritualism, but they believe in the doctrine of "ministering spirits," as taught in the New Testament by Jesus and the Apostles. When Spiritualism throws off some of its excrescences, then, I think, the churches will see that it is in perfect harmony, not with the creeds which they have been taught, but with the great doctrines taught by Christ as necessary to happiness, here and hereafter. That which we sow in this we reap in the other state of existence.

It is thus, I believe, that Spiritualism is destined to bring these great rival forces into harmonious development, and proclaim to all that there is really no death. That which you call death is but the renewal of life—of soul life—inhabited by that primary living substance we call spirit. To the Materialist it echoes knowledge; to the Christian it shouts, "Faith is lost in sight"; the darkness of the past is gone; the dim twilight has disappeared, and the time has come spoken of by Jesus when

you shall see the angels ascending and descending. The day dawneth when Christianity shall put on her beautiful garments to meet the bridegroom—when science shall acknowledge the truth—and both shall shake hands with Spiritualism, and all, in sweet harmony, shout, "The Lord Omnipotent reigneth," to Whom be glory for ever.

We are living in the most wonderful age that has ever existed on earth. The telegraph was a most wonderful discovery. Since I have been living in this city I well remember rejoicing at the success first had between Washington and Baltimore. Now we can talk all around the world by the telegraph. The telephone is more wonderful. In our school days we were taught that sound went so many feet a second. Now it goes hundreds of miles instantaneously. The phonograph is more wonderful still. It makes a record of what is said which can be repeated years afterwards, exactly as it was delivered. To the spirits we are indebted for these wonderful discoveries. The phonograph teaches us that we keep our own books, make our own history, which we carry with us through life, and by which we will be judged, and our place and state in the spirit-world will be in harmony with the record we have made through this, our probationary state.

These are the books referred to in Revelation, by which we shall be judged, and our happiness or misery awarded us, in harmony with the record we have made in our present mode of existence. We are indebted to the spirit-world for this most wonderful demonstration of the truths of the Bible, which assures us that by our works we shall be judged or condemned. We can't afford to wrong anyone, as we shall suffer more than the one we have injured. Here we have ocular demonstration by this wonderful machine, that we make our own record, which will fix our place and condition in the spirit-world. How careful, then, should we be in all that we say or do, when we know that our spiritual phonograph makes the record which we shall carry with us, and by which we shall be judged. Psychometry is still, if possible, more wonderful, that matter makes its record here, and gives it through those who have this gift. To Spiritualism we are indebted for all these in this wonderful age in which we live.

THE WAY IT IS ALL DONE.

Was it not "John P.—Robinson he" who said in his haste that "they did not know everything down in Judee"? Well, the Mahatmas do not seem to know everything down (or is it up?) in Tibet. This is about as curious an account of creation as (shall we say?) that given in Genesis:—

The *Times of India* says that at a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal Babu Saratchandra Das exhibited some very curious Tibetan relics, amongst them being carved ornaments of soap stone, giving the Tibetan signs of the zodiac and a description of the origin of the world. Translating this, the exhibitor found that, in the beginning, what existed from eternity, in nothingness, was called the tortoise. The Buddhas of the past, present, and future sprang out of him. The three worlds, and all the animal beings also, originated from the eternal tortoise. Time, without the distinction of past, present, and future, was in him, and the whole universe rested between his head and tail. From the vapour of his mouth rose the seven atmospheric strata which encompass the earth, and gradually the sphere of azure space, and thereafter "Swastika," the emblem of the Divine Cross, was formed. From the saliva of this primeval tortoise sprang forth the oceans; and from his flesh were formed the lofty mountains, the islands, and the great continents, having trees for their hair. His head pointed to the south, his tail to the north, and his four limbs stretched towards the four corners of the world. His white back shaped the old father heaven, called "Khen," wherein rested the celestial regions with the mansions of the gods, Mahadeva, Brahma, and angels of pure habits, who possessed the fourfold organs of sense. The celestial regions were formed above, and "Rirab" the sublime mountain, stood below, holding the mansions of the thirty-three "Devas" and of the gods of the "Paranirmanarataya" on its top. On the flanks of "Rirab" resided the four guardian spirit kings of the world, together with the sun and moon, the planets and stars. The sun and moon sprang from the eyes of the great tortoise. From the sound of his throat issued the dragon's peal of thunder, and from his outstretched tongue flashed forth lightning which produced thunderbolts and hailstorms. From his breath originated the wind, the five internal essences, and the five physical elements; and when he shook his body there was earthquake.

MORE ABOUT COUNT MATTEI.

FROM THE *Pall Mall Gazette*.

There is a section of the human race that believes Count Mattei to be its potential saviour. We are not in that section, but we are open to conviction. This is an account of what Lady Paget has further to say:—

In the August number of the *National Review* Lady Paget continues her description of the marvellous properties of the "electro-homœopathic" remedies of Count Mattei, to which some attention has of late been directed.

Lady Paget instances two or three cures which are interesting, if not convincing reading. The Mattei medicines (she says) appear to purify the blood, reconstitute the fibre, and infuse new life into the body. I imagine that this is due to the electric principle these medicines contain, and anybody who wishes to try for themselves need only take five grains of the *scrofoloso giapponese* dissolved in tea, wine, or water, with every meal, and they will soon have a sense of delightful vigour and elasticity, an excellent appetite, capacity for exercise, and improved sleep. During last winter's epidemic of influenza this medicine acted like magic. A few grains dissolved on the tongue were sufficient to make the same persons who five minutes ago could hardly drag themselves across the room ask, "Was I really ill, or has it all been imagination?" *Scrofoloso giapponese* is composed of *scrofoloso* and *febrifugo*; the former gives resistance to the tissues, the second acts upon the feverish principle. *Febrifugo* is the great specific for liver. I have known a case which appeared miraculous, having seen and followed it myself. The liver in this case was much enlarged for many years, and affected the health and spirits very much; it was complicated by constant attacks of ague or Roman fever, and the great quantities of quinine that had been administered had not mended matters. Mattei's medicines, which in those days were beginning to be known, were tried by a homœopathic doctor; the prescription was one grain of *febrifugo I.*, diluted in a glass of water, to be taken during the day, and frictions of *febrifugo II.* ointment on the liver and spleen two or three times a day. After two days the patient said, "I hardly like to mention it, but I have not felt as well as I do to-day for twenty years." However, wonderful to relate, the cure maintained itself.

Count Mattei's medicines are composed entirely of herbs which are found in the woods and on the mountain slopes of the Apennines, amongst which he dwells. Many of these herbs are the simples so well known by our grandmothers, but, unfortunately, all but forgotten and generally despised in these days of progress. It is much to be regretted that the country populations who have these simples within reach when going on their daily occupations should be so ignorant of them, for with only the trouble of picking and drying them, and without any additional expense, they would have the means of combating most of the ills they are exposed to, and they would await with greater comfort the arrival of the doctor, whom, as it is, they often call in too late.

One little word I must add (says Lady Paget in conclusion) in praise of the *aqua della pelle*, of which a few drops poured on a fine towel and passed over the face after washing will keep the skin smooth and free of wrinkles, for ever, Count Mattei says; but if it is only until we arrive at the age of Ninon de l'Enclos we can be content.

MRS. R. S. HAWKER had a theory that there was an atmosphere which surrounded men, imperceptible to the senses, which was the vehicle of spirit, in which angels and devils moved, and which vibrated with spiritual influences, affecting the soul. Every passion man felt, set this ether trembling, and made itself felt throughout the spiritual world. A sensation of love, or anger, or jealousy, felt by one man, was like a stone thrown into a pool, and it sent ripples throughout the spiritual universe, which touched and communicated itself to every spiritual being. Some mortal men having a highly refined soul, were as conscious of these pulsations as disembodied beings; but the majority are so numbed in their spiritual part as to make no response to these movements. He pointed out that photography has brought to light and taken cognisance of a chemical element in the sun's rays of which none formerly knew anything, but the existence of which is now proved; so in like manner was there a spiritual element in the atmosphere of which science could give no account, as its action could only be registered by the soul of man, which answered to the calms and storms in it, as the barometer to the atmosphere, and the films of gold leaf in the magnetometer to the commotions of the magnetic wave.—BARING GOULD'S *Vicar of Morwenstow*, pp. 154-155.

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Light:

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

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16th, 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.

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A GREAT MAN.

The *Christian World Pulpit*: "How beautiful (it says of itself) are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings," which is a matter of opinion. But, however that may be, the article intended for our notice is one from which we learn that Professor Benjamin Jowett, B.A.—we were not aware that he had not yet proceeded further than that state known in Oxford as "*in statu pupillari*," which would subject him to the interference of Proctors—has preached at Westminster Abbey and has said some worthy things of the late Dean Stanley:—

He was a man of whom it is good for us to think, who was a friend of a great many of us, and one of whom it may be truly said, "He being dead, yet speaketh." Those of us who knew him personally have not forgotten that pure, disinterested character, that childlike nature, that cultivated mind, and still seem to see him as he was known to us in life—the delight and ornament of society, and greatly beloved by the poor inhabitants of this great city. Scholar and historian, he drew round him the listening multitude which visited the Abbey; the apostolic teacher, he sought to make men of one mind without regard to their religious differences; so simple, so humble, so unconscious of self—a perfect image of the Christian gentleman.

Dr. Jowett, who has known as many remarkable men as anyone now living, proceeded to speak of Browning. "One of the most original thinkers," he said, owing nothing to any predecessor, not beholden to any, drawing nothing from the great receptacle of thought into which the treasures of the past have been poured. And so Dr. Jowett seems to have said that he was to be admired. He "had no connection (he used to boast) with any other establishment." That may have been the worse for him and his readers. It is not so certain that a man, even if he be a heaven-born genius, can afford to pass by the stored-up wisdom of the ages. And if he thinks he can he may be open to the charge of vanity. Dr. Jowett admits as much. Browning, unlike Wordsworth and Shelley, had no sympathy with the outer world. He was metaphysical and introspective; and yet he missed his way so completely as to fail to grasp that which is the core and kernel of man's life. The author of *Sludge the Medium* is pilloried for all time. And it is more than doubtful whether, outside of the only subject that it is befitting to deal with here, he has laid us under any great obligations. He has shown us

how the most rugged verse can be claimed as poetry, and, with the examples of some other poets before our eyes, we cannot deny the claim, but we must maintain that a man may be a great poet and yet abuse his opportunities. There is no special reason why a poet should neglect the form because he thinks he has the spirit. And this is, perhaps, worth pondering. For not only poets take liberties, and literature suffers thereby.

We do not willingly import into these columns anything that is not more or less directly *ad rem* i.e., appropriate to our subject. These two men, Stanley and Browning, seem to us to have a direct bearing on our work. Stanley was catholic, broad, comprehensive, generous. He made the best of things and he saw the best in men. He made the best of himself and of everybody else. That spirit must have derived from its life here the best possible education for its life hereafter.

We have no sort of wish to minimise Mr. Browning's great talent. There are, we believe, people who think him a great poet. Into these high mysteries we do not intrude. But we are entitled to say that the spirit was not good and that the form was worse. No man ought to have permitted himself to write as he did of what he did not understand: and—though this is another matter—he should not have written verse that breaks one's teeth to talk it.

Perhaps one may say that the greatness of the gift imposes some obligation on the owner. And perhaps one may say, also, that the "sweetness and light" of a Stanley atone for a multitude of sins—and we do not know any chargeable to him. He was a man of large human sympathies, and it is inconceivable that he could ever, even inadvertently, have said an unkind word of any man.

What an epitaph to have inscribed over one's grave!

MR. AND MRS. EVERITT.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Everitt, of Lilian Villa, Holder's Hill, Hendon, N.W., who have freely given their services to Spiritualism for many years, Mr. Everitt as a speaker, and Mrs. Everitt as a medium, with no other reward than that which comes from the consciousness of having worked in a good cause, are about to visit the North of England, and will be glad to avail themselves of such opportunities as the friends there may afford them, of rendering what aid they can to local societies which they have not visited before. Secretaries of such societies desiring their services should communicate with them at once.

MARRIAGE OF "DR. MACK."

At St. Peter's, Belsize, the gentleman best known by the title we have given him was married on August 6th to Miss Hannah Sinclair. Our good wishes.

MENTAL SUGGESTION AND CRIME.

A Paris correspondent telegraphs:—Mental suggestion was pleaded yesterday on behalf of a girl named Adolphine Vatinel, who was tried on the charge of infanticide before the Assize Court of Rouen. She said that she unconsciously followed the suggestions of the father of the child, a shepherd named Bastid. Her story and manner were so consistent, that last session the court ordered the case, which was then on, to be adjourned, the object being to have her examined by competent doctors. They agreed that there was suggestion, but that the girl was not wholly irresponsible. They also ascertained that she had, some time ago, typhoid fever, which left her weak in body and mind. Bastid denied all the accusations made against him by the prisoner. One of them was that he made her believe the child was a ball filled with hot water, and that she would be the better for squeezing it with all her might. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

In early September Mr. Walter Howell is to return to England. He will remain till the following June, and is open to lecturing engagements.

PSYCHICAL PROBLEMS.

[The following narratives do not come strictly under the head of "Coincidences," but they are sufficiently curious to suggest matter for reflection. We have put them together in the belief that a group of cases induces reflection more easily than when the same recitals are scattered. We are indebted for all in this group to our contemporary, the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.]

A DREAM.

Captain R. W. Shufeldt, of the Medical Corps, U.S.A., and son of the late Commodore Shufeldt, in a recent letter says:—

I have read your contributions with no little interest. Extraordinary coincidences do not happen to one every day of his life, so I can help you out but meagrely in such fields, though you may remember the dream I published an account of in *Mind In Nature* two or three years ago. To my mind it was the most marvellous occurrence of the kind that has ever come to my notice.

The dream referred to was reported in *Mind In Nature* for January, 1887, in an article on "Planchette," and is as follows:—

Dreams present to my mind phenomena far more marvellous than anything I have ever been able to discover in planchette. Indeed, there are many dreams that I have either read about or heard of that it has been impossible for me to satisfactorily account for or explain. Think of Louis Agassiz, working all day over the characters of a fossil fish, and finally obliged to retire for the night with his specimen still unsatisfactorily classified, to awake from a dream wherein all the obscure characters had been made clear to him, and be enabled through this information alone to solve the problem between midnight and morning.

Or, if I may be permitted another digression, what are we to think of such a dream as the following? A number of years ago my father commanded a United States man-of-war, crossing the Indian ocean between Singapore and Cape Town, South Africa.

On the first day's passage out from the former place my father had during the night of that day a strange and indistinct dream. He dreamt that he was already in Cape Town and had taken a small house in the suburbs of the place, to spend a week or ten days while his vessel was undergoing repairs. During the first night of his stay in it he was awakened from a sound sleep by a man who stood at his bedside. This man was dressed all in white, and had a peculiar girdle about his waist in which he wore three handsome jewel-hilted knives.

His beard was long, white, and flowing, and he directed my father to dress himself, and when this was done he led him out into the country, back of Cape Town, and then travelled to the northward for three days and three nights, when they passed into a long valley, between low hills. Here they soon encountered peculiar piles of earth resembling the giant ant nests of that region. This strange guide then directed my father's special attention to what he did. First he removed one of the knives from his girdle, thrust it into one of the earth piles, turned it quickly outwards, when it was followed by a perfect shower of diamonds. The remaining two knives were used for a similar purpose on two other piles, with like results. Then he took from a turban which he wore a small piece of parchment and wrote upon it a certain latitude and longitude, once more pointed to the piles, and then led my father back to his house in Cape Town. From this dream he awoke tired and weary, only to dream it the second night of his trip out with still greater vividness; while on the third night it was so vividly reproduced that he awoke with a start, exhausted and limb-weary. Upon arriving at Cape Town he told of his dream to a number of people, and several persons advised him to try and secure a delay there, with the view of repairing to the locality indicated by the latitude and longitude which his dream-guide had given him, and which had corresponded on every night of the dream. One friend strongly urged him to resign the navy, organise an expedition, and start out at once. But my father took none of this advice into consideration, and simply made a faithful account of the dream, with the dates and all, in his private journal, and now it has passed opposite to it the *New York Herald* account, which bears date of exactly one year later, the

discovery of those rich diamond fields, the richest in the world, which were not so very long ago discovered in South Africa, while the strangest thing of it all is, that the latitudes and longitudes as given in the dream agree to the very minutes and seconds with those of the locality where the field was eventually discovered, and as indicated in the *New York Herald*.

SYMPATHY BETWEEN TWINS.

TIFFIN, OHIO, February 2nd, 1888.—A very strange and remarkable illustration of the mysterious bond of union and sympathy which exists between twins has been brought to light here within the last few days.

Charles Foncannon, aged twenty-five, got his arm in a planer at the churn factory, and it was ground to pulp to the elbow. At the exact time this happened, a quarter to three p.m., his twin sister, living over a mile away, suddenly cried out in great agony, saying that there was a fearful pain in her arm. She suffered so in a few minutes that a physician was sent for, and soon after he arrived three other physicians arrived bringing her brother, whose arm they proceeded to amputate at once. When the sister had been taken with the pain she had cried out, "Oh, Charlie is hurt!"

While the arm of her brother was being amputated the sister, who was kept in another part of the house and did not know what was going on, suffered terribly and screamed with agony. It was necessary to give her an injection of morphine in the arm to quiet her. Since then, whenever her brother is unusually restless or suffers much, the sister suffers in a similar degree.

Two years ago while away from home the brother had his nose broken, and at the same time of the day the sister complained of a great pain in her nose. Within an hour it had swollen alarmingly, and it was necessary to summon a physician.

Every circumstance in this case is known to be true, and it is puzzling the physicians greatly.

PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCE.

A correspondent of the *Journal* (Chicago) sends the following narrative of experience:—

In the fall of 1865 I left Burton to go prospecting in Missouri. A Mr. Cook, who was soon to marry my wife's sister, accompanied me. We had been absent from home five weeks in South-Western Missouri, when we returned to St. Louis on our homeward trip. As he wished to visit friends at Quincy we decided to go by boat there, and thence to Chicago by rail. Neither of us had heard from anyone at home since leaving. It was a chilly October day, and after going aboard, as he wanted to look around the city, he went ashore, and I took one of Lever's novels and sat down on the hurricane deck close to one of the smoke stacks and soon fell into a partial doze, from which I was startled by a voice speaking as distinctly as I ever heard words spoken: "Jim, Ella's dead!" I was wide awake at once, of course (I had not been really asleep, just half conscious). There was no other person on deck, and I tried to rid myself of the impression made on me, but it clung to me all day. This was about 11 a.m.

We went to Chicago, Detroit, and Cleveland, and to the latter by boat, not hearing from home in the time; but as I landed I met an old acquaintance from near home, who at once began asking me the particulars of Ella's sudden and entirely unexpected death which had occurred on the very day and at almost exactly the hour at which I heard the announcement of it. When I left home she was in the best of health, a very beautiful girl, and even at the time of her death, not supposed to be seriously indisposed. I am not a believer in Spiritualism, or in spirits, not even in a future existence as a separate individuality; sceptical as regards any conscious existence after dissolution, so that not being predisposed to believe in, or attach importance to, such coincidences as spiritual communications, the fact—for it stood out as plainly as any fact ever did—that such an announcement should at a distance of many hundred miles be made to me, in the very hour of its occurrence, has always remained a most impressive mystery. I had not even been thinking of home or the people at home, but was absorbed in my book, and half thinking, half dreaming of the wild and desolate picture presented of the hero, Luttrell of Arran.

Speaking of another form of consciousness of a fact before its occurrence, or coincident with it, I remember that years ago in several instances I had experiences which I will try to

narrate intelligibly. Often on meeting a person for the first time it would flash through my mind like lightning that I had met the same person before under the same circumstances, and I foreknew what such person would say and do before a word was spoken. This occurred several times to me, and furnished much food for thought as to whether the soul or spirit had not existed in a previous state, or if it were not possessed of a dual existence, one part animating the body; the other capable of existence outside of, and separate from, the body at times, and under some circumstances communicating with the indwelling 'another soul.'

FATE, OR WHAT?

The subjoined narrative is, we have reason to believe, accurate and true:—

A few gossips of the southern end of the city of St. Louis are just now discussing the strange romance of a young woman who has for something over a year been a resident among them. The story was told to a *Globe-Democrat* reporter by a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, who has been a sufferer from the lady's strange fate. The lady in question is but a visitor to America, whence she came to try and shake off the spell of which she firmly believes she is the victim. A few years previous to her leaving "Historic Caledonia," she returned from the patrimonial estates of the family, nine and a-half miles from Holyrood Palace, in Edinburgh, to Aberdeen. By the death of her father, since her arrival in this country, she has become the heiress to a large estate. She is refined, graceful, and handsome, but the fatality attaching to her makes her life an unhappy one.

When but seventeen years old she became strongly attached to a nephew of the Bishop of Carlisle. One day while riding across the heath in his company she had a presentiment that he would propose that night, and that she would accept. She saw him, in a momentary vision, lying, pale and cold, by the roadside. Bewildered, she involuntarily stopped her horse, and in another moment fell in a swoon. He bore her to a cottager's near by, and on her recovery the bashful young man's love had been so intensified by anxiety that, in a moment of mutual tenderness, they were betrothed. After escorting her home he had to pass the same spot to return to his domicile. The next morning they found him nearly dead, at the place where she had fallen. His horse had evidently thrown him, and he died soon after.

The lady recovered, and eighteen months afterward she was betrothed to an English naval officer, who was suddenly ordered to the West Indies to join her Majesty's steam school-ship *Eurydice*. The next spring, on the return of that ship home, she was wrecked and all on board but two were lost. The young lover was not one of the saved.

Time healed the lady's twice-wounded heart, and her affections were won by an English army officer, who was drowned shortly after the betrothal. The night he was drowned she was attending a ball, and, according to her statement, was seized with a sudden attack of dizziness, and fainted. On recovering she said she had seen in a vision the ball-room suddenly transformed into a submarine cavern, containing nothing but the corpse of her fiancé. She could never be induced to dance again.

It took a good deal of persuasion to induce her to become a fiancée again. But the persistence of an American sea-captain conquered her reluctance, and she accepted him. He returned to Philadelphia with his ship for the purpose of putting his affairs in shape for the wedding. While his ship was at anchor off the Delaware breakwater he was also drowned. The bride-elect came to the Quaker City afterward, and having relatives in Carondelet, resolved to make a long visit to them.

The clergyman who furnished the facts above related met and loved the lady, and she apparently reciprocated, but when he proposed she replied by telling him her story, and all his eloquence failed to change her resolution never to marry. His attentions to her had been a matter of society gossip, so that there was something of a sensation when there appeared in the society columns of the *Globe-Democrat* an item stating she had gone to visit friends in the interior of the State, and would soon return to her home in Scotland to reside permanently.

Learning through a friend in St. Louis the name and present address of the clergyman referred to, inquiry was made of him as to the truth of the story, to which he replied as follows:—

"Permit me to state in reply to your letter, that the statement made in the *Globe-Democrat*, about which you wrote me, is substantially correct. The only thing he forgot to mention is that her lover when dying extracted a promise from her that she would never marry or bestow her affections on another."

THE FIRST SEVERE SURGICAL OPERATION PERFORMED IN ENGLAND UNDER MESMERIC INFLUENCE.

BY CAPTAIN JOHN JAMES.

[We quote from an old and now forgotten number of the *Spiritualist* (July 4th, 1879) the subjoined account, which, in view of the present attraction of our attention to hypnotism, is of interest. The account is furnished by Captain John James, who devoted much attention to the subject, and it is reproduced as it originally appeared. It is very instructive in regard to recent researches.—ED. OF "LIGHT."]

I have thought it advisable to present in this number of *The Spiritualist* the report of Mr. W. Squire Ward, M.R.C.S., the surgeon who performed the operation of the thigh at Wellow. The two reports—viz., that of the mesmeriser and that of the operator—will thus appear in two successive numbers, which will be found convenient for future reference. The following is the report read by Mr. Ward to the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London on Tuesday, November 22nd, 1842:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—Being a party concerned in offering the present paper for reading before your learned society, I feel that, as a member of your own profession, and the operator alluded to in the preceding pages, some observations are due from me in addition to those already brought before you by my friend Mr. Topham.

The circumstances under which the operation was performed are of so novel a nature that they may afford much ground for discussion, if the members of the profession, to whom I have the honour of addressing these observations, will calmly deliberate upon them, and, without prejudice, examine the subject, which (should further experience confirm the anticipations that may reasonably be entertained from the happy result of the present trial) hold out such a boon to the surgeon, whose province it is, and whose study it has for ages been, to mitigate the poignant suffering that "flesh is heir to."

The case to which the attention of the society has been already called was one of very extensive ulceration of the cartilages of the knee-joint of four and a-half years' standing, the consequence of neglected inflammation of the synovial membrane, produced by injury, which was treated by a quack in the first instance, but did not come under my own notice until about three years before his admission into the District Hospital at Wellow; when, supposing ulceration to have commenced in the cartilages, I ordered absolute rest and the usual treatment, which was only adhered to for ten days, when in spite of every remonstrance on my part he returned to his ordinary employment (an agricultural labourer) in his still crippled state.

He then fell into the hands of other practitioners, whose discipline was less rigid, and whose prognosis was more sanguine than mine. I frequently met him, and occasionally warned him of the eventual loss of his limb, if he persisted in using it. His last fair prospect was a promised cure by cupping; but this having produced no relief, he applied for admission into the hospital. At this time the disease had far advanced; the slightest motion of the joint was attended by the most excruciating agony; his nights were almost wholly sleepless, in consequence of the painful startings of the limb; his pulse weak and rapid; his face constantly marked with a hectic flush; his tongue foul, and appetite gone. He was now confined to his bed, but could not bear a horizontal position. The joint was supported by a light splint; poultices, fomentations, &c., were applied; attention paid to his general health; opiates, quinine wine, &c., prescribed, to get him into a fit state for the operation (which I deemed inevitable), *without any apparent benefit*; but on hearing that Mr. Topham was coming into the neighbourhood, I determined to request him to try the effects of mesmerism upon him, with a view not only of tranquillising the system prior to the operation, but, if possible, to procure such a degree of insensibility to pain as to render the man unconscious of the operation itself; having long desired to see THIS accomplished, as the *summum bonum* of mesmerism.

I was, however, obliged to leave home from indisposition at this period, but daily received reports of the progress made upon my patient; and, on my return, the 27th of September—about three weeks after the commencement of the mesmerism—I was as much astonished as I was delighted to observe the improved condition of the man. He had now much more the hue of health; his nights were more quiet and tranquil; his appetite

had returned; and, in fact, such was his state that, had I not known the previous history of the case, much doubt must have arisen in my mind as to the propriety of immediately amputating the limb. It is true there was still the pain on the slightest movement of the joint, and still some of the same painful startings at night; but he no longer appeared to be suffering in his general health, which, on the contrary, was greatly improved. Nevertheless, I felt assured, notwithstanding all this in his favour, that there was too much disease to admit of a final recovery.

As I had quite determined upon not attempting to remove the limb while the patient was under mesmeric influence, unless I was convinced of its safety, and had opportunities of seeing him in that state, and, moreover, not without the man's own full concurrence, on the 29th I requested Mr. Topham to mesmerise him, when I was delighted to find his susceptibility so great. When asleep (if I may use the term) his breathing was unaltered, his pulse tranquil, and about eighty; his waking was slow and gradual, and without the least start, and I found he was insensible to the prick of a pin.

Under such circumstances I saw no grounds for fear or hesitation; and having obtained the patient's consent, or rather at his own urgent request, I fixed the following Saturday, 1st of October, for the performance of the operation.

The patient was lifted with his bed upon a platform, and although he was considerably excited by hearing the cries of another patient, upon whom I had been performing a tedious and painful operation in an adjoining room, he was soon put into mesmeric sleep; but as I wished him to be placed in the usual position, with the limbs extended over the end of the bed, an attempt was made to draw him down with the bed-clothes, but this occasioned so much pain as to awake him. I was now somewhat embarrassed, as his position on the bed, with his extremity lying in close contact with it, was so very unfavourable to the operator; but having proceeded thus far, I was unwilling to mar the first attempt at lessening the horror and pain of a capital operation, although, I must confess, I was by no means sanguine of success. The patient was again put to sleep, previously to which a surgeon present raised the limb about two inches from the mattress, by resting the heel upon his shoulder and supporting the joint with his hand, promising also if the man should awake instantly to draw him down so as to allow the leg to extend beyond the edge of the bed.

In a few minutes Mr. Topham said he was quite ready, when having adjusted the tourniquet, the very unfavourable position of the patient precluding the possibility of otherwise compressing the artery, I proceeded to perform the operation, as has been described. Having made the anterior flap without the slightest expression of consciousness on the part of the patient, I was under the necessity of completing the posterior one in three stages, first by dividing a portion of the flap on the inside, then a similar portion on the outside. This proceeding (which, of course, was far more tedious and painful than the ordinary one) was rendered necessary to enable me to pass the knife through under the bone, and thus complete the whole, as I could not sufficiently depress the handle to do so, without the two lateral cuts.

Beyond what has been already so well described by Mr. Topham, I need only add that the extreme quivering or rapid action of the divided muscular fibres *was less than usual*; nor was there so much contraction of the muscles themselves. I must also notice that two or three times *I touched the divided end of the sciatic nerve, without any increase of the low moaning*, described by Mr. Topham, and which to all present gave the impression of a disturbed dream.

The patient is doing remarkably well, and sat up on Sunday last to eat his dinner—just three weeks from the operation—and he has not had a single bad symptom; none even of the nervous excitement so frequently observed in patients who have undergone painful operations and who have suffered much previous anxiety in making up their minds.

On dissection of the joint the appearances fully verified my diagnosis. The cartilages of the tibia, femur, and patella had been entirely absorbed, except a much-thinned layer, partly covering the patella. There was deep, carious ulceration of the exposed ends of the bones, and especially on the inner condyle of the femur, which had wholly lost its rounded shape. Some coagulated lymph was effused upon the surface of the synovial membrane in several places, and the joint contained a certain quantity of dark-coloured pus.

It is not my intention to trespass further upon the valuable time of the society by presuming to stand forward as champion

of mesmerism generally—a task to which I feel myself to be totally incompetent. For a long time I had been a sceptic, and long a *cui bono* querist, when, through the kindness of Dr. Elliotson, a few months ago, I was allowed an opportunity of examining for myself the power of that agent in producing coma, in rendering rigid the muscles, and in causing to a certain extent insensibility to pain. I saw, and was convinced that my opposition was ill-founded, and the result of this conviction has been the present successful and flattering trial, which is a sufficient answer to those who are incredulous only as to any benefit to be derived from it, for there can be very few now, even of the most bigoted objectors, who will venture to deny its powers in producing coma. This, too, in the calmest temperament; not merely according to the frequent supposition in the highly-nervous young female, but even to *utter insensibility* in an agricultural labourer, aged forty-two, to which class I need scarcely add nervous excitement, in the common acceptance of the term, is almost an entire stranger.

Be it observed, also, so complete was the susceptibility that coma was quickly produced under the most unfavourable circumstances, as when in extreme pain from his disease, when using his own volition to the utmost to counteract it, and when on the table with the fear of the operation before his eyes.

Although the single experiment we have detailed to the society is scarcely sufficient to set the question completely at rest, is it *not* of a sufficiently encouraging nature to demand an immediate reflection by those of my professional brethren to whom the splendid institutions of the Metropolis offer such frequent opportunities?

Wellow, near Ollerton, Notts.

W. SQUIRE WARD.

October 29th, 1842.

PREMONITION OF DEATH.

A noteworthy incident of the premonition of impending calamity is afforded in the case of Lewis P. Heller, of Pottsville, Pa., the Reading Railroad engineer who was killed in the passenger wreck at Tuckerton. Sunday was Heller's day off, and on that day he visited his uncle, Mr. Louis Beyel, at Tamaqua. In the afternoon, while conversing with a cousin of his, Mr. Lance Fairer, he declared that he felt he ought not to go to work next day (Monday), but should instead remain with his uncle at Tamaqua. He added:—

"Beyel, I shall probably never see you again. You may die before me, and yet there's no telling. I may die before you. If you just say so I'll telegraph to Pottsville and have a man take my place on the engine to-morrow."

Fairer assured Heller that it was foolish to talk that way, and that there was no necessity for his remaining. Heller accordingly returned to Pottsville in the evening. Before leaving home in the morning Heller bade his wife good-bye twice, and then started off to the engine-house. But he had walked only a block when suddenly he turned and came back to say good-bye once again. He tapped on the sitting-room window with his hand to attract his wife's attention, and when she looked up he waved her a salute and bade her good-bye the third time. On the way to the engine-house he called farewell to a number of friends and acquaintances. They now recall the circumstance as an unusual occurrence.

Lewis P. Heller's brother George was fireman on the same engine with him, and he relates that Lewis appeared very much depressed during the early part of the run to Tuckerton. An impending calamity seemed to fill him with a superstitious dread which he could not shake off. When the crash came Lewis P. Heller was instantly killed and George was seriously injured. The latter is now reported as improving at the Reading Hospital.

Another brother, James Heller, also an engineer, runs an engine on the Reading Railroad between Philadelphia and this city. On the fatal morning, during the trip from Philadelphia, James says he felt strangely and unaccountably agitated. At ten o'clock, the very hour at which Lewis P. Heller was killed and George was injured at Tuckerton, James grew very nervous, as he now relates, and every throb of the engine as it sped up the valley annoyed and unnerved him. He felt positive that something had happened, and was bowed down with apprehension. When, however, the news reached him that one of his brothers was killed and the other injured, he bore the shock with remarkable calmness, and told a friend that instead of feeling horrified, as would have been natural, he experienced a strange sense of comparative relief.—*Better Way*.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Do Animals See Spirits?

SIR,—In reply to your request for facts about dogs' perception of ghosts, I can tell you of one ever memorable occasion.

We kept a Dachshund some years ago, who was devoted to me and each member of my family.

On one sadly eventful evening after the funeral of my mother the whole family re-assembled once more in our drawing-room, which we had not done altogether for months. The Dachshund behaved most uncommonly, and instead of lying down before the fire, or at our feet, he walked gropingly about the room, poking his nose and smelling in every corner and recess. He would not come and lie down for coaxing, till I remarked to my sister "he sees someone we cannot see, but only feel, and is restless at the new condition"; and then after a little while he came and lay down by me. This story, taken by itself, would be no proof to those outside our circle, but to show how audible and perceptible was my mother's presence for some few days, we (who were all united in our Spiritualist faith) felt and saw proofs of spirit power, by the rising of the whole dinner table where we were assembled as a family, and I knew her presence by the touch. Since the period of this event, the Dachshund died; and this year, both while at the house of a *clairvoyante* whom you know, and subsequently at my own house, she has seen him, and I heard his bark and crooning noise of recognition and pleasure, which followed me about from room to room. There is no mistaking this peculiar sound of our Dachshund. I truly recognised that no love and devotion perish, even between dogs and human beings. May we not have developed his germ soul in his life with us on earth?

O. T. G.

The Derby Spiritualists.

SIR,—May I, through your columns, place a proposal before the Spiritualists of Derby? There are a large number of Spiritualists in Derby, but unfortunately we see very little of each other. However, we do sometimes meet (generally in some other town), and after a delightful exchange of experiences it is mutually agreed that we ought to see each other more frequently. For some of us Spiritualism is under a taboo at home, and a not unnatural desire for sympathy is felt; and it is a difficult matter for an inquirer to learn anything of the subject in Derby, owing to there being no centre of any kind.

I propose that a room (or rooms) be taken in the centre of the town, the room to be open every night as a reading-room, in which books and periodicals, devoted to Spiritualism, shall be kept. It is obvious that the room may be used for various purposes; classes could be formed for the study of phrenology, mesmerism, &c. Each member should pay an annual subscription.

All friends who will join will please communicate by letter with the undersigned, not later than August 30th, immediately after which date a meeting will be arranged to discuss the matter.

Advice and suggestions are asked for.

Old Normanton, Derby.

WILLIAM MORRELL.

August 9th, 1890.

Visit of a Departed Wife.

SIR,—I beg to submit the following facts: On April 30th, 1887, my wife died about daybreak. I was then living in Arthur-street, New Oxford-street, occupying two rooms. Her body being removed to the back room the same evening, I continued the use of the front room for sleeping and general uses; my daughter, a young woman, sleeping in one corner of the same room on the night of Sunday, May 1st. At daybreak on Monday, May 2nd, I awoke, startled very much by the sharp, shrill blast of a trumpet. At first I thought it might be the Volunteer bugle calling men together for an outing, but second thoughts convinced me of my error, as I was well acquainted with the sound of both instruments.

So far I have only related a dream. About nine o'clock in the morning I questioned my daughter about the sound, it having made an unusual impression on my mind. She told me that about that time she had seen her mother bending over me as I lay asleep, and, after taking a general survey of the room, she had vanished from her sight.

Now for the sequel. On Monday evening, lamplight, seated at table my daughter and a young man who courted her, my son and his sweetheart, the girls dressmaking, myself seated by the fireside; the conversation was cheerful; when suddenly behind the sitters by my bedside appeared the figure of my wife looking me straight in the face. This was no shadow, for, were

I an artist, I could give her exact expression now. She appeared younger and more intelligent than before her decease. The figure, after remaining a few seconds, gradually faded away.

Now, previous to her death, my wife had often heard me speak on the subject of a future state. Moreover, she was very much concerned respecting our daughter and the young man before mentioned, who was then out of employment. On August following, the 25th, my daughter disappeared, writing me from Liverpool that she was about to join her husband in America. I caused inquiries to be made in Liverpool, but could get no further information. I have not seen her or heard from her since.

88, Newman-street, W.

E. SHAYLER.

Third-hand Evidence.

SIR,—In "LIGHT" for August 2nd I observe a striking story, headed "A Canine Ghost," and signed "M.W.G." The Editor adds to this story a note asking for "authentic narratives tending to show that animals 'see spirits.'" The inquiry is a most interesting one; but may I suggest that first of all it would be well to try to get "M.W.G.'s" story itself in a satisfactory form? At present it rests on the authority of "an intimate friend of my informant's," that is to say, it is given to us at third-hand, all the three transmitters being anonymous.

Now it is certain that an anonymous third-hand story to the effect (say) that a dog lifted a latch with its paws would be rejected as worthless in any collection of serious evidence as to animal sagacity.

I am not here discussing how much more stringent our canons of evidence should be with regard to the rare perplexing incidents which may tend to prove that dogs survive death than with regard to the commonplace, easily-observed, incidents which illustrate their sagacity. But surely no one will contend that our canons should be less stringent in the first case than in the second.

The same remarks apply to "M.B.'s" letter on "Finding Water," which immediately precedes "M.W.G.'s" narrative. "A friend once told me," says "M.B.," "a curious story,"—as to what that anonymous friend's brother and sister did, on the advice of "a certain clairvoyante."

I hope that the first-hand witnesses in these cases may be still living, and may be willing to corroborate all this "matter of hearsay" by definite statements of their own. Truth has nothing to fear from care and accuracy,—much to fear from such loose presentation as often inevitably leads to the neglect of vague stories which may after all contain some kernel of important fact.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

Leckhampton House, Cambridge.

August 5th, 1890.

[There are always more ways than one of looking at a question, especially when it is a novel one. The Society for Psychical Research has elected to approach all evidence from the attitude of the scorner,—or, if that word be too strong, from an anti-Spiritualist point of view. We are aware that they would deny this attitude, but they occupy it none the less. It is not important to argue what the world gains or loses thereby. But it is important that these methods should not be imported into our treatment of evidence. We approach it from a quite different point of view, and we deal with it accordingly. To the Society for Psychical Research it is antecedently improbable; every new case is dealt with as if it stood alone. To us the evidence is cumulative and—probable.—ED. OF LIGHT.]

William Lloyd Garrison.

SIR,—Will you allow me to say a few words relative to the subject of Dr. T. B. Taylor's letter published in last week's "LIGHT"? I was well acquainted with this gentleman and for a time lived with him under the same roof, and I feel sure his statements can be fully relied on. There is no doubt that Garrison was a thorough Spiritualist, although he did not identify himself publicly with us.

When I went to America, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, who was then in London, was kind enough to give me a letter of introduction to William Lloyd Garrison and one to Wendell Phillips, and I had not been long in Boston when I attended a "reception" of Mrs. Richmond's, one Sunday afternoon, and the first to shake me by the hand on entering the room was Mr. Garrison, who seemed to make himself quite at home on the occasion. Afterwards I met Mr. Garrison at Mrs. Thayer's flower séances, in which he seemed

deeply interested and evidently had no doubt or suspicion of the genuineness of the manifestations, wonderful and inexplicable as they were. Mr. Garrison also had faith in spirit-power for curative purposes. On one occasion when Mrs. Garrison was ill he summoned Mrs. Julia M. Carpenter, a clairvoyante physician, to her aid, who, at Mr. Garrison's request, stayed in the house all night with the patient. No, there is no doubt that William Lloyd Garrison was a genuine Spiritualist. One of the tracts published by the American Liberal Tract Society, a copy of which I have in my possession, is an article from the *Liberator*, in which Mr. Garrison gives an account of the spiritual manifestations he had witnessed, certifying to their truth.

The last time I saw Mr. Garrison was when his lifeless form lay in a casket. I attended his funeral service, which was held in a Unitarian church, Wendell Phillips being the principal speaker. There were three others, one of whom was a lady, whose name I forget.

Eastbourne.

ROBERT COOPER.

August 11th, 1890.

What is the Explanation?

SIR,—I have just seen your copy of my letter to the *Whirlwind*, describing my "strange experience" between Richmond and Mortlake. I wrote to the *Whirlwind* because I fancied the editors intended to investigate the occult; but I have seen no answer to my letter in that paper.

Can you throw any light on this subject? The details of the affair are true in every particular.

AN INQUIRER.

[We do not know.—ED. OF "LIGHT."]

Process of Re-embodiment.

SIR,—I have just met with one of Mr. Prentice Mulford's books for the first time. It is entitled *Your Forces, and How to Use Them*. The basis of the book, written below each page, is the idea I found in T. L. Harris's *Wisdom of Angels*: "Thoughts are Things." There is so much that is admirable and helpful in the book that it is disappointing to meet with anything that reads like pushing a theory to erroneous conclusions in order to establish consistency of idea.

The chapter I take exception to is the one headed "Process of Re-embodiment." It represents a state of things which (it is to be devoutly hoped) is not true. It asserts that the living possess a mesmeric power over the spirits of the departed. This is sufficient in itself to lend a new terror to death. Are we not given to understand that no one has power to mesmerise even the living in this life without the other be a consenting party? But it would appear from what Mr. Prentice Mulford asserts that when a spirit has gone into what we have been led to hope is a higher plane of being* (else to what purpose our strivings here?) "A mortal may mesmerise a spirit."†

Now I can understand lost spirits hovering over the planet they have once inhabited, and longing to get back to their old haunts; trying to enjoy life through infesting the living bodies of those they have left behind. This is possible, if unpleasant; but the mesmerism here lies between the spirit who mesmerises the mortal and not the mortal the spirit, as above stated. It is this idea which is so repugnant, especially the manner and method of it which Mr. Mulford thus explains:—

"A mother dwelling" in thought much upon some real or ideal character "attracts to her that very character in spirit life."

So far so good. What more delightful than to feel that we can attract towards us the good and beautiful, and surround the unborn by their spiritual influence. But it is a terrible thought for a mother that, her ideal being still relatively incomplete, she is attracting or mesmerising an imperfect spirit to inhabit the body of her offspring.

"It may be the spirit of someone who was very prominent in an earth-life . . . a poet, philosopher, or great artist. . . . That spirit may be very unhappy. It may be seeking rest and finding none (we know to what class these belong, according to Christ's teaching). . . . The woman so dwelling much in thought . . . attracts that spirit . . . and gives it the only rest it can find. . . . So, absorbed in the woman, the spirit's mind drifts towards what most occupies her attention . . . the child she is about to bring into the world (oh, and alas! for poor baby!). 'It becomes attached to it by a spiritual link.' . . . Sent into a mesmerised sleep by the woman, the spirit, we are told, forgets its previous existence, and when

Not necessarily.—ED. "LIGHT." † Certainly not.—ED. "LIGHT."

the child is born, it is with a *mesmerised spirit* linked to it! The spirit so linked to a new body is not a 'new being.' It is the same spirit, having a 'new instrument to work through, but it is still a spirit in a sense asleep.' (How, if it be asleep, can it 'work through a new instrument?')

"The spirit thus furnished with a new body may come into the world to run its race *weighed down from the start with a new load of error*. . . . The spirit and genius of a Napoleon, a Byron, or a Shakespeare may be dragged about by a wretched body, diseased, dissipated; a vagabond, living in literally what is a wretched dream. This dream may continue through successive re-embodiments, unless it can be brought under the influence of some thought which knows the truth"—which is quite a matter of chance, it would seem, judging from this reversal of the order of things!

What, then, becomes of free will—which we are told is inherent in our spirits both here and hereafter—if when a spirit leaves the earth it can be mesmerised back to it *volens volens*, by any or every admiring woman, to link itself to her unborn child? The idea is horrible. If the Re-incarnationists have no better argument to offer in exemplification of their doctrine, we venture to say it will die from its own exposition.

That we have progressed upwards through mineral, vegetable, and animal organisms to man is believable enough; and, on the same principle, we hope to pass on into states higher still. Re-incarnation back to the earthly plane would be a retrograde movement, and leave us open to undefended suffering from our very efforts to progress; since our attraction and mesmerism back to misery and possible vagabondage would be due to the admiration our previous career had excited in the mind of some aspiring woman! It would be well, were such the case, to add another clause to our Litany—"In the hour of death and from all subsequent mesmerism, good Lord deliver us!" BEYL.

[Our correspondent's speculations are only a bad dream.—ED. OF "LIGHT."]

Re-Incarnation.

SIR,—In his address before the London Spiritualist Alliance, Mr. Shorter asserts that the advocates of Re-incarnation cannot present proofs to sustain the theory.

If by proof is meant material, mathematical evidence, then he is right; but if simple, natural, and logical deduction, the utter impossibility of otherwise explaining the anomalies of human existence in accordance with Divine justice, be not ample justification of our belief, then we must consider the existence of God, and many other important truths, as not proven.

Mr. Shorter appears to attach great importance to the fact that we have no distinct recollections of past existences, and exclaims: "We can travel from the present to the past only over the bridge of memory."

On this point, I, with all deference, must dissent. Certainly, no complete remembrance exists, but a little reflection will demonstrate that this is a wise restriction. Yet does not there exist in all of us a vague souvenir, innate ideas and intuitions? and what are they but the reminiscences of past scenes, knowledge, and character?

Many persons experience a kind of familiar impression when visiting scenes and countries of which consciously they had no previous knowledge; others encounter a perfect stranger, and feel attraction or repulsion at once, as to an old friend or enemy; in fact, there are many similar mysterious indications pointing to past earthly existence as the only explanation.

During incarnation it is probable that certain faculties of the soul are temporarily obscured; "we see through a glass darkly"; but the spirit, again free from the influence of matter, recovers entire lucidity, just as the remembrance of yesterday returns to-day after the void of sleep.

The intuitions in early life, long before education or surrounding influences have time to take root, may certainly be reasonably considered as reminiscences of active and earthly past existence. The extraordinary faculties of some children for calculation, arts, languages, &c., are otherwise impossible to explain, unless we suppose that God has created us unequal. Perhaps all children have some marked propensity, and these propensities often indicate an earthly origin. If we never before inhabited this planet, whence the intuition of what we never saw or knew?

Surely the intuitions of the mechanic, the actor, the painter, or the poet, as manifested in what we term genius, do not come from a state purely spiritual!

There may, and probably do, exist worlds like ours, but

even so, such reminiscences are still an indication of Re-incarnation.

It may be asserted, therefore, that, so far as necessary to progress, the recollection of the past *does* subsist in each incarnation, and that nothing previously acquired is lost; we recommence at the point before attained, each existence is a consequence of the preceding; morally and intellectually we are the architects of our own fates.

It appears to me that we travel far without necessity; we have the great book of nature, which, carefully studied, will teach us by analogy the universal plan of all things; we may observe that life in whatever form is evidence of the perpetual union of the material with the spiritual. The conditions of this union may be modified in each successive phase of existence, beyond our present conception; there may be alternated periods of repose, in which the spirit is free to perceive the past, and reflect, resolve, and prepare for the coming struggle; but even these appear to retain a certain relation to matter, as spiritual phenomena tend to testify.

Many of the details touching the question of Re-incarnation we can but guess at, but so far as our intelligence permits, it appears certain that the real strife, and consequently real merit and progress, necessarily arise from this duality.

We are not responsible for an *unknown* past; as well assert that the faults of yesterday are null because we were temporarily unconscious of them during the night.

There is no inequality in the distribution of evil and consequent suffering. All commenced equal, but we can only see the present and not the past; we are not yet sufficiently elevated on the mountain of progress to review the long and tortuous route already traversed, nor the road we have yet to travel. Evil may be considered as the absence of good, and on the exercise of *will* depends the victory or defeat, progress or retardment.

But the most important point, the pivot of all our arguments, is that by Re-incarnation alone are resolved the problems of human life.* The enigmas of past ages have never been definitely solved, and attempted explanations have clashed with the idea of a wise and merciful God, whilst the theories of Re-incarnation are in clear, logical, and complete harmony.

In conclusion, I cannot but lament the exclusiveness of many English Spiritualists, which prevents the expansion of investigation beyond native opinion. There are many eminent foreign writers whose ideas might be analysed with profit, and perhaps few have passed the sponge so completely and well over all details connected with Spiritualism as Allan Kardec, yet he and his writings are quietly ignored!

The advice of "1st M.B. (Lond.)" is well worthy of attention: "Those of us who would expand our views, those who are truly liberal, must extend our reading and study far beyond our home circles and our country."†

Rio de Janeiro.

EXCELSIOR.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

By MRS. A. J. PENNY.

It little matters if I see or hear
Ghost people in these rooms;
The dead who seem for ever standing near
Too oft, too fondly, fill my thoughts for fear
To shake when midnight glooms.

Beyond these walls there is a present time,
But these still hold the past
As closely as the ivy's arms that climb
Year after year, like constancy sublime,
O'er ruins mould'ring fast.

The mirror here looks dim, as if the trace
Of long forgotten things
Had spread soft shadows o'er its moveless face,
That watches still within a vacant place,
For those no season brings.

The garden, dusky with low hanging trees,
Which find no check but frost,
Shelters shy birds, and whispers to the breeze,
And clothes with beauty all the waste one sees,
And ancient pathways lost.

It is the summer now—but summer weeps;
I hear the heavy drops
Falling incessant, while the old man sleeps,
And time soft-footed to the dark day creeps,
When all pulsation stops.

But now he wakens!—when he speaks again
'Tis of remembered days—
Hope found her promise slighted here as vain;
She left the house to memory and pain,
And love that lives always.

* Query.—ED. "LIGHT." † But we do.—ED. "LIGHT."

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.]

CARDIFF PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY, LESSER HALL, QUEEN-STREET ARCADE.—An address was given last Sunday at 6.30 p.m. by Mr. F. B. Chadwick. Subject: "Saints and Sinners." The attendance was good. Lyceum as usual at 3 p.m.

193, HITHER GREEN-LANE, LEWISHAM, S.E.—Last Sunday afternoon Mr. Leach gave an address on "Humanity," followed by a few of his experiences. Next Sunday, at 3 p.m., Mr. Yeates. Séances every Friday at 8 p.m., to which all earnest inquirers are cordially invited.—Geo. E. GUNN, Hon. Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, CHEPSTOW HALL, 1, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday last we held meetings at Knockholt, whither a number of friends journeyed by brakes, and an enjoyable and profitable day was spent. Addresses and spirit descriptions were given by our members.—On Sunday next, Mr. W. E. Long, "Clairvoyance," at 11.15 a.m.; Mrs. Treadwell at 6.30 p.m.—On Wednesday, at the Society's Rooms (30, Fenham-road), an open circle for inquirers at 8.15 p.m.; Thursday and Saturday for members; and Healing, by Mr. R. J. Lees, on Friday, at 7.30 p.m.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—On Sunday last Mr. Hopcroft did not arrive until nearly half-past seven, owing to the train being late. Almost immediately after entering the room he was controlled by the spirit of a man who had taken his own life, and this so upset the medium that he was afraid he would not be able to do anything. However, after a short time one of his "guides" took possession, and stated that this had been permitted as it would assist the spirit and bring him to a consciousness of his condition. Some questions were then answered by the "guide," who also gave some advice as to their mediumship to two gentlemen. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mr. Humphries. Séances every Thursday at 8 p.m.—Geo. E. GUNN, Hon. Sec.

MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION, 24, HARCOURT-STREET.—Last Sunday morning, Healing and Clairvoyance, by Mr. Vango. Afternoon, Lyceum Sessions, with the usual programme; marching and calisthenics, led by A. Collins; musical readings by Miss Smythe and Master Harry Towns; recitations by Miss White, Ettie and Lizzie Mason, and Maud Towns. Evening, Mrs. Record (late Miss Keeves), trance medium; subjects chosen by the audience: "Is Life Worth Living?"; "The Development of Mediumship and Clairvoyance"; "The After-Life and the Religion of the Future." Sunday morning next, at 11 a.m., medium, Mr. Vango; afternoon, 3 p.m., Lyceum Sessions. Thursday, 7.45 p.m., Séance; medium, Mr. Wilkins. Saturday, 7.45 p.m., Séance; medium, Mr. Hopcroft. Sunday evening, at 7 p.m., Mr. Hopcroft.

KENSINGTON AND NOTTING HILL SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—Open-air work, Marble Arch, Hyde Park. Last Sunday one of the best and most influential meetings of the season was held, and, as previously arranged, a debate took place between Mr. W. O. Drake and a Materialist, Mr. P. H. Snelling. After an address, in which the former explained how proof was demonstrated of a "life beyond the grave," Mr. Snelling attacked us, and his remarks went not to disprove our position, but to question us upon terms used. The Chairman gave a "true Christian" the opportunity of addressing us, and in his remarks he held that if examples of true, religious Christians admitting the truth of Spiritualism were given, he would give ear to it to some extent. He wished to show that a Materialist did not comprehend nature sufficiently to thoroughly investigate and arrive at a right conclusion. Mr. Drake, however, had a copy of the report of "The Church of England Congress," at which such persons as Bishop Wilberforce, Rev. Dr. Thornton, and other Church authorities admitted the truth of Spiritualism. Our meeting did not terminate till nearly six o'clock. A large quantity of literature was distributed. Next Sunday there will be no meetings here, but meetings will be held at Battersea Park at 11.30 a.m., 3.30 and 6.30 p.m., which we hope to make successful as general mass meetings of open-air workers and sympathisers. A large quantity of literature for free distribution is wanted, and friends having any to contribute will be thanked if they will kindly send it to the Honorary Secretary, PERCY SMYTH, 68, Cornwall-road, Bayswater.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VARIOUS communications are unavoidably postponed. The Editor, being about to leave for his annual holiday, will be thankful if his personal correspondents will spare him as much as possible for a month. Of course letters for publication will receive due attention.

H. WEDGWOOD.—Thanks; shall be used in due course.

B. H. (Newcastle).—No, thank you. Not of enough general importance and interest, though we thank you for the information.

H. J.—We cannot advise. All we can say is that it is very desirable to be careful. There are risks, and there are blessings. We have never quite settled the relative value.