

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

The half-year's numbers of the "Circle" (July and October) contain excellent matter. It is the organ of a recently formed Brotherhood of Love and Labour, and is edited from 37, Ladbroke-square, W., and printed in really first-rate style at Nottingham. "Dum Spiro Spero," a former correspondent of "LIGHT," is largely concerned with this philanthropic venture. A most striking contribution is a letter of the author of "John Inglesant" in explanation of some difficulties found in that remarkable book. "Character has much greater influence than pure thought. Character is thought united to matter, i. e., thought revealed in matter: without character thought cannot strictly be said to be revealed at all. The character and life, therefore, of Jesus might be expected to exert a stronger influence in the early stages of the religious life than the abstract conception of righteousness, of love, or of power, which, nevertheless, are scientific facts and together make up the idea of God." This is very much the teaching that I have assimilated from Spiritualism. The character is the aggregate result of the acts and habits of a man's life. These are the results of what he believes, combined with the circumstances under which he is placed. That is to say, a man will act according to his beliefs in times of difficulty, according to the strength that is in him, or as we say sometimes, characteristically. His "faith is dead, being alone" till it energises. Then comes the formation of character. I exclude blind impulse for the time.

As to the personification of ideals of righteousness, we find it everywhere. Most men cannot realise an abstraction. The Catholic sets up a tawdry image and worships *before it*—mind, I don't say worships *it*, and the Protestant is virtuously shocked at the graven image and the misguided idolater. He does not understand, and begins to quote from the Decalogue. But, if he will do a little self-analysis, he will find that he does much the same himself. The cult of the Blessed Virgin is not far from being eclipsed by expressions easily selected at random from the warm hymns so popular in our churches and chapels, in which expressions of personal love to Jesus are revoltingly sensuous. The dragging down of the ideal to earth involves what I may call a materialisation of it. It is only when man reaches a considerable altitude that he is able to grasp an abstract idea. It is only when he gets up much higher that he is able to content himself with it. For the life of me, I have never been able to see why a man should not take those means of realising, and, if necessary, of objectifying his

highest ideal, which are most servicable to that end. It seems to me that a most hopeful prospect for Spiritualism is that it substitutes for the vague hope, the realised certainty: for the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things seen.

In the same "Circle" I find two papers on "The Prevailing Sin of the Age." I turn to them with interest, for it seems to me that there is in this age a whole viper brood of sins, and I should not like to say off-hand which prevails. I find that the writer in the July number particularises "the desire for notoriety; the too great exaltation of self; the rage for publicity"; as Pope has it, "the wretched lust of praise." According to this writer it taints our whole body politic. It makes the politician eat his words and declare black to be white. It sets an agitator up on a tub in Hyde Park to create a disturbance, if so be, in the general scramble, he may clutch something not his own. There is, according to these opinions, no sort or condition of man (except I suppose a few dukes and the like) who are not engaged in a dishonest struggle for precedence or notoriety. Especially (tell it not in Gath!) women. They are the worst. They "amble and they jig," they jostle and they push, and their soul burns within them to get up to some eminence. (I hope I do no injustice by my somewhat epigrammatic condensation.) The indictment is supported by some evidence drawn from unassailable facts. The indictment is severe and so far true. This is the sin of the age, a desire for notoriety at any cost.

To this indictment comes a rejoinder of which little is to be made. The writer seems to think that the superficial blemishes to which the first writer drew attention are only indications of an evil that lies deep down below: the scum that rises to the surface of a seething pot; and expresses the opinion that "in as far as we, alone and individually, have, whether in time past or time present, sinned against the Love and Divine Perfection of the Christ" we are guilty of our part in this mischief. This, I confess, conveys to me no clear conception, though I dimly see what may be meant. The fact is I do not know that we shall all agree as to the prevailing sin of the age. This is, as I have lately said repeatedly, a transition age, an age of upheaval, a time when the dry bones of Materialism are rudely shaken by the Spirit. And here, perhaps, we get a clue. Men have so long fixed their gaze on the things of time and sense that they have ignored the more important things of spirit. The awful presence of the world of spirit in its nearness and ubiquity has been lost sight of. No longer the ultimate goal of this earthly pilgrimage, it has receded till it is lost to view. The whole field of vision is bounded by the material life with its multifarious concerns and busy idlenesses, its eating and drinking, its amusements and its vices, its worthless chatter and frittering away of time. With the loss of a hold on the unseen comes the weakening of the binding power of religion. There may be, there is, much outward show. Men and especially women genuflect and bow down, put on a decorous face on a Sunday, and are emotionally attracted by the music and sweet odours of some highly

decorated church, but the effects last only as far as the church door. The material resumes its sway with the Church Parade in the Park, and the passing thought of some vague thing dimly seen, if at all, is supplanted by a very real interest in the fugitive gossip of the hour or the last sweet thing in bonnets.

When the sobriety engendered by a belief that this life is only a phase of life eternal is lost, it is small wonder that Society devotes itself to the amusement of the passing hour, to idling and luxury, soon to degenerate not into one vice, but into many—for the restraining power is gone, and the dominant note is that of old, "Eat and drink for to-morrow we die." They, who have heard of, and who profess to believe in, the Communion of Saints, care nothing for that other communion of sinners within a stone's throw of their mansions, where Lazarus wallows in a sty which does not afford him means of bodily health, to say nothing of decency. It is an unpleasant thought, put it away. These poor off-scourings of a proud civilisation probably never heard of spirit and the things of spirit. They would not understand such talk. They would rather fill their stomachs, if only with the husks that the swine eat. It will take many generations, if so be "slumming" remains fashionable even for one, before any effect is made on this wallowing mass of outcast humanity. Their bodies must be tended before their souls can be reached. But Society, that lavishes money on its selfish luxuries, spares little for philanthropic purposes, unless the donor's name will appear in a fashionable subscription list. The prevailing sin of the age—the root sin, out of which spring the vices that scar and misfigure our life—seems to be the ignoring of Spirit and the things of Spirit, and the living the material life of the present. It is easy to see what a brood of vices may so be engendered:—Selfishness in all its forms, involving an answer to the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" that self-sacrifice would not dream of. Luxurious living that saps all the finest qualities of the soul. Disregard of high ideals and a gradual sinking to the level of the beast, with more advantages than the beast has for being nasty. Corruptness and corruption in the midst of which the soul is quenched. I believe that a realisation of—not a professed belief in—the world of spirit is the salt that seasons human life.

But, when all is said, does it profit us to inquire at length what is the "prevailing sin"? All sins prevail when they get a chance, and sometimes very harmless practices are called by that monosyllable of opprobrium. I suppose sin, in some form, makes sickness, *i.e.*, some law has been transgressed and nature has rebelled and visited the offence on the sinner. I am sincerely glad that it has not yet occurred to any one to send people to hell for *that* sin, or I should come badly off, if the anathema could be carried into effect. We make—is it not so?—too much of dissertations on sin, and too little of the daily life of patient discharge of duty which may be intermixed with sin, but which builds up the character and makes the life wholesome and the future hopeful. So when one comes to the end of the whole matter it is a question not of a Sunday belief but of a daily life with as little top-hamper as possible and as strenuous a devotion as may be to the work that lies ready to our hands. That, as I understand it, is the plain and simple teaching of Spiritualism, and I want no better. The metaphysical subtleties that pervade Creeds and Articles of Faith have little interest for me, and, I believe, are very small factors in the life of any man. There may be among them some propositions to which I assent as almost axiomatic: but when they come to be translated into the vagaries and antics of some religionists, especially in these later days of Salvationists and their kin, I find I am better without them.

DREAMS.

No. I.

We propose to collect, in the same way that we are doing with "Coincidences" and "Psychical Problems," unpublished or striking cases of Dreams.

A fitting introduction to the subject of the subsequent narratives may be found in these lines of a correspondent:—

We dream, and then we do; to dream once more,
We think, and from the thought the deed proceeds;
And ere the world was formed, some mind must needs
Have pictured Chaos ceasing from her roar.

The dreamer, once reviled, becomes at length
The prophet of a later, wiser age,
And every dreamer, turning a new page,
Is adding to the truth a store of strength.

To-morrow, with its acts, is lying furled
In floating visions of the present day;
Fruition gained, new aspirations play,
And to a fancied future, thought is whirled.

For fancy is far larger than the fact;
No kiss is half so sweet upon the lip,
No pain so bitter in its fiercest grip
As when despair, or hope, were free to act.

The yearning heart, the patient, toiling brain,
In love no man can touch, finds purest joy,
In knowledge none can see, a life's employ.
Why love, or think, save some dreamed end to gain?

Man were not man, without these beaconing gleams
Of earth transfigured, or of Heaven near.
The prisoned soul were dead, and buried, here,
Save for these unsubstantial, fleeting dreams.

I. J. S.

A Prophetic Dream.

A French lady, a Madame W., told me she had strange dreams before any serious event in her life. On her marriage she went to an aunt's house. At night the old lady kissed her, and smiling, said, "Go, dear, and dream pleasant dreams, and come and tell me in the morning. I am a good reader or explainer of dreams." That night Mrs. W. dreamed that she was standing looking at her husband asleep, and she wondered how he could have got into bed so neatly; it was long and narrow, and on the counterpane was a wreath of roses and lilacs that perfumed the room and encircled the bed. Turning away she saw a tile on the floor tilted up, and stooping she saw a pocket-handkerchief beneath. Taking it out she replaced the tile. Then she perceived another, and at last there were twelve little piles of handkerchiefs of twelve each. On awaking, Mrs. W. dressed hastily, impatient to hear the meaning of her strange dream, and although not attaching any sad meaning, she did not tell her husband of her dream, but ran down to the old lady and related her dream. Her aunt looked grave and sad, and when she had finished, said, "I do not like your dream; so let us talk of something else." But Mrs. W. insisted, saying she should be frightened and think it something dreadful if she did not tell her what it meant. At last the old lady reluctantly said, "Pocket handkerchiefs denote sorrow and tears, and the twelve heaps twelve months; pay great attention, especially in the eleventh month, to your husband's health, as you will lose him before the end of the year." At that time her husband was in good health, but shortly afterwards broke a blood vessel, and gradually grew weaker and died in the eleventh month. While looking at him when he was laid out, Mrs. W. was struck by seeing a pattern of lilacs and roses on the quilt. In her dream she had seen fresh flowers.

Mrs. W.'s Second Dream.

We were staying at my father-in-law's, a hale old gentleman in good health. I dreamt that I was walking by the sea-side, and saw a large black vessel approaching, followed by two others, all black, with black sails. Seeing a sailor on the beach, I asked him what those black boats could be. "Oh, do you not know?" he said; "that is the death ship. It always comes to fetch the head of the family, and as there are three he will die in three days." In the morning Mrs. W. heard her father-in-law was not well, and in three days he passed away.

B. H.

A Remarkable Dream.

Our Adelaide correspondent, Mr. Opie, sends us an account of the following remarkable dream, published in the *Advertiser* of September 11th, 1890 :—

The verification of a remarkable dream in connection with the finding of the body of the boy Joseph Johnson, who was drowned in the main drain at South Yarra on July 3rd last, has been made known. It appears that shortly after the poor boy was drowned, his cousin, a little girl about twelve or fourteen years of age, named Clarke, dreamed that the body would be found in the Yarra opposite the first lifebuoy stand, to the east of Prince's Bridge. The dream made a vivid impression on the girl, and she narrated it to her father. Some misunderstanding took place respecting the spot where the girl dreamed the body would be found. When the police commenced dragging for the body they did so at the first lifebuoy stand to the east of the Church-street bridge. The body, of course, was not found, and when it was told to the girl where the dragging took place, she said, "Oh, you have been dragging at the wrong place; it's the first lifebuoy above Prince's Bridge where I dreamed I saw the body in the Yarra." Dragging was afterwards carried on in various parts of the Yarra, but no trace of the body could be discovered. On Sunday afternoon last the body was found floating in the Yarra opposite the first buoy stand east of Prince's Bridge, at the exact spot where his cousin dreamed she saw it in the Yarra. This remarkable dream (says the Melbourne "*Herald*") should stand alongside many of those traditional dreams which have proved true, for the facts are exactly as they have been stated above.

PSYCHICAL PROBLEMS.

A Gipsy's Prophecy.

A great friend of mine, who had lived in the West Indies all her life, was engaged to be married. On coming to England family matters intervened, and the engagement was broken off. The gentleman went to Australia, and she lost sight and news of him for years. One afternoon she met a gipsy coming up the carriage drive leading to her home in the country. The woman begged alms, and, on being refused, said she wished to tell the lady her fortune. My friend abruptly declined, but the gipsy would not be silenced, and said, "Well, I will tell you one thing, lady; you have an old lover over the sea, whom you've not heard of for years; but there is a letter for you on the road, which has his photograph in it; he, too, is coming home, and you will marry and be happy."

The next mail brought the letter and photograph. The two are now an old married couple, the gipsy's story having come quite true. E. S. O. R.

Clairvoyant Dogs.

We have been resident in this house nearly two years, and have never been annoyed at night by dogs, except on two occasions. The first was when a neighbour was dangerously ill, and we heard an animal running up and down the street making a hideous noise; the second occurred when my daughter was down with severe influenza—a strange dog, whom I never saw before nor since, got into our back garden and wailed fearfully. For the following account I am indebted to your correspondent, "Mrs. L." "William May was a most promising and beloved lad. He went one day in a boat on a lake near Leake, with a pleasure party. During his absence a retriever, which belonged to him, went to the home of his uncle and howled piteously in the dining-room. He then ran to the home of his young master at Burslem, repeating the same distressing noise from room to room. Shortly after a telegram arrived, saying the boat had upset. All were saved except the owner of the dog, and on inquiry the time of the accident corresponded with the mournful howl of the poor bereaved beast." M. W. G.

THE very young men and the old are our hope. The middle-aged are hard and fast for existing facts. We pick our leaders on the slopes, the incline and decline of the mountain—not on the upper table-land midway, where all appears to men so solid, so tolerably smooth, save for a few excrescences, roughnesses, gradually to be levelled at their leisure; which induces one to protest that the middle-age of men is their time of delusion. It is no paradox. They may be publicly useful in a small way, I do not deny it at all. They must be near the gates of life—the opening or the closing—for their minds to be accessible to the urgency of the greater questions. —"GREAT THOUGHTS."

TYPE-WRITING BY SPIRITS IN THE DARK.

This, from the "*Progressive Thinker*" (Chicago) seems to be a good case :—

It is exceedingly gratifying that the various phases of spiritual phenomena are being from time to time increased in number. The announcement that independent slate writing and telegraphing by spirits were veritable facts created widespread interest among all classes. Through those phases a grand work has been accomplished, and many sad hearts rendered happy and joyous. Now the spirit-world has resolved to bring one more agent to aid in the work of transmitting their messages to mortals, and that agent is the type-writer, and Miss Lizzie Bangs is the fortunate medium. One evening last week we had the pleasure of witnessing this new phenomenon at the pleasant and hospitable home of Mrs. Voorhes, No. 47, Campbell Park. To say that the manifestations were remarkable but feebly expresses the facts of the case. There were five gentlemen and one lady besides the medium present. Charles Mangang, of 200, La Salle-street, was present. He is an expert type-writer, and he was to try his skill in detecting the *modus operandi* brought to bear in producing the writing. The type-writer was placed on a stand, and a circle formed around it, the instrument being sidewise to the medium. No sooner was the light extinguished than the keys moved very rapidly, and the machine was manipulated with the greatest dexterity and ease. Several received messages and then the following was written for us :—

"Earth Sphere, Chicago, Ill., September 30th.—My Kind Friend and Co-worker, J. R. Francis,—You are doing a grand, good, and noble work in the promulgation of this glorious truth. You have for a long time battled amid the turbulent waters of contention and censure, striking here and there for the driftwood. You have grown strong in your experience, and gathered around sustaining influences, at last reaching the shore of success. Stand firm in your battlement for right. You are sustained and guided by a strong band from the other side, and pure motives and victory are with you. I, as one at the lead, my work it is to assist and sustain. I will, as far as possible, make right the errors in earth-life. —Yours for the right, justice, and truth, S. S. JONES."

That such a message should come from S. S. Jones is apparent. Whenever an opportunity is afforded he comes to us with words of cheer and cordial greeting. He is now closely associated with us in the grand work we are doing, and his request to us that "*The Progressive Thinker*" be sent broadcast in prisons and reformatory institutions is characteristic of the man. It is not probable that he manipulated the type-writer, as that is accomplished solely by the guides of the medium, who stand in the same relation to the instrument as the telegraph operator does to his. The following message was written and handed to J. H. Hines, an attorney-at-law, whose office is at 87, Washington-street :—

"Chicago, Ill., September 30th, 1890, p.m.—My Kind Friends in Earth Life,—We are much pleased to be able to come into your midst this evening and demonstrate the fact of eternal life and spirit return, that the dear ones who have seemingly left you in death are with you still in spirit, having only thrown off the material form and passed to a higher condition of spirit; and though those whom you most desire to communicate with may not be able to do so this evening, through demonstrations of this instrument, they are with you in spirit and thought.

"It is not always possible for spirits in their freed condition to manifest their presence to you through every instrument of communication; there must be a full feeling of receptivity between you, your friends from the other side, and the instrument through which they are to manifest

"Spirits are sensitive and easily repelled, and the laws through which they return to you in manifestation are intricate, and not all are able to master or govern them. We learn and accomplish as you do, through study and experience.

"This manifestation of spirit power this evening is given more to demonstrate the fact of the phenomenon. There are many friends present for all, but all alike are not able to manipulate the forces governing.

"As you open the way of experience for them, so will they be able to come to you in understanding and identity.

"With sincere thanks and kindest regards,

"Yours by guidance, Geo. W. S.

"P.S.—I have just perceived an error in my communication; it is in the date; but as a spirit is not infallible these mistakes will occur. The error is due to the thoughts received from some of those present."

After the above message was produced the following was handed to us:—

"My Friend, Mr. Francis,—It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you this new phase of spirit demonstration, and while we are not yet able to manipulate it in a more positive manner, we shall, in time, and with encouragement, bring it to a standing in evidence far exceeding that of former evidences or phases of spirit demonstrations. We solicit your assistance and attendance at any and all times.

"Yours, Geo. W. S., Guide."

After these remarkable demonstrations of spirit power, the expert type-writer, Mr. Mangang, was called upon, and cheerfully responded, trying his skill in type-writing in the dark. The following was the result:—

"I all\$kl\$wCLht C:D GMD BLDLF \$SLcS
Ixtt Uskuu3,y"

He intended to write the following:—

"I am competing now for the first prize.

"CHAS. MANGANG."

The extreme difficulty in manipulating the keys in the dark is illustrated in the above attempt. No mortal could have written the messages received, if they had so desired. We consider this manifestation the crowning triumph of spirit power. In a few months Miss Bangs expects to be able to get the writing in broad daylight. Her guides have promised her that, and it is much to be desired. We congratulate her on this new development, and predict for her a large field of usefulness.

CLAIRVOYANCE IN ANIMALS.

G. H. SARGENT (In the "Better Way").

This bears on what we have recently devoted some space to:—

Numerous anecdotes are told to show that animals are possessed of faculties that human reasons alone cannot explain.

Dogs, horses, elephants, &c., are credited with a sagacity rivalling man's acquired knowledge.

The performance of a Jersey cow has just come under my notice illustrating this faculty.

Mr. A. is the owner of a young Jersey raised in an outlying township. Mr. A. sold her to F., who took her direct to an adjoining township. Some time after F. sold her to S. and she was taken to the heart of the city.

When A. sold the cow he moved into a suburb of the same city two miles away from where S. kept the cow.

The cow was very uneasy and made several attempts to get away, but was caught and brought back; but finally, ten months after S. bought her, she got out in early morn and disappeared.

Two days after A., who was a stranger to S., came to him and told him that the cow he bought of F. had come into his, A.'s, yard, and was then there.

It seems that F. had told A. that he had sold the cow to S. The cow was quite a pet in A.'s family, and they had seen her roped out in S.'s yard and knew where she came from, when she came into their yard, where she stayed unrestrained and contented.

Now, the interesting question is: How did this cow find her friends of a year ago? And in a place she had never seen?

The cat, the dog, the horse, the bee will find their way home when carried miles away blindfolded and over a circuitous route.

The homing pigeon will return hundreds of miles to her nest without having traversed a mile of the intervening space.

But in the case of the cow locality was not the magnet that drew her, it was animals of a distinct race from her own.

If this was instinct, instinct is superior to reason.

Reason is largely a child of education and experience, but the cow had no help from either.

DUAL FORCES IN NATURE.

The adherents of Evolution seem to think it excludes the possibility of Re-incarnation. I cannot make out why, any more than why the natural development of a crab-tree should prevent successful grafting on the same.

Whichever way I turn in God's good creation I find, not one force alone, but two, always at work in completing His vast designs. Not by water only, nor by fire only, were the hills moulded—not by centrifugal force alone, nor by centripetal force alone, are the planets kept in their orbits, but by these twin laws in mutual action. Moreover, there are two great agencies always in movement to fashion what we call society. The one is the levelling process which education supplies, the other the upheaving action dependent on the energies of individuals mainly.

As these forces respectively are complementary to each other, so I venture to suggest the incarnation of spirits is complementary to Evolution. The great Darwin only attempted to prove the origin of "species" through natural selection—"of the origin of types," said Agassiz, "the truth is we know nothing."

The biography (by a reputed physician) of the last and greatest type which the world has seen asserts that through the process of parthenogenesis He entered the world, and as no facts are isolated in nature it is only fair (assuming this one to be true) to suppose that other types of lower forms were introduced unobserved in the same manner.

The advance of the new Adam on the old one was as great as that of the old Adam on the highest kind of ape. We find Him gifted with extraordinary powers of healing, of levitation, of thought-transference, of sudden disappearance, and of resuscitation. None of these gifts are altogether foreign to human nature, and it is worthy of note that the first was freely bestowed on His immediate followers; also an effort was made to convey the second to the future head of the Church, though with but partial success.

Surely it remains for Spiritualists to appropriate more and more these great "gifts" which were received "for men," and in this sense work out the salvation of the race along the line so nobly indicated. In this way Evolution may prove, as I believe, complementary to incarnation and *vice versa*.

It is naturally of great interest to ascertain the attitude which the new Adam is said to have assumed towards Re-incarnation as commonly believed among the Jews of His era. Did He refute the doctrine? Certainly not, though it was brought before Him repeatedly. Considering how directly this ancient creed was opposed to eternal rewards and punishments as attributed to the Messiah's teaching by modern Protestants, it is a strong argument against His ever having held such extreme views; otherwise would He not have cleared the ground first, saying as on another occasion, "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures?"

But further did He not tacitly admit the doctrine and even endorse it? After a reference to Matt. xvi. 13-15, and the same Gospel, xi. 14, and xvii. 12, I do not see how an unprejudiced mind can reply except in the affirmative.

That John himself had no remembrance of his former existence is no argument against its truth. Christ spoke of him as a prophet and more than a prophet, as greatly distinguished among those born of women; and as it proved afterwards, the martyr's crown was waiting for that noble and candid brow. "The Kingdom of Heaven," to which he did not belong, I take to mean the further enlightenment of the coming dispensation which he never lived to see, and not the spiritual dominion of which he surely is an honoured subject.

M. W. G.

SINGLE is each one born into the world; single he dies; single he receives the reward of his good deeds, and single the punishment of his evil deeds. When he dies his body lies like a fallen tree upon the earth, but his virtue accompanies his soul. Wherefore let us harvest and garner virtue, so that we may have an inseparable companion in traversing that gloom which is so hard to be traversed.—"Mamu."

ORTHODOXY is the Bourbon of the world of thought. It learns not, neither can it forget; and though, at present, bewildered and afraid to move, it is as willing as ever to insist that the first chapter of Genesis contains the beginning and end of sound science, and to visit with such petty thunderbolts as its half-paralysed hands can hurl those who refuse to degrade nature to the level of primitive Judaism.—PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

FROM OUR BOOK-TABLE.

BY THE EDITOR OF "NEUE SPIRITUALISTISCHE BLÄTTER."

TRANSLATED BY "V."

The well-known medium, Baroness Adelpa von Vay, has added a new volume to her works, under the title of "The Spheres Betwixt the Earth and the Sun," published by Karl Sigismund, Berlin.

The entire book, consisting of 238 pages, is devoted to the doctrines of Allan Kardec, and seeks to prove the fact of Re-incarnation by numerous examples. But as we should be obliged again to touch upon the subject of Re-incarnation if we gave a review of the book, which we do not intend to do; we think it better to leave it alone and only to say that this book likewise contains assertions, but no proofs, of Re-incarnation being a fact, and to recommend it to the perusal of the adherents of this theory.

We find in this work much that could not stand before the forum of exact discussion; for instance, the temporary revival of mummies and speeches made by them, which would be a physical impossibility, on account of the drying-up of the flesh, muscles, joints, and tissues, let alone the bandages which confine the jaws; further, the curious explanation of electricity, as a result of the fall of spirits (p. 209), the od-vibrations, &c. And as we find the story of the mummies in a communication, purporting to come from the spirit of Hahnemann, we begged Dr. Samuel Hahnemann, the founder of homoeopathy, at a séance to inform us if he were really the Hahnemann referred to in this book, and received from him the following message in writing:—

MY DEAR SON*,—I will willingly give you my opinion of the chapter, which I have read as well as you, and of the communication purporting to come from me, but first I can only repeat what I have frequently said to you that Re-incarnation is a delusion.

In this seventeenth chapter, it is asserted that I had re-incarnated myself on earth from the first sphere of the fourth atmospheric ring. This is not true. I am frequently in company with my ancestors, both on my father's and mother's side, of many generations backward, but no single member of my family knows anything of Re-incarnation. The Spiritists, or followers of Kardec, call us spirits ignorant when we say that we know nothing about Re-incarnation; but I think that I, together with the other friends of our group who control you, have given sufficient proofs that we are pretty well versed in mundane as well as in super-mundane knowledge, or to speak more correctly, in the processes of the material as well as the spiritual universe, and that we understand the connection between cause and effect as well as is possible in our present sphere. It is very difficult for us to manifest in the earthly sphere, for me especially, as I have long been gravitating to a higher one than that I am now in, and only linger in it because I desire to complete with you the mission I have entrusted to you.

The communication on pp. 125 and following, purporting to come from me are not from me, which anyone can immediately perceive who has read my contributions in "Hufeland's Journal," my "Organon," the theoretical portion of the "Materia Medica Pura," in chronic illnesses, or my collected letters and miscellaneous papers. The style is the man! That is, each man has his own peculiar style, his own mode of expression, and these he retains as a spirit, when he is able to communicate through a medium.

There are, too, assertions in this communication which are directly opposed to positive science, as well as to the views I have so frequently expressed through yourself and Dr. Gray, of New York.

Since 1859 I have manifested through no other medium than yourself and twice through Dr. Gray, of New York, and Dr. Tanner, of Baltimore, as on both occasions I told you previously I intended doing.

From the year 1778 I was influenced by the spirit of Theophrastus Paracelsus, by whom I was led to found the homoeopathic system of healing; he also declares Re-incarnation to be a delusion.

Hold fast to the rational views taught you by myself and my friends, and you need have no fear of being deceived, as we teach you nothing for which we cannot give you proofs; there is no proof, however, of Re-incarnation.

SAMUEL HAHNEMANN.

We will add that since 1857 the spirit of Dr. Hahnemann has not only taken the control of our circle, but of ourself as well, that we are daily in communication with him, and are so familiar with his manner of thought, opinions, and

* Hahnemann always addresses me, not as friend or brother, according to the usual form with spirits, but as son, because when I was a little boy he took me on his knee to examine my eyes.—Dr. B. CYRIAX.

style that we can recognise it just as easily as that in the letters of an earthly friend; besides which we can detect his approach or presence at once, and distinguish it immediately from that of any other spirit.

THE COUNT MATTEI AND HIS CANCER CURES.

We have given considerable space to correspondents who advocate Count Mattei's remedies. We regard it, therefore, as imperative, in the interests of justice and fair play, to give publicity to the subjoined statement, taken without alteration or curtailment from the "St. James's Gazette" of November 4th:—

Readers of the "National Review" are aware that a long controversy has been carried on as to the value of the electrical remedies discovered by Count Mattei. This month we have in the same periodical a brief letter (with enclosure) from Dr. Herbert Snow. It may be mentioned in this connection that Mr. Stead is reported to have started for Italy in order to interview the medical Count with a view, it is presumed, of making him his "Man of the Month."

Dr. Herbert Snow presents his compliments to the editors of the "National Review," and begs to enclose an analyst's report upon three of the Mattei "electricities" procured from Messrs. Leath and Ross.

Analytical Laboratory, Vestry Hall, Paddington Green, W.

October 21st, 1890.

DEAR SIR,—On the 2nd of October I received from you three small bottles bearing the Government patent-medicine stamp, each securely sealed with a wax, unbroken, seal of a castle on a rock. I have now carefully examined these chemically, physically, and microscopically, and I find as follows:—

They were labelled "Elettricità Bianca," "Elettricità Verde," and "Elettricità Rossa."

To find if they possessed any special electrical properties they were placed singly in thin glass tubes; these tubes were suspended by silk filaments. Under such circumstances an electrical body would point one end to the north and the other end to the south. Not one of these came to rest in such a position; neither were any of them attracted by a magnet, as an electrical body would be. Hence, they certainly are not electrical.

To delicate test-paper they were perfectly neutral. Vegetable extracts are usually either alkaline or acid; even if neutral when fresh, they speedily change.

They had the following characters:—

	Elettricità Bianca.	Elettricità Verde.	Elettricità Rossa.
Colour ...	None.	None.	None.
Odour ...	None.	None.	None.
Taste ...	None.	None.	None.
Polarity ...	None.	None.	None.
Specific gravity (distilled water=1)	1.0006	1.0002	1.0002
Solid matter in 100 parts	0.01	0.01	0.01
Metals* ...	None.	None.	None.
Alkaloids ...	None.	None.	None.

The microscope showed an absence of any floating particles or sediments such as are usually present in vegetable extracts.

There is but one substance which possesses all the above qualities—that is, water.

None of these fluids differ at all from water in any of their properties.—Yours faithfully,

ALF. W. STOKES, F.C.S., F.I.C.

Public Analyst to Paddington, Bethnal Green, and St. Luke, Gas Examiner to London County Council, &c.

SOCIETY is continually inhaling and exhaling, giving and taking, helping and being helped; and its health and growth depend upon the free and constant operation of both these functions. Neither can they be relegated to different classes of people, some doing all the giving and others all the receiving. To starve one side of the nature injures the whole; and, unless both are in constant and happy exercise, the individual is mentally and morally stunted—indeed it will never be known how much more generous giving there would be in the world if there were more cordiality and gratefulness shown in accepting.—"GREAT THOUGHTS."

* By metals is meant any foreign to water, or any such as are used medicinally.

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

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

"LIGHT" may also be obtained from E. W. ALLEN, 4, Ave Maria-lane, London, and all Booksellers.

Light:

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

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8th, 1890.

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

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

A LOOK ROUND OUR EXCHANGES.

"ALCYONE" (Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.) is concerned with Count Tolstoi and the "Kreutzer Sonata." It is an unsavoury subject, and may be dismissed with the remark that in the good time coming we may hope to find that what is sauce for the goose shall also be sauce for the gander. For it is wholly iniquitous that what is condoned in the man, and even allowed to invest him with a certain sultry charm, should blast and ruin his victim. Let us have fair play. A halo of romance has been poetically placed around this question, which common-sense—not Count Tolstoi's—may be invoked to dissipate.—Our friend, J. Wetherbee, perennial and ubiquitous, has arrived at the conclusion that "platform tests" are wearisome. He says, "I sometimes wonder if the strangers (at small meetings) do think that the people present are entertained with rather weak and cheap pretensions, so many of them seem to be guesses—bows drawn at a venture." So do we. This sort of stuff is no credit to us.

"THE WORLD'S ADVANCE THOUGHT" which we have not seen for a long time, is much on the same plane. It is Reformist as much as Spiritualist, or more. Now, we have a wholesome dread of pulling the ivy down from a tottering wall. The ivy keeps it up. It may be well that it should be pulled down; it may be necessary. When that necessity arises it must be done. But it must be done with judgment and at the right time. It seems to us that the destructive phase has gone quite far enough. We want the constructive mind now, but we do not find it in the pages of the "World's Advance Thought." We want a firm basis first before we uproot what many generations have found serviceable. All things wear out. But the wise replace the outworn with something more serviceable for present use. This is not serviceable:—

The grandest manifestation of Celestial Power will begin in the North-west, for the same reason that the aureole of Celestial Light is seen around the head of a pure, sainted personage—the North-west bearing the relation to the rest of the planet as do the brightest faculties to the head. All powers are subject to the law of growth, and the manifestations of Celestial Power through all the ages past were only its various stages of unfoldment from germ to leaf; now its blossoming period comes, and the marvel of its higher power will unfold and expand until the earth shall be the habitation of purity and happiness.

Nor this:—

Matter is the roots, mind is the leaves, and soul is the fruit of the Tree of Life. Matter, therefore, loves the earth and darkness; mind comprehends the spirit or knowledge of things; and the fruit knows the eternal sunshine, from whence itself and all below it are derived.

The thinking mind reads and is bewildered or smiles.

"THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL" gives us more mental food. J. D. Featherstonhaugh's "Human Imponderables: A Psychical Study" is devoted, in its first part, to Mesmerism, respecting which it is not to be expected that he should tell us anything new, but he gives us some good cases within his personal experience. Here is one:—

Perhaps the most pleasing and satisfactory instance of mesmeric power that ever came under my observation was on the occasion of being hastily summoned at midnight to the assistance of a near neighbour and intimate friend. I found him and the maid servant endeavouring to restrain his wife from precipitating herself out of the window. The agony of her suffering was painful to witness, and rendered her deaf to the poor comfort of words, all we had to offer. My friend rushed off for the doctor, leaving to the maid and myself the unwilling task of watching the misery we knew not how to alleviate. The struggles at last became so violent that we laid her on the bed to prevent any possible injury.

With hardly a hope of success, I made some passes with my disengaged hand, and in a short time, although her screams continued, her struggles did not seem so violent. This encouraged me to proceed, and with hand, eye, and will I exerted the utmost power I possessed. At length thoroughly exhausted by my efforts and my agitation I was about to abandon the attempt, when a pleasant smile stole over her face, and in a playful voice she exclaimed "There, Mr. Mesmeriser, you may go home now, I have gone to sleep." She was fast asleep, and we watched her, endeavouring to restrain and pacify the doctor, who had come in, until she awoke some hours afterwards, refreshed and restored, without any knowledge of what had transpired after the first fifteen minutes.

Before the Medico-Legal Society of Chicago, Dr. M. H. Lackersteen has been lecturing on "The Scientific Aspect of Medical Hypnotism." He demurred to the statement that hypnotism was dangerous. In the course of his lecture he narrated what he had seen in an hospital in India—amputations, and cures by suggestion. He attributed faith-healing to a cognate cause.—Mr. J. Clegg Wright contributes an article, "Can Spiritualism be Scientifically Studied?" which is well worth reading. Science is a word of which we want a definition—"a correct perception of the relation of phenomena," says Mr. Wright. That involves much—accurate observation, an unprejudiced mind, and a fearless record of results. That will do for us. The Hon. Joel Tiffany gives this record of a personal experience, among others:—

On the first day of April, 1851, in the city of Cleveland, and at the house of Dr. Mathaviet, I was invited to give a psychometric reading of the name of the doctor taken from the fly-leaf of a book in his library, written twenty-two years before the time of making this reading. No intimation of any kind had been given as to the writer, and hence I had no impression concerning the authorship at the time of undertaking the reading. I very soon perceived that it had been written by an old lady, and that she was then in the spirit-world in a state of bewilderment. I so stated the fact and proceeded to give the cause of the bewilderment when Mrs. Mathaviet said, "Mr. Tiffany, you must be mistaken. The name was written by an old lady, but she is living in good health." I replied, "Mrs. Mathaviet, you are mistaken, she is in the spirit-world, and the presence in her view of both the living and the dead is what bewilders her." "But," said Mrs. Mathaviet, "we are in the receipt of letters directly from home in France, stating that she, the doctor's mother, is well." I said, "That makes no difference; if she was alive and well this morning she is dead now. I cannot be mistaken."

But my talk did not satisfy Mrs. Mathaviet. She still believed that I was mistaken in finding her mother-in-law in the world of spirits. But the record was made and I insisted that on April 1st, 1851, her mother-in-law was dead; and it was left for time to determine whether it was so or not. In about two or three weeks Mrs. Mathaviet received letters from France, stating that the old lady died on March 27th; and being a Catholic her body was kept in the home one week for saying Mass and lighting the soul through purgatory, and it was in the midst of this service that the old lady was found in her state of bewilderment by reason of the presence in her consciousness of the spirits of both the living and the dead. This was only one of many such readings. I could fill a volume with the like readings made during a period of fifteen years—from 1851 to 1867 or 1870—in fact, up

to the time I resolved to abandon the practice because of the effect produced on me, unfitting me for ordinary business transactions.

"THE BETTER WAY" (Cincinnati) has shown a very marked improvement in all ways recently. The paper on which it is printed is good, the type is clear, and the matter is always readable. The number before us contains a long address by W. J. Colville. We assisted at one of his earliest appearances in a drawing-room in London, and when we look on that picture and on this, we find food for reflection in the development.—Our friend, John Wetherbee, is to the fore with more of his remarkable experiences. "To him that hath shall be given." How is it that some go through a long life craving, yearning for conviction, and others pick it up by the wayside like blackberries from a hedge? The "Better Way" gives us this bit from the "Autocrat":—

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the July "Atlantic," says:—

I was a little over twenty years old when I wrote the lines, which some of you may have met with, for they have been often reprinted:—

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

The world was a garden to me then; it is a churchyard now.

"THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER" (Chicago) gives us an extract from Ingersoll, full of thought, as all he writes is. This even those who disagree with his conclusions must admit. Here is a paragraph quoted from the "North American Review":—

My mind is so that it is forced to the conclusion that *substance is eternal*; that the *universe was without beginning and will be without end*; that it is the one eternal existence; that relations are transient and evanescent; that organisms are produced and vanish; that forms change—but that the substance of things is from eternity to eternity. It may be that planets are born and die, that constellations will fade from the infinite spaces, that countless suns will be quenched—but the substance will remain.

For the rest this newest journal is still "on the boom."

"THE BANNER OF LIGHT" also deals in W. J. Colville, this time on "Nationalism: the Next Step in Civilisation."—Hudson Tuttle discourses on "Mind Reading and Mediumship," excellently as his wont is. We shall recur to this instructive article.—Dr. A. S. Hayward, the well-known healer, is gone from us, we regret to find.—The "Banner" free circles are as much in request as ever.

"THE GOLDEN GATE" (San Francisco) once more introduces us to the ubiquitous veteran, John Wetherbee. He is answering questions this time, and if he introduces debateable matter, he affords much information to the tyro. Mr. Colville is also in evidence. There is some talk of his visiting Paris at the invitation of the Countess of Caithness, Duchesse de Pomar.

In addition to these American exchanges, we have before us "THE WOMEN'S PENNY PAPER" (conducted, written, and published by women), with a portrait of "an apostle of dress-reform," which does not impress the uninstructed male mind. She is, however, we are assured, "a perfectly developed specimen of superb womanhood. . . . a noble woman nobly planned," which is about enough. She, also, has a mission, naturally. No doubt, the paper came to us by reason of a short article on "Women and Theosophy."

"THE JOURNAL DU MAGNETISME," founded by Baron du Potet in 1845, is the organ of the Société Magnétique de France. This society numbers amongst its English honorary corresponding members Mr. W. Crookes, F.R.S., Mr. Sinnett, Madame Blavatsky, and Mr. Stainton Moses, as President of the London Spiritualist Alliance. The present monthly number contains short notices of many books connected with Magnetism and the Occult, some of which are new to us. For example, "Magie Pratique," by

Jules Lermina, which is described as a revelation of the mysteries of life and death; "Essais de Sciences Maudites," by S. de Guaita; "L'Hypnotisme," by Albert Bonjean, an advocate at Verviers; "Les Livres de Divination," by J. Nicolaides; "Cinq Traités d'Alchimie," translated from the Latin by A. Poisson; and others. The prices in all cases seem moderate, ranging from three francs downwards.

Many other exchanges testify to the growth of Spiritualism in many lands, but we have exhausted our space and profess only to give samples and not an exhaustive list.

MISSIONARY NUMBER OF THE "TWO WORLDS."

"The Two Worlds" issued a second missionary number on October 24th, containing matter that will be interesting and attractive to those for whom it is intended. The Editor says that the present issue is "a transcript of communications in which spirits attempt to translate into human speech accounts of their life, conditions, and employments in the spheres of spiritual existence." The Editor adds, "We pledge all that we hold most sacred to the assurance that what is thus given has been tested and proved to be of purely spiritual origin." The number contains extracts from "Heaven Revised"; from A. J. Davis's "Philosophy of Death"; from "Spiritual Stray Leaves," by P. Chand Mitra; a communication given to the late Judge Edmonds on the "condition of a suicide after death," and various other papers and messages.

MODERN CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

This book,* which is inscribed to Mrs. Hardinge Britten, Mr. Stainton Moses, and some other prominent Spiritualists, from whose writings the author has derived profit, is open to some misapprehension with reference to its title. It is not, as might at first sight be supposed, a comparison between Modern Christianity and Modern Spiritualism as judged by the teaching of Christ; but it is, in fact, a comparison between the most agreeable aspect of Modern Spiritualism as accepted by the writer, that is to say, Christian Spiritualism, with the least satisfactory aspect of Christianity, certainly not *modern*, as defined by the Articles of the Church of England. These latter, as may well be supposed, receive very severe treatment at the hands of "Arcanus." We are certainly not concerned to defend them; and we think, indeed, that it is rather unfair that *Modern Christianity* should be judged by them.

The writer is also extremely hard upon "Creedalism." Creeds are merely the formulation in a concentrative shape of any organised system of belief; and they are employed, very reasonably and necessarily we think, as a definition by all such, whether it be the programme of a politician, the manifesto of a trades union, or the expressed belief or substance of belief of any religious community. Even the "Commandments"—ten in number—"given by the spirits to Mrs. Hardinge Britten," which the writer is willing to adopt as his dogma, must be regarded as involving a creed by those who accept them. With these remarks, in the nature of a protest against a certain narrowness in his estimate of things with which he is not in sympathy, we readily accept the creed of "Arcanus," that we should seek the teachings of Christianity in the words of its Founder. This argument he enforces with abundant quotation in prose and verse, and much unfavourable comment on the glosses of the churches. To those to whom the attrition of controversy is necessary to the establishment or fortification of a primitive Christian belief, the work may be helpful, and acceptable, the more so as it is forceably written, and bears the impress of sincerity.

* "Modern Christianity and Modern Spiritualism judged by the teachings of Jesus Christ, and an Examination of the Principal Articles of the Church of England." By "Arcanus." Printed for private circulation.

OBSTACLES.

PART III.

The want of a sense of proportion is often another drawback to advancement. Those who have entered or who aim at entering what is called society, are unbalanced in mind. Society is to them the world and life, and nothing worth speaking of can exist outside it. Unless they are in it, they imagine that life is fore sworn to them. They do not perceive that society is really but a little corner of the world, and so far from being life is only an artificial presentment of it, real life being inseparable from nature. Habit is often a cause of this want of sense of proportion. We do not duly weigh and consider, but esteem things important because we have been brought up to think them so, or have carelessly imbibed an idea, and let it grow upon us. Want of thought and want of freedom, of unconventionality of mind, often cause us to make the wrong choice, to place the trivial above the important. Minds which have a sense of affinity, of what is due to themselves and others, will not fall into these errors, will always place the real before the conventional requirement; they know how to break through custom for the sake of soul-need. When a friend calls them they do not allow any rules of their ordinary life to come between. They perceive the personage for whom it is worth while to sacrifice something, and are willing to make the sacrifice. When an object of real interest, of spiritual importance is at hand, they do not permit any petty concerns to interfere with it. With them the spiritual is always supreme. The present does not exclude the future from their view. They possess the faculty of looking before and after. Existence is to them a well-drawn landscape in which each object is in a just proportion to the rest.

But the strong bar to many which stands across the entrance to the path is that mystery—suffering. They cannot make up their minds to suffer. They have not the courage. They cannot sacrifice ease for the infliction of sharp pain even though they know that ease in the end will involve more suffering, that pain may be the wholesome operation which cuts off disease. They hanker after the flesh pots of Egypt, and have not resolution to face the way in the wilderness. Pain consists for them in effort, the effort involved in waking out of sleep, in casting off the torpor of death, in choosing life and making some sacrifice for it. They will learn with their brains, speculate and talk; they may be converted in the region of idea, but when it comes to entering the region of will and action they falter. Suffering in some cases is necessary as a purifying fire or a test. It is not good or a blessing in itself, but is a means to an end. The end of human existence is happiness, not suffering. Suffering is generally the result of sin. It is not punishment, but follows as a natural consequence of wrong-doing. Remedial suffering, however, is not old bad Karma; it is a process of evolution—a necessary training in some cases. In others development comes more easily. There are pliable receptive natures who lend themselves from the first to the guidance of grace. It is mostly the strong natures that have gone astray, or who are as yet unevolved, who require suffering. If these refuse the medicine offered to them they are in danger of perishing. The most efficacious suffering is that voluntarily taken up as a penance. Acts of penance destroy the effects of old Karma, and make good new Karma. By penance atonement is made. It is an earnest that the will is in the right direction. To do penance is to deal with one's adversary while one is in the way with him. Neglected penance may involve fresh trouble and misery. Those who always refuse pain will drag on wearily through centuries of unhappiness, and in the end suffer infinitely more. The sharp stroke of the sword liberates.

Penance may consist in the adoption of a life of labour and hardship or in one supreme sacrifice. A life of perfect humility may atone for pride—a life of poverty for too great love of riches—a life of toil and service for worldliness and selfishness. The greater the sin the more need of penance. The Church makes penance a sacrament, that is, a means of grace and union. Penance restores the lost balance, weighing down the scale of good which formerly was light, while the scale of evil was heavy. All who wish to advance have to perform penance all their lives by culti-

vating at all costs the opposite qualities of their defects, which often involves much pain and effort. The cowardice which refuses to bear pain for the sake of good is destructive.

It is love, the great solver of all riddles, which also solves the mystery of pain. To love, no sacrifice is too great, and to the greatest love there is no real sacrifice, the pain would be to refuse the willing offering. *The perfect lover of God knows no pain.* No soul need pride itself on suffering, for suffering is always a sign of imperfection, and is either the result of past sin or, what is more rare, the refining fire. And the greater the love the less will the suffering be. Love swallows up suffering.

Reviewing these many obstacles, dangers, and trials, both within and without, we perceive the necessity of keeping our eyes constantly fixed on the remedies, for remedies there are, and great divine means of help. The first of these latter is prayer, and the second remembrance or faith. These two will carry us through all difficulties.

Prayer to any pure spiritual being will lift and strengthen our souls, raising them into a higher, clearer sphere, into communication with spirits of goodness and love. Prayer should be to the highest object of our faith or realisation, be it what it may.

"Those devoted to the gods go to the gods . . . and my worshipper also comes to Me." ("Bhagavad Gita.") We worship that which we most realise as divine, and the higher the object of our faith, the higher will be the help we shall receive. Yet even blind and ignorant prayer to we know not what is a help, as it is an aspiration, a cry to something better than ourselves, a claim upon that love which is in everything and everywhere. Prayer is always the supreme safeguard especially against enemies in the unseen.

Remembrance will pierce the darkest hour of despair and deathfulness. If we can remember the light we have seen, the goodness which does certainly exist, the vision of beauty we have had, any reality we have experienced in the past which may bring comfort to us, we are saved. And is it not the deepest comfort to know that beauty, goodness, and love are not fables, do really exist, *are there*, if not in this present moment for us? Faith and remembrance are the same, for faith is only another name for that loyal adherence to the memory of our best visions or intuitions, which contributes more than anything to lifting us out of the mire.

The smaller remedies consist chiefly in watchfulness, carefulness, avoidance of what we feel to be too strong for us and to involve too much risk, such as contact with certain atmospheres in which we feel we are not likely to do good and are almost certain we shall receive a great deal of harm. No false sentiment of kindness or civility should induce us to place ourselves in such circumstances if it is possible to avoid them, for the developing soul within us is a jewel which we have to guard.

Spiritual chastity is another great defence. If once we are penetrated by the knowledge that the soul for progress does absolutely require to be chaste, to know what belongs to herself, not to wander from her own character, we are saved the greatest of dangers. Assaults fall back powerless from the chaste soul. She belongs to the pure, bright Moon, Isis, the Initiatrix, and helped by her and crowned with steadfastness of purpose she will penetrate the Heavenly mysteries, ascending gradually from peak to peak till she comes to the mountain land of perfect knowledge and love. G. R. S.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

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

- "The Weapons of Mystery." By JOSEPH HOCKING. (Routledge. One Shilling.) [Christmas and Ghosts. Very readable.]
- "The New Review." (Longmans. Sixpence.) ["Study of Character—Mrs. Booth," by "GENERAL" BOOTH; "Modern Topsy-Turvydom," by MRS. LYNN LINTON; "Sufferings of Russian Exiles"—are all good.]
- "Immortality, and our Employments Hereafter." By DR. PEEBLES. (Boston: Colby and Rich.) Sixth Edition. [This is a new edition, the sixth, of a well-known work. Its scope to anyone not already familiar with it may be shortly said to be a response to the question placed on the title-page from one of "M.A., Oxon."s" works, "Am I to live on after my body is dead? Then it concerns me to know where. What Answer comes to me from the Land Beyond?" Replies purporting to come from "100 spirits, good and evil" make up the book. The printer's work is above the average.]

MIND-READING AND MEDIUMSHIP.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The following paper is contributed to the "Banner of Light":—

When Bishop gave his last fatal exhibition of mind-reading the reporters carefully noted his physical and mental condition. He was wrought up to the last degree of nervous tension. His pulse was rapid, and he became so exhausted that as soon as the test was finished a total collapse was imminent. Partially recovering he ventured another test, which so far absorbed the remaining force that he sank into a comatose state, which the physicians mistook for death in their ignorance of spiritual conditions, and proceeded to chop their way into his brain in order to find the cause for such unusual manifestations.

The manifestation of such remarkable sensitiveness was regarded by everyone who witnessed it or wrote on the subject as fully accounting for the collapse of his vitality. It placed a violent strain on the nervous system, and intensified all the vital processes to the breaking point. More recently the feats of a young aspirant for Bishop's place named Johnstone have been reported. During the performance of these the same highly-wrought condition of the nervous system was observed. The action of the heart was increased to over 150 pulsations, and those in attendance expected every moment he would break down. After it was finished they gave him a bath, which partially restored him.

The views taken by those who have reported these tests of mind-reading are perfectly correct, and it may be said inadvertently they have reached the truth. There can be no physical effort or mental process so rapidly exhaustive as this sensitive condition. The notable feature is that the same views are not taken of mediumship, for both rest on the same laws and conditions. I write from a positive knowledge, for I have had the experience numberless times, and look with dread on the shocks I have received by the carelessness or rudeness of those in attendance. When writing, sudden interruption is like a blow, and leaves me dazed and irritable; often unable ever to return to the same point, where the same influence will continue its impressions. When sitting for the movement of the table or rappings, a single word or thoughtless remark has crashed on my spirit and wholly negatived further manifestations. The presence of someone, perhaps of best intentions, has been like an absorbing sponge.

Often when I have written for long hours, and at last finished, I have recalled the passage in the life of Mohammed, wherein he says that so intense was the power which controlled him that when certain parts of the Koran were given him he sweat drops of blood.

Once in my experience, having, in an unusually sensitive state, written nearly all the night—written until, as the manuscript showed, the pen had fallen from my fingers in the middle of a sentence, the result was disastrous. At nine in the morning I had a congestive chill, brought on by the depletion of that sitting, which carried me to the very confines of the spirit-world. The spirit-writers had not noted the exhaustion, or misjudged my strength.

I am writing nothing new to mediums or sensitives the world over. They have all had similar experiences, and suffered the tortures even the sympathetic sometimes are expert in inadvertently inflicting. The point I wish to make forcible is: Why not grant to mediums the same charity given to mind-readers? If, when mediums in the midst of tests are rudely interrupted, they complain of injury or are distressed, it is ridiculed as a part of the show—the by-play of the fakir—to distract attention. Not the least sympathy is shown; and even Spiritualists who understand seem overcome by the cry of fraud, and are silent. I recently met a medium who, during a seance, had been "grabbed," and what was called "exposed." I will take no issue with that "exposure," for little can be positively known from the conflicting evidence; but from what I do know of psychic laws, the effect of that exposure on the medium proved beyond controversy that she was not the fraud she was declared to be. From a strong woman in vigorous health she was reduced to a wreck.

There is a change in the physical state of the medium quite as marked as that in the mind-reader. The diagnosis of this state will prove far more satisfactory and assuring against fraud than the bungling and torturing devices of tying or confining the medium. The sensitive condition involves more or less—according to degree—congestion of the arterial centres. The hands and feet are cold and the head has unusual heat; the pulse is finer and more rapid; the eyes have a peculiar expression, which when once seen cannot be mistaken. The symptoms are quite distinct from what may be called the "healing phase." The genuine magnetiser has cool, moist hands, that give the impression of silky softness; and when treating a patient the vital powers are at floodtide.

The genuine healer may be known by these indications, as the pretender may be detected by his hand giving the impression of sticks; want of glow in the vitality and sympathy which the true healer must feel.

If the person claiming to be a medium during a seance remains perfectly normal, that alone is sufficient evidence of want of genuineness. The pulse is at first accelerated, but in later stages and in clairvoyance becomes slow and so feeble as scarcely to be detected. There is coldness of the extremities, with pallor, or a purplish hue from venous congestion, often difficulty of breathing, and abnormal heat in the brain.

If I mistake not, these symptoms were remarked by that remarkable scholar and sensitive writer, "M.A. (Oxon.)"; but he did not press the subject to its full claims. Why bungle with ropes, cabinets, and the methods which are a constant insult and menace to the medium, when the study of physical symptoms will show whether the medium is true or false far more conclusively than all the "test conditions" which may be applied? The various psychic states of trance, clairvoyance, materialisation, writing, and that which makes physical manifestations possible, have marked characteristics which not only distinguish them but prove the genuineness of the subject. Would it not be well for would-be "exposers" to study this phase of the momentous subject, instead of pursuing the coarse measures they adopt?

If we heard sweet music, and were told afterwards it came from a certain instrument, we would convince ourselves of the truth of the statement by examining the instrument to learn if it were possible for it to produce such harmonious sounds. If we found such to be the fact, we would say there is every reason to believe the music came from the instrument; but if we found the strings broken or out of tune, we would say it is impossible and not believable, for harmony cannot come from inharmony. In precisely the same manner the state of the medium indicates the truth or falsity of communications received. If it is said this medium is in a trance, or that one is writing by inspiration, the study of the physical and psychical symptoms they present proves or disproves the claim.

THE FUTURE OF HYPNOTISM.

We have more than once pointed to possible dangers that may be caused by the general use of Hypnotism. We are happy to be able to agree with Mr. Innes in the general tenour of his article. We desire no monopoly. We only erect a danger signal:—

Mr. Taylor Innes, in an article on the relation of hypnotism to crime and the medical faculty, votes against the proposition that is made in many quarters in favour of making the practice of hypnotism a professional monopoly. Mr. Taylor Innes admits that it may be abused, but he stands by the ancient principles of English liberty, which he thus formulates:—

Our principle rather is, that every one shall have freedom to investigate all the secrets, and to exercise all the powers, of nature and of mind—reserving to law the right *ex post facto* to punish the abuses of the liberty which it concedes. It may well happen that in the case of hypnotism it shall never be found necessary to depart from this most healthful general rule. It is, at all events, far too early to do it now.

CORRECTIONS.—Please make the following corrections of my paper in the last "LIGHT":—P. 522, col. 1, line 21, for "the place" read "its place"; p. 523, col. 1, line 4, after "potential" omit comma; in the same page, line 10, "for Note I" read "Note T"—EDWARD MAITLAND.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dominant Consonants and Numbers.

SIR,—Being interested in the letter of your correspondent "M. W. G.," under the above heading, I have had the curiosity to test the prevalence of the initial "C" in Christianity by comparison of the number of pages and articles claimed by that letter in the "Catholic Dictionary." The result is at first sight remarkably confirmatory of "M. W. G.'s" suggestion. The book contains 911 pages exclusive of index. Of these 148 pages are devoted to the one letter C, the nearest approach to this number, 74, belonging to the letters I, J, which I treated as one letter. (The combined U V get only 36.) Thus C occupies *exactly double* the number of pages of the next in number. Nor is this due to exceptional length of particular articles, though those under "Christ" and "Church" take up thirty-two pages. For whereas C includes 217 separate articles, the next most comprehensive letter (which is A) has only 135 articles.

It is to be remembered, however, that many of our English ecclesiastical words are of Greek origin, and as the Greek K (Kappa) almost always becomes the English C (not K) and the Greek X (Chi) is our Ch, a deduction—how large it would take a long examination to ascertain—from the significance of the prevalence of the initial C must be made on account of words which should more properly begin with K, e.g., "Cathedral" (καθίδρα) "Catholic" (καθολικός) &c. It is some proof that the deduction must be large, that I find the letter K, in the "Catholic Dictionary," comprising only two pages—much of its own proper content being apparently absorbed by C.

It is, I suspect, in the *numerical* signification of letters that we must seek the occult connection supposed by "M. W. G." Hebrew and Greek letters are numerals, and possibly the same character belongs, though less definitely and not at all conventionally, to modern derivative alphabets. Anyhow these might partake of the occult values of their originals. Your correspondent may not be aware that much curious research has in this way been bestowed upon the Bible. It is said—but I speak under the reserve of an ignorance which cannot test the statements—that as well the Hebrew text as the Septuagint, and also the Greek New Testament, show a numerical parallelism running all through the different words and verses expressive of similar leading ideas. In this way, Mr. Grattan Guinness (whose book, "The Approaching End of the Age," may be read for its laborious pursuit of this method, whatever may be thought of the author's conclusions) has assigned different numbers to such ideas, and professes to find them faithfully represented in all appropriate verses, however different the verbal composition of these may be. Such, at least, is my recollection of his book, which I have not seen for many years.

I am sorry I cannot tell "M. W. G." the "ruling letter" in Buddhism, if there is one, but I conceive that a knowledge of Pali, if not of Sanskrit, would be necessary. Buddhism, however, must no more be considered out of connection with the Brahmanism from which it sprang, and of which it was a reform, than Protestantism out of connection with the earlier history and Church life of Christianity.

C. C. M.

A Psychical Experience.

SIR,—I once had an experience something like that of your correspondent, "M. W. G." I was lying quietly in bed. It was quite dark. I had not been asleep, and was, indeed, broad awake and thinking, when suddenly there came a curious sensation in my head like a heavy pressure on the top of it. Then there was a sudden rush all through my frame down to my feet, which ached for hours afterwards. I tried to move, but could not; I strove to cry out, but could not make a sound. I could not shut my eyes, or move a finger. It was like nightmare. The thought came into my mind that I must try and call my daughter; instantly I found myself standing by the bed. I looked down and idly remarked to myself how white my feet were. The night was quite dark, it was impossible that I could have seen my feet. Then I thought, "Why should I call May? I am better now," and at once I found myself lying in bed with my hands folded as they had been. I am quite sure that I had not moved, not only from supposing that I had see

my feet, but on the bed I noticed a white embroidered quilt, where there was no such quilt; but I had not slept. I was awake. Then what was it?

When I mentioned this curious experience to an old lady she remarked, "Ah, you were nearly gone then!"

W. G.

Clairvoyance.

SIR,—In your issue of September 6th, page 428, is an article with regard to "The Immortality of Animals." This reminds me of a circumstance which I think worth relating. I came from Ohio to this State in 1868. I brought a beautiful English coach-dog with me, that I thought a great deal of, so much so that I refused a large sum of money for him before I started west.

He was a beautiful animal, white as snow, with small black spots all over him, about as large as the point of your finger, and about two inches of the tip of his long slender tail was black as jet.

One day some boys caught him in the woods, a little distance from home, and from pure cruelty, hanged him to a small tree, where he was found some days afterwards. Of course I grieved for him greatly but, in time, he was almost forgotten.

One Sunday last summer a man calling himself Dr. Harrison (which I found out afterwards was not his name) stopped at my house on his way to Arkansas. He claimed to be a clairvoyant medium and psychometric reader. There were seven or eight persons in the room, and it was agreed that he should try his art. He was from Iowa, and a total stranger to all of us. He gave his readings from handkerchiefs and other articles given him by those present.

In the room was a lady whose husband was killed in a mill. She handed him a ring which her husband had on his finger at the time he was killed. He took the ring and placed it against his forehead, and, jerking it away quickly, he handed it back to her saying, "Take it quick; the man who owned this ring was crushed to death; I feel my legs being ground, and the bones crunched—ugh!"—and he made a grimace as though he felt his lower limbs being crushed, and he said that was the sensation the handling of the ring produced. Then he continued, "The man had his legs crushed up to his body; he lived two or three hours; he suffered no pain after he was taken out. He was conscious up to the moment of his death."

All this was true. Everyone in the room said he read for them rightly. He was standing on the opposite side of the room from me when he finished with the rest, and he turned to me with a comical smile on his face, and said, "Doctor, you may believe me or not, but I will tell you the truth. There is an English coach-dog lying at your feet. He is a tall, graceful fellow, white all over, with small black spots, and about two inches of the point of his tail is black. He has come over to me three times since I have been standing here, looked up into my face, and then has returned to you and laid down at your feet. I think from the way he acts he is your dog, and wants to be recognised." This was a good description of my dog, and if animals have no spiritual existence how could he see and describe him?

He also described a peculiarly marked canary, formerly owned by a lady present, stating that it flew round the room and rested on her hand or shoulder. The lady recognised the description perfectly.

S. T. SUNDICK, M.D.

A Pretty Fancy.

SIR,—Last fall I noticed a large flock of wrens on the roof of a building near my house. They had halted for some purpose, on their journey to a Southern clime, and I determined to watch them and ascertain if possible the cause of their delay.

There was a great bevy of them, and they were fluttering, twittering, and hopping over the roof at a great rate. In the centre of the flock I noticed one single bird with its feathers ruffled, and looking as a canary does when it is ill. Around this bird, a foot or more distant, was a ring of its fellows with their heads turned towards it, and behind them the others were huddled, or hopping about, or flying back and forth over the sick one, as though anxious to know just how it was getting along.

I had not been watching more than ten minutes when the little sufferer toppled over, and rolled down the steep roof to the ground like a stone, without even a flutter. With

that every bird rose to the wing, and after a circle or two round their little companion, apparently to see if it were really all over with him, renewed their flight in a southerly direction, and were soon lost to sight. I went to the poor little dead bird, took it up tenderly, smoothed its ruffled feathers, and looking into its wide open glazed eyes, thought how it had faltered and grown weary by the way, and wondered if its little companions, wiser than we (who think ourselves so very wise), were not waiting until its little spirit could free itself from its bit of mortality, and on lighter wings accompany its companions on their journey to a warmer clime. I wondered if that bevy of birds were not larger than I, with my weak mortal eyes, could see, and if each and every little songster of their feather, who had been killed during the summer, by cruel cat, or more cruel boy, or worst of all, had been trapped and murdered for the adornment of some fashionable lady's hat, was not flying side by side with and guiding its companions, with a keener vision and quickened sense, to that far off "summer land" where they had never been. If it is true that our spirit friends are guiding us to a brighter and more beautiful land, beyond the lowering skies of earth, may it not be that the parent birds of last year were flying beside and guiding the tiny flock to a more congenial home, where the winds blow more softly and the sun shines more brightly?

S. T. SUDDICK, M.D.

The "Ring Test."

SIR,—With your leave I desire to write a few words about a very satisfactory séance recently held at 61, Lamb's Conduit-street.

There were nine sitters altogether, including the mediums, Messrs. Williams and Husk.

We all joined hands and rested them upon a round table. We had several distinct materialisations, as well as frequent spirit lights, seen by all in the room.

One spirit friend, addressing me personally, said he desired to give me a test. I replied that I should like nothing better. I was then asked if I felt a ring which was touching my wrist; then "one, two, three," and it was on my arm, where it remained till the end of the sitting, and upon close examination no join could be found in it. I never let go the medium's hand and both our hands rested upon the table all the time.

107, Caledonian-road, N.

A. M. RODGER.

The Service of Reconciliation and Reparation in St. Paul's Cathedral.

SIR,—In your impression of October 25th I observe that you have reproduced a letter addressed by a Catholic priest to the "Times," in which I find the following astounding statements:—

"From the most ancient times, bloodshedding, whether by self or other, has been held to unfit a place of worship for the service of the All Good, because by this shedding of blood it was fitted to be rather the habitation of evil spirits . . . the ancient belief, and it is found on a close observation of facts, that blood is the food in which demons delight, and where blood is shed there they come."

Now, if there is one fact more clearly established than another, it is that sacrifices by the shedding of blood were part of the religious ceremonies practised by the ancient Egyptians and Hebrews; and the worshippers of Moloch, like the Canaanites, caused their altars "to smoke with human blood."

Eusebius, of Caesarea, writes very elaborately on the subject, and states "that animal sacrifice was first of all practised by the ancient lovers of God—the patriarchs—through a certain Divine contrivance, under which, as taught by the Divine Spirit, it became their duty thus to shadow forth the great and venerable victim really acceptable to God."

Whether right or wrong, bloodshedding of animals, and in some cases of human beings, has been regarded by the most ancient so-called religions as an expiation for sin.

By Christians this mode of worship must be regarded as gross superstition; but it is not grosser than the doctrine "that blood is the food of demons," and that where it is shed they rush to the feast. Where are the "Catholic priest's facts" to justify his argument?

I can quite understand that a murder or a suicide in a church would be considered by sensitive souls as a pollution; for the sake of comforting these weaker brethren, a solemn service of Exorcism would surely be an innocent ceremony and to such minds, efficacious.

NEWTON CROSLAND.

Mattel's Medicines.

SIR,—Allow me to say in reply to your correspondent "R," in "LIGHT" of November 1st, that he can obtain every information with regard to the remedies for ophthalmia, &c., by writing me all particulars of constitution. The dépôt and dispensary, at address below, have been established over ten years, and have been productive of much good to thousands of sufferers, more especially where any malady or disease is styled by allopathic practitioners "chronic" or "incurable."

St. John's House,

ALBERT STURT LEWIS.

Hewlett-street, Cheltenham.

Obituary.

SIR,—On Tuesday, October 28th, after a short but painful illness, Hilda Mary, third and beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Smith, entered the new birth in her 17th year, and her mortal remains were interred at the Beeston Hill Cemetery on Nov. 1st, the last rites being conducted by Mr. E. W. Wallis. Previous to leaving the house, hymn 142, of the "Lyre," was sung by the friends, Mr. Wallis speaking a few words appropriate to the occasion. On reaching the cemetery we were glad to find that we had the temple exclusively to ourselves. After hymn 25 had been sung, Mr. Wallis gave a beautiful and touching address of about half an hour's duration. A peaceful and hallowed influence pervaded the whole place, taking away the mournful thought of death. The service was then continued at the grave-side amidst the lovely sunshine and abundance of white flowers, brought by sympathetic friends, when words of comfort and advice were given to the sorrowing family and friends. A large concourse of strangers assembled and listened to the unconventional service with much interest, it being the first of the kind performed in that cemetery. Mr. Wallis varied the latter half of the service by singing the beautiful solo, "When the mists have rolled away," leaving a deep impression that there is no death, but that darkness obscures for a time our better and clearer judgment, and that our darling is not dead but "arisen."

JAMES RICHARD SMITH.

5, Colville-terrace, Beeston Hill, Leeds.

Gerald Massey.

SIR,—My father desires to thank those readers of "LIGHT" who kindly took the trouble to send him information respecting cottages to be let. He especially wishes to thank one who has communicated with him twice, but each time anonymously. We have only secured a "Villa in the Suburbs" instead of that "House in the Country" which is still some distance ahead of us. Our present residence will suit long enough at least for my father to get the *Magnum Opus* finished, should his life and strength hold out. We are on the borders of the Park at Dulwich-rise, S.E., our house being called "Rusta," an Egyptian name signifying The Gateway from the Funeral Passages.

Rusta, Dulwich-rise, S.E.

CHRISTABEL MASSEY.

An Appeal.

SIR,—May I inform your readers that I purpose giving another supper and Christmas tree to the poor children of East London this season, and shall be so glad of gifts for the tree, such as tops, skipping ropes, balls, and small articles of clothing, or contributions to the expenses; for the larger the fund the greater number I can entertain and make happy for once in their cheerless lives?

3, St. Thomas's-square, Hackney.

CAROLINE CORNER.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.—See answer to J.F.C. All serious symptoms have been subdued, but the effects continue and there is much weakness. We beg to thank all correspondents for their kind inquiries, to which we are not able to write personal replies.

SOME contributions are unavoidably held over.

A.M.—Yes; an obvious piece of trickery. Thanks for information. Not worth further thought!

S.K.—The notice to "S.T." was meant for you. We regret the mistake.

"A MAN OF EARTH."—Your letter is sent on. It is not suited to our columns.

F.R.Y.—Thank you much. We use in next Coincidences. May we hear from you occasionally? Your help will be acceptable.

H.J.B.—We cannot accept anonymous letters. Nor can we prepare for the press what you send. Lastly, we could not publish what you send in its present form.

J.F.C.—Many thanks for your kind inquiries. There is no cause for alarm, though recovery must be slow. We shall gladly avail ourselves of your kind offer should occasion arise.

SOCIETY WORK.

CARDIFF PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Our Sunday morning class was held as usual at 11 a.m., and the Lyceum at 3 p.m. In the evening Dr. Chas. Williams (president) gave an interesting lecture, relating his own experience in seeking the truth of Spiritualism, which was listened to by a large and attentive audience.

LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY, SEYMOUR CLUB, 4, BRYANSTON-PLACE, BRYANSTON-SQUARE.—Last Sunday evening Mrs. Yeeles was very successful with her clairvoyant tests, and Miss Bella Yeeles sang "I Dreamed a Dream" with much expression. Next Sunday at 7 p.m., Mr. S. T. Rodger will lecture on "Psychometry." We shall have the new musical service as usual.—A. F. TINDALL, A. Mus.T. C.L.

GLASGOW.—On Sunday morning Mr. D. Duguid read a paper written many years ago on "Ancient Spiritualism," and in the evening Mr. R. Harper gave two excellent papers. The friends of the Lyceum held their special meeting for parents and friends to witness the progress of the scholars. The attendance showed the marked interest taken in the Lyceum. On Thursday Mr. A. Cross gave an excellent literary entertainment to a good audience.—J. GRIFFIN, Sec.

MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, W.—On Sunday last an interesting address was given by the guide of Mrs. Treadwell, to an attentive audience, and several questions were answered satisfactorily. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. J. J. Vango, healing and clairvoyance; at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. J. Hopcroft. Monday, at 8 p.m., social meeting; Thursday at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell; Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Spring.—C. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM, S.E.—On Sunday we had a very successful day with Mr. Hopcroft, who under control favoured us with some excellent clairvoyance. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., an open meeting; at 7 p.m., Mr. Butcher, trance address; Monday, November 10th, 8.15 p.m., circle for Spiritualists and inquirers; on Tuesday, November 25th, a concert will be held in Hanover Hall, Hanover Park, Rye-lane, Peckham, at 7.30 p.m., tickets 6d. and 3d.; proceeds to go to the Benevolent Fund.—J. VEITCH, Secretary, 19, Crescent, Southampton-street, S.E.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—The Tuesday and Saturday sances were well attended, Mrs. Mason being the medium. The Sunday service was crowded, and Mr. Houchin and Mr. Earl gave us interesting addresses upon "Death." Mr. W. Goddard gave clairvoyant descriptions which were all recognised, and also used his healing power with much success. Miss E. Mason gave a solo, "There is a glorious home." Sunday next at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., address by Mr. W. O. Drake. Tuesday and Saturday at 8 p.m., sances, Mrs. Mason. Thursdays, at 8 p.m., Mr. Mason, physical sance for members only.—J. H. B., Sec.

CLAPHAM JUNCTION, 6, QUEEN'S PARADE.—The meetings of the Endyonic Society were recommenced on Sunday last, and will be continued every Sunday evening at 7 prompt. Mr. W. Yeats spoke on individual responsibility, begging all to try and rise to a higher spiritual sphere by responding to the brighter spirit influence round them. Mrs. Ashton Bingham recited one of her own poems, and Mr. U. W. Goddard spoke on "Toleration and Brotherly Love." Two ladies also made a few remarks. All friends and inquirers are invited to attend. A private circle will be held every Saturday evening at seven prompt, commencing on November 22nd. Those wishing to join are requested to communicate as early as convenient with the secretary at the above address.—U. W. GODDARD.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, CHEPSTOW HALL, 1, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday last Mr. R. L. Lees spoke at both meetings, on "Jesus, Man or Myth," "Who and What is the Holy Ghost?" Next Sunday evening Mr. Lees will reply to an advocate of the doctrine of annihilation, Pastor Antipas, of the Nazarene Community, with whom Mr. Lees debates on two evenings this week. Many strangers are expected and we particularly ask our members to attend at 6.30 prompt. On Friday the usual "Healing of the Sick" takes place at 7.30 p.m. We are pleased to say that Mrs. Yeeles has promised attendance on Sunday, November 23rd, in aid of the building fund, and as our social gathering proved such a success on Tuesday last, over sixty attending, we shall hold a concert-soirée on Tuesday, November 18th, and hope to see a good attendance of friends.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., 36, Kemerton-road, S.E.

"THE DEMONIC."

This is the title of Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual for this year. The discoverer of Hugh Conway has made a name for himself as publisher of this style of shilling shocker. The writer this year is Walter Besant. It must be said at once that a more repulsive story we have never met with. The sensation is crude and transpontine: the details are improbable and clumsily worked out: the whole effect is nauseous. In the palmy days of old there was collaboration between Besant and Rice. The result was good. Rice died. It was a pity. We are beginning at last to realise how very much we owed to him.

"HE THAT OVERCOMETH SHALL NOT BE HURT OF THE SECOND DEATH."

Quivering, the ether flame
Flowed from the place of rest;
God in His love became
Outwardly manifest.
Sudden the darkness reels,
Rushing with fiery wheels.
Whirled from her flaming birth,
Out in the wastes of space,
Silent our fluent earth,
Hiding her shuddering face,
Throbbled on a sightless world
Lonely, in darkness furled.
Out flashed the Holy Word
Parting the brooding mist;
Silent the planet stirred,
Stirred as a child love-kist,
Smiling, yet fit to weep,
Dreaming and half asleep.
Wild dreams or fancies came,
Mountains that rose in heaps,
Outbursts of horrid flames,
Silent unfathomed deeps:
Strange beasts with claw and scale
Crawl in the twilight pale.
Under a forest dim,
Lush fern and giant reed,
Mailed fish that dive and swim,
Lizards, a hideous breed,
Trample the slush and slime,
Nightmares of elder time.
Aimless, each idiot age
Groaned with a teeming life,
Fierce brutes, that rend and rage,
Insect and bird at strife,
Gorge the insatiate maw,
Raven with tooth and claw.
Came from the Holy hand
God's image manifest,
Holding supreme command.
Glorious his head and breast,
Man with eternal eyes
Ruling earth's destinies.
Radiant, life's morning broke,
Fresh with primeval dew,
Smiling the earth awoke
Joyed in her strength anew,
So did her heart rejoice,
Knowing her Master's voice.
Glowing, her seasons bring
Gifts of her dear, dumb thought,
Meet for her Lord and King.
Midnight, with star inwrought,
Dawn, with her rosy light,
Spring, with her vague delight.
Faded the golden age,
Flashed out the sword of fire:
Angers that rend and rage,
Spasms of vain desire,
Passions that blast and ban
Stir in the heart of man.
Man, in God's image made,
Choked with the husks of sense,
Fountains where lately played
Daysprings of innocence,
Fouled with his Mammon god
Hills where the angels trod.
Soft through the fountains sealed
Breathed forth the breath of life;
God in the flesh revealed
Quickened a world at strife,
Opened a shining track,
Drawing His wanderers back.
Filled with His holy breath,
Treading the steps He trod,
These, having vanquished death,
High on the hills of God,
Glorious in light and power,
Wait the appointed hour.
God for His Temple-throne
Fittly their order planned;
Quivering each living stone,
Glows from the Master's hand
Dim flares the Eastern sky,
Truly the dawn is nigh.

M. L. H.