

Light.

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

PROFESSOR AND MRS. H. BEECHER STOWE AS SPIRITUALISTS.*

In the course of this very interesting volume we catch some glimpses of the Spiritualism of the Stowes. In July, 1857, a terrible sorrow came upon them in the death by drowning of their eldest son. There had been very close community of love between the mother and her boy. When he went to college at Dartmouth she gave him a signet ring. It was returned to her from his lifeless hand "broken right across the name from a fall a little time previous." Writing to the Duchess of Sutherland shortly after her sad loss, Mrs. Stowe says: "Our dead are ministering angels; they teach us to love, they fill us with tenderness for all that can suffer. These weary hours, when sorrow makes us for the time blind, and deaf, and dumb, have their promise. These hours come in answer to our prayers for nearness to God." When Mrs. Stowe was in Europe in 1859, her third and last visit, she writes to her husband: "What you say about your spiritual experiences in feeling the presence of dear Henry" (her lost son) "with you, and, above all, the vibration of that mysterious guitar, was very pleasant to me. Since I have been in Florence I have been distressed by inexpressible yearnings after him. . . . I have become acquainted with a friend through whom I receive consoling impressions—a Mrs. E., of Boston. . . . Without doubt she is what Spiritualists would regard as a very powerful medium, but being a very earnest Christian, she has kept carefully aloof from all circles." This lady opened her mind to Mrs. Stowe, and received the advice to "try the spirits whether they be of God." Mrs. Stowe states that when in her company she received "very strong impressions from the spirit-world . . . as if I had been near to my Henry and other departed friends." "I cannot, however, think," she continues, "that Henry strikes the guitar—that must be Eliza. Her spirit has ever seemed to cling to that mode of manifestation." She then mentions that she has been reading "a curious work from an old German in Paris," which she briefly describes. Evidently it is the book of Baron von Guddenstübbe. "One thing I am convinced of—Spiritualism is a reaction from the intense materialism of the present age. . . . We ought to enter fully into the Spiritualism of the Bible." Circles, as usually held, she regarded as "being signs and wonders," but "there is a real Scriptural Spiritualism which has fallen into disuse."

* "Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe," by Chas. Edward Stowe. (Sampson Low.) 1889.

A brief account is given of one séance with Mrs. E., at which a curious thing happened. "She has a little Florentine guitar which hangs in her parlour quite out of reach. She and I were talking, and her sister was arranging a little lunch for us, when suddenly the bass string of the guitar was struck loudly and distinctly. 'Who struck that guitar?' said the sister. We both looked up, and saw that nobody or thing was on that side of the room. After the sister had gone out, Mrs. E. said, 'Now, that is strange.' I asked last night that if any spirit was present with us after you came to-day that it would try and touch that guitar. We marvelled, and I remembered the guitar at home. What think you? Have you had any more manifestations, any truths from the spirit-world?" The letter is written to her husband on January 16th, 1860, from Florence. Shortly after is a letter from Ruskin:—"So you have been seeing the Pope and all his Easter performances. . . . What was the use of thinking of him? You should have had your own thoughts about what was to come after him. I don't mean that Roman Catholicism will die out so quickly. It will last pretty nearly as long as Protestantism, which keeps it up; but I wonder what is to come next. That is the main question just now for everybody." Mrs. Browning, too, writes to Mrs. Stowe from 126, Via Felice, Rome, March 14th, 1861:—"I don't know how people can keep up their prejudices against Spiritualism with tears in their eyes—how they are not at least thrown on 'the wish that it might be true,' and the investigation of the phenomena by that abrupt shutting in their faces of the door of death, which shuts them out from the sight of their beloved. My tendency is to beat up against it like a crying child. . . . My husband calls me 'peculiar' in some things. . . . I cannot speak of certain afflictions, no, not to him, not after all these years. It's a sort of dumbness of the soul. Blessed are those who can speak, I say. But don't you see from this how I must want Spiritualism above most persons?"

I come now to the Spiritualism of Professor Stowe. On March 26th, 1882, he writes to George Eliot:—"I fully sympathise with you in your disgust with Hume* (sic) and the professing mediums generally. Hume spent his boyhood in my father's native town, among my relatives and acquaintances, and he was a disagreeable, nasty boy† (sic). But he certainly has qualities which science has not yet explained, and some of his doings are as real as they are strange. My interest in the subject of Spiritualism arises from the fact of my own experience more than sixty years ago in my early childhood. . . . Of what this experience was you may gain some idea from certain passages in 'Oldtown Folks.' There the Professor figures as "the visionary boy." His uncharitable condemnation of Home is characteristic of the Pharisaic vein that runs through all his utterances. Home was never a "professing medium," if by that is meant a professional. All mediums who recognise their power are "professing mediums," I suppose. His ungenerous words

* Home pronounced his name as the Professor writes it—Hume.

† This observation throws light on Professor Stowe's mental attitude to Spiritualism.

about a man to whom the world owes much and a class of men and women who have materially advanced our knowledge are unworthy and unjust. George Eliot, in her reply, is inclined to attach more importance to "the interpretation of vision-seeing as subjective than the Professor would approve. It seems difficult to limit—at least, to limit with any precision—the possibility of confounding sense by impressions derived from inward conditions with those which are directly dependent on external stimulus. In fact, the division between within and without in this sense seems to become every year a more subtle and bewildering problem." As I am fond of saying, "I never know exactly where *I* end and someone else begins." On this point I may have something to say elsewhere under the head of "Psychical Developments." I want to trace this process in various mediums as far as is possible with a view to some sort of generalisation.

I Robert Dale Owen was introduced to George Eliot by Mrs. Stowe. "I regard him," she says, "as one of the few men who are capable of entering into an inquiry of this kind without an utter drowning of common-sense." Decidedly there is no want of Pharisaism and dogmatism in the Stowe family! "In regard to this class of subjects," she continues, "I am of the opinion of Goethe that 'it is just as absurd to deny the facts of Spiritualism now as it was in the Middle Ages to ascribe them to the devil.' I think Mr. Owen attributes too much value to his facts. I do not think the things contributed from the ultra-mundane sphere are particularly valuable apart from the evidence they give of continued existence after death. . . . I am perfectly aware of the frivolity and worthlessness of much of the revealings purporting to come from spirits. In my view the worth or worthlessness of them has nothing to do with the question of fact. Do invisible spirits speak in any wise—wise or foolish?—is the question *a priori*. I do not know of any reason why there should not be as many foolish virgins in the future state as in this. . . . The subject is one that seems increasingly to insist on getting itself heard. It is going on and on making converts, who are many more than dare avow themselves." That is true as far as it goes. A very silly remark from beyond the grave is a momentous fact. But we shall be forced to face the question whether these remarks proceed really from the source pretended. We must be sure that we understand our facts. That is of vital importance, and it is to the furtherance of this end, and not to any personal doubt of the correctness of the interpretation which is satisfactory to me as a Spiritualist, that I have devoted time and space to what some correspondents seem to think speculative and vain guesses. I am unable to agree in that estimate. We must look at all sides of this important matter, not at any one exclusively.

George Eliot's reply was to the effect that she desired "on all subjects to keep an open mind, but hitherto the various phenomena, reported or attested in connection with ideas of spirit intercourse, and so on, have come before me here in the painful form of the lowest charlatanerie. But apart from personal contact with people who get money by public exhibitions as mediums . . . I would not willingly place any barriers between my mind and any possible channel of truth affecting the human lot." We shall hardly agree as experienced Spiritualists in all details of this sweeping verdict, but the general truth that it is not the public medium *alone* who is to be considered at crises such as that which the recent exposure at Lamb's Conduit-street has developed is a plain truth. He has his rightful claim to justice and consideration so long as he deserves well. But Spiritualism has its own larger and more imperial claim to be freed from chicanery and fraud, and rescued from the position of a Tom Tiddler's ground where the

speculative medium, who may be and usually is a genuine psychic at first, picks up his gold and silver at stated intervals by methods of fraud or deceit. Spiritualism has a righteous claim to be freed from that reproach. Mrs. Stowe's mature views on Spiritualism, as given on pp. 484-5, are what might be expected from her cast of mind. Of a highly religious nature, with no practical acquaintance with Spiritualism, she feared the influences that she saw at work. She found some strong and clear minds becoming credulous votaries of circles, and saw (as she thought) that the "belief has followed the stroke of death; it is only an indication of the desperation of that heart-hunger which in part it appeases." It must be an unquestionable angel, she thinks, "who executes no doubtful juggle, that must roll back the stone from the sepulchre in fair open morning and sit upon it. But no such angel have we seen . . . the very instinct of a sacred sorrow seems to forbid that our beautiful, our glorified ones should stoop lower than ever to the medium of their cast-off bodies to juggle, and rap, and squeak, and perform mountebank tricks with tables and chairs; to recite over in weary sameness harmless truisms which we were wise enough to say for ourselves; to trifle, and banter, and jest, or to lead us through endless moonshiny mazes." From her point of view, Mrs. Stowe has something to say; but, like many another clever mind, she does not see that she cannot have everything made to her own pattern, any more than she can alter the shape of a constellation. She must take it or leave it, and make what she can of it as it is.

SIMON MAGUS.

This is essentially the age of whitewash. Park arches are made pure, and the statues of statesmen and kings refurbished. Mary Queen of Scots has a fresh book written in her defence about once every five years. Crooked Richard, Sir Elijah Impey, Robespierre have each put in an appeal at the bar of history, and now M. Renan says a kind word for Simon Magus.

This character has been very badly treated by history. In the early days of Christianity—say A.D. 120—if a writer wished to attack an antagonist, he called that antagonist by some other name—a name of doubtful repute if possible. And he called himself by some other name—that of an apostle sometimes, or at least a bishop. An unknown writer wanted to attack St. Paul. He called him Simon Magus; and he called himself Bishop Clement of Rome.

The result has been a little hard on Simon Magus, for not only are his own offences, real and imaginary, visited on him now, but also in Christian dictionaries, both Catholic and Protestant, all the offences which the sham bishop imagined against St. Paul. This is as if in an article on "Ahitophel," Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" should draw largely on Dryden's terse attack on Lord Shaftesbury, and cite some of the tremendous couplets of the "Hind and the Panther."

The readers of "LIGHT" may be astonished to hear that the real Simon Magus might have figured to-day as a respectable member of the Christo-Theosophical Society. He was a scholar, with a singularly wide range of literature and large views, who sought to combine the hidden wisdom of the pagan world and the higher Christianity in one large eclecticism.

Traces of his chief work, the "Great Exposition," are only to be found now in the writings of his antagonists. He was a Gnostic of the school of Valentinus. Indeed, the fathers of the Church call him the founder of the "heresy."

The God of Simon Magus was the great "He who is, and who has been, and who shall be!" This is the Samaritan Jahveh, according to etymology, eternal, unique, self-begetting, self-increasing, self-seeking, self-finding,

father, mother, sister, son of himself. In the bosom of this infinite being everything exists eternally; all passes into action and reality by the conscience of man, by reason, language, and knowledge. The Æons of Simon Magus, which are the same as the Dhyâni Buddhas, were a hierarchy of abstract principles, though he sometimes calls them "heavenly powers." He plainly drew on Buddhism and Parsism, says Renan.

The first of the "Powers" he called the "Great One," the intelligence of the world.

This power was masculine. Simon professed to be the incarnation of it. By it was its feminine support. Accustomed to clothe his theories in quaint symbolism, and to imagine allegorical interpretations for texts sacred and profane, Simon, as the author of the "Great Exposition," gave to this divine virtue the name of "Helena," signifying that she was the object of universal pursuit, the eternal cause of conflict between men, the woman whose vengeance makes men blind until they consent to sing a recantation. This fancy, misunderstood, or twisted by design, gave scope to many fables in the writings of the fathers of the Church. ("Les Apôtres," p. 269.) Helena was, by-and-bye, changed into a prostitute that Simon Magus was supposed to have purchased in the market place of Tyre.

M. Renan draws attention to one very interesting point.

"In an extract given in the 'Philosophumena,' VI., 1-16, *sub finem*, is a quotation from the Synoptic Gospels, which seems to be given as if coming from the text of the 'Great Exposition.' There may be some inadvertence." This is curious, as the Synoptics were not heard of until fifty or perhaps seventy years after Simon Magus wrote. M. Renan shows that the Logos idea and the Gnosticism of the Fourth Gospel were held by him long before these ideas were in the Christian Church, except in very embryonic form.

"If the 'Great Exposition' is by him we must admit that on several points he went far beyond the Christian ideas. Others he adopted more literally." ("Les Apôtres," p. 270.)

Simon passed for a great magician. But here again the unfortunate satire on St. Paul has shed a flood of cuttle fish obscurity. The Book of the Acts of the Apostles, since its rude treatment at the hands of Ferdinand Christian Baur, is now considered an authority for very little. Nothing was heard of it until the death of Irenæus. Luke, the "beloved physician," is now believed in by few. The "Clementine Homilies" were probably written some fifty years before it. In the Acts we learn that Philip, the deacon, went down to Samaria and performed the "miracles" of "healing" and making unclean spirits come out of many after "crying with a loud voice." Simon, it recorded, wanted to obtain this gift of the Holy Ghost and offered money. The story is very improbable. He could not have been much of a magician if he wanted to acquire such elementary occult powers. It is significant that Josephus makes no mention of him and his miracles.

St. Paul was a Gnostic. St. Paul was in the bosom of the Church. St. Paul had a Christ within his breast, whose teaching differed from the teaching of the Christ of the Apocalypse. St. Paul rivalled the historical Apostles and sought on some points to supplant them. St. Paul had embryonic views about the Logos and the Gnostic Æons. St. Paul did many miracles. It is conceivable that such a prominent character should attract the attention and also the hostility of the leading Christian Church at his date; but it is perfectly inconceivable that Simon Magus should have excited the ferocious hostility of Christendom except under a misapprehension. "He was hated as much as Judas almost," says M. Renan. He was called "Anti-apostle." This, considering his very faint contact with the rising Church, is inexplicable.

I think that the "Clementine Homilies" took in Justin

and Irenæus. The former made a very funny mistake. In the Island of the Tiber was an inscription to the Sabine god, Semo Sancus, SEMONI DEO SANCO. Justin misread this, and adduced it as an instance of the blasphemy of Simon Magus. His version ran: SIMONI DEO SANCTO.

COLENSO.

HYPNOTISED INTO TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

[This seems to us an important development in the beneficent use of hypnotism, and as such we reproduce it with all due acknowledgment.—ED. LIGHT.]

Mr. Wells Drury, of San Francisco, sends to "The Journal" the account given below—clipped from the "Examiner" of that city—of how a young man was hypnotised into total abstinence. Mr. Drury writes:—"Mr. Cook, the person mentioned, I know very well. I know that he was at one time addicted to the excessive use of stimulants, and I know that for two years he has not touched them. He has never vouchsafed an explanation to me, but I have frequently heard the story as told in the publication which I send you":—

Many strange things have been done by hypnotism, but none so remarkable as the hypnotising of Carroll Cook's palate by Kennedy, the mesmerist.

It is a wonderful thing for one man to be able to say to another, you shall not eat nor drink of a certain thing so long as you live, and be able to enforce his command though thousands of miles away, yet that is what Kennedy did to Carroll Cook, and though the latter is an unrestrained white American citizen, in all other things able to do as he pleases, he cannot disobey Kennedy's order.

And this was the way in which the spell was put upon him. Cook has been for years a free living man about town. He had some law practice, inherited an estate from Mrs. Shillaber, and married the daughter of W. W. Stow, who is a very rich and liberal man. Cook was fond of good company—a trifle too fond, perhaps—liked a cocktail, and did not often stop at one, wore his hat on the back of his head and was inclined to be gay and convivial. People spoke of him as a rising young man and hoped that he would steady and settle down. A few hoped that he would settle up, for he was free with his money and spent it rather faster than it came to him.

There was nothing evil about the young fellow, but he was not living up to the promise of his youth and his friends were inclined to be fearful for his future.

He was a trifle too fond of saloons and the company he met there, and his patronage enabled at least one saloon man to buy diamonds and pictures of the nude from the Paris Salon—at least, he said they came from the Paris Salon, though a jealous rival declared they were copies by Charles Rolla Peters.

You could not say that Carroll Cook was going to the bad from over-indulgence, because he always showed up with a clean shave next day, but he would often have to stretch his hat to get it on, and he has been heard to remark that his hair pulled. He spent more time in saloons than is good for a man to do when he has a nice family to care for and a law practice to build up, and he did some other things that made his brother, W. Hoff Cook, ask that someone else be put in charge of their joint interest in the Shillaber estate.

All this was rather more than two years ago.

Suddenly about that time a remarkable change was noticed in Carroll Cook's habits.

He ceased to visit saloons, dropped most of his fast companions, devoted himself to his business and his family, and could never be induced to take alcoholic liquors of any kind. The street said that Carroll Cook had sworn off, and men winked at one another and suggested that he must have got a bad scare. Others offered to bet that his good resolutions would not last.

But time passed, and Cook did not fall back into his old ways. His practice improved, his appearance showed the benefit of a change of habits, and his friends felt a great load had been taken off their minds. His old-time quickness of perception came back to him, and in every way he showed that abstinence was good for him, and that his habits had completely changed. This went on until it ceased to be a matter for comment. The new barkeepers did not know Carroll Cook and the old barkeepers had forgotten him.

Occasionally someone would speak of the wonderful nerve of that young fellow Cook, who had "quit" all of a sudden and kept it up for more than a year, for the bibulously inclined who know their own weakness are apt to look with awe and admiration on one of their old friends who has the will power to cut down his allowance.

Now it turns out that it was not Cook's will power at all, but his lack of will power.

The secret came out through the instrumentality of young Mr. Griffin, and this is the remarkable story:—

"I was supping with a charming coterie of ladies and gentlemen at a house on Washington-street, famous for its hospitality," he said, "when an incident occurred that attracted our attention and called forth an explanation that, 'pon my word, filled me with amazement. Opposite to me sat one of the loveliest young ladies in society, a sweet, charming girl with such deep blue eyes and the most delicate shade of blonde hair I ever saw.

"I noticed her particularly, and it was that which made me jump to my feet and say, 'Sir' when I saw Carroll Cook, who had eaten a piece of mince pie, after apparently choking for a few seconds, splutter a goodly portion of it over her lovely shoulder. In an instant I saw that Mr. Cook had no control over his acts, and with the rest of the guests waited for an explanation. It came.

"The only excuse I have to offer," said Mr. Cook, blushing from a deep consciousness of the horrible ill-breeding he had shown, 'is that there must be some alcoholic liquor in that pie.'

"Why, of course," said our hostess, who was listening intently, 'did you ever know of mince pie being made without brandy? But I do not quite understand you.'

"Oh, my palate is hypnotised, you know," said Mr. Cook, in the sort of tone one would use to speak of a matter that he supposed was well known to every one.

"Hypnotised!" exclaimed half a dozen at once. 'Please explain.'

"Cook saw there was no way out of the affair, except by a complete explanation, and he made a complete breast of it.

"It was about two years ago that Kennedy, the mesmerist, was here. I was slightly acquainted with him, and was at first inclined to doubt his skill. There were some who said he was a fraud, and that his subjects were accomplices, and I think he was told that I was among the scoffers. One night I was in a saloon on Kearny-street taking a drink when Kennedy and some friends came into the place, and I spoke to him in a laughing manner. He looked at me for a few seconds as though he did not quite like the manner of my address, and was about to resent it, but he seemed to change his mind, and, gazing at me fixedly, said: "Cook, that whisky won't do you any good;" then, changing his tone to one of command, he exclaimed, 'I command you to never drink alcoholic liquor again.'

"I laughed, as any man would at such an order, and proceeded to take my drink, but much to my surprise, I found that I could not control the muscles of my mouth to swallow. I poured the liquor between my lips, and it fell out, though I held my head back. I tried to swallow that liquor as though my life depended upon it, but it was no use, and from that day to this it has been impossible for me to drink liquor of any kind. One day I was given a glass of lemonade in a glass that had a trace of whisky in it, and the drink spluttered all over my clothes.'

"You can imagine the sensation that was created," continued young Griffin. "All kinds of questions were asked of Mr. Cook about the way it felt, but all he could say was that his palate refused to pass any alcoholic liquor, and that it had been hypnotised by Kennedy. I made inquiries about Cook everywhere, and found that he had not been known to drink for fully two years."

That was the story told by young Mr. Griffin, and there is reason to believe that it is true in every detail.—From "The Religio-Philosophical Journal."

MR. W. MARSH, 218, Jubilee-street, Mile End-road, desires to acknowledge the following sums received by him and handed over to Mrs. Ayers:—Mrs. Perrin, 5s.; Mr. Boswell Stone, 3s.; Mr. Ainsworth, 5s.; Mr. Spruce, 2s.; P. P., 10s.; Mr. Williams, 5s.; M. B., 2s.; M. C. E., 2s. 6d.; Miss Todd, 5s. 2½d.; Mr. Glendinning, £1; Mr. Carrol, 2s.; Mr. Emms, 2s.; per Mr. Burns, £5; ditto, 3s.; ditto, 1s. 10d.; Mr. A., 5s.; Mr. Thurston, India, 10s.—Total, £9 3s. 6½d.

ACTING lowers the moral sense in most cases. The actor is so many men in turn, that he fails to be a true man at bottom. Exceptions prove the rule.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

NOTES BY "EDINA."

I have selected two cases of identity out of the large mass of material at my disposal.

The first is that of Mr. K. This "communicator" resided near to the house we occupy in the country, and I had a slight acquaintance with him. He was an elderly gentleman of active habits, and extremely fond of golf, to which he devoted a great deal of his spare time. In the spring of 1889 I met him near the golfing links, and he suggested on my next visit to the country we should play a friendly game against one another. I assented, and the matter was left over till my return to the country a few weeks later. On the day of my return I was surprised to hear that he had died suddenly of a paralytic stroke. Recently, when the family was residing in the country, a message was written through my daughter, purporting to come from this gentleman. The local colouring and internal evidence of identity were (to us) extremely interesting and convincing; but I can only deal with two portions of the message, with which my daughter could have no connection or knowledge whatever.

(1) He alluded to our engagement to have a match at golf, and stated his regret at not having survived to keep it. This engagement was known to him and me alone, as it was made when I was on my way to town, and was never mentioned by me to one of my family; indeed, it was too trivial.

(2) He speaks in his message of the old minister of the parish being still "tottering about"—a most expressive way of alluding to him; and then he gives the number of years he had been a minister. None of us knew this fact, and after reading the message the first time I saw it in the country, I could not verify this part of it till I got back to town and consulted a clerical almanack, which gave the number of years the clergyman spoken of had been minister of this parish. These amounted to within two of the number specified in the message, and as Scotch clergymen are usually two years licensed before they get a parish, I take it that the time specified was correct. Other matters were referred to in the message, but I prefer only to deal with such portions as my daughter could not possibly have known, and there I leave the matter with the S. P. R. to explain where the thought-transference, or telepathy, or unconscious cerebration comes in; I being in town and my daughter thirty miles from me when this message was written.

My second case is that of our family doctor. He first communicated by the table, as you will find noticed in my second communication to "LIGHT." Later followed a written message (among the earliest my daughter wrote), which simply contained his name, gave his regards to my wife and self, and stated that his father-in-law (naming him) was with him. The signature, on being compared with an old letter, was perfect. As regards his father-in-law, who was simply "named" in the message, my daughter was three years old when that gentleman died and never heard of him, although I knew him well. This message was written in town, I being absent at business when it came.

We have since had two long messages from the same source. The internal evidence is clear and convincing; the handwriting in parts like and in parts unlike the original; but one of the signatures is, though not so good as the first one, extremely like that of the deceased doctor. In the outset this communication addresses my daughter by a pet name he had for her, arising out of some of her early peculiarities when a very young child, and which appellation I had entirely forgotten—a somewhat remarkable circumstance, as my recollection of these things is usually pretty good. I cannot give details of these messages, but may give one fact arising out of the second of them. We had been to visit a lady residing at a boarding-house one evening, and in a communication from the doctor, which came the night following, he mentioned that he knew the husband of the person who kept the boarding-house when in life (he being a well-known business man in the City), and that he had seen him since he came to the spirit-world. I have only to add that my daughter knew nothing of the person who kept this house, or her husband, the latter of whom has been dead for at least fifteen years.

EDINA.

THE O'BRIEN GHOST.*

The following graphic narrative will interest our readers. The editor of the "Anti-Jacobin" (Mr. Jas. Greenwood) has permission to print some extracts from a forthcoming volume by the celebrated correspondent of the "Times." This is one of them:—

I had a singular experience in the course of my mission whilst I was in the South West of Ireland.

Before I left Ennistymon I was invited by Mr. "Corney" O'Brien, M.P., to visit him. I readily accepted the invitation, especially as I would have an opportunity of seeing, close to his residence, the famous "Cliffs of Moher." I need not describe a scene not yet known to tourists who wander thousands of miles away to gaze on objects of far less interest and beauty. As I was standing at the edge of the cliffs, at the base of which the Atlantic was breaking in thunder and clouds of spray, some 700 feet below me, one of the self-constituted guides who frequent such places ranged up alongside, and after volunteering information about the Hag's Head and the Blowing Hole, the islands in Galway Bay, &c., said: "It's a wonder now, yer honner, isn't it—and it's yerself is a sthrong gintleman, I'll warrant—that you couldn't throw a shtone into the say there below?" There were stones large and small on the edge of the cliff, so to dispose of his assertion I took up a piece of basalt about the size of a penny roll and flung it away from me seawards. I saw the stone curve inwards and strike the cliff high above the surf. "Oh, that won't do at all!" he said. Again and again I tried, and the result was always the same. "I'll bet yer honner a shilling or half-a-crown I'll do it." He was a withered little man. I smiled contemptuously. He picked out a flat stone and threw it, not as I had done, straight out as far as I could, but at an angle of 45deg. downwards, and I saw the stone clear the cliff and drop into the surf!

As we were at dinner that night I expressed my admiration of the scenery of the Hag's Head, but my host did not seem to share my feelings. When the company (the parish priest, and his coadjutor, and a couple of county neighbours) had departed, Mr.—having told the piper—the only one I ever heard in an Irish house (though I have been less fortunate in Scotland)—to retire, attended to some hot water, sugar, and lemons, and observed, "And you like the Hag's Head? Well! I would not go there now if you were to give me £100, and it's not but I want the money." "Why, there can be no danger! There's an iron railing at the edge." "Yes: but I put that rail up after what happened to me. I would not go to the place now if the Bank of Ireland railings were there."

Presently he told me this story. The narrator was a white headed, ruddy-faced man with a massive brow, keen grey eyes, and resolute mouth and chin. "When I came into this property," he said, "I was away abroad, and it was some time before the agent wrote to tell me the house was ready for me. I did not know the country at all, and, like yourself, I had never seen the cliffs at Moher. The day I arrived I took a look at this house, and then walked to the cliffs with the priest, with whom I was going to dine at Ennistymon. I was astonished and delighted at the spectacle, the ocean rolling in from the west, 'the next parish church in America,' as his reverence said. I had always heard there was some tradition about the Hag's Head and my family—how some old lady who was walking near the cliff with her grandson and heir was whisked into the sea by a sudden puff of wind. And there are such puffs! And they're very dangerous! Anyway, the grandson succeeded, and they say the ghost of the old woman began to haunt the cliffs. As I was looking down on the waves, I felt as if I was going over too. I gave a shout, and Father Michael caught me or I'd have been in the sea!

"Well! as I was driving home, I thought that as it was a beautiful moonlight night and a good breeze was blowing from the west, I would take a look at the breakers; they were roaring like artillery. So I got out of the gig and told the boy to go home and bid a servant to wait up for me. I struck across the sward straight for the Hag's Head. I had got within seventy or eighty yards of it when I saw on the very

edge of the cliff a white figure. It was moving; alive and no mistake. At first I thought it was a sheep, but getting nearer I perceived that it was a woman in a white dress with a white cap on her head. Then I remembered that there was some talk at dinner of a lunatic girl who had escaped out of the asylum at Ennistymon. I made sure that it was she, and I thought that I had just arrived in time to save her life, poor creature! My plan was to creep quietly behind her, seize her in my arms, drag her as far as I could from the edge, then secure her and haul her somehow to the road. I had got close and was just about to lay hold of her, when 'the thing' turned on me such a face as no human being ever had—a death's head, with eyes glaring out of the sockets, through tangled masses of snow-white hair! In an instant, with a screech that rang through my brain, 'the thing' fell or threw itself over the face of the cliff.

"It was some seconds before I recovered the shock and horror. Then tremblingly I crept on my hands and knees to the verge of the cliff. I looked down on the raging sea. As I was peering down over the Hag's Head I saw in the moonlight some white object coming up the face of the cliff straight towards me! I am not superstitious or a coward. I tried to persuade myself it was a seal or a great sea-gull, but presently hands and arms were visible—it was crawling hand over hand up the cliff. I jumped to my feet and ran for my life towards my house. As I ran the yell the thing gave when it disappeared over the cliff was repeated. Looking back there was the dreadful sight. It came over the meadow in pursuit of me, came nearer, nearer, not 200 yards behind. I bounded like a deer up the avenue, and the door was opened by a man. Again the fearful sound close at hand. 'Shut! shut the door! Do you hear that?' The man heard nothing. I went up to my room, looked at my face in the glass; it was pale, but it was not that of a madman.

"The windows of my bedroom looked on a large walled garden; the blinds were drawn and the light of the moon fell through them. I was nearly undressed when a shadow was thrown on the counterpane of the bed from one of the windows. There was someone on the sill! The scream was repeated. A brace of double-barrel pistols lay on the table by my pillow. I fired the barrels, bang! bang! bang! at the window as fast as I could pull the trigger. I ran downstairs to the hall. We called up every soul in the house, searched every inch of the garden—there was soft soil under my window—not a trace of footstep nor a ladder! I had my horse saddled at once and rode to Ennistymon and knocked up the priest. The first question I asked his astonished reverence was, 'Tell me, was I drunk when I left you?' 'No, you were as sober as you are now, Mr. O'Brien.' And then I told him what I have told you. 'I never,' said his reverence, 'heard of anyone but the O'Briens hearing or seeing her, and they have her all to themselves. I can't make it out.' 'Nor can I either, Mr. Russell.' I had a rail put up at the edge of the cliff where you get the best view of the cliffs. I have been there now and then of a fine day with people—but after sunset—never, never! Good-night."

No wonder I had a bad night of it after the story. I slept but little till morning, and then, as I was dozing off, I was startled by an awful cry. It proved to be the preliminary of a flourish by the piper for the call before breakfast.

THE AWAKENING.

If to the long mysterious trance of death
There be immortal waking, he who lifts
His head from the clay pillow, and doth stretch
Eternal life thro' all his quickening limbs,
And conscious in his opening orbs receives
Remembered light, and rises to be sure—
He hath revived indeed, tastes in that first
Best moment what the infinite beyond
Can never give again.

—SYDNEY DOBELL.

A CURRENT purling 'neath the mighty waves of love—the tender bond of union, twixt soul and soul—a silent understanding when heart meets heart.—A. M. D. H.

SWEET is the assurance, however conveyed, whether by look or word, or kindly action, or caressing touch, that we are not unthought of, uncared for, alone, but that there are some who understand us, some who are ready to share our work, some who see the difficulties which discourage us, some who will help us to bear the burden of woe, some who will be glad when we rejoice.

* From the forthcoming Reminiscences of Dr. Russell ("Times" correspondent), published in the "Anti-Jacobin."

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Light:

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

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28th, 1891.

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

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NOTES ON PSYCHICAL DEVELOPMENT.

I.

Chance brings to our editorial table a book and a pamphlet, in each of which is recorded somewhat of the development which the writers underwent. Such records, however meagre, are important, and should be analysed and preserved.

In "How and Why I Became a Spiritualist," the Rev. Samuel Watson gives some account (amplified in other works of his) of phenomena that first arrested his attention and set him thinking. He was a Methodist, strongly prejudiced against anything in the form of Spiritualism. "One of the vilest humbugs" he called it. In 1854, however, certain noises attracted his notice: knocks at a door, heard by all the family, as of some one wanting to come in; but chiefly *at night in his own room when he was alone*. That partly fixes the source of mediumship.

Naturally there were the usual recondite explanations: but a servant, who had nursed three children of Mr. Watson's who had died, averred that "she saw them and talked to them as she did when they were living." So there was another medium in the house. She sat at a table with Mr. and Mrs. Watson and the raps came at once. Mr. Watson could feel them on the back of his chair, and could feel the vibrations of the chair against his back. He had previously believed that the girl produced them in some inexplicable way, and threatened her if she persisted. This, however, perplexed him.

After this "the raps continued not only in the house, but on my person, by day and night for months. The noise made on my shirt-bosom resembled more the [clicking of a] telegraph machine than anything else." "I have often, when retired from mortal eyes [at devotion] with my door locked, felt as sensibly the presence of persons as ocular demonstration could have made it. These were not only as impressive mentally but physically as I ever felt the touch of mortals upon my person."

Mr. Watson attended no circles, but a friend introduced him at this time to a new phase of the subject. The narrative is best given in his own words:—

Miss Mary, daughter of the Rev. William McMahon, spent a night with us. She told us that she had never been where there was any investigation of this subject, but that when she took a pen or pencil in her hand, and sat down quietly, with

paper, it would write without her agency; that she had written in fifty different handwritings, a number of which had been compared with those by whom they professed to have been written—members of her father's and mother's family, who had long since been dead, and that they were the same chirography. After supper, while we were conversing upon the subject around the table, a rap, as loud as if struck with a hammer, was made on it. A pencil and paper were brought. I asked quite a number of questions mentally, and answers were given, demonstrating that whatever controlled the pencil was cognisant of what was passing through my mind. So far as I know, the answers were truthfully written. This was the first time I had thought of my mother in connection with this subject. She died when I was a child, on the eastern shore of Maryland. I have very little remembrance of her, but I was inclined to believe she guided the pencil, as it was said she did, in Mary's hand. My wife and her uncle made a similar experiment with the same results.

From this time Mr. Watson never had a doubt as to what he had witnessed, and especially as to what had occurred to himself, and made open profession of his faith from the pulpit. He concludes by saying that a great many phenomena occurred in his house for months. We believe we are right in saying that he never lost sight of them.

In this case there would seem to have been a kind of compound mediumship, Mr. Watson's and the girl's, of which the latter was probably the most fully developed. Mr. Watson's mediumship seems to be demonstrated by the raps upon his person and by his partial clairvoyance. This, however, is his own account of his first psychical experiences.

IN DEFENCE OF MR. HUSK.

We give the material part of two letters addressed to us by Mrs. Glanville, reserving all rejoinder beyond the remark that we have not questioned the possession by Mr. Husk of psychical power or mediumship. Unfortunately the possession of such power is no guarantee against fraud:—

SIR,—I have just read with sorrow and surprise an account of an imposture by spirit mediums. I feel that it would be cowardly and unfair to Mr. Husk to withhold my testimony as to his genuineness. *Why* he has been so cruelly treated by evil influences I do not know. Of course, you do not deny that spirits *can* materialise and *can* use the medium unknown to himself.

I will say nothing of séances which I have attended at Mr. Husk's own house, as people could easily say everything was prepared beforehand, but I will only refer to a séance at my own house, where Mr. Husk came with his wife only. She brought with her a couple of luminous slates and a musical box. Mr. Husk wore a tight-fitting coat, and had nothing in his hands; disguises they could not have brought without our detecting it. My son and three of my daughters were present. I held one of Mr. Husk's hands, my daughter the other; Mrs. Husk sat between two of the others, who never once loosed their hands. John King's face appeared in front of every sitter at the large table. It was quite impossible for Mr. Husk to have sent his head all round the table, and I am quite sure he never moved from his seat beside me. We saw four other draped heads before each person. Supposing they were draped masks, where was the machinery to set them moving? Moreover, when John King appeared before me, the light he held was so strong that I distinctly saw Mr. Husk sitting by my side. One head in the very middle of the table was certainly no mask, for the eyes moved and the figure bowed; the hand held up the slate and put it down again where no man could have been.

At the same time and place John King, speaking close to my ear, not on the side Mr. Husk sat, replied to an unspoken thought in my mind. May I be allowed to refer to one incident that occurred at Lamb's Conduit-street? though the proofs of Mr. Husk's honesty come to me so thickly I hardly know where to choose.

Both mediums, Mr. Husk and Mr. Williams, were late. The former came after we had all taken our seats, and he saw no one. Mr. Williams did not know me, nor my son. When John King's voice was heard, I said, "Allow me to introduce my son to you, John." Instantly John King showed himself on the table close before my son, who was sitting at the other end, and said, "I am glad to see you,

Mr. Glanville." There were twelve people present; the chairs at each end of the table touched the wall, so that no one could get behind; supposing the head belonged to the medium, how could he have at once gone straight to a person he had not seen, and what could he have done with the rest of his body, as it was only his head and shoulders that were visible?

I had the privilege once of attending a séance at Mrs. Campbell's, Mr. Husk being the medium. A great many things took place which were quite impossible to have been produced by fraud. Among the rest a lovely girl's face was seen, not in the least like any one in the room. Then a small white hand holding the luminous slate appeared close before me, and from the thumb and finger came a beautifully carved cross. There was nothing behind the hand. A sceptic was present, and I found myself looking at everything from his point of view. The piano was played, it was said, by Liszt; three pairs of hands might have produced the rapid crash at the beginning, but unless they had all three been first-rate performers there would not have been the crystalline clearness which marked every note, and as to the beautiful air that followed, I can only say that if Mr. Husk could play like that he would have a more assured means of subsistence than the precarious one of public mediumship.

But I could not see how Mr. Husk could have reached the piano. His and his wife's chair were hemmed in closely by others; the back of his was against the piano, which touched the wall; the only way he could have managed would have been to get on the piano and slide down in front of the keys, but against this possibility was the fact that the key-board was raised; that many things were on the piano; and that Mr. Husk wore boots. There was such complete silence after the music ceased that the slightest rustle would have been heard.

I trust, sir, in fairness to Mr. Husk you will allow this letter to appear. I could write a great deal more, but fear to trespass on your space.

Mount Howe, Topsham.

W. GLANVILLE.

February 15th, 1891.

REMARKABLE FOREWARNING.

[DALZIEL'S AGENCY.]

New York, February 23rd.—An extraordinary fatality has just befallen an English family here; and it is the more striking because it was accompanied by a most dramatic premonition. On Saturday Mrs. Kenon Bruce and her two daughters, Judith and May, arrived here by the "City of Berlin" from Somersetshire, England, en route for Nebraska. Mr. Kenon Bruce had some months ago gone to Nebraska to commence farming there, and with him was a young Englishman named Albert Merritt, who was engaged to be married to his friend's daughter Judith. They had done well in their farming operations, and a fortnight ago Mrs. Bruce received a letter requesting her to go out with her daughters to Nebraska at once. The old home was given up, and with the brightest anticipations mother and daughters set out on their long journey. Embarking on the "City of Berlin" all went well until just after they had left Queenstown, when Mrs. Bruce was taken suddenly ill, and became wild and delirious. She declared that she saw her husband lying in the middle of a field dead. During the whole of the voyage after that the poor woman was inconsolable. She felt sure that she would see her husband no more alive. On arriving at New York Mrs. Bruce received a telegram from Mr. Merritt, stating that his friend, Mr. Bruce, had been thrown from his horse and had had his neck broken, on the very day that his wife saw him lying dead. The telegram bade them go on to Nebraska. They missed the train yesterday, and were proceeding to-day, but when about to enter the train a second telegram was placed in Mrs. Bruce's hand, announcing that Merritt died of heart disease last night. The despatch was signed by a companion of the two men on the farm. It may be imagined with what sorrowful hearts the three women proceeded on their way to the home which husband and lover, now dead, had prepared for them.

"SYMPATHY."—We are always using the word; but do we know its meaning? It means "suffering with"—nothing less.
—A. RALEIGH, D.D.

EXPLANATORY.

I did not suppose that Mr. Oxley aspired to be the founder of a new cult, or the initiator of any novel system of Egyptology, intended to supersede Champollion's. When I spoke of those who followed him I meant on his line of argument, or rather assertion, respecting the Egyptians and blood-sacrifice.

Nor do I see how Mr. Oxley's letter of February 2nd mends the matter for him.

He quotes Dr. Birch's translation, which is now known to be very imperfect, as it was made over thirty years ago, when the Egyptologist had no such critical apparatus at hand as is at present supplied by the "Varianten" in Vol. II. of Edouard Naville's magnificent "Das Ägyptische Totenbuch, Der 18 Bis 20 Dynastie."

But one might at least have suspected that an offering of "the head, the thigh, and the blood from the heart of a red cow" did imply something approaching to blood-sacrifice.

It is true that Herodotus states (B. 2. 41) that the Egyptians did not sacrifice the cow. The Ritual shows he was wrong, at least with regard to the earlier time; and no assertion of any Greek can stand when opposed to the Ritual itself. But Herodotus also says the Egyptians sacrificed "male kine and calves." Osiris was represented by the bull, and that animal was slain and eaten sacramentally as the body and blood of Osiris, the sustaining life and food of men through all the monumental history.

As to the numbering of the chapters, some of them differ in Birch, Pierret, and Naville, but nothing depends on that.

The Canon of the Ritual is not supposed to have been written in its present form in the times of the twenty-sixth Dynasty, even though Mr. Renouf may say so. (See the title to Naville's edition, just quoted.) The Turin or any other Ritual is a collection of books or chapters which can only be dated as a collection, not as a writing. For example, chapter cxxx. is said, in the Rubric, to have been extant and re-discovered as a buried writing in the time of King Hu-Septi, who reigned 6,000 years ago. Anyway, there is no possible chance of showing that "blood-sacrifice" marked the decadence of the Egyptian religion, or that the chapters quoted by me were late additions to the Ritual! The subject matter proves them to be very ancient.

But Mr. Oxley "takes exception to the mode of substantiating the alleged fact" of blood-sacrifice. Here I must go round to reply, making the circle described as small as ever I can.

I am in no wise anxious to show off my "larning." It is true, however, that I have literally lived with the "Ritual" for twenty years, and have hopes of yet making some satisfactory, though not pecuniary, return for the time spent upon it.

I may just premise that the Egyptians were so far advanced as phenomenal Spiritualists that it has taken me, a Spiritualist, all those twenty years to come up with them; mainly through the difficulties of making out and understanding their modes and methods of representing the facts, whether physical or spiritual. They seem to have had no recognition of death. When they made their "change," as they themselves call it, each person entered Amenta, the hidden lower earth, where the sun passed through from west to east on its nocturnal course. He entered as an Osiris. That is, as a body-soul, or more literally a mummy-soul, in the likeness of the mummiform Osiris, who represented the vivifying soul of life in matter. The deceased had left his earthly mummy behind for ever at the gates of Amenta. There was no return to that in any future life whatever, Herodotus and his "cycle of 3,000 years," Pythagoras and "Esoteric Buddhism," notwithstanding. The false inference that the Egyptians taught the return of the individual and personal soul into the same or any other earthly body is a birth, or rather an abortion, of ignorance, by whomsoever put forth in the past or in the present.

The object of this body-soul or soul evolved from the body as an Osiris is to get purged, purified, rarified, and divinised into "pure spirit"; to become a Horus, the Son of God, re-born in the likeness of Ra. For there is an Egyptian Trinity in which Osiris is the Father, Horus the Son, and Ra the Holy Spirit. The duly instructed and prepared

Manes then begins the next life in the likeness of Osiris, and at last attains the likeness of Horus, the Divine Son of Ra, who is the Holy Spirit and the Father-God in Heaven.

The Ritual contains the processes whereby this final change is to be effected; and the purgatorial purifications by fire and water; the transformations from one phase of soul to another; the metamorphoses and the transfigurations in shapes, conditions, and places belong to the "earth of eternity," not to the earth on which we dwell. But whilst these trials, sufferings, and struggles are being experienced by the Manes in the earth below, his friends on the earth above are doing all they can to help him through. They not only pray for him, and make his extolments, they try to send him succour and sustenance in the shape of food and drink, the breath of incense, and the fumes of blood—to "make that Manes live!" Hence the sacrifices. And in the Rubrics to certain chapters explicit directions are given concerning the things that are to be "done on earth" by the priests and friends of this pilgrim, who is, probably, making way but slowly through Amenta, and feeling much in need of all the help he can derive from sources human or divine. Thus the sacrifices, oblations, gifts, and magical operations, telepathic or Spiritualistic, are ordained and ordered on behalf of the mummy-soul in Amenta transforming into ultimate spirit, pure and perfected.

Mr. Oxley complains that I actually call a "spirit" a "person!" But if he knew anything about it he ought to have known that becoming a spirit in the Egyptian sense depends on retaining the personality (or Ka). With them it was—no personality, no spirit. The Manes is only a body-soul, not a spirit. His great difficulty is to keep intact and hold on to his personality through all his transformations in becoming a spirit. Therefore I said "the person" rather than "the Osiris" for simplicity's sake. And when this speaker tells the gods that he has performed the required ceremonies and made the offerings, whether of bulls, geese, or fruits, blood, milk, or beer, he means that he did these things (supposed to have been divinely commanded) "when he was on earth," not that he is doing them as a spirit in Amenta.

The sacrifices were made *by* him and are still being made *for* him in the House of God, the Temple of Osiris in Annu, at Philæ, or wheresoever the buried Osiris reposed, and are not supposed to be made in spirit-world.

When he pleads before the forty-two Assessors that he has not committed the forty-two particular sins, he is still speaking of the life on earth, not in the Hades. Such is my mode of "substantiating the alleged fact" that the blood-sacrifices were made as recorded in my quotations from the Ritual.

The Ritual is not easy reading, and it is always perilous to dogmatise on details without having a somewhat comprehensive view of the whole matter.

Though Mr. Oxley's dictum regarding blood-sacrifice in Egypt is, as I said, entirely wrong (I will say nothing here about his mode of "substantiating the facts" by confessing his ignorance of them), he is right in his main contention if I understand him fully (I do not know his book on Egypt) that the Egyptian blood-sacrifice differed doctrinally from the Semitic which, as I apprehend, was all he was called upon to substantiate or vouch for in support of his argument.

Further, the Christian doctrine of putting the Deity or divine man to death by human hands as a "sacrifice for sin" was not Egyptian.

Osiris, the Good Being (or his son, the human Horus), became a voluntary sacrifice. Sut, his evil opponent, was slain (with all his criminal accomplices) in an avenging sacrifice. But the Egyptians had no "scape-goat," either animal, human or divine; no vicarious atonement, no substitutionary sacrifice.

In the representation of the Last Judgment all persons are held responsible for what they have done on earth, and even for what they have "said," their words being weighed to test their worth. There was no salvation by the blood of Horus or the Lamb, or the Red Calf. The only thing available was the life lived on earth in accordance with the pattern set before them by Horus, the ideal Exemplar, held to be divine, and the completion of that life when it was continued in Amenta, the world immediately beyond the grave.

Rusta, Dulwich-rise, S.E.

GERALD MASSEY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Exposure.

SIR,—I am amazed at Mr. Husk's effrontery in trying to justify himself in the face of such crushing testimony as to the nature of the séance on February 3rd. I have already disposed of the case of the alleged stopping of the musical box; and will now go on to a few other points of interest. The "spirit" faces did not appear in all parts of the room, *but only in the vicinity of Mr. Husk*. Although I was not near enough to examine them very closely, I thought they looked suspiciously like Mr. Husk. Where the marvellous part of the séance came in I am at a loss to understand. A second-rate conjurer could have produced the so-called phenomena very easily.

It seems to me that Messrs. Williams and Husk's séances bear the word fraud stamped on them. How is it that the same spirits are seen each time? "John King" has appeared pretty regularly for many years, and although he is said to have been a pirate in the reign of Queen Elizabeth he speaks with a Cockney accent! The singing of hymns previous to a vulgar entertainment strikes me as calculated to jar upon the feelings of earnest Spiritualists.

A gentleman of my acquaintance went on one occasion to a séance, at 61, Lamb's Conduit-street, and the spirit of his presumably dead brother appeared and conversed with him. Unfortunately for the medium's reputation, the "dead brother" was very much alive, consequently my friend lost his faith in Mr. Husk.

In conclusion, I must express my regret that we did not search the mediums on February 3rd, for I feel sure that had we done so we should have discovered what it was that Mr. Husk was so anxious to conceal in his pocket.

February 24th.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

SIR,—I am glad to see that Mr. Cecil Husk, the pseudo medium, has at last been exposed by Mr. Rossiter, to whom the thanks of all honest men are due. Mr. Husk is the person to whom I wrote twice, about eighteen months ago, in consequence of seeing his advertisement in your paper, asking him to give me a private séance. He replied that he was unable to do so, as his time was fully taken up. His reply struck me as that of a charlatan. Really, it is time that these impostors—Mr. Husk is by no means the only one—should be handed over, when caught red-handed as Mr. Husk was, and punished for extorting money under false pretences. The only really good medium I ever came across was Miss Lotty Fowler in 1882. I saw her again about two years ago, but she had lost the power to a large extent.

February 21st, 1891.

H. St. M. W.

SIR,—I have read in "LIGHT," of February 14th, an article headed "A Triple Experience of Cheating Mediums." You have been long aware that I am keenly interested in the progress of the Spiritualistic movement, and, consequently, in the philosophy of Spiritualism for which the study of the physical phenomena is, I hold, a necessary introduction for the hard-headed sceptic. May I, therefore, be allowed to express my great regret (and that of others truly interested in Spiritualism) that "LIGHT" should be allowed to drop into the vulgar clap-trap error of the daily papers? The publication of foolish letters on the subject of so-called *exposés* by inexperienced and prejudiced people, I think you will agree with me, is calculated to mislead and prejudice an uninformed public, and more still to ruin mediums whom any experienced Spiritualist would hold as guiltless. I think to discourage the more intelligent, the unprejudiced, and well-educated from investigating the subject is a great mistake, and the only séances they have at their command are those of the much condemned public mediums.

Regarding a medium's unconscious personation of a spirit (I use the expression "unconscious" advisedly), your long experience will have proved to you as my twenty years' experience has proved to me with both paid and unpaid "psychics" that spirit-obsession (or possession) is of everyday occurrence—the sensitive or psychic so completely passing under the control of the acting intelligence that his identity is temporarily submerged until accidentally he may be startled out of the trance. The "professional" spirits, as one may almost call those whose work seems to be

feats of wonder on our physical plane, such as materialisation, &c., are, I fear we must admit, for the greater part on a low platform of spiritual enlightenment, and any clear distinction between truth and untruth which they may possess is perhaps the more confused by having to act through the organism of a medium. For at such moments they are in as abnormal a condition as the medium is himself, dependent on the clear, calm condition of his mind, whose mind is again dependent on the condition of his body, and *vice versa*; his whole organisation prone to be put out of tune by the inharmonious influences of sitters filled with nothing but vulgar curiosity. I have drawn my experiences as largely from private psychics as those who work for the public. In conclusion, may I ask why the names of Messrs. Rita and Williams should have been brought in as they were in no way implicated in the discussed impersonation?

JANEY SEVILLA CAMPBELL.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the accounts of the exposure of Messrs. Husk and Williams which have appeared in "LIGHT" and other papers. I have attended several séances at Lamb's Conduit-street, and have always had my doubts.

When I first went to these séances I was a thorough sceptic on all spiritual matters, and I am bound to say that the extreme credulity of most of the sitters did not give me a very high opinion of Spiritualism. Their remarks of "Most convincing!" "Is it not divine?" "How beautiful!" &c., made in reference to extremely simple tunes, atrociously played on a cracked toy zither, considerably out of tune, almost made me laugh outright; and I should have given up the subject of Spiritualism and thought no more of it, had it not been for the kindness of a very well-known Spiritualist, who explained away several of my difficulties.

Still I am in the dark. Like "X.Y.Z." I want to see something which can really be tested, and which can give indubitable proofs of the absence of hypnotism and thought-reading.

But what I am principally concerned about at present is the Husk-Williams exposure and Mr. Husk's letter of defence.

Mr. Husk still affirms that he is a genuine medium. Well, I say, let him prove it by giving a test séance to a committee of persons interested, but not all avowed Spiritualists. Let the test be made in a deep photographic light, by which everyone present could observe the whole circle, but which would contain no actinic rays. The result, with the full names and addresses of the sitters, to be made public.

Now, what says Mr. Husk? Is he willing to give a test like this? Surely if he is a genuine medium there can be but one answer!

B.

[There *can*. These test séances so-called are very little use.

There has hardly ever been an exposure of a medium caught in the act of apparent fraud that has not been followed by a test séance which has established the possession of psychic power on the part of the incriminated medium. The point at issue is very simple in this case: and most letters sent to us are irrelevant.

—ED. "LIGHT."]

SIR,—Will you allow me, as a constant reader of your interesting paper, to offer a few remarks upon the "Triple Exposure of Cheating Mediums" which appeared in "LIGHT"?

I must first mention that I was not present at the memorable séance of Tuesday, February 3rd, nor have I since held any communication whatever with the accused medium; but, in the interests of justice and fair play, and in accordance with the time-honoured English maxim, that "a man shall be held to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty," I beg you to insert this letter.

I have now attended Messrs. Williams and Husk's séances for more than five years, at short intervals, and during that time I have seen enough to convince even a sceptical mind of the genuineness of their mediumship.

Not being, perhaps, so fortunate as your Norwood lady friend, I *could not* have got my Emperor, or my Prince Imperial, even if I had wanted them, for the faces I saw were, as a rule, *not* those of the friends whom I was most anxious to see, but of others whom I did not expect; but what I *did* get was evidence, of the most unimpeachable kind, of the continued existence of my friends, some of whom had long passed away, others more recently; but,

whether friends or relatives, they were none of them personally known to the mediums, although they proved their identity, to my own complete satisfaction, by little peculiarities of appearance, gesture, or speech known only to myself.

I have seen these forms rise up slowly from the floor like a mist, without the aid of the [luminous] slate, and develop behind the medium or at my side away from him; or appear suddenly, as it were, out of the table; some have shown themselves by their own light, some by means of the slate, and this has been the case also in private rooms where the mediums have never been before, and where only friends whom I could trust were present; in fact, the best manifestations I have seen have always been in private séances with either medium separately, or with both together, and only myself and my own intimate friends, all of us desiring earnestly to see only what was true, and neither to be deceived nor self-deceiving.

I have no doubt there are many persons who could give as good, or far better, testimony to the real powers and honest mediumship of these two gentlemen, but, in view of the fact that Spiritualism is supposed by many to be identical with folly and credulity, most people are ashamed to own any sympathy with it.

The correspondent of the "Evening News," whom you quote, admits that he had never before attended a séance, and may, therefore, be presumed to be ignorant of the laws which appear to govern materialisation, *e.g.*, that it may be as difficult for a spirit to appear in the light as for a photograph to be finished without the aid of the dark closet.

The other two correspondents state that they attended three séances in "a spirit of earnest inquiry." "Earnest inquirers" have many ways open to them of learning the truth without going to a strictly Spiritualistic circle as amateur detectives, and, when there, breaking conditions which honour requires them to respect, even though they have not signed a pledge to that effect.

I know nothing of the gentlemen in question, whose statements you have publicly endorsed with your approval; but, whatever be the outcome of this published accusation, it cannot fail, if uncontradicted, to prove a deadly blow to Spiritualism, not only in its spurious, but in its genuine manifestations, and, to avert such a deplorable consequence, I most sincerely hope that some better voice than mine will protest against the injustice of letting one extremely doubtful case of impersonation weigh against years of admittedly truthful mediumistic phenomena, given through the instrumentality of Messrs. Williams and Husk.

February 18th, 1891.

PERSEPHONE.

SIR,—The indignation you express regarding the late exposure at Lamb's Conduit-street seems well deserved, and yet we, as Spiritualists, know how divers are the degrees in these frauds.

I have known Husk for many years and have often had evidence that many of his "materialisations" were *unconscious* frauds—that is, frauds produced in the trance state, when he, for the time being actually under control, *imagined* himself to be John King.

The fault, I think, is often more with the sitters than with the medium, for, as you say, their credulity and vanity know no bounds, and thus the mediums consciously or unconsciously fool their dupes to the top of their bent.

M. D.

SIR,—As one who has sat in my own home between thirty and forty times with Mr. Husk, I ask you to allow me a few words in connection with your remarks in the issue of February 14th.

Therein you have stigmatised him as an unmistakable and complete fraud.* Your experience consists of *two* séances only, and I ask you, in all candour, is it fair to balance this against all the evidence that has from time to time appeared in your pages? As regards "the dear Prince," who you say was palpably Husk, I may state that we have also had the Prince at our very last séance, wherein he came so close to several of the sitters, that the faces almost touched. I was one of the fortunate ones, and I declare to you that the Prince's face was positively boyish in appearance, but what seemed to me the greatest contrast was the moustache. Perhaps the most striking thing in

* No: Not so, on this occasion under notice.—[ED. "LIGHT."]

Husk's face is his heavy, drooping black moustache, but that of the Prince was exactly the opposite, being slight and of a soft or silky appearance, such as a young man would possess. Again, I have read in "LIGHT," that your presence sometimes acts as a deterrent to physical phenomena. How can you, then, with any sense of justice, make the absence of manifestation in this second séance, a proof of Husk's cheating? With regard to this particular sitting, however, I have been favoured with the copy of a letter written by you, in which you state that "there was indication enough of spirit-power to leave no doubt whatever of the reality of Husk's mediumship."*

I noticed in Friday's issue that you intend to make your editorial remarks when the correspondence is closed, and probably these remarks will be regarded as veritable history. I pray you, therefore, to weigh well *all* the evidence, especially that of experienced Spiritualists, who are far more capable of reporting accurately in this case than strangers. After having made a careful analysis, I ask you to supplement that with your own peculiar and special knowledge of the dangers and difficulties of sensitives under adverse conditions: noting also that the operators on the other side, whether good or evil, are not capable of carrying out their intentions, as we are here; also that Husk and Rita both claim to have been unconscious; then I feel assured you will admit that our duty is to find the *real* truth in this matter, which lies far deeper than upon the mere surface revealed by an electric light.

I can fully sympathise with the denunciation of methods, but I beg you to be careful of inflicting a permanent stigma, which hereafter, when you *will* know the truth, may be bitterly regretted.

South Norwood, S.E.

GEORGE DAVIS.

Rita on his Defence.

SIR,—On reading "LIGHT" of the 13th inst. I was much surprised to find my name mentioned in a way which would make it appear that I was a frequent attendant at 61, Lamb's Conduit-street.† I can prove that I have only been there four or five times during the last two years. My presence on the occasion referred to was quite accidental. It happened that a gentleman, whose name I can give if required, specially asked me to go, and there were only four or five persons in the room, including the mediums, whom I knew, or had ever seen before. Whenever I go there I attend as an ordinary sitter, paying as the others do. Instead of gaining anything by mediumship, I have lost materially by it.

To call the occurrence a triple exposure is quite out of place, as it is not even stated that I did anything except loosen my hand from the medium's or he loosened his from mine; and of this I knew nothing, being in a half-dazed state. As all Spiritualists know, a medium sitting in a circle is always liable to become semi-unconscious, and as it was some seconds before I became quite myself, after being suddenly awakened by a light, I saw nothing of what took place with Mr. Husk. I expect, however, that most of those present were very young in Spiritualism, and quite unable to judge of the real nature of what occurred. For, as to Messrs. Husk and Williams, there is plenty of undoubted testimony that they are wonderful mediums, and men of science who have carefully investigated the phenomena understand what a physical medium is liable to. As regards myself, I shall say nothing further. People may form their judgment from what they have seen with me.

As to the occurrence of twelve years ago to which you refer, I thought that it was all cleared up at the time.

I do not consider that my name ought to have been mentioned, being, as I have already stated, only a casual sitter.

—RITA.

Psychical Experiences.

SIR,—I know nothing whatsoever of "Spiritualism" further than its name. I neither believe nor disbelieve in it; and am open to conviction on either side of the question.

I certainly have all my life been subject to what you might designate psychical experiences; such as the sensation of being able, at will, to raise myself by a powerful effort into the air and float about. During such a state I really could not say, afterwards, whether I was asleep or awake,

* Yes. That is true.—[ED. "LIGHT."]

† No; Rita was seated next to Husk, and released his hand. That is the only material point.—[ED. "LIGHT."]

but have certainly at times inclined to the belief that my spirit *may* have, on such occasions, been enabled to "shuffle off the mortal coil" in which it is encased, and wing its flight to other scenes. Each time the sensation has been on me, I have experienced less difficulty than previously. I should certainly say that my body must have been in that state which we call sleep, but as to awakening out of it, I never have any recollection. Most people would call it dreaming, and I suppose it is, but why so often the same dream (or similar)? In boyhood it used to be a sensation of jumping—to my own surprise—immense distances, such as the whole length of a field of several acres. Upon one occasion I recollect finding myself in a garden where I had never been, and years afterwards, when I had left my native land, I found such a garden attached to a vicarage, where I was spending some weeks. It seemed familiar to me, and yet I was fully aware that I had never been there before. It was some time afterwards that it was called to my memory that it was in one of my sensations that I had seen such a place. It has been again recalled by your remarks upon my letter to the "Daily Telegraph" of 6th inst. W. G.

Levitations in Dreamland.

SIR,—Many times during my life I have had the sensation of levitation during sleep. I am usually surrounded by acquaintances and always in a room. I first feel a power of rising, then slowly mount, and on reaching the ceiling stick on to it like a bat. I have never attended a séance in my waking hours, nor do these dreams follow on the perusal of spiritual phenomena. M. W. G.

What do Phenomena Mean?

SIR,—Mr. Keulemans in your last issue seeks to disparage the testimony of those who believe in genuine materialisations by speaking of them as "orthodox out-of-time Spiritualists, whose evidence rests chiefly upon motives of affection and who sacrifice their heads to heal their broken hearts." Such language as this is not, to say the least of it, very becoming, or very modest, on Mr. Keulemans' part; for I venture to say that amongst the so-called "orthodox Spiritualists" are men quite as cool-headed and quite as discerning as himself.

No one who has had any large experience in this class of phenomenon doubts that there are many cases in which the features of a medium under control are more or less "transformed" or "transfigured" by the controlling spirit, so that the medium may easily be, in bad light, mistaken for the materialised form of "some one else."

But what of that? The fact of genuine materialisations rests on surer evidence than this. Mr. Keulemans asks whether any Spiritualist, in his séance-room experience, has ever met "the case of a true materialisation of a form, obtained under conditions where fraud was impossible, and where the investigator had sufficiently satisfied himself that the form was not the medium in person in a state of transfiguration?"

My answer is—"Yes, certainly; and in good light, when both medium and form were clearly seen together beyond the possibility of mistake." Moreover, I thought that Mr. Crookes had settled this question long ago in his experiments with Florrie Cook. Rs.

SIR,—In your foot-note to my letter in last week's "LIGHT" you ask whether there was not close "rapport" in the case in which Mrs. Everitt during a trance visited Mr. M. in New Zealand, and whether there was any such "rapport" in the case of the gentleman who saw what purported to be the materialised forms of his wife and daughter while they were still living. In reply I have to say that so far as we can judge there was in Mrs. Everitt's case no special "rapport" whatever, as Mr. M. was simply a friend like many others; but in the other case one would suppose that there certainly was a "rapport" of some kind between the gentleman and his wife and child, especially as he had them so much in his thoughts that he always carried their photographs with him during all the years of their separation. I may add that we have had in our experience several proofs of the possibility of communication by spirits of persons asleep, and I think we should be wiser to base our theories of "What do phenomena mean?" on provable facts, rather than indulge, as is now so fashionable with your cor-

respondents, in speculations which are not supported by any evidence at all.

T. EVERITT.

Holder's Hill, Hendon.

[There had been no correspondence for twenty years. Not a very close rapport on the wife's side, clearly.—ED. "LIGHT."]

SIR,—Through the courtesy of Mr. Richard Hodgson, of No. 5, Boylston-place, Boston, I have had the pleasure of reading "Phantasms of the Living," Vols. I. and II., and the June and December numbers of "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research." I feel that the Society, while hanging on to materialism like dying men to straws (and who can blame them?), are slowly reaching the great goal—Spiritualism. As the ground becomes untenable step by step, the progress is noticeable, even from June to December. In the "Proceedings" of December there is less of the "Podmore" spirit, and more of the "James" and "Myers" ideas exhibited. It would be impossible for me to take time to write, or for you to give place for, a lengthy review, but I should like to make a few remarks on one case, that of Mr. Rich, as reported on p. 554 of the Society's "Proceedings" for December, 1890. Professor Oliver Lodge (p. 455, same edition) speaks of it thus:—

"Another rather remarkable case arrived towards the end of my series of sittings, when this friend of mine was present. A message interpolated itself to a gentleman living in Liverpool, known, but not at all intimately, to both of us, and certainly outside of our thoughts—the head of the Liverpool Post Office, Mr. Rich. The message purported to be from a son of his who had died suddenly a few months ago, and whom I had never seen, though my friend had, it seems, once or twice spoken to him. He addressed my friend by name, and besought him to convey a message to his father, who, he said, was much stricken by the blow, and who was suffering from a recent occasional dizziness in the head, so that he felt afraid he should have to retire from business. Other little things were mentioned of an identifying character; and the message was, a few days later, duly conveyed. The facts stated were admitted to be accurate, and the father, though naturally inclined to be sceptical, confessed that he had indeed been more than ordinarily troubled at the sudden death of his eldest son, because of a recent unfortunate estrangement between them which would otherwise have been only temporary. The only thought-transference explanation I can reasonably offer him is, that it was the activity of his own mind, operating upon the sensitive brain of the medium, of whose existence he knew absolutely nothing, and contriving to send a delusive message to itself!"

In this report, the words "upper self," "under self," "sub-conscious self" are frequently used. Now, with all due respect to the opinions of these learned men, I want to ask which is the most reasonable, to think that we carry about with us, from the cradle to the grave, another personality that we absolutely know nothing of, but that is itself conscious of all the acts of our lives, of our friends' lives, and, according to the authority of these gentlemen, of the world at large, past, present, and future, and that can, under certain conditions, like Christ at the well, tell us all that ever we did; or, that our friends do not really die, but only drop off a few pounds, more or less, of flesh, and, becoming invisible to our mortal eyes, are still in our midst, and under certain conditions can do the things which these learned gentlemen explain as being done and said by our "other personality"?

If it is not the spirits of our "departed" friends that manifest to us, but is really our "under self," why does this "under self" lie to us, by representing itself as a decarnate spirit of someone deceased? If it is really only our "under self," why does it not say so? What is the need of deceiving us? Where would be its object in so doing? All over the civilised world, wherever a circle has been formed, no matter what the nationality, language, or religious belief of the sitters, or if they have no religious belief, they all tell the same story: "We are the spirits of your loved ones whom you call dead. We have seen neither God nor devil; we are in spirit-life; we are with you often," &c.—Never has one said, "I am your second personality, your under self."

The Society is doing a world of good in its investigation of the various phases of the phenomena which we claim to be of spirit origin, and after the scientists admit that the

phenomena in various phases are *genuine*, the world will decide the *source* of these phenomena for itself—and *how* it will decide is easy to predict.

S. T. SUDDICK, M.D.

Duality in Deity.

SIR,—In a recent issue of "LIGHT" "F. R. A." writes a most suggestive letter relative to the Eternal Duality in the Deity, and promises to send further communications.

Not seeing any further letter from him, may I say that I and others who have read the one letter with exceeding interest would gladly welcome more on this most important subject?

Has "F. R. A." read "New Light on Old Truths," in which this matter is very much to the fore? If he would send me name and address I would send a copy of one or two papers on the subject. In the last chapter of "Palingenesia" (to be had in the London Spiritualist Alliance Library) this great truth is treated devotionally, and further steps will, it is hoped, be taken in this direction.

We want this truth thoroughly known and acknowledged. I will not say discussed unless we are prepared to discuss whether God has "set in the heavens the sun and the moon" as faithful witnesses of Dheir Nature, to which everything in heaven and earth bears continual witness.

I have just now used the word "Dheir," speaking of God, because I cannot call the Eternal One "He" or "She" (exclusively), and the only word I can find or coin to express (as a pronoun) the Duality in the Manifested God, and yet offend as little as may be the usual mode of speech, is "Dhey, Dheir, Dhem," having the same sound as is now (wrongly) given to "they, their, them." As long as men use wrong or deficient language, so long they will have wrong or deficient ideas of God, Who is neither male nor female (exclusively) yet Both in One. This is a most practical doctrine, for it is through men not seeing the Divine in woman that social evils have attained to their height.

I. O.

Soul-hearing.

SIR,—"Soul-hearing," which has been given to certain individuals, at any rate at intervals, throughout the ages, has, in these last days, been vouchsafed to many, and has at length gained a footing in the churches and is acknowledged as such, to a certain extent; bringing, however, in some cases, its perplexities, not as regards the facts experienced, but as to their precise source. This, however, is no new thing. I have studied carefully the cases of the canonised saints, St. Theresa and Marguerite Alacoque of the burning heart; but can find no evidence, even by their own showing, of intimate communion with the Great Being with whom they believed themselves to be so closely connected. As good Christian women they were of course, like others, in common communion with the Head of their Church; but as regards the intimate converse of which they speak, they have still, I opine, to bring their proofs. I think, in the case of Marguerite Alacoque, that the Great Spirit, with whom she believed herself on such intimate terms, would never have brought upon her the extreme pain, mental and bodily, which she was made to believe He did; for the Power in question produced "a pain in her heart" (always a bad spiritual sign) "which caused her an agony which consumed her and burnt her alive," and all the consolation the Spirit gave her for this wrong was "that the pain would always rest with her." Surely, a tree is known by its fruits. Good fruit is not of thorns and thistles. She tells us further, "that her condition of agony was harder to support than death itself." The case of St. Theresa I have not room to touch upon here.

The late amiable and learned cosmopolite, Laurence Oliphant, tells us in his latter days, "of having attained the personal conviction, that he had come into close and intimate relation with the Lord Jesus." Mr. Oliphant's friend, the Rev. T. Lake Harris, the American poet, also alleged: "That he believed himself directed by the Lord Jesus." Neither of them speak of pain, mental or bodily, as the consequence. We do not say, *Credo quia impossibile est*, but we still wait for proof.

But when extremes meet, when supreme condescension appears to commune with supreme faith and humility, bringing joy instead of misery and heart pains, we confess ourselves shaken, if not confounded. We read in "Modern Miracles" of a poor old woman, so deaf that her daughter

describes her as "no longer of any use, even to look after the children," being drawn out by Miss Thomson to tell "her great secret," which was about "her beautiful nights, when the Lord Jesus stood by her bed, and talked to her nearly all the night through." No heart pains there!

Spiritualism seems to be setting in this direction in the present days. I have a personal friend, a lady, with whom I correspond, and she believes that she has direct messages from the Lord Jesus. I have a friend in the town where I live, a captain in the merchant service, of long standing. He is not only a leading man in the Town Council, but he has the management of all the local steamers, rather a large concern; and, though aged, if there is a wreck or danger in the offing, off he goes to the rescue. Why is he so trusted? Why does the town look to him for aid in emergencies? Because he has proved himself worthy and fitted for the tasks. But he tells me and others that he has been guided through fogs by the Lord Jesus. That when he is in any difficulty, "the dear Lord" comforts him by quoting the three first verses of the 46th Psalm. "I hear Him," he said to me, "as plainly as I hear you speaking now, and I see Him also." Once he was ordered, by soul-hearing, to lower all the sails on a bright day with a calm sea. "Dear Lord," he said, "you have never deceived me, and I obey." Very soon there was a great storm. When the storm was over, he and his men fell on their knees on deck together, to thank the Lord for His mercies.

It is notorious that the poet Milton professed himself to be in intimate communion with "a Celestial Patroness," "a Heavenly Muse," one "Uranea," who helped him in his poetry:—

"Whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hills I soar,
Above the flights of Pegasean wing."

Again he sings:—

"Of my Celestial Patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitations unimplored,
And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse."

Again:—

"In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude; yet not alone, whilst thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the East: still govern thou my song,
Uranea!"

Dante, a greater poet, was contented with the communion of saints.

Joan of Arc, who was not a nun, was burned at the stake for confessing her communion with angels. We may be thankful that within the last forty or fifty years, a spirit of tolerance has been striving for entrance into the churches, so that only on the day I write this, we read of the Pope sending his blessing to an English bishop, on his nomination to the see once held by St. Swithin, the first event of the kind since the Reformation. Soul-hearing is a spontaneous gift, altogether irrespective of the will of the invocation of the recipient, but it is not absolutely necessary to believe all that may be heard by that faculty.

WILLIAM R. TOMLINSON.

SOCIETY WORK.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—On Sunday last, after a few words from Mr. Davies, the "controls" of Mr. Hopcroft gave an interesting address, followed by a few clairvoyant descriptions. Next Sunday, Mrs. Yeeles.—Geo. E. GUNN, Hon. Sec.

MARYLEBONE, 24, HARCOURT-STREET.—On Sunday morning last, Mr. J. H. Bawens, late of Bradford, delivered a trance address followed by clairvoyance, which was greatly appreciated. In the evening Mrs. Treadwell's guide spoke on the New Testament, and threw out many suggestions of a very edifying character. Sunday, at 11 p.m., circle; at 7 p.m., Captain Wilson on "Intuition, the Religion of the Future." Tuesday, Captain Wilson, at 8 p.m., a lecture on a "New System of Thought." Thursday, at 7.45 p.m., séance, Mrs. Treadwell. Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., séance, Mr. W. E. Walker.—C. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, CHEPSTOW HALL, 1, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday last the subject of "Psychometry," which is now engaging the attention of many of our members, was considered, and at the evening service, Mr. E. J. Young and other friends addressed a very harmonious assembly, several of whom were influenced to testify of the

benefits derivable from soul communion. Next Sunday, "Mediumship," at 11.15. Addresses by Mrs. Stanley and friends at 6.30 prompt.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., 36, Kemerton-road, S.E.

CARDIFF.—On Sunday, February 15th, at the Psychological Hall, Mrs. M. H. Wallis delighted her audience by the excellence of her addresses, delivered, as they were, in a cultured, impressive, and eloquent manner. The morning address, upon "Life and its Uses," was a fine, logical delivery, teeming with practical lessons upon the woes and responsibilities of life. The evening lecture to a packed audience upon "Children in Spirit Life" was a charming and graphic word picture, in which the conditions and methods of spirit life, especially in regard to child care and culture, were mirrored with a clearness and facility of expression and a depth of sympathetic treatment which it has seldom been our privilege and pleasure to listen to. On Monday evening, 16th, a fine and exhaustive lecture was delivered upon "Man's Needs, and how to Meet Them," followed by several interesting clairvoyant descriptions of spirit friends, most of which were recognised before the meeting terminated. An enjoyable séance on Tuesday evening at the residence of Mrs. Wallis' kind entertainers, Mr. and Mrs. J. Haviland, brought this, her first visit to Cardiff, to a close. On Sunday last, Mr. R. C. Daly conducted the evening service; taking as the subject of his address, "The Soul World." Lyceum at three. Good attendance. On March 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th we hope to again have our "Lang Syne" friend and brother, Mr. J. J. Morse, amongst us, this being his first visit to Cardiff since his home-coming.—E. A.

KING'S CROSS SOCIETY, 182, CALEDONIAN-ROAD, N.—Last Sunday morning a discussion upon the investigation of Spiritualism was introduced by Mr. Vogt, and will be resumed next Sunday morning. In the evening Mr. T. Everitt gave an account of many "form manifestations" which he had witnessed in the presence of Mrs. Everitt, and some other notable mediums. Great interest was shown in the subject, questions being asked as to how the forms were built up, &c. Mr. Everitt's opinion was that the spirits do not draw from the medium or sitters the whole of the substance required to make up the form, but that the so-called "materialisations" are caused by the spirits, in some way not understood, stepping out of their state into ours. This view is not without its difficulties, as Mr. Everitt acknowledged, and we purpose at an early date to arrange a discussion. Mr. J. G. Keulemans, who has devoted much study to these phenomena, has kindly promised to give us the benefit of his experience. Due notice will be given. Mr. W. O. Drake will speak next Sunday evening.—S. T. RODGER, Hon. Sec.

A séance was held at 218, Jubilee-street, Mile End-road, on Sunday evening, Miss Marsh being the medium. The proceeding commenced with some remarkably loud raps upon all parts of the table, which was afterwards moved from side to side in obedience to the wishes of the sitters. After several of the usual controls had spoken, the medium was controlled by one who was found to be the father of one of the sitters, who had passed away only a fortnight previously. The control, who was unable to speak, made known his identity by several private signs, one of them being a peculiar grip of the hand, known only to the son. A message was afterwards delivered from him through one of the usual guides, the particulars of which were found to be perfectly correct.—C. C.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUCH delay is caused by letters intended for publication being sent to the Editor at private addresses. All should be sent addressed simply, The Editor of "LIGHT," 2, DUKE-STREET, ADELPHI, W.C.

W.G.—Rev. J. Watson is an American Methodist minister.

K. W.—You do not send name and address. If you do so we will put you in communication with Dr. Maurice Davies.

I. DE S.—Thank you. As soon as the crowded state of our columns permits we shall use what you are so good as to send.

P. C.—Your "Dialogue" received. It must stand over for consideration, in view of the great pressure of matter just now.

G. D.—We assure you that we have no desire other than to arrive at and hold to the truth. Perhaps we, too, may claim some knowledge and experience.

J. J. du B.—We cannot find time to read your letter this week. It is too late for present insertion. We reserve consideration.

PENCIL.—Thank you. We are sorry to cause you trouble in re-copying. Changing house and illness have been responsible for much delay and disorder.

J. C.—Thanks. The Bibliography is standing matter and we cannot alter it until a complete revision is made. We will then bear your request in mind; and we shall be glad to mention your name in likely quarters.

P. G. LEYMARIE.—We are indebted to you for your kind inquiries, and can give a fair account of progress from a very serious illness towards health. We regret that we have no demand, whatever, for Roustaing, and know no one who would purchase the copies of which you write. They would not fetch more than the price of waste paper.