

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

“WHATEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT.”—Paul.

“LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!”—Goethe.

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CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way	229	What are Dreams?	237
Notes of Séances	231	Mrs. F. Kemble on Some Aspects of the Spiritual Side of Life	238
Dreams. No. VI.	232	The Influenza	238
Phrenological Delineations	234	Interpretation of Dreams	239
A Glimpse of the Reviews	234	Spirit Communications	239
Cremation of Madame Blavatsky	236	Society Work	240
Letters on the Spiritual Life. No. I.	236		

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by “M.A. (Oxon.)”

The pest that people perversely call influenza has removed from us the most remarkable personality that I have ever been brought in contact with. Madame Blavatsky was, from all points of view, a most impressive woman. She did not please Mr. Richard Hodgson—“the Russian lady” was not to be further meddled with by the Society for Psychological Research—but, for all that, she was a problem that they have not solved. It is so easy to pick holes, there are so many adepts in the art, that the finding of flaws with some minds is apt to be thought all-sufficient. I do not propose to discuss this question over my friend's grave. I am concerned now to take a wider view, and I sum it up in one brief remark. If she were all that Mr. Hodgson alleged, she remains, what the “Daily News” confesses on the authority of Mrs. Besant, “either the messenger from the masters or a fraud”: as the indictment further puts it “the most impudent impostor of the age.” I do not discuss this. The newspaper comments on her death bear eloquent testimony to the impression she made on minds little disposed to accept her teaching.

I have not the advantage of acquaintance with Mr. Hodgson. I had some years ago the advantage of knowing Madame Blavatsky, and, though it is years since I saw her, except on the occasion of one brief visit, I maintained with her a friendship which death has severed but has not terminated. Her books, inscribed in her own hand with too flattering words, are before me. The memory of many talks with her, in which I learned much and carried away much that I was so venturesome as to discard on mature reflection, is very vivid in my mind. No one could listen to her without instruction. It was not necessary to agree in all she said to find material for thought. It is a small mind, it seems to me, that can be tickled only by agreement and consentaneity of thought. Friction is essential to a healthy mind, and I found plenty of it in conversation with her—plenty to show me how adequate was the whetstone on which I sharpened my humble wit. What remains with me is not so much her kindly temper, which could be so fierce when stirred, nor her vast store of knowledge, but the effect on me of her huge personality and a conviction that her critics—as most of them do—have missed their way respecting her.

What is genius? The marvellous aptitude of a twelve-year-old boy has set me thinking. Has he come to us—this young prodigy, Gérardy—from some recent past where his soul drank in the music that it now gives out? Where did he get the knowledge that he has? How comes it that, hardly out of short frocks, he is compared by a competent

critic with Piatti, the greatest violoncellist of the generation? It is to me an inscrutable problem if I am to conclude that the boy's life began here. It is not so perplexing if I am permitted to think that all his soul's experience was not bounded by the cradle and will not be ended by the grave. This is the criticism that has stirred me:—

As astonishing as ever was “the marvellous boy that perished in his pride” is this young Gérardy. Here we have hardly any question of precocity. The fact that the performer is a mere child goes almost entirely into the background, and we stand face to face with, and are mainly conscious of, a consummate artist, to whom we offer homage as to a Heaven-sent genius. At the same time it is impossible but that thoughts of bodily immaturity come to augment wonder.

“His substance is not here:

For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity;
But were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.”

Talk of the prodigy-pianists who have been amongst us! Why the best of them is as nothing to this wonderful youth, who almost makes us forget his years, or his lack of them, and recognise only the masterful manhood of gifts and acquirements. As an executant, as an artist in the highest sense, Gérardy is equal to the best of those who have spent long lives in the service of art. This may seem hyperbole. But it is not. Such playing as his in the four solos given yesterday was worthy of Piatti; as the achievement of a boy it was simply a thing to marvel at, with something of the awe that waits on mystery mingled with astonishment.

Camille Flammarion in the “Arena” has also set me thinking on “other worlds than ours.” He has been applying the latest inventions of science to a minute inspection of the “red planet, Mars.” It makes me rub my eyes to see a complete map of Mars, just as apparently exact as that which I used to see at the beginning of my atlas in school-days. The easy way, too, in which the eminent astronomer—whose imagination has been fired by our own research, for he is a Spiritualist—the way in which he discourses of the snow patches at the poles of Mars, and reminds us that no earth-born observer has ever seen the poles of our world, is very suggestive of thought. The changing configurations of the surface of Mars are all mapped out, and there seems no reason to doubt from observation that the planet is a centre of life but little different from our own. The only difficulty appears to be in referring phenomena to their causes. There are things going on in Mars which are not directly explicable by our own experience. But that there is life no doubt remains. The days are long since past, though it is instructive to remember them, when this little earth was regarded as the sole training school of spirit, and the boundless universe, if mentioned at all, figured as a collection of satellites attendant upon the vanity of man. It was seriously argued by men eminent and not otherwise insane that the earth was inhabited by immortal beings for whom God, Almighty and All-wise, incarnated Himself and died, and for whose amusement He kept in orderly motion that pretty toy which we call the universe.

What a change in thought! What a progress from that poverty-stricken conception to the realisation of the

infinite possibilities that life presents, if we are to think of the spirit in man as quenchless, and his existence as varied only by the surroundings in varied worlds to which he is temporarily adapted! "I think sometimes," a venerable Archdeacon mused to me, "I think I shall one day be an angel and fly about among the stars." The idea was hardly scientific, and provoked a smile, but perhaps the old man was not far wrong. His idea of angels partook of the conventional wings. But I hope he is realising now what possibilities of soul-nurture there are in this boundless universe of God's. And even as we are, prisoned in this body with its inadequate avenues of sense—who was it that said of the human eye that it was so poor an instrument that a skilful optician would reject it for something better?—even as we are what tentacles we can throw out into the vast field of knowledge! A man at Greenwich affixes to his telescope an instrument and forthwith tells us of what composition are those distant planets that shine as specks in the great firmament. The spectroscope reveals the presence of metals there that are familiar to us here, and we claim a kinship with those worlds unknown. He was not a bad adviser who lately recommended that education should begin with some comprehensive grasp of the universe in which our earth is a unit, should go on to a study of the geological processes which have built it up, and be continued by a historical study of the people who have contributed to make it what it is. Astronomy, geology, ethnology, history—a man could hardly be very cramped after such a course. And if he would crown the edifice, let him add Spiritualism, and contemplate the infinite progress of the soul, onward and upward through the ages. Then he can afford to die and not complain.

As a recommendation that is, at any rate, better than the "best hundred books" which have so exercised my contemporaries, I learn, by the way, from my "Daily Telegraph" that I figure in the most recent compendium of information as to the world of books. Thus the "Daily Telegraph" criticises what is unquestionably a very gigantic and notable effort to supply information:—

Recently some literary men were taxed to supply an enterprising editor with rival lists of the hundred best books in the world. That is a bagatelle to Mr. Swan Sonnenschein's new and wonderful dictionary of about 50,000 of the best available books in every department of science, art, and literature. There is a copious index of authors' names and of titles, also an admirable subject-index. We have tested the vast volume of over 1,000 pages in many parts, and found the information singularly accurate and minute in nearly all cases. Some defects there are, however. For instance, in the catalogue of works on Theosophy, Occultism, Spiritualism, and connected subjects, the writings of the gentleman who calls himself "M.A. (Oxon.)," and who is well known in these circles, are represented by only one book, when he has written at least a dozen, and that one is called "Theosophical," which it certainly is not. Then Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, who has written many works on Irish history and biography, is represented under "Ireland" as simply the editor of the O'Connell Letters, while his many other memoirs and biographies are ignored. Shortcomings like these are, of course, inevitable; but the volume as a whole is the best thing of the kind ever done. It is the handiest book possible for an omnivorous reader, and the shortest cut yet invented to omniscience. This is the second edition, and we hope that its success will induce Mr. Sonnenschein to publish a third.

I may not claim the dozen books with which I am credited, but this is an age in which no one can afford to despise magazine literature. Where past generations of authors wrote books which the public had more time to read than we have now, our authors throw off the freshness of their thought in articles which a busy age gobbles up and forgets. There is a mine of information lost yearly in our magazines. To that mass I have been a too frequent contributor on the subject of Psychics. And so, in a more diffuse form, my dozen books is not beyond the mark. I propose, too, an addition which is not new, but contains nothing that is not true. I wrote once a book dealing with direct or independent writ-

ing, such as that obtained with Slade and Eglinton. I am of opinion that the evidence for that single fact, to which I applied the term Psychography (only to be told by some wiseacres that I should have called it Pneumatography)—I believe that body of evidence to be useful. I propose to put up in an inexpensive form that record, and to call it "Direct Writing by Supernormal Means." I think that inquirers may be glad to have such a simple record, and I think that societies might usefully circulate it among their members, localising it with an announcement, easily included, of their own proceedings. This I propose to offer to the public at a very low rate, and, if the public wants what I offer, there it is; if not, the public will be none the worse, nor I materially. I am influenced only by the desire to put within easy reach a knowledge that has been a boon to me.

It is difficult to keep pace with the consuming activity and energy of the Editor of the "Review of Reviews," or to find space to notice even briefly his various efforts. The "Review of Reviews" I have repeatedly referred to as a compendium of that thought which now finds its readiest utterance in magazines. As I glance through the index (just published) for last year, I am more than ever impressed, were that possible, with the nature of the work that Mr. Stead is doing. I am glad to find myself in good company too. Mr. Huxley writes: "Mashallah! It is wonderful! I felt nearly as bad after going through it as I always do after traversing a picture gallery. . . . May you have a full measure of success without that softening of the brain which, in my case, would certainly supervene from any long continuance of such work as the Editorship." The "Portraits and Autographs" just published are very interesting and curious. What is the common link between the Queen and Mr. Labouchere: Mr. Cunninghame-Graham and Lord Tennyson: Mr. C. S. Parnell and Mr. Balfour: His Holiness the Pope and Mr. Spurgeon: Cardinal Newman and Mr. John Burns: "Carmen Sylva" and "O.K.": Count Tolstoi and Canon Liddon: Dr. Parker and Madame Blavatsky: Mr. Gladstone and Miss Olive Schreiner? It is not a conundrum, and the explanation is—Mr. Stead.

"Help" (supplement to the "Review of Reviews") has a short article by Mr. Arnold White, "A Church without Clergy," which interests me and reminds me of an experience of mine now many years ago. I was immersed in the study of the phenomena of Spiritualism. I was overpowered with the vast proportions that the subject was assuming in my mind. I spoke of it—and only rarely did I venture to do so, for I shrank painfully from the average comment that then met me—and my friend, lately emancipated from the thrall of what he called priestly domination, was pondering my words. Yes; he thought the phenomena very curious; science must deal with them. Here was the sum of human knowledge, and that must be invoked. For, he said with emphasis, we must have no more priests, and mediums are nothing else. We must have no mediums. I thought to myself that Spiritualism without its mediums would be like a Church without its ministers, or a firmament without a sun. I wondered how he was going to get his phenomena without them. He seemed to think that a few people, a fortuitous concourse of human atoms, gathered round a table could evoke all these marvels, and that the one thing to do was to be careful to turn the telescope the wrong way about lest the owner of it should think it at all important as an adjunct to the proceedings. He was very serious about it all, and I—well, *I was not*. For I remembered that there are in all investigations conditions *sine quibus non*, and Spurgeon had wittily remarked on the ploughboy who did not like the shape of a constellation and wanted it altered to suit him.

And here we have Mr. Arnold White telling us that Jesus "founded His Church without a Bishop, priest, or deacon: without an Establishment and without a Court of Arches." One wonders where to begin to argue with such a writer, and one ends with a laugh. For argument is impossible with one who would "make each man at home a priest and each man abroad a missionary." What a Babel new-devised! It is bad enough now when the missionaries are limited in number as in intelligence: what would it be then? "They ask me," said Sumanagala, the High Priest of Adam's Peak in Ceylon, "to forsake my ancient faith when they have not yet decided what they shall teach a poor heathen like me." And below him were seven various forms of Christian missionaries flying at one another's throats, and hating each other with ecclesiastical intensity for their advertised ignorance of that which they found time to bestow on him as knowledge. So Mr. White would jettison the clergy and disencumber the Church of them and their lumber of dogma. He would use the edifices that pious founders have built and endowed—for recreation! He would "galvanise the dead and silent churches—I wonder if he ever went to St. Paul's Cathedral—into joyous public life." And, lastly, "If six men are in earnest they can do anything." *Can they?* I opine that they cannot do *that*, at any rate. A sort of ecclesiastical and theological Commune, with fiercest egotism and angriest passions striving for the mastery; no leaders, no order, no peace,—that is what would be. What a parody on the orderly decency of the Christian Church as it might be and ought to be, built on its Founder's ideal and evolved by the slow processes which have made it, spite of all its theological disputes, the most magnificent organisation and the most beneficent that man has seen!

We are used to seeing Astrology in the police-courts: now we have Alchemy figuring there. Some one fables that he has discovered the "Philosopher's stone," and has had the temerity to introduce his discovery to Mr. Streeter, who may be assumed to know something about gold, if he does not about perpetual youth. The magic stone, it will be remembered, is supposed to confer on its fortunate possessor boundless wealth and an infinite possibility of enjoying it. Mr. Streeter was requested to furnish 40,000 sovereigns, which were to be magically increased to 100,000. His reply, after seeing the process, was to introduce the Philosopher to a Police Magistrate. "Alchemy," says a serious writer, "was the sickly but imaginative infancy through which modern chemistry had to pass before it attained its majority." Anyone who has spent as much time as I once did on works of the Alchemists—Paracelsus, Raymond Lully, Robert Vaughan, and the like dreamers—will agree in the opinion that they are "romances full of interminable allegories," the key to which, if key there ever was, is hopelessly lost. The experimenters found no gold but what they put into their crucibles, their dream of eternal youth has long since found its solution in the grave, but they picked up in by-paths of experiment facts which modern science has not been slow to utilise. It provokes a smile to read of Roger Bacon—the reputed inventor of gunpowder—seriously telling Pope Nicholas IV. that an old man ploughing one day in Sicily found some yellow liquor, which he drank, and was forthwith transformed into a youth of vigour and beauty! Supposing this person to have discovered this magic stone, what would happen? Sovereigns would be a drug in the market, fit only for boys to play chuck-farthing with. The once fortunate possessor of £5,000 a year would set himself to earn a living. He would find it hard, too, for prices would "rule high." It is quite as well that these enthusiasts have not the power that they claim. But, none the less, Mr. Streeter assisting at the multiplication of sovereigns by alchemical processes is a lovely piece of anachronism.

NOTES OF SÉANCES,

CHIEFLY HELD AT THE HOUSE OF THE LATE DR. STANHOPE SPEER,
13, ALEXANDER-ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

Present usually three persons: Dr. and Mrs. Speer and Mr. Stainton-Moses. Rare additions were made to the circle.

The present extracts relate only to those phenomena of tilts and movements, especially without contact of the hands of the sitters, which I referred to in a note to Mr. Robert Cooper's record in "LIGHT," May 9th, p. 220. The séances were held usually in a small study at a square folding table, which would comfortably accommodate four persons. In the corner of the room was a large harmonium. The wall on one side was lined with book-cases with cupboards below the shelves. When the table was set out and the chairs placed the area of the room was so filled that movement by any person round the table would have been impossible without disturbing the furniture. A three-light gaselier hung directly over the table; one light, with a red globe, was lighted at times. The power was so much more regular and strong in darkness that we usually sat—three close friends not seeking scientific tests—in darkness.

Omitting all that does not bear on the present issue, viz., the movements, with and without contact, of the table or solid objects, and designating Dr. Speer as M. D., his wife as M. S., and myself as M. A., I quote without further comment from Dr. Speer's private diary. The references are to the year 1873; the comments in square brackets are my own.

January 4. Table danced a jig with our fingers merely touching it perpendicularly. In full light.

[When we sat in darkness the position of the two sitters was ascertained by questions from M. D. or by remarks made by themselves, e.g., when chairs were withdrawn from the table.]

January 13. Table lifted completely off the ground four times.

January 14. Table shot up into the air smartly several times.

January 15. In red light. Great movements of table; repeatedly lifted to the level of our faces, even without touching it.

January 21. Half-light—enough to see our hands. Table lifted to a considerable height twelve times.

January 25. Table repeatedly lifted higher than ever.

January 28. Still greater levitation of table. We had almost to stand to keep our hands on it. One leg placed on the arm of my chair five times. Light, partial.

January 29. Dark. Great lifting of table.

February 1. Table lifted as high as our heads.

February 22. In dining-room. Raps all over the heavy table, which was moved.

[The table was a very solid and ponderous dining-table, standing on a carpet of thick pile.]

February 23. In dining-room. A heavy chair placed on the table.

March 16. Extraordinary and unaccountable sounds in a closed cupboard to my right hand.

[At this time it was very usual for loud noises to be made at request in closed cupboard or a specially prepared box quite out of reach of sitters.]

March 31. M. A. and M. D. alone in a room on ground floor. Table violent; ran about; tilted quite on end; great noises heard under it; had some difficulty in controlling it; one tremendous metallic blow on the table.

April 5. Table greatly moved; tilted completely down on end. We all withdrew, when it was carried back *without being touched*.

April 26. Great power. Table thrown down and replaced three times of its own accord; great raps and metallic blows; sound of a heavy tread constantly walking about the room.

April 28. Great and uncontrolled power; table moved in all directions, raised high up in air several times; great difficulty in controlling it.

[On May 3rd I find an entry to the effect that we held two séances with a new table of deal which had been specially made for experiment at Dr. Speer's wish. No results whatever. Not seasoned.]

May 4. Table suddenly lifted to a great height over and over again; great thumps on the harmonium: a chair placed on the table.

[The harmonium was at M. D.'s elbow. He sat facing M. S., I between them. The chair came from the opposite corner to me.]

May 11. Table rose and danced about in air.

June 5. Table moved about and almost rose without contact.

June 20. Table rolled about in every direction.

June 27. M. A. and his chair forcibly withdrawn from the table.

[Before and after this the phenomena had passed into another phase—musical sounds, lights, scent, and violent raps—and I do not find records of the special phenomenon under notice that will add to the weight of evidence already quoted. The movements without contact went on, but we had become accustomed to them and the records are devoted to other and more impressive occurrences. The entries in Dr. Speer's diary are as he wrote them. I may add that in most cases we used to withdraw our hands from the table after movements began, and I remember no diminution in them in consequence.—Ed. "LIGHT."]

DREAMS.

No. VI.

The following letter carries its own explanation:—

SIR,—Dreams have lately been a subject of discussion in "LIGHT," and, perhaps, a few of those I have had may prove of some little interest. I have for very many years had in my sleep premonitions of events about to happen to me; generally they have taken more the form of second-sight visions, occasionally of a symbolic nature. Once, however, when I was hopefully (and reasonably so) looking forward to an important success likely to be obtained by my son at school, I was repeatedly aware, on waking from sleep, that the word "disappointment" had been said to me, and the event proved that such was in store for me.

One of my dreams was very curious. I was about to remove to a cottage in the country, and as I was also intending to purchase new furniture, I was anxious that the colour of the carpets and upholstering should suit that of the papers. My dream was this:—

I seemed to be "gliding" along a country road, and turning to look at my companion, I saw that I was accompanied by a man clothed in a remarkable manner, the left arm and side of the chest being bare, while he wore a short white tunic. The features were sharply cut, the complexion dark, and the hair short and bristly. I thought to myself, "This looks like a man, but it is a spirit." We glided on together, and presently came to a ditch and hedge of trees, separating the road from a field. I became aware that my companion turned his head, and apparently watched with interest my passage between the boughs, which he held back for me. At last I asked, "Where are we going?" and was answered, "We are going to the cottage to see the papers." We then appeared to be in the outer porch, about to leave the cottage, and I said, "But now we have not seen the papers." Immediately a strong light was cast upon a piece of green paper, held close under my eyes, representing oak leaves, very clearly cut, and then the light was cast over another less distinctly patterned paper. I then awoke, and in the morning said to my daughter, "I have been to ——— and seen the papers." She smiled. I said, "Well, if one is oak leaves, I shall feel sure there is something in it." The dream, or vision, faded from my mind, and was forgotten by me, until recalled by my finding the exact counterparts of the papers I had seen in my dream on the walls of the two principal rooms of the cottage. I used also to think that I recognised the road, also the ditch and the hedge, leading by a short cut through the fields by which I and my strange guide had approached the cottage.

On the night of the evening when the late Bishop Wilberforce of Winchester met with his fatal accident, I, being in a country village in Leicestershire, saw in my sleep an undulating grassy plain, with a pony standing on it, and it was borne in on my mind that the scene was connected with Bishop Wilberforce. I related the fact to my daughter

in the morning, and on reading a letter of the Bishop's in the "Church Times" of that week, the impression of death, as connected with the Bishop, came strongly over me, and it was not until the second morning after my dream that the news of the accident reached the village. PLAIN FACT.

A correspondent sends the following direct to us:—

SIR,—I should like to tell you of a singular dream my husband had once, which he used to call his "prophetic dream." He was in India at the time. He dreamt that he and his friend C. were on the top of Doda Bett, a high mountain. It was very dark, and they were seeking for a path down. Suddenly C. took a leap and disappeared in the darkness; my husband groped his way down. When the scene changed he was in London, and saw W. F. driving a buggy straight into St. Pancras Church. A few days after this, C., who had said nothing of his intention, suddenly ordered post horses and went to Madras, where he took ship to England. He was frightened, thought he had heart disease, and would not wait for leave. My husband stayed at the lonely station until his time was up. By the next mail from England, he heard that W. F. had gone into the church.

A correspondent writes to us:—

SIR,—I see sometimes notes of dreams and forebodings in your valuable paper, "LIGHT," which a friend sends me. I therefore venture to send a few of the same character of my own experience. Perhaps you would like to put some of them in print. I can truthfully state them to be facts, and I had a number of these experiences from my childhood. Now since reading yours and other papers of spirit-life and experiences, I think dreams deserve at times more notice than we generally take of them. A. M. C. G.

FOREBODINGS.

When in India, I woke up early one morning (February 10th, 1866) at one o'clock with a terrible feeling that something disastrous was going to happen. My husband was commanding some troops, and we were to join the other part of the regiment by way of steamer. I was a good sailor—never afraid of the sea—which at that time was quiet and smooth, like a pond. Naturally my thoughts flew to the sea voyage, and as I had made sure that some trouble was waiting us, I thought we should have something happening at sea. While waiting for the steamer at the coast to take us up to Bengal, I got quite ill from the fright, which had not left me. The regimental doctor did all he could for me, but nothing could soothe the mental agony I went through—it increased only—until the next evening at 6 p.m., when I felt all right and quiet again. Twelve days later we arrived in Bengal, when the news was brought on board that my brother had died of cholera on the 11th, had been taken ill at night on the 10th, and every hour corresponded with the time I had been in terror and mental agony so many miles off. Peace and rest came to my soul when the poor sufferer had passed away. A few months previous to the above, the same brother and his wife walked about their garden, on the hills in India, and she taking his arm, turned to me saying: "That's how we are soon going to walk about at home." A shudder came over me, and I saw then that they never would be in Europe together. I told it at the time to a friend, and the presentiment was soon verified.

Another instance of foreboding was when two of my brothers bade us good-bye to go into active service. I saw them go down the road from our house, and suddenly I could see or feel that my favourite brother would not come out of the battle. Turning to my sister, I remarked: "One will come back, the other not." She at once said: "It is O. you mean, I can see it by your face." It was so. Four months later that dear brother was shot through the heart. The other brother returned safely.

A few years ago I was on the point of going to Germany to see my mother, who had been ailing some time, but was very much better, and I was to go to pay her a visit. The evening before my departure, my husband and I spoke of the event, and he said: "I daresay you will have a pleasant time, the weather being so favourable, &c." Just at that moment I saw a hearse and funeral quite clearly before my eyes, and I remarked: "I am going to a funeral"; which words were not believed at the time. When arriving in

Germany I found my mother so bright and cheerful that all thoughts of funerals left my mind. But after some weeks a sudden relapse of the former illness came, and took my mother off within a few days. As I watched the funeral from behind the blinds, I saw my former experience of it over again, now in reality.

DREAMS.

At a time of family troubles my father was expecting important news from a friend staying at Nice. I saw in a dream the expected letter written by the friend, and it seemed to me under great difficulties. I saw a page take the letter to the post office, but suddenly the letter disappeared, and I saw the boy without it. This dream I told in the morning, feeling convinced the letter would come. But as this was not the case, I was told that my dream was wrong. Shortly after my father had a note from the same friend, wondering why no reply was given to his long letter, which he had much trouble in writing, as he was under great bodily pain. Dates, of course, were mentioned on writing to Nice, and after inquiries were made at the hotel where the friend was staying, the page boy confessed that he dropped the letter on the way to the post office and could not find it again. I never had been to Nice. The dates quite corresponded.

Another dream was: I saw my mother walking on a certain road in the neighbourhood where we lived, and there find a gold brooch. In the morning I told my dream. Was it chance or curiosity of my mother to go to that place in the afternoon, I know not, but she did go, and found the gold brooch in the spot where I had seen it in my dream.

At a later time, when in India, I dreamt that my husband's uncle had sent him a present of a large cheque. When telling this in the morning my husband was rather incredulous, as his uncle had never given him presents of that sort. A few hours later in the day the home mail arrived, and brought a letter from that uncle with exactly the amount I saw in my dream. The uncle I had then never seen, nor had we had any letter from him before.

At another time, before going on a journey, I dreamt of a most unpleasant face, belonging to a man of the working class, staring at me in a very disagreeable manner. I could not get it out of my mind, and mentioned the dream to a friend, feeling sure that I should see that person, and would have something unpleasant concerning him. I had to travel by myself back from the Continent to England, and having journeyed through the night I felt tired when I arrived on the Channel steamer at Ostend. I asked the steward to get me some tea, and thought he said, yes; but when he passed me on deck I repeated my request, and then saw that this was the very man I had seen in my dream. He looked at me, and although I repeated my desire several times he only looked cross at me and did not bring what I wanted. I had never seen that face except in a dream, but I never can forget it. I was much too superstitious to speak to the captain about the steward's rudeness, and preferred waiting till I arrived at Dover, where I got an extra supply of tea.

A. M. C. G.

The "Religio-Philosophical Journal" gives us this:—

A few years ago, in locating a new railway, between Chicago and Elgin, it was found necessary to purchase a piece of property that had been for some time the homestead of an old citizen of Elgin, to which he was much attached, and after selling to the railway company he arranged to continue to occupy the upper part of the dwelling, after the lower part had been remodelled and used as a depôt. Shortly afterwards his daughter, residing in Chicago, dreamed that her father was alone in the building, saw two men enter and attack him. She was not aware that he was sleeping alone in the building, but afterwards learned that at this time he was. The dream impressed her so forcibly that she wrote her father the first thing the next morning, telling him of her dream, and saying that if he was alone to be sure and use extra precaution against burglars. He received the letter that afternoon, and recalling the request on retiring to his room that night, after he had turned the key in the lock, he slipped a piece of wire into it. After getting into bed, it occurred to him that this would not be much security, as the wire might be easily pushed out of the key from the outside; so he arose and hung his boot on the

wire, then laid down and went to sleep. Some time afterwards he was awakened into semi-consciousness by a low scratching noise; but after listening a moment, concluded it was a rat, and again went to sleep, only to be soon awakened by one of the railroad men calling to him, from outside the building, asking him to get up, the man saying that he had seen two men prowling about; had not seen them go away, and believed they were in the building. On rising and opening his door he saw two men disappear down the stairway, out into the darkness. On examination he found that they had tried to open the door, and then had commenced to saw the door around the lock.

"The Echo" publishes the following sequel to an extraordinary dream:—

New York, March 3rd.—A case for investigation by the Society for Psychical Research has just come to light. Grace Bushnell, an old lady living in genteel poverty at Greenbush, near Albany, in this State, went last month to Newport for the purpose of engaging a lawyer to take up a case which had no other basis than the supposedly "baseless fabric of a dream." She called on Lawyer Patterson and told her story. She said she was the widow of John Bushnell, who had served in the war, and emerged with the rank of Major. They were married in 1867, and he died without leaving an heir in 1889. A little while before her visit she had a dream in which her husband came to her. "He appeared at my side," she said, "entwined his arm around my neck, folded me to his breast, and said, 'Grace, you are poor, but you ought to be rich. There is a big estate at Port Richmond, Long Island, belonging to you; it belonged to me while I lived, but I never told you about it. I intended to have mentioned it before I died, but I left the world suddenly, and could not.' After he had said this he faded from my sight, and I awoke. I had fallen asleep before the fire. It was on New Year's Eve, and I had been thinking of the last one we had spent together." Mr. Patterson refused to have anything to do with the matter, with nothing better than a dream to work upon, and Mrs. Bushnell went home. In a few days she dreamed again. This time her husband went into particulars. He told her that the estate consisted of twenty acres of land on the water front, and contained three hundred lots. Again Mr. Patterson was called upon to act. Much to his surprise, although he had become impressed with the widow's own belief in her visions, Mr. Patterson found an estate like the one described, which stood in Major Bushnell's name when he was alive, the profits of which had been enjoyed since that time by an adopted daughter of his brother, and only heir known to the authorities. He found that Mrs. Bushnell had a *prima facie* claim for a dower interest of one-third the rents and profits, and she will in a few days be receiving a handsome income from the property, which is occupied by wharves and warehouses.

"Robin Goodfellow" sends the following dream-story to the "Birmingham Daily Mail":—

I can vouch for the accuracy in detail of the following remarkable dream coincidence. I use the word coincidence to avert controversy. A lady residing in Birmingham dreamt that her sister, who was about to start from a distant part of the kingdom for one of the colonies, would probably have to put off her journey through receiving an accident to her foot. The lady communicated her dream to her family next morning, and it was with no little surprise that a letter was received on the following day stating that the sister had so seriously scalded her foot that it was doubtful whether she would be able to undertake her journey on the appointed date. No communication had, it may be added, passed in the meantime between the sisters; in fact, the accident seems to have occurred on the same day as the dream.

THE Editor of the "Journal of the Society for Psychical Research" is "unable to discover on whose authority the statement rests," that the camera failed to register what people thought they saw in the presence of an Indian Fakir. The chapter and verse were given in "LIGHT," of April 18th. It is Julian Hawthorne who tells the story, and we quoted it from the Boston (U.S.A.) "Sunday Herald," of March 29th of this year. Perhaps, as requested, this information may "throw light on the subject."

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
2, DUKE STREET,
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Light:

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

SATURDAY, MAY 16th, 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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PHRENOLOGICAL DELINEATIONS.

The "Phrenological Magazine" gives impressions of Dr. S. Kennedy, who is carrying out at St. Saviour's Hospital the Mattei treatment for cancer. If Mr. Fowler is right Dr. Kennedy should be an ideal physician. He is "well qualified to generate life and vitality and to take care of what he has and to use it to the best advantage." The diagnosis is uniformly good. "Conscientiousness, spirituality, veneration, benevolence" should be good qualifications for a doctor. Mr. Fowler states that he was shown recently

Photographs of two cases that had been under his treatment. The first was that of a person whose face was well-nigh covered with marks of cancer; and in a photograph taken of the same person, in the short space of nine months, there was visible only the least possible disfigurement. The photographs of the second case showed a similarly remarkable result. Judging from the demands made on the doctor's and his son's time, the Mattei system appears to be having a thorough trial, both through his private consultations at 22, George-street, Hanover-square, and at the Hospital of St. Saviour's, by Portland-road Station, and at 3, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall.

Another prominent man comes under Mr. Fowler's treatment in the person of Mr. Stead—"a most remarkable mind, a highly nervous mental temperament, great intensity of thought, marvellous intuitive power, and a broad sympathy that is in touch with everything noble, pure and true, however insignificant or unpopular." At highest tension always, and in need of learning the lesson of "husbanding his vitality before he has prematurely exhausted it." The diagnosis of Mr. Stead will commend itself to those who have followed his career. He works at high pressure, and the views that an enthusiastic mind under those circumstances gives utterance to are not always those which commend themselves to right reason. He has his purpose and he does his work—too much of it for his own health and credit. Self-repression is, perhaps, what he most lacks. He is emotional, enthusiastic, and apt to attribute to his efforts more than sober reason would accord. Perhaps no one but a firmly convinced egotist could do what he is doing. He would be hampered with too many doubts as to his wisdom and discretion.

Count Mattei is a third subject. "Not specially brilliant, imaginative, or particularly prompt or active, but everything goes to show strength, self-possession, and

originality of mind." Intuitive, introspective, with a tendency to probe and test anything sympathetic and kindly in nature, strong in character, and versatile in talent. The account given of the discoveries with which the name of Mattei is most usually connected we reproduce:—

Count Mattei has had a most remarkable career. He was born twenty years after Galvani had made his wonderful discoveries. His parents were rich, and at nineteen, on the death of his father, he was left sole heir. It was not until he was forty that he was given a Countship by the Pope for the present of some land at Magnavacca. It was some years later, after devoting his time to the study of the teaching of St. Halinemaun, that, through his collie dog, he was led to the discovery of the efficacy of certain herbs. It is about thirty years since a favourite dog was seized with a terrible species of mange. It, with canine instinct, fled to the hill sides for its cure, which it found in a certain herb. Count Mattei reasoned that, very possibly, what the sagacity of a dog had found so beneficial might be equally so to man. He, therefore, decided to experiment upon the same herb, from the leaves of which he extracted an essence; and then administered it to a human sufferer from scrofula, with such excellent results, that the Count continued his experiments with herbs, until by degrees he succeeded in working out eight or ten medicines, and five electricities, with which he treated many kinds of diseases. He does not believe in herbs alone, but electrifies his concoctions with a secret force or element. He at first gave away his remedies; but he found for several reasons that that would not do, so he decided to keep the secret of his compound to himself, in order to secure accuracy in their manufacture. But, at the same time, he sold the medicine at as low a cost as was possible, and provided funds for the diffusion of knowledge concerning the real benefit of the remedies. His nephew, to whom he bequeathed and entrusted all his property, wealth, and even his secret, shamefully belied his trust and spent the best part of his fortune. The Count then disinherited him, and adopted in his stead Signor Venturoli Mattei, who is proving a worthy assistant. The Count is eighty-two. Though his hair is black, and his spirit equal to twenty years younger, his enthusiasm seems unabated.

A GLIMPSE OF THE REVIEWS WITH THE AID OF "THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

The "Review of Reviews" is concerned this month with the Pope, of whom an elaborate notice is printed—"A man whose greatness of character and whose intellectual superiority command the admiration and the esteem of his contemporaries, and which place him unequalled amongst the sovereigns of the nineteenth century." In the notices of articles in the current reviews we have one of a paper in the "Monist" by Dr. Gould on "Immortality"—"the latest illustration of the ferment of Socialist thought that is pervading the human mind." "Agnostic non-committalism" is the verdict. Man does not and cannot know. "The desire of Heaven is the desire of eternal death." "Eternal laziness" ceases to attract as an ideal. This gospel of Pessimism is eloquently preached, but it will produce no effect. It amounts to suicide, and it leaves all the problems of life unsolved.

"Will Morality Survive Religion?" is an appropriate sequel to the foregoing article. Professor Goldwin Smith in the "Forum" argues that such views as are expounded in the article just noticed are conclusively immoral, and lead necessarily to an immoral life. The Professor had a young friend who embraced the creed of Positivism, and lapsed into "covetousness, unscrupulousness, and un-verity." Very sad, but it must be remembered that all the social virtues are compatible with the agnosticism of a Huxley. A man may be better than his creed, and he may be worse. His creed, at any rate, will not make him good. But here Spiritualism has a word to say. The future life is no longer a speculation or a matter of faith. We shall persist: so much is clear. And, what is far more important, we shall be in the future exactly what we have made ourselves—that and nothing else. Meantime, no amount of belief, whether in excess or defect, will suffice to tide man over that "bad quarter of an hour" which a transition epoch must bring with it.

Mr. Gladstone on John Murray, publisher, is interesting. "I am the only man now living who has had Mr. Murray, second of his race, for his publisher."

"Se Kukianga" is a Congoland magazine, printed and edited at the Baptist Mission Station, "the type set up and corrected and the printing done by two of our boys."

Miss Blind's reminiscences of Mazzini we have already referred to. His room had "the same elevating effect on one that a church has on the faithful. It was crammed with newspapers, books, and pamphlets. The chairs and sofa, as well as the table, were covered with them. . . . His was a shadowy figure, all dressed in black without a vestige of white collar or necktie, with the smoke of a companionable cigar usually floating round him." "He preferred the pale blossoms of the syringa to the rose, because its acrid perfume was suggestive of the hidden sting in all pleasures, and so was more typical of life." Mazzini could not stand Goethe and Carlyle. It was his advice that we quoted recently to study astronomy, geology, and history as a foundation of education—"Six hours a day: that is, if you are not too much taken up with your dress."

Mr. W. W. Howells in "Harper" is good. One faint breath of his perfume:—

"How many times have I lain down at night
And longed to fall into that gulf of sleep,
Whose dreamless deep
Is haunted by no memory of
The weary world above:
And thought myself most miserable that I
Must impotently lie
So long upon the brink
Without the power to sink
Into that nothingness, and neither feel nor think."

The pessimism of the age has reached so far! And then we have Grant Allen in the "Contemporary" telling us that democracy does not favour 'diamonds, and writing for us such "lordly scorn" as is, at bottom, utter snobbishness. There is nothing sinful in a diamond, any more than there was virtue in the pitman who spent two pounds on a wedding-cake for pure love of proprietorship. Perhaps Mr. Allen writes too much.

"The Quarterly," on "Neo-Paganism," is another indictment of Goethe and his followers. The article is brilliant, should we say flashy? It is another amongst the signs of the times—a fitful light glimmering through the obscurity of a transition epoch. "A philosophy which corrupts because it despairs, and which offers man a momentary thrill of passion in the place of life everlasting, crowned with perfect human love, might be tidings of great joy to the brute creation, but has no right to call itself humanism." Spiritualism once more would illuminate those waste places of speculation.

In the "North American Review" Dr. Wm. Matthews tells us that about 60,000 people end their lives in Europe in the course of a single year. This is the official record: he believes that at least an equal amount of death is unregistered. Of this registered list 2,000 are boys and girls. The cause? Heredity first of all; then alcoholism in the north of Europe; love and its concomitant of jealousy in the south; and sheer boredom in the centre. The classification is too crisp to be correct.

In the "Juridical Review" there are some remarkable statistics about murder, especially as bearing on the effect of the abolition of capital punishment on the prevalence of that crime. A few facts. The average annual record is: Austria 689, Hungary 1,231, Spain 1,584, Italy 3,606, Germany 577, France 847, Belgium 132, Holland 35, England 318, Scotland 60, Ireland 129. The thing to do is to live in Holland, or, failing that, in Scotland. But does not love come in as a motive power rather freely? Italy and Spain win easily with Hungary as a rather poor third. Moreover, from 1880, when education began to be largely spread, crime increased in a marked manner. That is a point worth pondering. It is the transition time once more. "A little

knowledge is a dangerous thing." We shall get over that, and education and murder have only an illusory connection. It is thought, too, that the comparative immunity of Great Britain from this murder epidemic is due to the fact that "vagabonds were executed wholesale" in the days of Henry VIII. and his successors. The witch persecutions over again. They killed off the mediums and phenomena ceased. They destroyed the murderers and the law of heredity prevailed. It is sad to think that the deterrent gallows is necessary to suppress this crime. A man values his neck highly, and if he knows that he is risking it, he is more careful than he otherwise would be. The abolition of capital punishment (which we advocate) is likely to lead to a recrudescence of crime—but only, as we believe, temporarily. In France we learn that in a little over half a century murders have gone up from 197 to 234, and infanticides from 102 to 194. Everywhere, it is stated, murder has increased enormously on the abolition of the death penalty. From 34 to 120 is the increased rate in Belgium consequent on the knowledge that the scaffold was no longer to be feared. In Switzerland murders increased at the rate of 74 per cent. How far are we removed from pure unmitigated barbarism?

Cardinal Gibbons in the "North American" discusses the question of "wealth and its obligations." He opines that people should pay tithes and that a people that does not is damned as a religious body. We are afraid that the multitude of the damned is exceeding large.

The "Edinburgh" has an article on Cardinal Newman that is worth attention. It gives a fair idea of the great man's wide scope of view. He did not niggle-naggle; he had no eye for details, but he saw, as few men have done, over an expanse that only a keen eye could cover. "His vision of the greater lights of Heaven was clear, undimmed, unclouded."

Professor Lambrose in the "Monist" tells us that the law of inertia in man is a factor to be dealt with. We are inherently conservative; we dislike change; we cling to the old; we detest the trouble of making up our minds as to the new. It may be so; but there are just now plenty of people with new ideas and the trouble is in appraising their value. The old has generally got hall-marked by this time.

"Crooked taxation," we observe, is the term used in "The Arena" for the Income-tax. Crooked it is: perversely crooked, and it has before it a short shrift and no favour. The same magazine has an article on Dr. Rodes Buchanan and his psychometric discoveries and theories. "The Arena" calls attention to a fact on which Spiritualists have long had their eye. "Is there any Buddhism in the New Testament" is a question asked and answered in the negative. Jewish and Greek philosophy are responsible. The fact is that the tracing of causes far back is impossible. One might as well ask a man how he got the influenza.

There are more notable articles, but space forbids notice. We are more than ever impressed with the lavish waste of thought that is scattered over the pages of our magazines.

"How to Form a Circle" is a threepenny pamphlet, which comes to us anonymously. It is contrary to our practice to notice anything that does not at least bear the imprint of a publisher. But this is harmless, and may even be described as a useful manual. It describes Spiritualism as "essentially of democratic growth." It partakes therein of the character of the age in which our lot is cast. Every man now is as good as his betters—and even better. We do not subscribe our adhesion to that gospel, but, no doubt, Spiritualism is essentially democratic. It is not only the John Smiths who come clattering to us, but the Shakespeares, Napoleons, *et hoc genus omne*. They are on hand at our call. The little manual before us describes in simple terms what may be done to place ourselves in relation with the world of spirit. It does not tell us—who can?—what results we shall obtain.

THE CREMATION OF MADAME BLAVATSKY.

The cremation of the remains of Madame Blavatsky took place at the Woking Crematorium on Monday last. A large number of persons, chiefly members of the Theosophical Society, assembled at Waterloo Station at 11.30, together with the simple and unadorned hearse. Agreeably to Madame Blavatsky's request no one wore special mourning. The proceedings at the Crematorium commenced at 1.30. The coffin, which was hidden under a mass of flowers, was placed in the centre of the hall, adjoining the Crematorium. At either end stood the headquarters staff, and the officers of the society, the general body of Theosophists occupying all the available seats at the back of the hall. Mr. G. R. S. Mead, B.A. (Cantab.), Madame Blavatsky's private secretary, who stood at the head of the coffin, read the following address:—

FRIENDS AND BROTHER THEOSOPHISTS,—H. P. Blavatsky is dead, but our teacher and friend is alive, and will live for ever in our hearts and memories. In our present sorrow it is this thought especially that we should keep ever before our minds. It is true that the personality we have known as H. P. Blavatsky will be with us no longer; but it is equally true that the grand and noble individuality, the great soul that has taught all of us men and women to live purer and more unselfish lives, is still active. The Theosophical Society, which was her great work in this incarnation, still continues under the care and direction of those great living Masters and Teachers whose messenger she was, and whose work she will resume amongst us at no distant period. Dear as the personality of H. P. Blavatsky is to us, to many of whom she took the place of a dearly loved and revered mother, still we must remember that, as she has so often taught us, the personality is the impermanent part of man's nature and the mere outer dress of the real individuality. The real H. P. Blavatsky does not lie here before us. The true self that inspired so many men and women in every quarter of the earth with a noble enthusiasm for suffering humanity and the true progress of the race, combined with a lofty ideal of individual life and conduct, can in the mind of no Theosophist be confounded with the mere physical instrument which served it for one brief incarnation. Fellow Theosophists, the duty that lies before us, her pupils and friends, is plain and simple. As we all know so well, the one great purpose of our teacher's life in this her recent incarnation, a purpose which she pursued with such complete unselfishness and singleness of motive, was to restore to mankind the knowledge of those great spiritual truths which we to-day call Theosophy. Her unvarying fidelity to her great mission, from which neither contumely nor misrepresentation ever made her swerve, was the keynote of her strong and fearless nature. To her who knew so well its true and inner meaning, Theosophy was an ever present power in her life, and she was ceaseless in her endeavours to spread the knowledge of the living truths of which she had such full assurance, so that by their ever widening influence the wave of materiality in science and religion might be checked, and a real and lasting spiritual foundation laid for the true progress and brotherhood of mankind. With such an example before us, then, our duty as Theosophists is clear. We must continue the work that H. P. Blavatsky has so nobly commenced, if not with her power—which to us is as yet impossible—at least with an enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, and determination such as alone can show our gratitude to her and our appreciation of the great task she has committed to us. We must, therefore, each individually take up our share of that task. Theosophy is not dead because to-day we stand by H. P. Blavatsky's dead body. It lives, and must live, because truth can never die, but on us, the upholders of this truth, must ever rest the heaviest of all responsibilities, the effort so to shape our own characters and lives that that truth may be thereby commended to others. Most fortunately for all of us, H. P. Blavatsky leaves the work on a firm foundation and fully organised. In spite of failing health and bodily pain, our beloved leader to the very last moments of her life continued her unceasing exertions for the cause we all love so well. Never did she relax one instant from her vigilance over its interests, and she repeatedly impressed upon those who surrounded her the principles and methods by which the work was to be carried on, never contemplating for an instant that the death of her body could be any real hindrance to the performance of the duty which would then more than ever be incumbent on every earnest member of the Society. This duty which lies so clearly before us, and of which H. P. Blavatsky has set us so striking an example, is to spread the knowledge of Theosophy by every means in our power, especially by the influence of our own lives. Much as we love and reverence our leader, our devotion to the work must not rest on the transient basis of affection for a personality, but on the solid foundation of a conviction that in Theosophy itself, and in it alone, are to be found those eternal spiritual principles of right thought, right speech, and right action which are essential to the progress and

harmony of mankind. We believe that if H. P. Blavatsky could stand here in the body and speak to us now, this would be her message to all the members of the Theosophical Society, not simply to those who are present, but to all who without distinction of race, creed, or sex, are with us in heart and sympathy to-day. She would tell us as she has told many of us already, that "a clean life, an open mind, a pure heart, an eager intellect, an unveiled spiritual perception, a brotherliness for all, a readiness to give and receive advice and instruction, a courageous endurance of personal injustice, a brave declaration of principles, a valiant defence of those who are unjustly attacked, and a constant eye to the ideal of human progression and perfection which the sacred science depicts—these are the golden stairs up the steps of which the learner may climb to the Temple of Divine Wisdom." And now in silence we leave the body of our teacher and go back to the everyday world. In our hearts we shall ever carry with us her memory, her example, her life. Every Theosophical truth that we utter, every Theosophical effort that we make is one more evidence of our love for her, and what should be greater even than that, of our devotion to the cause for which she lived. To that cause she was ever true—to that truth let none of us be ever false.

The address finished, there was silence for a few minutes, and then the coffin passed slowly through the heavy oak doors. A few members of the Society remained to receive the ashes, which have for the present been placed in a simple urn within an oak casket.

LETTERS ON THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

No. I.

DEAR —,—You wish me to write further of my experiences into in the Spiritual Life about which we spoke in passing. You say it will be helpful to you and others. Thus invoked, your wish is a command. If space is given me in "LIGHT" I will continue the subject, speaking to you from my heart in response to yours, that comes bearing such a tender loving message, for which I am grateful.

You say that I have brought, by my words, "a sweetness your life that you had never hoped for this side of the grave." Is not that the response of spirit to spirit—the all-potent factor which animates us all? And realising this, may we not be thankful for its expression, and rejoice to know practically, by the joy we feel in receiving, that we can in turn radiate this quickening power?

The world is hungering and thirsting for Life, more life and fuller! Nearly everyone I speak to who is at all receptive feels the prevailing deadness, whose dirge has but the one well-known and dismal refrain, "Is life worth living?" Many of these look forward to a time to come for the fulfilling of their "larger hope." It is impressed, however, on my perception that the Spirit which is Love and Life needs no future waiting for to bless us, but is with us now if we will only open our hearts to receive the Divine Out-breathing. "Ye will not come unto Me that ye may have Life," said Christ, and we all know what they missed to whom those words were then addressed, as they now are to us.

But to put the case practically and commonly. If you had not been attracted, had not loved, had not come to me as you did, how could I have possibly imparted the "sweetness" you say you have found in our intercourse and friendship? So on a higher scale: if we find no attraction, nothing to love in the Perfection of the Divine Christ; if we are stirred by no impulses of devotion towards Him, how can we expect that He will reveal Himself to us or make us partakers of His Divine Nature or impart His Life? We unconsciously, no doubt—shut up our souls from the Living Presence, Who—as I practically know—so far from limiting our joys, enlarges them; but in a way so "new" and "living" they are no longer the same, but sources of exquisite and ever-new delight. Take music, for instance. It has always been my passion; but the singing of a song now is something altogether different from what it was formerly. Now when I sing, let it be any of the ordinary songs termed "secular," I sing it in the Spirit to an unseen audience and to Him Who is Invisible, thus making of it a "new song." And oh! the difference to myself, if to no one else, how shall I describe! The most impassioned love song has a new and deeper meaning when addressed to the Divine and Infinite Lover, in Whom is hidden the secret of the counterpart, the only possible Truth in Love for any of us. And when we thus sing, what is it but saying in our modern language

what the Psalmist sang of old, "Whom have I in Heaven but Thee, and there is none on earth I desire beside Thee"? Thus music, which is the language of Love, is made holy; wrested from the evil one in transmuted purity and beauty as the fittest offering we can give to the Author of our deepest, holiest affections. Life and the song are—on the surface—the same. It is *we* who are changed, and through this change whatever we approach of the secular becomes through the Spirit sacred for us. The song hitherto has been called "secular." To sing it on Sunday was to shock the ears and profane the day in the opinion of the self-styled "orthodox." But with the alteration *in us* of the Spirit in which we sing, the song becomes at once divinely sacred and more soul-inspiring than many litanies; for Love is of God! The so-called "orthodox" should bear in mind that the Love which profanes Sunday is unfit for Monday, and should have no part, surely, in our lives at all! I hope I have made this clear to you.

My impeachment of the "orthodox" is this: They rhapsodise and reason about Love—the Love of God—in their books and from their pulpits; but they themselves rarely let a spark of the living fire escape from their forms in which it is encased! We look for the reflection of God in our brother and sister, and what do we find? The cautious repression that fears, in modern parlance, to "give itself away," that puts on the armour of "conformity to the world that is at enmity with God." While professing to love God, Whom they have not seen, with the ardour of devotees, they can yet look coldly at and hurt the brother whom they do see, as in no way related to them, unless he falls in with their particular line of dogma. The "stranger" who comes to them they fail to entertain unless he come credited with good introductions, until the reproach is well merited that as Christians we do not love one another. "Love one another!" The phrase has become a crystal without life, in which we cannot discern God! Christianity, it seems to me, has never had fair play. It has been deformed by its pieties and misrepresented by the uninviting demeanour of some of its foremost advocates. Make no mistake. There is a piety that is devilish. The ruler of the darkness of this world knows the needs of the soul, and provides for it, to its destruction. In these days he is transformed into an Angel of Light, and is pious with a piety that overloads us with observances, while hearts remain unchanged. Did not Christ discern this when He uttered that withering denunciation: "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, *hypocrites*!" Fling off these semblances of piety with their strangling formalities, dreary observances and deathly coldnesses, unless you have life enough through God in yourself to animate their dry bones. Be spontaneous, be pure, be simple, be true! Open your heart to the Divine Love, and you will not only live yourself, but become a source of life to others, who will feel the Love of God flowing to them through you, and in turn will spread the kindling flame.

There comes in here, however, an all-important "but," which stands, like the angel with the flaming sword, at the gate of Paradise. "*But*" to accomplish what I describe you must reckon with *yourself*. It is a very simple matter. If you keep yourself you won't find God. Cast out Self, and the Divine Nature, Who, as some one has said, "also abhors a vacuum," will flow in.

I cannot pursue the subject further to-day, but hope to do so in another letter. I have, however, given you something to think of. All I entreat of you and my sisters who may read this is: Try it! Then judge for yourselves if I have not spoken truly of this "new" and "living" way.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

It having been repeatedly requested that all communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor of "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to any other address, it is now respectfully intimated that letters otherwise addressed will not be forwarded. Foreign correspondents are specially desired to note this request. It does not, of course, apply to proof sent from the printer and marked to be returned to 13, Whitefriars-street, E.C. So much expense and delay is caused by neglect to read the standing notices to correspondents that it is hoped attention may be paid to the plain directions therein laid down.

WHAT wonders love can do! How the most trivial duty, the meanest, the most loathsome, touched by love's fine hand, becomes a service all reverent and beautiful.—GEORGE DAWSON.

WHAT ARE DREAMS?

BY LIDA HOOD TALBOT.

(From the "Religio-Philosophical Journal.")

Prentice Mulford declares "we travel when we sleep"; that when we enter into that realm of mystery the mind—or spirit—is freed from its physical environment and wanders wheresoever it wills, passing into a higher state of life; but through our ignorance of this fact it goes forth unbridled in a dazed and bewildered condition, because of a "lack of exercise" or cultivation or recognition of its power on the part of the dreamer, and this accounts for the whimsical or unsatisfactory dreams which Shakespeare calls "the children of an idle brain." Nearly everyone can testify to its activity during sleep, and many bear witness to its power and continued influence in the waking hours; for who has not had dreams that "stayed with them for days"?

Mulford makes some interesting suggestions for cultivating this latent, unacknowledged, and unused power of the mind. Our waking life bristles with interrogation points, which neither priest nor *curé* can answer. Who can explain the prophetic dream of James Grant, the New Haven electrician, which located a break in the insulated cables that had defied every effort of electric experts to discover? The most thorough investigation had been made, without avail.

Grant dreamed that the difficulty was in a locality where a break in the wires might be least expected. Upon waking he remembered his dream, but gave little thought to it; the dream was persistent, however, and he finally determined to examine the locality—the number of the box being given in the dream. He was laughed at for suggesting such baseless authority. The examination was made, however, and the annoying break was found at the exact spot designated. Another similar case was related to me by Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, the well-known woman suffrage advocate. She was, at the time of her dream, a student at the Oxford Seminary, in Ohio, and she had gone home to Cincinnati for a short holiday. A few days after her return home she came down to breakfast quite fatigued and distressed over a dream she had during the night. The college building, she dreamed, had been almost entirely consumed by fire, including most of the clothing and possessions of her schoolmates. She related accurately the circumstances and details of the fire, and what she had lost in it; a few minutes later the morning papers announced the fact of the fire. She returned at once to the scene of the disaster and found her dream verified in almost every particular. Such experiences in the "space which is as nothing to spirit" are many, and to deny or laugh at them does not in the least disprove or explain them. In sending her last poem for publication, Helen Hunt writes to her editor: "I can hardly say I wrote this poem, for I awoke with it upon my lips."

Then there are the dreams that one cannot but wonder why or what vagary led to their creation, and how they were wrought out. A friend recently related that during the night she dreamed the floor of her room was full of holes. She was made to know—after the delightful dream fashion of just knowing, without the labour of being told or having to listen—that she must run around the holes. She succeeded, as could only have been done in a dream, and presently there came up through them tiny mice, accompanied by very diminutive kitten, both of which began fitting on her feet all sorts of lovely shoes, and were exceedingly expert and polite in their attentions. They probably were the ghosts of the original owners of the "hides" of the lady's fad in boots. A boy friend says that he has a most insistent dream, recurring night after night, with no variation of detail. It is that his ear has become a telescope, and that there are odd, grotesque-looking little men who are seeking to find out his secrets by peering through his ear into his head and brain.

Another dreams frequently that he has an exceedingly fine violin, upon which he plays divinely. Probably there are hidden strains of music lurking unknown to him. A well-known Chicago lawyer told me that his principal dream—for it has become a feature of his sleeping hours—is that of flying, or rather of swimming. There is no labour involved in propelling himself through the air; he simply, and

seemingly in the most natural manner, waves his arms, like in swimming, and he goes easily wheresoever he desires.

A thoughtful, earnest woman, whose work and brain are busied with the serious things of life, persists in being visited in her sleep by whole barnyards of turkeys, guinea hens, ducks, chickens, and peacocks, and young lambs, everyone wearing, with the utmost ease of manner, neatly fitting crocheted jackets, fringed and balled and tied with many gaily-coloured ribbons.

There is no rhyme or reason, apparently, in such "stuff," but why should the greatest gift of the Infinite Mind become such a roysterer while off duty? The ancients placed great reliance upon their dreams, and the Bible deals extensively in them, while the best thinkers the world has known have written their concern of them. Charlotte Brontë placed the most implicit confidence in one dream she frequently had, and maintained that for her to dream of a baby was an ill omen. George Sand was haunted in sleep by sweet singing, and voices repeating fantastic verse, which gave her indescribable pleasure, but says, "the odd phrases present no meaning to a broad-awake intelligence." She was, in the dream, always in a boat, filled with lovely forms and faces, and conveyed to her "unknown island," and adds, "nothing in real life can compare with the affection with which these mysterious beings inspire me."

Richard A. Proctor has written interestingly concerning dreams and visions, and cites the great Salma's power of creating "mental images"—which he attributes of course to "cerebral action" which is as explanatory as "magnetic influence," and calls vision or dream-seeing a "latent capacity for a form of cerebration which may—for aught that is known—admit of being developed in races as it certainly can be done in individuals."

The "grey matter" claim, however, does not satisfactorily elucidate the image-making power of either the waking or sleeping mind. The statement of the scientist is as lucid to many as the mince-pie and hard-cider theory, which admits of psychological relationship between an overloaded stomach, an undesirable mother-in-law, and the grotesque performance of grey matter which lifts the mind of the dreamer to the back of that eccentric feminine and nocturnal beast commonly called nightmare, and it is a difficult thing for the unscientific mind to understand the cerebral connection with pie and cider and inconvenient relationship, for it does not seem quite nice when one thinks about it, to feel that undigested food in the stomach has the power to create the pale fabric of our dreams and mental images. It is much more interesting to think that when we lie down to rest the mind disengaging and arraying itself in a finer garment of thought slips through the doorways of sleep and rises to a higher, freer, and more perfect state of action, there to meet other released spirits of both worlds, those who have entirely outgrown the mortal garment helping the temporary sojourner. It must be so, for there is extreme measurement and an intensity of feeling never experienced outside of the dreaming condition. Fright and despair are almost invariably deepened. Doubt figures slightly; there being rarely any questioning the ability to accomplish the dreamers wish. If any far-removed object is desired, or a distant place to be seen, there is no hesitancy in securing satisfaction, the dreamer simply goes, or without the form of travelling is there. Thought and dreams are very similar it appears. If we desire to fly there is no trouble connected with the wish, we navigate the air as easily as we walk the earth. Like the "Strange People" of John Batchelor's novel. How impossible it is to interpret or make any lucid application of the poem we write or read in our dream, yet even in our waking hours we can "sense" by some inner power the exquisite rhythm and harmony, and never is wide-awake laughter so deep and convulsing. One seems to get at the soul's depths of enjoyment, for it seems to come from some place where a perfect innocence dwells. Upon waking its gurgle is still with us even while we feel foolish over the realisation that there was nothing outside the dream which bore the slightest resemblance to wit or absurdity of situation. I have known one or two instances where a dream led the dreamers to a peace of mind they could not find elsewhere. A young girl told me that her longing to become beautiful had grown almost into a mania, and she was in a constant and positive state of discontent and unhappiness. She was not uncomely, but her delicate fair face had come to look most ugly to her and life was

anything but pleasant, filled as it was with the all-absorbing foolish thought of her plainness. One night, after a long talk with her mother, who had unavailingly endeavoured to console and soothe her with telling her of the superior beauty of mind, &c., she dreamed she was taken to a very high place above sea and land, everything was indescribably beautiful, she was told by some unseen one to "rest and wait." Presently pearl-tinted clouds came floating up towards her from the glowing distances, pulsating into opaline tints, and, deepening into amethyst and ruby, glowed and burned all about her. Presently through this joyous atmosphere of colour there came slowly floating toward her a figure of such radiant beauty that her eyes were dazzled. The filmy garments of indescribable whiteness which floated and trailed over it "seemed made of purest thought," and red gold hair, like unto that of the wondering beholder's, fell in long rippling waves to the feet of the beauteous vision. Slowly it turned its wondrous face so full of peace and holy purity toward the young girl, and looking at her with calm eyes shining with the light of an o'erpowering love, said, "In me, behold thyself as thou art in thy true and higher self"; and as the young girl related her dream, I saw the peace the dream had brought, and behind it I could see a hint of the angel face.

MRS. FRANCES KEMBLE ON SOME ASPECTS OF THE SPIRITUAL SIDE OF LIFE.

The following passages are extracted from "Records of Later Life" by Frances Anne Kemble. They embody so much valuable reflection on points connected with the spiritual side of human existence, and contain suggestions for thought so precious in themselves to Spiritualists, that we have deemed it good to gather them together for the consideration of our readers. They are contained in letters addressed by the writer to her friend, the late Miss Harriet St. Leger (the sister of the author of "Confessions of Gilbert Earle," a famous little book in its day). Mrs. Kemble is not a Spiritualist, in our acceptance of the term, having, indeed, and very frankly displaying it, a considerable contempt for us, and an entire disbelief in all mediums and their manifestations. But Mrs. Kemble's opinions affect herself and not us. We may readily accept what is wise and good from her, though denied the satisfaction of being permitted to reciprocate.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

There is quite as much vanity in self-accusation as in self-justification. Simple people, I fancy, are as little given to the one as to the other. The latter is rather pride, and the former vanity; but excessive pride occasionally assumes the appearance of humility.

("The pride that apes humility" of the poet.) Self-examination may be a good thing, but self-forgetfulness is a better, and spiritual health is no more indicated by constant introspection, than physical health would be by perpetually examining one's tongue and feeling one's pulse.

HUMAN INCONSISTENCIES.

I confess I am a little surprised at what you tell me of —, though it is rather unreasonable to be at all surprised at anything anybody does. The individuals whom we know best and have been longest most intimate with will at some time or other in our intercourse with them do that which we should least have expected of them, or leave undone what we should most certainly have looked for. The whole gamut of good and evil is in every human being, certain notes, from stronger original quality or most frequent use, appearing to form the whole character, but they are only the tones most often heard. The whole scale is in every soul, and the notes most seldom heard will, on rare occasions, make themselves audible. No exhibition of human character is surprising; it may be unusual, but is not unnatural. *Every thing is in every body more or less. More is what we are familiar with, and do not expect or suspect the less, which is there, however.*"

These remarks recall Southey's expression of opinion on the same subject. "Every man," he says in one of his letters, "is *totus teres atque rotundus*, and you must know him all round to know him thoroughly."

NEARNESS TO GOD AFTER DEATH.

Unless death produces in us an immediate accession of goodness (which I think in those who have laboured faithfully

to be good here, and are, therefore, prepared and ready for more goodness, it may), I cannot conceive that it should produce greater nearness to God. Place, time, death, earth, Heaven are divisions and distinctions that we make like the imaginary lines we trace upon the surface of the globe. But goodness surely is nearness to God, and *only* goodness: and though I suppose those good servants of His who have striven to do His will while in this life are positively nearer to Him after death, I think it is because in laying down the sins of infirmity that inevitably lodge in their mortal bodies they really are thus much better after death.

SPIRIT ATMOSPHERES.

You remember my old theory that we are all of us surrounded by an atmosphere proper to ourselves emanating from each of us, a separate sensitive envelope extending some little distance from our visible persons. I am persuaded that this is the case, and that when my *individual atmosphere* is invaded by anyone, it affects my whole nervous system. The proximity of any *bodies* but those I love best is unendurable to my body.

LIFE A DREAM—AFTER LIFE THE REALITY.

How many things make one feel as if one's whole life were but a confused dream! Wouldn't it be odd to wake at the end and find one had not lived at all?

TRUTH AND TRUTHS.

It is very seldom indeed that the mind earnestly desires a conviction, strives for one, prays for one, and labours to attain one, that it does not acquire what to all intents and purposes is truth for that individual soul. God's perfect and absolute truth remedies in a thousand ways the defectiveness of the partial truth that we arrive at; and so that the *endeavour* after truth be true, the highest result of all is reached, *truth towards God*, though, humanly speaking, the mental results may be a failure. What *absolute truth* is, my dearest friend, you will certainly not know before you die, and possibly not then. In the meantime, I take it, you have, or may have if you will, that which will serve your turn.

TRUTH AND TACT.

I am told that Lady C. never departs from the truth; and yet is so gentle, good, and considerate that she never wounds anybody's feelings. If this is so, it deserves a higher title than tact, and appears to me a great attainment in the prime grace of Christianity. Tact always appears to me a sort of moral elegance and accomplishment rather than a virtue; dexterity, as it were, doing the work of sensibility and benevolence.

CONCEPTIONS OF DIVINITY.

From aught I can tell, the noble conception of the Divinity formed out of the extension of the noble qualities of his own soul by the noblest man may be further from any adequate idea of God, than the gross notion of a "log worshipper" is from the spiritual conception of the most spiritually minded man.

SENSE AND SPIRIT.

The tumult of the inward creature may exist in the midst of the calmest outward daily life, and the peace which passeth understanding subsist in the turmoil of the most adverse circumstances.

USES OF SORROW.

One of the views that impressed me most of those urged by Channing, was that sorrow, however considered by us individually as a shocking accident, in God's providence, was a large part of the appointed experience of existence; no blot, no jar, no sudden violent visitation of wrath; but part of the light and harmony and order of our spiritual education; an essential and invaluable portion of our experience of infinite importance to our moral training. To all it is decreed to suffer; through our bodies, through our minds, through our affections, through the noblest as well as the lowest of our attributes of being. This then, he argues, which enters so largely into the existence of every living soul, should never be regarded with an eye of terror, as an appalling liability, or a fearful unaccountable disturbance in the course of our lives.

It is not Crime alone brings Spirits back
To pull beside you in the wonted track.
Shadows of mortal care will cloud the brow
That should have shone as clear as sunlit snow:
And those who hindered here must help you now.
Not always can the soul forgive in Heaven
Itself for deeds that have been long forgiven.
—From "A Tale of Eternity," by GERALD MASSEY.

If you want knowledge you must toil for it, if food, you must toil for it, and if pleasure you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work his life is a happy one.—RUSKIN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Influenza.

SIR,—May I, through your columns, call the attention of that portion of the public who believe in magnetic treatment to its advantage in the popular (or unpopular) epidemic?

I unfortunately caught it, but being unacquainted with its signs took no notice of it till reduced to my bed. After thirty-six hours' intense pain, I sent for Mr. Lees, of East Dulwich, who treated me magnetically, and from that moment I suffered no further pain.

If taken in its earliest stage, magnetic treatment will stay its course without leaving the extreme weakness which results in the ordinary way, as several promptly-taken cases under Mr. Lees have proved.

36, Tyrrell-road, East Dulwich.

J. HAWES.

May 8th, 1891.

Interpretation of Dreams.

SIR,—In reply to G. F. Kemp, the friend looking through a window denoted a desire to impart intelligence to the dreamer, on some subject concerning which there had been doubt, which being resolved gave the face a happy expression. If we dream of a friend's face looking through our own window it forebodes disaster, but sometimes we do not understand the message or the messengers cannot express themselves clearly. The following experience of mine four years ago will illustrate my meaning: I dreamt that a friend looked through my window from the outside having a red gash on his *forehead*, the next day that friend came to me in great haste to say his brother had just met with an accident, and cut his head open at the *back*.

KATE BURTON.

Spirit Communications.

SIR,—As my stay in England is limited to a few months only longer, I think it my duty to offer you some of the remarkable proofs of "spirit communion," which it has been my happy lot to receive, from time to time, through unexceptional mediums.

All of the enclosed were given to me so recently as April 30th last; but the few words each contains will be read with interest by all, who enjoy the privilege of having access to the columns of "LIGHT."

A young lady was the "writing medium," and the other sitters were a B.A. of Cambridge and his wife (both mediums), with two other estimable and highly educated ladies, all of us being harmonious.

"Dear friend, I am obliged to you for publishing my letter to you.—Yours always, S. C. HALL.

"My dear young lady, I am glad to see your mediumistic power progresses so rapidly.—S. C. H."

April 30th, 1891.

COUNT VON MOLTKE.

"I am indebted to the dear Emperor Frederick for my English! I am *weak* yet. I will write to you LATER.

"Sudden Death, Sudden Glory!

"I had my wish granted; and I am very thankful!

"VON MOLTKE."

Having asked him "What Sphere he was in?" It was written "6th Sphere."

EMPEROR WILLIAM.

"My greetings to you all! I am glad to see this young friend of yours so enlightened! It is gratifying to me and to us ALL who love goodness, truth, and progression.

"Good-night, good-night!

"WILLIAM."

Having asked, whether I might publish Von Moltke's communication, it was written:—

"If you please. I have no objection—whatever."

"EMPEROR W.
FOR V. M."

Perhaps I should explain how it is that I have become known to the late Emperor Frederick.

During the last days of his fatal illness, I received spiritual directions, to send my "magnetic power" to him.

I promptly obeyed; and the result was the astounding effect—of his feeling suddenly so well that he insisted on arising from his bed, dressing, and transacting business with (I believe) Prince Bismarck and others; to the astonishment of his doctors, who could not understand what occasioned the change.

The Emperor Frederick has learned in the other world, that I was the instrument employed! and ever since I have received from him several communications,—some of them

addressed to the Empress (which I duly forwarded), as also his own grateful thanks, coupled with explanations of the immense difficulty, of engaging my "gifts of healing" in his case (which I had tendered to the Empress F.) owing to the jealousy of the medical profession, and other embarrassing circumstances surrounding a Sovereign.

40, York-place, Portman-square. G. MILNER STEPHEN.
May 9th 1891. F.G.S. (Lond.), F.R.S. (Aus.)

The Spiritual Body.

SIR,—As regards this most interesting subject, the "Double," St. Paul long ago gave the true explanation—"There is a spiritual body;" not that there will be after death, but that there is. He also refers to it as eternal in the heavens, the "tabernacle not made with hands." Now, the material body is merely the agent and instrument of this spiritual body, that by which it gathers it in, and continually augments its experience of matter and the physical universe, until it is perfected and redeemed from the limitations of matter and its laws. Consequently the consciousness and individuality of the physical body belong to it and are open to it always; but the knowledge and experience of this spiritual body are far greater and more extended than its physical agent in the flesh, but this extended consciousness and experience are not communicated to the physical body, lest it should interfere with the freewill agency of the latter in choosing, selecting and acquiring experience. However, in more advanced states, as in that of St. Paul, the spiritual body and the natural act more in concert, and it would seem to gain greater powers by withdrawing its influence more and more from the natural body, leaving the latter in a trance state with merely the animal life remaining. But facts prove that its manifestations as the "Double" are quite independent of the will and consciousness even of the natural body; hence it manifests equally whether the latter be asleep or awake.

WM. SHARPE, M.D.

SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions. No notice received later than the first post on Tuesday is sure of admission.]

OPEN AIR SPIRITUAL MISSION, HYDE PARK (NEAR MARBLE ARCH).—At our old position as usual at 3.30 next Sunday afternoon. Speakers: Messrs. W. O. Drake and E. Bullock. Help wanted for disposal of literature, quantities of which can be brought, or sent as under. The presence of Spiritualists desired.—PERCY SMYTH, 34, Cornwall-road, W.

PECKHAM RYE.—Mr. Lees gave an open-air lecture last Sunday on "The God of the New Testament, in contradistinction to the Jehovah of the Old Testament" to a large audience (not of Spiritualists), and an animated discussion followed, supported by several old-standing opponents of Mr. Lees. Subject for Sunday, May 17th, "Who is the Devil," viewed in the light of God's omnipotence, at 3.15, followed by discussion.

KING'S CROSS SOCIETY, COPENHAGEN HALL, 184, COPENHAGEN-STREET, CALEDONIAN-ROAD, N.—We have taken the above hall, and intend holding the opening meeting on Sunday evening next, at 6.45 p.m. An address will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Young, of Finsbury Park, and Miss Jones, of Liverpool, clairvoyante and psychometrist, will also take part in the proceedings. There will be the usual meeting for discussion in the morning, when Mr. A. M. Rodger will introduce Hellenbach's "Birth and Death" for consideration.—S. T. RODGER.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—At our service on Sunday Mr. Tindall read an interesting paper on "Spiritualism, proposing more combined effort to extend our spiritual work in London." Mr. Read spoke upon the urgent need of all societies uniting for the strength and good of all. A good discussion took place at the close. Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. F. D. Summers. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., séance, Mrs. Mason. Saturday, at 8 p.m., séance, Mr. Norton.—J. H. B., Sec.

LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY.—Last Tuesday evening this Society met at 24, Harcourt-street, to arrange for a series of experimental séances. After I had read a short paper on "The Need for More Scientific Investigation" an inner and outer circle were formed. We had a short sitting in moderate light at which certain phenomena occurred which seem to promise well for the future. Our next meeting will be on Friday evening, May 22nd. We intend soon to form a committee to investigate occultism and astrology.—A. F. TINDALL, A. MUS. T.C.L., President, 33, Henry-street, St. John's Wood.

24, HARCOURT-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—On Sunday the Rev. Dr. F. Rowland Young addressed an attentive audience on "What do we Know of Life beyond Death?" averring his knowledge of the continued existence of the so-called dead in

their real, not assumed character, viewing with disapproval the flippant utterances of many with regard to the Supreme Ruler of the universe and the after consciousness. Sunday, 17th, at 11 a.m., Mr. T. Pursey; at 7 p.m., Mr. James Burns. Thursday, at 7.45 p.m., Mr. Hopcroft. Saturday, 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Wilkins.—C. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

SHEFFIELD PSYCHOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—During the week ending Sunday, May 10th, Mr. Towns, of London, has been holding meetings at the Midland Café, and, taking into account the nearness to Whit-week and also the fact that many of our friends have been ill with the influenza, we may consider the meetings to have been very well attended. Mr. Towns' mediumship has been even more successful than before. He has given all something to think about. He has a way of hitting straight, and sometimes hard, but we know that in many cases it has been the means of doing great good, as it teaches the lesson that all we do is known.—W. HARDY.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E. (NEAR THE "GREEN").—A large and deeply interested audience attended on Sunday last at our spirit circle, when several friends ministered to our spiritual wants. One of our old members (now working in the cause at Forest Hill), Mrs. Bliss, was with us, and rendered able assistance at the evening service. Next Sunday we form the spirit circle at 7 p.m. On Wednesday address (with questions), "The Gift of the Spirit." Inquirers specially welcomed. Public healing on Thursdays, at 8.15 p.m. The inaugural tea festival and entertainment will be held on Tuesday, May 26th, at 7 p.m. Tickets, 6d. each, to be obtained at the hall. We trust to see a large assembly of friends.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., 8, Orchard-row, Camberwell, S.E.

BOIL IT DOWN.

The verses are not first-rate, but the advice is excellent. We do not know "Gypsy Lucy," but we wish she could persuade some of our own contributors to accept and act on the good advice she gives.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay,
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say it the readiest way;
And whether you write of rural affairs,
Or matters and things in town,
Just take a word of friendly advice,
Boil it down.

If you go spluttering over a page,
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through;
So, when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To settle your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry.
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again and then
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song;
So gather your wits in the smallest space,
If you want a little renown,
And every time you write, my friend,
Boil it down. GYPSY LUCY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

"A STUDENT OF SPIRITUALISM" is respectfully informed that no notice is taken of anonymous letters.
PLAIN FACT and A.M.C.G.—We shall be glad to have further dream-stories and matter of a kindred nature.
M. J. G.—Thanks. We do not think many mediums are shut up as insane. Dr. Crowell's research proved that in America very few—a very small percentage—are among those said to be insane. In England fewer still are likely to be under confinement, and every day broadens public opinion and makes such an event less probable.