

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

Madame Blavatsky has in "Lucifer" a fitting tribute to a great personality. Sixteen articles attest the influence that she exercised over sixteen very dissimilar minds. Mr. F. W. H. Myers puts on the other side the argument of the Society for Psychical Research. It is, no doubt, possible that Mr. Hodgson arrived at exact truth in respect of Madame Blavatsky, and that all these sixteen people are wrong: but I do not think so. My only reason for alluding to the matter is that it is important to see what are the correct methods of investigation of psychics. We may apply, as Mr. Hodgson did, the methods which caused him to arrive at a superficial view of phenomena that are only the outward and visible presentation of a spirit that underlies them. I believe that it may be demonstrable that these illusory phenomena are false (as we should say), and that behind them there may be a great truth. For I find all round me what seems to be false and yet is not. I am not concerned to discuss the question raised as to any particular person, but I am concerned to say that the methods adopted by the Society for Psychical Research in the person of their agent may be useful as far as they go, or misleading (as the case may be), but are not calculated to get at the whole truth. There are much deeper problems involved than any that they have yet tackled: but they are doing the work that they can in a way that is thorough, and we all owe thanks for that.

As I have mentioned this matter in "LIGHT," it is well that I should quote a letter from Mr. Myers commenting on an article in the "Review of Reviews," which I noticed. Mr. Myers wishes it to be known that the committee maintains the view which it adopted. The letter is as follows:—

Leckhampton House, Cambridge, June 22nd, 1891.

SIR,—I should not have troubled you with any reply to Mr. Sinnett's paper, in the "Review of Reviews" for June, upon Madame Blavatsky and the Society for Psychical Research, had it not been for one sentence in that paper which suggested an inference at variance with fact, an inference which, on Mr. Hodgson's behalf, I am bound to repudiate.

"At first," says Mr. Sinnett, "the leaders of the Society for Psychical Research undoubtedly accepted Mr. Hodgson's views." If it is intended to suggest that the members of the committee who inquired into those alleged marvels have since that date in any way modified their condemnatory judgment, that suggestion is absolutely without foundation.

I have not, indeed, encountered any member of our society who, having studied the evidence contained in Part IX. of our "Proceedings" (published by Trubner in 1885, and to be had of any bookseller), has found his judgment in any degree affected by any of the so-called replies, or protestations of innocence, which have as yet been given to the public.

I would beg the insertion of these few lines in justice to Mr. Hodgson, whom Mr. Sinnett has attacked in your columns, and

who is now the secretary of the American branch of the Society for Psychical Research.—I am, sir, faithfully yours,

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS,

Hon. Secretary.

It is obvious to say that no one connected with Spiritualism has thought or alleged that the Society for Psychical Research has changed or disavowed any of its views. What we do say is that those views, even if superficially true, do not represent adequately the whole of the facts. And that may be said, and, so far as I am concerned, is said with a full recognition of what we owe to the Society. Perhaps the time has not yet come when it is possible to point out how one may trifle with the form and miss the spirit.

The "Pall Mall Gazette" of July 13th has, I see, an interview with Mrs. Besant which is sufficiently funny. The scene is "The Theosophical Abbey of Thelema," *alias*, Avenue-road, St. John's Wood. "There might be anything behind that door from Isis to Nirvana," so the scribe went in to see. "There is nothing uncanny or grandiose about Mrs. Besant herself," we are told. Also there was "a very small boy" and another small boy who appears to have been employed by a butcher. This is continued wearisomely, and Mrs. Besant's opinions and sayings are, I should think, travestied. For it is the curse of this system of unlicensed interviewing that it is usually conducted by an incompetent person, and, if it be not, it is generally done in a hurry. I say nothing of the frequency with which remarks are put into a person's mouth that he never made. To get a full view of the possibilities of *that* situation you must go out of England—say to America.

I have on my table many things that need comment. The "Review of Reviews" has a long article on the Prince of Wales, respecting which I will say only, for here I am no politician nor personal critic, that Mr. Stead shows us how a very difficult part has been well played by a skilful performer. I sometimes wonder who would have done it better; and I always wonder how anyone can support the awful monotony of that distinguished life. With the special cause of blame that has filled the papers lately I have nothing to do. But it is important to remember that blame is easy and fair appreciation difficult. We who think that every act of our lives has its influence on our characters understand how important it is that estimates should be made with justice. How many lives have been soured, what consequences have followed on unjust judgments! And, on the contrary, what good has resulted from open censure when it has been called for? For the rest, there is in the "Review of Reviews" an antiquarian article on Cromwell, which does not detain me, for I am much more interested in "the living present" than I am in the dead past. I suppose there are lessons to be learned from the lives of all great men, but they have been translated over and over again, and most of us have gathered from them what we are capable of assimilating. There is, as we have been taught to expect, a wealth of information, classified and arranged to perfection, in this Review.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond's Weekly Discourse is on "A Trial for Heresy." She sketches graphically the old days in Jerusalem when the greatest trial that the world has ever seen is being conducted. She tells of the plots that eventuated in the unwilling condemnation: of the dream of Pilate's wife, declaring that Jesus of Nazareth was an innocent man; she puts before her audience as history what she assumes to be accurately recorded. I do not pause to inquire as to the exactitude of what is said. If the body of it be not exactly drawn I have no doubt that the spirit is true. And then she goes on to show how Christianity has deviated from Christ: how the real heretics are those who have posed as the most orthodox; how the gifts of the spirit have been passed by, while mint, anise, and cummin have been scrupulously tithed: how there have been crystallised into creeds truths imperfectly comprehended; how there have been laid on men burdens of belief that only the very credulous could bear: how, in short, the time has come for the restatement of old beliefs and perhaps for the abandonment of some of them.

Mr. F. F. Cook sends to "The Progressive Thinker" a very thoughtful paper on Mrs. Richmond's "Soul in Human Embodiments." It is too long for discussion, but its gist may be summed up in a few words. This that we call life is but an episode in existence. We come into this that we call life on various planes of progression and we take from it the experience that we came to get. Mr. Cook points out clearly the difference between Re-embodiment and Re-incarnation. It is not clear, I think, to all disputants that continuous life, varying in its phases, is not the same thing as the mill-horse round of recurrent embodiment in this world, which some think to be designed for us. It is all a process of education. I believe, though I do not know, that the evolution of the soul is conducted by much the same methods, but I do not say in the same way or in the same places, as the evolution of the body. As I believe that some people in their observations attend to the body and neglect the soul, so I believe that we may easily attend to phenomena and neglect spirit.

There are some stories of intelligence in animals which interest me because they show intelligence in human beings: I never doubted the intelligence of animals, if we could interpret it into terms of our thought. Dr. Reynolds tells this story in the "Phrenological Journal":—

Sir Walter Scott tells of one of his dogs that one day furiously attacked the baker and was with great difficulty called off. The baker coming every day the dog finally got acquainted with him and they were great friends. One day Sir Walter was telling somebody how the dog had attacked the baker, and immediately the dog skulked off into the corner of the room, turned his face to the wall, hung down his ears, lowered his tail, and displayed every sign of being heartily ashamed of himself; but when Sir Walter came to the end of the story and said, "But Jerry didn't bite the baker," the dog turned round in a moment, jumped and frisked about, and was evidently quite restored to his own good opinion. To try the dog, Scott repeated the story in different tones of voice, and in the midst even of other conversation, but it was always the same. Directly he began the dog crept into the corner, but when he came to "But Jerry didn't bite the baker," he always capered back in triumph. Bayard Taylor says that some years ago he saw a hippopotamus in Barnum's Museum looking very stolid and dejected. "I spoke to him in English, but he did not even move his eyes. Then I went to the opposite corner of his cage and said in Arabic, 'I know you; come here to me!' He instantly turned his head toward me; I repeated the words, and thereupon he came to the corner where I was standing, pressed his huge, ungainly head against the bars of the cage and looked in my face with a touching delight, while I stroked his muzzle. I have two or three times found a lion who recognised the same language, and the expression of his eyes for an instant seemed positively human."

I quote with pleasure what my readers will like to see. The paragraph has gone the rounds of the American papers. Leidy was the greatest naturalist and comparative anatomist of his generation in the United States, comparable to

Cuvier in the last and Owen of our day. It may be assumed, without discussion, that Dr. Coues stands high in the estimation of those qualified to judge of his work as a man of science. The paragraph I refer to is this:—

By the death of Dr. Joseph Leidy America lost her most eminent biologist. Especially in the field of paleontology was Leidy great, so great as to be counted the peer of any living investigator in that field in Europe. It is to be observed that he, too, was one of the poor boys who must rise by their own efforts. He was even obliged to pay for his own education. He had his living to earn all the time he was pursuing scientific researches. Thus he probably failed to reach the highest that his powers were capable of grasping. This is why we have so few purely scientific men in America. Bread and butter work and study for the love of study will not pull well together. Of the younger American men of science who are left, Professor Elliott Coues, of the Smithsonian institution at Washington, will, perhaps, come the nearest to taking Dr. Leidy's place as a biologist.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is one of the most picturesque characters of our day. This is interesting in regard to him, I quote from the "Religio-Philosophical Journal."

Dr. Holmes told me the other day a curious experience of his, says a correspondent of the New Orleans "Times Democrat." At dinner one night he was suddenly moved, apropos of nothing, to relate a very curious criminal case that he had not even thought of, so far as he knew, for forty years. When they left the dining-room and passed into the library it was found the mail had been delivered while they were at dinner and lay on the table. Dr. Holmes opened a paper sent him by a friend in England and behold! it contained the story of the long-past crime that he had just been relating, revived in the newspaper, and a friend in England, thinking it would interest him from its curious character, had sent it to him. "Now what," says Dr. Holmes, "put the story at that moment in my mind? I suppose the Spiritualists would say that a spirit read what was in the paper lying in another room and communicated it to me. Or was it, possibly, my unconscious self that saw it and communicated it to the brain?" "Which do you think it was, Dr. Holmes?" I asked, curious to hear his keen and subtle analysis of so strange an occurrence. "I have no theories," he replied; "I only state facts."

Dr. Holmes is like Mr. Crookes. He notices a fact, but he does not pursue it to its conclusion. I remember once asking in print what men of science who had paid attention to these matters made out of them, by way of explanation. But they do not make anything out of them. They accumulate facts and that is all.

DEMISE OF MR. BARKAS.

We heard some time ago with regret rather than surprise that Mr. Barkas, whose name is to us that of an old friend, had been stricken with paralysis. He had been a man who taxed his brain, and the brain gave way. We learn now with increased regret that the attack has proved fatal. It might have been possible for him to linger for some years; he was not an old man, but it is perhaps better for those who must have watched the failure of powers, which his fellow citizens valued as so diversified, that he was removed from suffering by most merciful death. Literally "he fell asleep." It is not necessary for us to express our great respect for Mr. Barkas's work in Spiritualism. He was a careful investigator, an experienced experimenter, and a man who always had the courage of his opinions. His was a trained scientific mind, and he brought to our subject a compound of accuracy of observation and boldness of utterance which caused what he said to be received with unvarying respect. In late years Mr. Barkas devoted himself rather to the setting forth of his knowledge than to the increase of its stock, and no part of his work was better done than this popularisation of the ripe fruits of his experience.

GERALD MASSEY'S LECTURES.

Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co. now publish Mr. Gerald Massey's lectures at sixpence each lecture. There are ten altogether, viz.:—1. "The Historical (Jewish) Jesus and the Mythical (Egyptian) Christ"; 2. "Paul as a Gnostic Opponent, not the Apostle of Historic Christianity"; 3. "The Logia of the Lord; or, the Pre-Christian Sayings Ascribed to Jesus the Christ"; 4. "Gnostic and Historic Christianity"; 5. "The Hebrew and Other Creations Fundamentally Explained"; 6. "The Devil of Darkness; or, Evil in the Light of Evolution"; 7. "Luniatry: Ancient and Modern"; 8. "Man in Search of his Soul, during Fifty Thousand Years, and How he Found it"; 9. "The Seven Souls of Man, and Their Combination in the Christ"; 10. "The Coming Religion."

LETTERS ON "LIGHT."*

SECOND SERIES.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

XI.

WHAT DISPOSES PEOPLE TO THINK AS THEY DO?

The history of any soul must be perceived, if we would do justice to its present standpoint. In these "Letters on Light," the presence or absence of psychic power and reasons for it have been kept steadily in view, since "LIGHT" is concerned with detailed records of this power, whether it occur sporadically, or after process of development.

The "history" of a soul, in the sense to which these "Letters" relate, has been shown to include certain main facts—original sex, and the idea that every soul has its fellow, mate, or twin—and certain main opportunities for choice, viz.: Lineage (IV., V.); Zodiacal sign (VII.); fidelity to these (VIII., IX.); and to sex (X.). "Be true to the basis of evolution you chose" has been inculcated, because it is but giving the philosophy underlying "Be true to yourself"—that everyday piece of good advice. This fidelity maximises chances of your being the best sort of person you can possibly be. Every person's chosen basis of evolution contains as complete a set of opportunities as those selected by every other person; each contains all that is required for the soul's evolution, but differently arranged. Attempts to get hold of an opportunity or set of chances other than your "original sketch," your original and chosen basis of evolution, are mistakes; e.g., if one's original selection did not include psychic power (financial, military, artistic) while on earth, it is useless to wake up suddenly to its value as exhibited in somebody else, and demand it of oneself, or fret because of its being unattainable. The philosophy of spiritual self-culture might be given in Series III. of these "Letters"; it would show you how to become your best self, how to manifest the True Self, which selected a certain set of opportunities to act through, much as we choose a suit of clothes. The experiences a soul goes through may appear to one observer brief, to another very long (e.g., on the basis of these "Letters"); but it should be, and usually is, equally clear to both observers that all the experiences a soul goes through are only stages; as we perceive when it is a question of any single day's joy or sorrow. All that a student need grasp, in facing the idea of evolution, is that it is a longer affair than the old single-earth-life scheme of existence affords. And this brings us to the last stretch of imagination demanded of the student, so far as concerns the theatre of evolution. It is that of universe; and this is the earliest choice of all. When a universe is ready, souls are asked whether they would like to attach themselves to it for evolution. They need not, unless they like the prospect submitted to them. But if they accept, they then have to choose Lineage and Zodiacal sign (as described IV. to IX.). This present universe is the last of a chain of six; before which there were many, but no souls belonging to them are or ever have been on this earth. Traces of the five preceding this one are easy to find on this earth; and, indeed, without this knowledge it is hard to explain its history and also that of most souls. Is the term "Universe" suitable? What is intended to be conveyed? The term seems suitable because the idea to be conveyed is the whole order of things as a manifested and perceptible state of affairs. (*Universus rerum*.) On a small scale, about objects in this universe, we have learnt to admit that every manifestation of thought in a form is sure to change; no matter of which we have experience is insusceptible of change; and the "change" may amount to "destroying" the "matter," as every-day language says; though "nothing is ever destroyed" is what we accept in philosophical language. As to all statements, nowadays, however, people are willing to agree that we know but little of life and law; e.g., "gravitation" and a few other recognised rules for the behaviour of the state of affairs in which we live are so obviously but a small instalment of what we might know; our sense of Time is so poor; we cannot think out long periods of Time any more than large numbers; we can only write them and deal with them on paper, as if we understood them. Hence apology is not

needed for asking the student to try a stretch of imagination. The scenes and sequences seem to me more like change of "Universe" than any mere modification of one; the springs of action; the basis; the tether given for execution, the mark left on the soul subjected to the process all point to theatres entirely different in construction, and to managers entirely different in aim, each from the other. This seems to me one of those pieces of perception which any intelligent soul might achieve when once this hint has been given and taken. But about this, as about all self-training in observation, a record should be kept and silence preserved.

Universes come and go, the making being entrusted as a commission; and no two have ever been made by the same hands. The finer the thought, the more durable the universe expressed; and this one is the finest there has ever been. Universe-makers are at liberty to impress the souls who attach themselves to it for evolution with some idea of who made it, and of the relation in which the maker and all souls stand to anything higher or more source-like; some "religion" or "religious idea," some view of "man" and "God," as we call it now. This universe was made by the twin-spirits, called by some "the Infinite Father-Mother." As universe-makers they gave to the new souls who were to come for evolution a clear view of its basis (as set forth to some extent in these "Letters"); and for evidence of the truth of that and all else they might need or wish to know, every soul was instructed: "The writing is on your own soul, and you will always be able to read it, if you let the sun of Truth shine upon it. Your record of deeds and thoughts makes itself as you go along; you can judge of it; so long as you are true to this basis of Love and Truth, you are in your own hands, you own all power, you have only to enjoy and serve; the Universe is your home."

Thus it will be seen there is no mention here of "worship" "fear," "anger," "jealous," "judgment," "pardon," "guide," or of anything to justify the ordinary official religious ideas of any country or age. Whence, then, are such derived?—for they are far better known and more generally accepted than any others (on this earth, but not elsewhere). These ideas are derived from former universes. How have they been introduced into this one? By the souls from former ones; and also by the makers of those getting hold of new souls belonging to this universe. How came these "makers" to have influence? When souls are entrusted to them, it is somewhat as though sheep were entrusted to a shepherd and connected with him and each other by an electric wire. This may, however, be broken on the sheep coming to see the shepherd is a bad guide, or no longer in the position of guide as formerly; but if unbroken it keeps up strong probability that old ideas will be made the most of, even to the extent of organising them into a "religion," wherein the "maker" of that universe is "worshipped" as "the true and only God," or some other high-sounding phrase. How shall we account for makers of former universes influencing souls never entrusted to their guidance? Each "maker" had some main idea; a soul may be much pleased by it; disposed by Karma to fall in with it; example of others also counts; so does the fact of incarnating among a flock of the souls holding that idea; it will set up or strengthen the connection with the "maker" who is shepherding them.

But why should there be any souls here belonging to former universes? Because they afforded such partial scope for education or even gave such wrong turns to ideas. Are these distinct enough to be traceable or to admit of statement? The series of observations prompting me is too long to give here, and it is difficult to give a brief account in terms sufficiently guarded.

Fetishism was the main idea of the sixth universe back; and its "school" was not designed to allow souls to manifest more command of nature and themselves than any fetish worshippers now exhibit, who dare nothing without the leave of some "spirit". (Incarnation and evolution on a visible universe are only one episode; it does not follow that because any given universe offered but poor chances to a soul, therefore it never had any others.) The fifth universe back was dominated by brute force, and its speciality in modern life is War.

In the fourth universe back, Rank was worked out elaborately; its legacy to this universe is caste and the idea

* The first series appeared on Jan. 24, 31; Feb. 14, 21; Mar. 7, 21, 28; where all terms were explained which are now used. Second series: May 30; June 13, 27; July 11.

of privileges even in the relation between the soul and the Infinite. In the third universe back, magical illusions were the order of things; there are no such practised deceivers in this world as the souls who were educated there.

In the universe before this present one, intellect governed; "knowledge" was to be obtained at all costs; and its law was "death that life may be"; the souls filled with these traditions are the most cruel and reckless of our modern experimentalists and sensualists. In this present universe, the natural order consists of equality, industry, goodwill, and love. In their train are to come and do come knowledge, psychic power, spiritual insight.

Evolution is intended to exhibit the "powers of spirit" and "being" in this universe, on a scale far exceeding any preceding one; in fact, there is no limit to be set under the law of Love.

But these things were arrived at as daring "discoveries" by such souls as found their way to true evolution under the conditions of former universes, and it is not the noble souls who come here now, but those who "missed the way" then. Many of these, however, have failed to do any better, and have merely used their new opportunities to recall and practise old crimes, planting out mischief in the form of nations destined to fall from sheer wickedness. Recollections of old universes—their religions, caste, magic, debased sex-ideas—are the only part of a soul's original chosen basis for evolution which it should "desert"; and too rapid the process cannot be. The "finding rest" in some "religion" or another is only due to these old echoes. The soul has found its past, not its self, and it is by the hold of the past that people are drawn towards certain revivals of Oriental thought now prominently brought forward, and towards orthodoxy in every land. The old "gods" in the Unseen have, however, commanded such legions of souls ready to fall upon and slay every advocate of truth really worth telling, that it used to cost the life of any truth-speaker; even now the law might suppress anything like a full statement. The Bible is a mirror of all past phases, however "materialised" by its non-mystical translators who did not know its writers were mediums, and knew still less what there was for them to be mediumistic to, viz.: former universes. The rule is, "Whatever you have lived through, you can revive, or 'read'"; and the Bible writers illustrate it; but unfortunately they did not indicate, and presumably did not know that they had lived through other Universes and were also prompted by their influences, as well as those of this present Universe.

THE "ARENA" FOR JULY.

An admirable full-page portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes forms the frontispiece of the July "Arena." A critical paper by George Stewart, D.C.L., LL.D., the well-known editor and critic of Quebec, treats of the life and literary labours of Dr. Holmes in a manner at once scholarly and absorbingly interesting. Probably the most notable paper in this issue is Edgar Fawcett's "Plutocracy and Snobbery in New York." In it the weaknesses, foibles, and evils of high life in the Metropolis are boldly dealt with in a masterly manner, while Professor Buchanan's closing paper on "Revolutionary Measures and Neglected Crimes" strikes boldly at the very evils which Mr. Fawcett so vividly depicts. C. Wood Davis appears in this number in a paper on "National Control of Railways." Camille Flammarion closes his brilliant paper on "The Unknown." W. D. McCrackan, whose paper on "The Swiss Referendum" in a previous issue of this review attracted such general notice contrasts in an interesting and instructive manner the Swiss and American Constitutions. With the conspicuous impartiality of the "Arena" the editor this month publishes a reply to his own paper on "Socialism" by the well-known Nationalist and Christian Socialist, Rev. Francis Bellamy. The Rev. W. E. Manley, D.D., one of the ripest Biblical scholars of the day, discusses eternal punishment from the standpoint of a sincere believer in the Bible, but a disbeliever in endless punishment. Professor W. S. Scarborough, of Wilberforce University, discusses "The Negro Question" from a negro's point of view. The story of the month is a powerfully written novelette, of twenty-four pages, entitled "A Prairie Heroine," by Hamlin Garland, whose new book of realistic stories, "Main-Travelled Roads," is creating such a sensation in Boston. In the "Prairie

Heroine" Mr. Garland displays the wonderful insight and marvellous fidelity to truth which characterise the greatest work of Ibsen. Every farmer and every farmer's wife should read this wonderful portrayal of life. The editorials, "An Epoch-marking Drama," "The Present Revolution in Theological Thought," and "The Conflict Between Ancient and Modern Religious Thought in the Presbyterian Church," are bright, vigorous, and suggestive. It will be seen that the present number is marked by a great variety of topics, ably discussed by representative thinkers. The "Arena" is a library in itself, treating all the great living problems of the hour in a comprehensive manner, and containing a vast amount of entertaining and instructive matter in its stories, character sketches, biographical and critical papers.

A SPIRIT MESSENGER.

The New York "Star" of December 25th gives the particulars of a well-authenticated case of spirit message to the dying. About a week before Christmas, Miss Jennie Law, a young school teacher residing with her parents at No. 8, West Sixty-fifth-street, New York, was taken ill with pneumonia, and on Sunday, the 25th, she was told she could not live. She accepted the inevitable with a brave spirit. Meantime news had been received by the family of the death two days before of an aunt of the sick girl who lived in New Jersey, but on account of her precarious condition the sad news was kept from her. About an hour before Miss Law died, while conversing with her mourning friends, she being perfectly conscious, she suddenly changed the subject of conversation, and said: "There is a messenger here waiting for me. You may think it is a delusion, but it is not, because I can see the messenger myself, although I do not think you can. The messenger wants to take me where my Aunt Jane is now, and I am going to be transported to see my aunt."

Miss Law's friends, who were standing around her bedside, were amazed at this announcement, this being the name of the aunt the fact of whose death had been carefully kept from her. There could be no doubt that her mind at the time was as clear as in health, for when the conversation was turned to other subjects she conversed readily and without any hesitation or indication of a lack of consciousness.

About an hour later Miss Law died, and her funeral was held at her home on Tuesday. The Rev. Ira S. Dodd, of Riverdale, N.Y., preached the funeral sermon, in which he said that Miss Law's experience was the most remarkable death-bed revelation that had ever been brought to his notice. When seen at his home in Riverdale Mr. Dodd said: "I have no hesitation in saying that Miss Law's statements, made, as they undoubtedly were, when she was conscious, puzzle me. I have always been inclined to look upon startling death-bed experiences as the hallucinations of people who are delirious, but in this case, where there was no indication of delirium, I must take the only stand that a Christian minister can take—that is, that there was a messenger from God, such as we read of in the Book of Hebrews—one of God's angels—not necessarily a beautiful female form with wings, but some kind of messenger. Miss Law, whom I have known for several years, has never been what we might term a religious enthusiast. Although she has always been a religious girl, she was not one of the kind who are liable to have startling death-bed experiences. She was a strong-minded, highly-educated girl, but not given to brooding over religious matters."—"Religio-Philosophical Journal."

AFTER MANY YEARS.

Do you remember, does it ever strike you,
Friend that is alienated,
That time, in the past, when I thought none like you,
Is registered—annotated?

Thought is suggestive, creative, far-reaching,
All space is with thought vibrating;
Soul thrills to soul the immortal teaching,
Of love that can conquer hating.

Do you believe that the power of thinking,
From out of that past, which liveth,
My soul to your alien soul is linking,
With love that all hate forgiveth?

I do. I have sponged out the mem'ries galling,
Have scourged me where I offended;
I know that the scales from your eyes are falling—
Our separation is ended. KATE BURTON.

ONE DAY WITH PRENTICE MULFORD.

BY LIDA HOOL TALBOT.

Our readers will have heard with sorrow of the death of Prentice Mulford. His White Cross pamphlets were welcome to many readers. We give an abridgment from the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" of a record of him written by a friend. Mulford was one of the children of the new age, and his work, though we are not bound to accord it perfect acquiescence, was distinctly for good.

The announcement of the death of Prentice Mulford has sent a thrill of sudden loss to many hearts. Not so widely known as many a less meritorious writer, he has nevertheless filled a larger place than is generally realised, for he has been writing earnestly of things not in high demand by the public, but his splendid, healthful words have run like roots into the hearts of hundreds of people, who have become strong and knit together in a great sympathy through them.

The writer had the good fortune to become acquainted with Prentice Mulford a number of years ago in New York City, and while meeting him frequently and gaining much benefit from his high thoughts, one day in particular stands out in my memory "ever bright and fair."

He was at that time on the regular working staff of the New York "Graphic," dramatic critic, I think, and worn out with the attrition of much work and the routine of city life, he decided to "go away into the wilderness awhile to rest and to get hold of himself," as he expressed it; he "discovered a spot down in the wilds of New Jersey," where he built for himself a hut, to which he moved a few of his belongings, and in the early summer retired to it, and for a time was lost to all but a few chosen friends. Some time later, when the season was in full glory of beauty, he sent word for a lady journalistic friend and myself to "come spend the day" with him. Rare was that long summer's day. It will never be forgotten, for many things spoken that day have since passed out to hundreds of the readers of his "White Cross" series.

We trudged on through the dew and the powdered dust of the country lane, listening to the birds and the quaint explanatory talk of our host, the sailor journalist. Modest and sensitive creature that he was, tender and delicate as a womanly woman, one could not think of him as having been "just a common sailor," of having shipped before the mast and sailing around the "Horn" in '49, before he was yet in his "teens"; at the age when boys are tenderly mothered at home, sailor, ship's cook, miner in those rough days in California, traveller by sea and land, for he had "tramped" over half of continental Europe in quest of things interesting, and his delightful descriptions of the simple living of the "country folk" of Europe were read years ago by scores of readers of the New York "Herald"—I think it was. I read them from his scrapbook.

He guided us, after half an hour's ramble up and down hill, through the gate and yard of a farm house, on through an old-fashioned garden, bright with hollyhock and sunflowers and "bachelor's buttons," and out of its picket gate straight through a "bannered field of corn" to his "castle." It was what the farmers term a "lean-to," which is a long, low building with the "roof sloping off almost down to the ground, like a schoolgirl's sunbonnet."

"There is, you see, but one opening toward civilisation, and that is a very small window," said Mr. Mulford, as we approached the building, "which is my loophole of observation, that I may escape to the woods in case I am discovered." We went round to the front door—which in this case was the back one—and found it opened into a great elm and cedar woods, densely, darkly green and deliciously cool. A trinity of elm trees stood close to the little habitation. From the generous brown arm of one depended a splendid swing, from the other two a hammock, and a third seat was a big arm chair with a wolf's robe, and we were to have our choice, our host remarked, as he took our things and told us to make ourselves "at home."

Everything was ship-shape inside the "hut." A cot clothed cleanly in white with an "iron-clad" mosquito net over it, two or three chairs, and a small writing-table furnished the apartment. A broad, long shelf, built on one side of the room, on which were orderly arranged the dishes, was the dining table we were told. Above each plate, on the wall, little leather straps were tacked, and stuck in each were knives, forks, and spoons for the diner. The walls were

covered with pictures and cuts from the "Graphic," "Harper," "Judge," and other periodicals.

Our host left us to "look at things" while he prepared "a natural man's breakfast," and we came out under the great trees in time to see him disappearing into a farm house, across a meadow, from which he shortly emerged bearing a bright tin bucket which proved to contain milk. A stake driven into the ground under one of the trees with a board nailed on top and covered over with shining green leaves soon showed itself to be our breakfast table. Our busy host proceeded to the corner of the "castle" and lifting some boards was soon waist deep in a hole in the ground which he called his cellar. He brought up out of it "ox-hearts, and strawberries" which he piled on the table in the midst of the green leaves, adding some sort of confections; then with the milk in cups and slices of white bread and brown, cut thin by our host, we sat down to such a feast as only the gods or a simple-hearted philosopher like Prentice Mulford could offer. I thought of Thoreau, who "loved a broad margin to his life," and of his hut at Walden, and of the wisdom he drew out of the heart of nature, as did this man to whose voice we were listening.

All that long, exquisite summer day we talked, but listened most—let us hope—to the rare thoughts that came so purely from this lonely man's lips. Mr. Mulford was a true thinker, for he spoke little and had the gift of drawing from others "their better selves." But this day he seemed attuned to expression and he told us of much concerning himself, bits of travel, glimpses of salt-water life, doings on shipboard, running away from his Long Island home, a youthful sweetheart, a sturdy lad before the mast, a ship's cook's calamity, and a delightful sketch of his tramp through rural England with Joaquin Miller, and a thrilling bit of experience of those early days in California, but best of all were the things he thought, his beliefs and philosophies.

He wrote one little essay on "Ye cannot worship God and Mammon," which, if his publishers have the good fortune to possess, I trust they will give to his readers ere long. I do not think it was ever published. I read it in manuscript. He has embodied his ideas very largely in the wholesome and practical "White Cross" books, but had his time been longer here on earth he would have more fully developed his purpose, I am sure. He was a thorough believer in the higher Spiritualistic thought, accepting phenomena as one of the workings of the Almighty law, and necessary for the spiritual development of a material civilisation.

The day passed on until the sun rode the tree tops and the ferns, pines, and cedars gave forth such spicy scents that in spite of all philosophy our appetites were whetted to voracity. Mr. Mulford said it was time to dine and obliged us to sit helplessly by while with truly professional skill he prepared a most savoury meal. His cooking stove stood under a "baby lean-to," somewhat rusty, for the storms had been reckless and the gentle philosopher not given to gourmandising, but he "practically demonstrated some of his tales," he said, as we sat down to the shelf where we dined uniquely against the side of the house and thoroughly enjoyed our host's deliciously cooked dinner.

As the stars came out we made our way Indian file through the field of whispering growing corn, out of the little grey picket gate and down the dusty beribboned lane, Mr. Mulford talking of the stars, of their effects upon the life in this planet, at least of astrology and its mysteries. Everything interested him, his was too great a mind to scorn or ignore anything because he did not understand it. In that evening's walk he seemed to hear the meaning of every sound, the dark woods teemed with the resonance of silence, and our voices sank wordless before the realisation of things this man's words brought us. The train came and he bade us good-night with the high look of a great peace on his kind face, and we left him to return alone along the narrow lane and the odorous woods, under the stars in the quiet night. Did I say alone? Oh no! there is no such thing to a mind like Prentice Mulford's, for the inner world, where thought comes from, is its abiding-place. His body was found in the boat, and the boat was anchored, so I read, just as he chose it. No need to tell those who knew him that he did not know he was going.—"Religio-Philosophical Journal."

In all waters there are some fish which like to swim against the stream; and in every community persons are to be found who delight in being opposed to everybody else.

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Light:

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

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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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FLORENCE MARRYAT ON SPIRITUALISM.

The Gospel of Materialism is a comforting creed in the days of our prosperity. When a man has the wife of his choice, good health, many friends, and a balance at his banker's, he is inclined to admit the main postulate of the scientists that this world is the real and the only paradise. But a wife may die, and friends change, Argentines may go wrong, and curious epidemics may arrive from China. A work on Spiritualism has just appeared, and oddly enough in the clubs it is, in a marked degree, attracting the attention of those who most loudly proclaim the Gospel of Death. And in truth this work is a very remarkable one.

Mrs. Lean is the wife of Colonel Lean, of the Royal Marines. Also she is the daughter of the popular sea novelist, Captain Marryat, and she herself has written many successful novels. Intelligent sceptics at once ask each other, Is it possible that an individual so well known can soberly guarantee the accuracy of a number of stories if all are pure fiction?

The father of Florence Marryat was mediumistic. When anchored off Pinang, in H.M.S. *Larne*, he saw his brother Samuel at the moment that he died in England. And once at Rainham Hall, in Norfolk, he saw the "Brown Lady," and fired a revolver at her.

In February, 1873, Florence Marryat had her first séance. She went with another novelist, Annie Thomas, to Mrs. Holmes, the American medium. The two ladies hid their wedding rings and announced themselves as "Miss Taylor and Miss Turner." A small window was cut in a curtain through which spirit faces were expected to look. Soon one came.

"What was our amazement to recognise the features of Mrs. Thomas, Annie Thomas's mother. Here I should tell my readers that Annie's father, who was a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and captain of the coastguard at Morston in Norfolk, had been a near neighbour and great friend of my father, Captain Marryat, and their children had associated like brothers and sisters. I had therefore known Mrs. Thomas well, and recognised her at once, as, of course, did her daughter. The witness of two people is considered sufficient in law. It ought to be accepted by society. Poor Annie was very much affected, and talked to her mother in the most incoherent manner. The spirit did not appear able to answer in words, but she bowed her head or shook it, according as she wished to say 'yes' or 'no.' I could not help feeling awed at the appearance of the dear old lady, but the only thing that puzzled me was the cap she wore, which was made of white net, quilled closely round her face, and unlike any I had ever seen her wear in life. I

whispered this to Annie, and she replied at once, 'It is the cap she was buried in,' which settled the question."

Other spirits came, and the two ladies were pronounced to be powerful mediums by Mrs. Holmes.

"This news elated us—we were eager to pursue our investigations, and were enchanted to think we could have séances at home, and as soon as Annie Thomas took up her residence in London we agreed to hold regular meetings for the purpose. This was the séance that made me a student of the psychological phenomena, which the men of the nineteenth century term Spiritualism. Had it turned out a failure, I might now have been as most men are. *Quien sabe?*"

What much puzzles the investigator into the phenomena of Spiritualism is the question of familiars or controls. Why should a man's dead wife or mother, as is often the case, never come near him, and a stranger that he has never heard of be by him night and day? Florence Marryat was lucky in her controls. One was her baby daughter "Florence." The other was a young officer named John Powles, of the 12th Regiment of Madras Native Infantry, who died in her house in India.

She saw his face, though not very distinctly materialised, at her very first séance. But on March 17th, 1885, at the house of an American medium, Miss Virginia Roberts, she had a very remarkable experience, for he appeared fully materialised in the uniform worn in the old days by the officers of the 12th Madras Native Infantry.

"This corps wore facings of fawn, with buttons bearing the word 'Ava,' encircled by a wreath of laurel. The mess jackets were lined with wadded fawn silk, and the waistcoats were trimmed with three lines of narrow gold braid. Their 'karkee,' or undress uniform, established in 1859, consisted of a tunic and trousers of a sad green cloth, with the regimental buttons and a crimson silk sash. The marching dress of all officers in the Indian service is made of white drill, with a cap-cover of the same material. Their forage cloak is of dark-blue cloth, and hangs to their heels. Their forage cap has a broad square peak to shelter the face and eyes. I mention these details for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the general dress of the Indian army, and to show how difficult it would have been for Virginia Roberts, or any other medium, to have procured them, even had she known the private wish expressed by me to 'John Powles' in Boston, that he would try and come to me in uniform. On this first occasion of his appearing so he wore the usual everyday coat, buttoned up to his chin, and he made me examine the buttons to see that they bore the crest and motto of the regiment. And I may say here, that before I left New York he appeared to me in every one of the various dresses I have described above, and became quite a marked figure in the city.

"When it was made known through the papers that an old friend of Florence Marryat had appeared through the mediumship of Virginia Roberts, in a uniform of thirty years before, I received numbers of private letters inquiring if it were true, and dozens of people visited Miss Roberts's séances for the sole purpose of seeing him."

John Powles had promised to come back if allowed, at the moment of death. At a séance conducted by Miss Showers, he first was able to speak. On that occasion he carried bodily away an old necktie of his which Miss Florence Marryat had preserved as a memento. After that he constantly came.

The experience with Florence, Mrs. Lean's baby daughter, was also very remarkable. This child was born in 1860, and survived only ten days. She "was born with a most peculiar blemish, which it is necessary for the purpose of my argument to describe. On the left side of the upper lip was a mark as though a semi-circular piece of flesh had been cut out by a bullet-mould, which exposed part of the gum. The swallow also had been submerged in the gullet, so that she had for the short period of her earthly existence to be fed by artificial means, and the jaw itself had been so twisted that could she have lived to cut her teeth, the double ones would have been in front. This blemish was considered to be of so remarkable a type that Dr. Frederick Butler of Winchester, who attended me, invited several other medical men, from Southampton and other places, to examine the infant with him, and they all agreed that a similar case had never come under their notice before."

This child began to come to the mother's séances, but was unrecognised at first, and called the "little nun." She muffled up her face and frightened the controlling spirits.

"There is something wrong about her mouth," said Miss Cook, the medium.

The puzzle was soon explained. "Florence" had died almost at birth, but she returned to earth in a body very

* "There is no Death." By Florence Marryat. Kegan Paul, and Trübner.

like that of the sister who was most nearly her contemporary. And she retained the blemish of her birth for purposes of identification. Often the mother was allowed to examine it and feel it.

There are so many interesting stories in Mrs. Lean's book that it is most difficult to make a selection. Our authoress investigated as a private individual and also as a writer for the Press. And being very friendly and genial, she got many strong mediums to stay at her house for days together.

This is a story which has attracted much attention.

A sister of Mrs. Lean, Blanche, was residing at Bruges in a very old house which was built on the ruins of an old convent.

"In this convent there lived a most beautiful woman—a nun, and in one of the neighbouring monasteries a priest who, against the strict laws of his Church, had conceived and nourished a passion for her. He was an Italian who had been obliged to leave his own country, for reasons best known to himself, and nightly he would steal his way to this house, by means of one of the subterraneous passages, and attempt to overcome the nun's scruples, and make her listen to his tale of love; but she, strong in the faith, resisted him. At last, maddened one day by her repeated refusals, and his own guilty passion, he hid himself in one of the northern rooms in the upper storey of this house, and watched there in the dark for her to pass him on her way from her devotions in the chapel; but she did not come. Then he crept downstairs stealthily, with a dagger hid beneath his robes, and met her in the hall. He conjured her again to yield to him, but again she resisted, and he stabbed her within the door on the very spot where the medium first perceived him. Her pure soul sought immediate consolation in the spirit spheres, but his has been chained down ever since to the scene of his awful crime. He dragged her body down the secret stairs (which are still existent) to the vaults beneath, and hid it in the subterraneous passage. After a few days he sought it again and buried it. He lived many years after, and committed many other crimes."

To this old house Mr. Eglinton, the medium, who was on a visit to a Mrs. Uniacke, was brought for a séance, being entirely ignorant of this romantic story. To the astonishment of all, for they at the time were also ignorant of the tale, he went through a pantomime of the murder.

"He watched from the window that looked into the courtyard, and silently groped his way round the room, until he had crawled on his stomach up the stairs that led to the padded door. When he found, however, that the obstacle that had hitherto stood in his way was removed (by its being open) he drew a long breath and started away for the winding turret staircase, listening at the doors he passed to find out if he were overheard. When he came to the stairs, in descending which we had been so afraid he might hurt himself, he was carried down them in the most wonderful manner, only placing his hand on the balustrades, and swooping to the bottom in one flight. We had placed a lamp in the hall, so that as we followed him we could observe all his actions. When he reached the bottom of the staircase he crawled on his stomach to the door of the drawing-room (originally the chapel) and there waited and listened, darting back into the shadow every time he fancied he heard a sound. Imagine our little party of four in that sombre old house, the only ones waking at that time of night, watching by the ghastly light of a turned-down lamp the acting of that terrible tragedy. We held our breath as the murderer crouched by the chapel door, opening it noiselessly to peep within, and then, retreating with his imaginary dagger in his hand, ready to strike as soon as his victim appeared. At last she seemed to come. In an instant he had sprung to meet her, stabbing her first in a half-stooping attitude, and then, apparently, finding her not dead, he rose to his full height and stabbed her twice, straight downwards. For a moment he seemed paralysed at what he had done, starting back with both hands clasped to his forehead. Then he flung himself prostrate on the supposed body, kissing the ground frantically in all directions. Presently he awoke to the fear of detection, and raised the corpse suddenly in his arms. He fell once beneath the supposed weight, but staggering to his feet again, seized and dragged it, slipping on the stone floor as he went, to the head of the staircase that led to the cellars below, where the mouth of one of the subterraneous passages was still to be seen."

This is a very interesting story, but there is this to be said, that we have to rely on the *bona fides* of Mr. Eglinton's spirits—as far as regards the actual presence of the monk. A story with better evidence is the "Story of the Green Lady." She was supposed to haunt a house in

Broadstairs; and in the presence of Lady Archibald Campbell, Miss Shaw, Mrs. Olive, and Colonel and Mrs. Lean, appeared in her green dress before them all, the medium being Mrs. Volkman. That the statements of spirits are not to be taken too literally all Spiritualists know too well. A mother once came to our authoress and urged her to try and induce one Major—a respectable married man of her acquaintance, to look after his natural daughter, who was in trouble in Portsmouth. After shirking this delicate duty for many sances, Mrs. Lean at last complied. This was the curious result. The story proved true, but the mother of the child was *still alive*.

Here is an account of a materialisation by "Florence," not the Florence of Mrs. Lean, but the guide of Miss Showers.

"She greatly resembled her medium on that occasion, and several persons present remarked that she did so. I suppose the inferred doubt annoyed her, for before she finally left us she asked for a light, and a small oil lamp was brought to her which she placed in my hand, telling me to follow her and look at her medium, which I accordingly did. 'Florence' led the way into the back drawing-room, where I found Miss Showers reposing in an arm-chair. The first sight of her terrified me. For the purpose of making any change in her dress as difficult as possible, she wore a high, tight-fitting black velvet frock, fastened at the back, and high Hessian boots, with innumerable buttons. But she now appeared to be shrunk to half her usual size, and the dress hung loosely on her figure. Her arms had disappeared, but putting my hands up the dress sleeves, I found them diminished to the size of those of a little child—the fingers reaching only to where the elbows had been. The same miracle had happened to her feet, which only occupied half her boots. She looked in fact like the mummy of a girl of four or six years old. The spirit told me to feel her face. The forehead was dry, rough, and burning hot, but from the chin water was dropping freely on to the bosom of her dress. 'Florence' said to me, 'I wanted *you* to see her, because I know you are brave enough to tell people what you have seen.'

On another occasion, at Mrs. Macdougall Gregory's, the same spirit, 'Florence,' beckoned to Mrs. Lean to come within the cabinet where Miss Showers was entranced.

"I said, 'What's the good of my coming here? I can't see anything.' 'Florence' took me by one hand, and 'Peter's' voice said, 'We've got you safe. We want you to feel the medium.' The two figures led me between them to the sofa on which Miss Showers was lying. They passed my hand all over her head and body. I felt, as before, her hands and feet shrunk to half their usual size, but her heart appeared to have become proportionately increased. When my hand was placed upon it, it was leaping up and down violently, and felt like a rabbit or some other live animal bounding in her bosom. Her brain was burning as before, but her extremities were icy cold. There was no doubt at all of the abnormal condition into which the medium had been thrown, in order to produce these strong physical manifestations which were borrowed, for the time being, from her life, and could never (so they informed me) put the *whole* of what they had borrowed back again. This seems to account for the invariable deterioration of health and strength that follows physical manifestations in both sexes."

The number of curious experiences detailed in this volume is legion. With all mediums our authoress had good results. Lottie Fowler described accurately the future husband of our authoress long, long before she had set eyes upon him. Here is a more ghastly experience.

"In February, 1886, Lottie (or rather 'Annie') said to me, 'There is a great trouble in store for you, Florris' (she always called me 'Florris'); 'you are passing under black clouds, and there is a coffin hanging over you. It will leave your house.'

"This made me very uneasy. No one lived in my house but my husband and myself. I asked, 'Is it my own coffin?' 'No!' 'Is it my husband's?' 'No; it is that of a much younger person.'

"I questioned her very closely, but she would not tell me any more, and I tried to dismiss the idea from my mind. Still it would constantly recur, for I knew, from experience, how true her predictions were. At last I felt as if I could bear the suspense no longer, and I went to her and said, 'You must tell me that the coffin you spoke of is not for one of my children, or the uncertainty will drive me mad.' 'Annie' thought a minute, and then said slowly, 'No; it is not for one of your children.' 'Then I can bear anything else,' I replied. The time went on, and in April an uncle of mine died. I rushed again to Lottie Fowler. 'Is *this* the death you prophesied?' I asked her. 'No,' she replied; 'the coffin must leave your house. But this death will be followed by another in the family,' which it was within the

week. The following February my next-door neighbours lost their only son. I had known the boy for years, and I was very sorry for them. As I was watching the funeral preparations from my bedroom window, I saw the coffin carried out of the hall door, which adjoined mine with only a railing between. Knowing that many prophetic media see the future in a series of pictures, it struck me that Lottie must have seen this coffin leaving, and mistaken the house for mine. I went to her again. This proves how the prediction had weighed all this time upon my mind. 'Has not the death you spoke of taken place now?' I asked her. 'Has not the coffin left my house?' 'No,' she answered; 'it will be a relative, one of the family. It is much nearer now than it was.'"

The coffin was the coffin of Mrs. Lean's favourite daughter. Her death was sudden.

RELATION OF MEDIUMS TO SPIRITUALISM.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

If mediumship was regarded as a psychological state subject to purely scientific investigation, and were all spirit communications received impartially on their merits, then the questions of morals of mediums would sink into the background, and the demand for a pure and consecrated life would not appear imperative. Investigations may be conducted with scientific clearness and discussion by a few, but the many depart widely from this method, and with them lingers the superstition of the infallibility of spirits and the sacredness of the office of their interpreter. With them mediumship is an element of religion, rather than of science, and hence the character of the medium becomes of vital consequence.

Once, in Boston, I called on a much advertised medium, and received a communication purporting to be from a friend who had two years before departed for the summer land. This friend was the embodiment of all the sweet and tender graces and charming virtues, and the reverse of the one who in rude tones and bad grammar acted as her medium. I went away hoping that the communication was not from her, glad as my heart would have been for one whispered word, for had it been, we would have felt conscious-stricken for asking her to come in contact with one who, even on earth, would have repelled her with unconquerable aversion. Be it true or false, I said, "Dear one, never will I seek you again where I know you cannot go, if the law of spiritual affinity be true. I will not ask you for the gratification of my whim to make such a sacrifice."

Phenomenal facts may be observed regardless of personal character of the medium. The lifting of physical bodies, raps, &c., have a value as facts, whoever may be the medium. But in the transmission of ideas; in the reproduction of thoughts, the medium, whether writing or trance, conscious or unconscious, more or less influences their form of expression. The waters which leap from the mountain spring, clear as crystal, and pure as the dew of heaven, when they flow down through pestilential marshes, become black with slime and fetid with decay. The pure, golden, utterances of the angels in like manner are transformed in their passage through impure and vulgar minds. Whatever may be overlooked in physical mediums cannot be tolerated in this higher sphere. There must be purity and integrity in the medium. There must be an elevation of character responsive to the thoughts of the communicating intelligence.

"Oh," it is said, "if you were thirsty, and one should offer you water in a broken pitcher, would you not drink?" If the pitcher had poisoned the water I should not. If I could as well have a whole pitcher, I should choose one. At least I should demand a pitcher sufficiently whole to retain a single drop of water, and that not offered in mockery.

In times past mediums have been leaders of the race. They stand grandly along the shores of time like beacon lights, one and all exceeding their time by the contact they held with the world of spirits. In those rude ages only an individual in a generation or a century penetrated the veil and became a leader thereby. Now, the cause of Spiritualism, because of greater spiritual development, is expressed by numberless mediums instead of one, but the law is the same. Mediums were and are the visible exponents of the spiritual power.

Instead of encouraging dissolute lives by claiming the irresponsibility of the medium, or the interference of evil

spirits, it would be far better to demand purity of life and integrity of character. If evil spirits come, it is because the mind is prepared for them; because the activity of the lower nature repels the good. We read that once the tempter came to Jesus. He did not say: "I am so exquisitely sensitive that the evil as well as the good spirits alike use me; Satan as well as the prophets;" rather, "Get thee behind me," and thereby exercised the prerogative of developed mediumship, and placed the tempting spirit beneath his feet—"Carrier Dove."

REMINISCENCE OF D. D. HOME.

The subjoined translation or summary of what has appeared in the Paris "Figaro" comes to us through the "Religio-Philosophical Journal."

In the "Figaro," Pierre de Lano is writing a very long history, entitled, "Souvenirs d'Histoire; the Empress Eugenie; Spiritism at the Tuileries." There are several allusions to Home, the English medium, who is characterised as "charlatan," though the writer says that "this charlatanism, not yet explained, imposed on the Emperor whose advice Europe sought for, on an Empress and on a Court whose intellectual sharpness was proverbial." "La Revue Spirite" says: "The first time that he [Home] appeared in society at Paris was at a ball at the house of Countess X., the wife of the first ambassador of Russia accredited to France after the war in the Crimea. Madame X., although separated from her husband and living by herself, was in the habit of receiving a great deal, and especially the officials at her salon. Before the dances, the mistress of the house, who had introduced Home to her guests, asked him to produce some experiments. He was not slow to avail himself of the invitation, and soon there were to be seen pictures and furniture moving about—the first swinging on their nails from right to left, the furniture changing places very briskly and with a good deal of noise. I report the fact, and those which follow in this narration as a faithful historian, that is to say, copying word for word almost, a memoir which has been confided to me and which forms a part of the notes of which I make use, since I have the honour to publish these souvenirs in the "Figaro."

"One day the Court being at Fontainebleau—it was Sunday morning—the Empress proposed to the women who accompanied her to go with her to the kiosque on the lake. This wish was satisfied and each one, as always, placed herself at the table which the American (?) was not long in consulting. Among the ladies present were, on this day, the Grand Duchess Stephanie de Baden, aunt of the Emperor, as well as her daughter, the Princess Marie, Duchess of Hamilton.

"The table solicited to talk was dumb for an instant. But to repay for the delay there came upon the windows of the kiosque a noise like a deafening crash of hailstones raining on them with violence. At last the spirit decided to break the silence, and as on the order from Home the terrified women became attentive, and the following discourse took place: 'What are you doing here? It is Sunday. Your place is elsewhere. You ought to be at church.'

"The Empress, very superstitious, arose then, and taking with her her lady friends, they went altogether to make their devotions. This fact, says the memoir, is very easily explained. It must be supposed that Home, simply informed of the religious sentiments of the Empress by some one of her company, made divination this morning pay well. After dinner, on this same day, they entered a carriage to return to Paris. Just while the train was in motion another scene of magic occurred. Home, who no more left the side of the Empress, and who had his place distinguished above all others wherever she went, was seated in the middle of the saloon car, when suddenly the seats, the cushions, the pillows, and the tables set themselves to dancing infernally, hitting people and things. The Prince Imperial, quite an infant at the time, took fright before this uproar and, as much to keep him safe from a thump as well as to console him, one of the ladies present was compelled to take hold of him and caress him, carrying him in her arms for the rest of the journey.

"These facts which I take from the memoir of which I have spoken will seem improbable surely to the most of those who will read them. However, he who relates them, and whom I copy word for word, was one of the most considerable men of state in the Empire, and his word like his writings would not for a moment be doubted. He was by no means a simpleton, and his hostility to Home proves that he gave no faith to his juggleries. Home, he said, evidently accomplished surprising things, but there was nothing supernatural in his performances. He must have been simply a very skilful prestidigitateur and he must have possessed tricks which he could not fathom. I believe that in these words we must seek for the pretended magic of this adventurer, who for a moment had such a real influence on the Court of the Tuileries."

The editor remarks in a short foot-note that there is nothing surprising in the facts produced by Home; what is supernatural is the childish explanations *a priori*.

CURIOUS PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCES.

Some three months ago I met with an accident, that was followed by an illness, during which, for several days, it was thought I should not recover. But I am happy to say I am now fairly convalescent, though I do not expect my health will ever be so good as formerly. During the first part of my illness I was in a state of semi-consciousness, and was, therefore, not aware of the danger I was in, and did not feel so much as I otherwise should have done. Throughout I was the subject of singular psychical experiences, which took place when I was apparently awake, with my eyes open. They were more real to me than the realest of dreams, and were associated, more or less, with my surroundings. The nurse, who attended me, generally being a prominent character in the little drama that was being enacted. I do not intend to give an account of the experiences in question. Words would fail to give an idea of their wonderful character. They must have been experienced to be fully realised. I will, however, mention one case, differing from the rest, inasmuch as I was wide awake at the time and engaged in conversation. It occurred at a time when I was pronounced out of danger.

For a long time I was under the impression that I had three nurses attending me, whom I supposed to be sisters—one who attended me during the night, one who came in the morning to dress my wounds, and the other who attended me during the day. Nothing would convince me that the trinity I believed in was but an unity. Towards the end of my illness I received a visit from the family lawyer, who came to ascertain the state of my mind, and prepared with a legal document for me to sign if he considered I was in a fit condition to do so. After some little conversation I signed the document, my handwriting being pronounced very firm and good. Business being over I was sitting up in the bed saying a few parting words to the legal gentleman, when he said, "You seem to have a very nice nurse, is she a professional one?" I proceeded to answer his queries, concluding by saying "there are six of them." He opened his eyes, wondering, no doubt, what I wanted with so many nurses. All of a sudden I saw, standing in a row behind my interrogator, six facsimiles of my only nurse, dressed in her style and answering her description. She was not in the room at the time, so it could not have been a multiplication of her form and figure. But I saw them distinctly, though only for a short time. When the solicitor left the room he met the nurse in the passage and told her I said I had six nurses attending me. She laughed and explained the matter by saying that the doctor told her at the onset that before long I should be "light-headed" and subject to hallucinations, which was amply verified in my subsequent experience. My experience goes to prove that visions of the kind are purely subjective—that spirits have the power of producing representations of objects by acting on the brain when in a sensitive condition, and when I read of the spirits of dogs and birds being seen, I place the phenomena upon the same basis as my vision of nurses, increased to six on that occasion only.

That most of the apparitional appearances which occur are explainable on the same principle as my daylight vision I have no doubt: they are purely subjective phenomena.

Eastbourne.

ROBERT COOPER.

MAGNETISMS.

I hold it very good to keep the mind

From a too resolute centering
On any aim, since thereby doth it bind
Itself in bonds magnetic to that thing

Which thus it seeketh in its will to strain.

Man forgeth his own fetters, steadfastly,
Out of his Will; and patience—aye, and pain—
He must experience ere he can see

Those chains drop down from his enfranchised hands,

And the Life own anew its native power.

Much ruth his portion is whose Will expands

Too wide its arms, unknowing of its hour.

For of the worm hath such companionship

The corpse his brother; and his kin the slave;

Nor ever may be learned from any life

This thing save his that openeth from the grave.

For 'tis a truth man only learns with life

As he looks backward, gazing from afar,—

Knowledge is Power that cometh after strife,

Peace after War.

A. A. W.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Mr. Harris's Letter to Laurence Oliphant.

SIR,—In his article, "Laurence Oliphant and T. L. Harris," in "LIGHT" of July 18th, Mr. C. W. Pearce has inferred, from a passage in a letter of mine in the "Standard" of June 1st, that it was necessary to "read between the lines" of Mr. Harris's letter to Oliphant, in order to discover in it the atrocious boast and menace which Mrs. Oliphant said that it contained. Mr. Pearce even attributes to me a positive admission of this inference of his; since he includes within inverted commas, as a quotation from my letter, the word "must," in his sentence "must read between the lines." But I did not say that; and I cannot help thinking that Mr. Pearce had a misgiving that his inference was not justified by what I did say, seeing that he left unfinished the sentence he began to quote from my "Standard" letter, leaving your readers to suppose that the conclusion contained the *gravamen* of the charge against Mr. Harris, thus made dependent on "reading between the lines" of his letter. But it was not this particular charge with which I concluded that sentence, but a general characterisation of Mr. Harris's letter as a "revolting effusion," though for brevity I did not say that I was thinking of its unctuous professions of affection for the man whose wife the writer unmistakably boasted himself to have destroyed, and whose own life he unmistakably threatened. This—the malignity which had to be read into the expressions of pious, fatherly affection—was what I was thinking of in using a phrase perhaps not altogether appropriate. But I admit that I could not, at the moment of writing, recall exactly the terms of Mr. Harris's letter, and I was not quite sure that the decided impression my memory retained of its purport was derived wholly from perfectly explicit declarations in it. But within the last few weeks I have had my memory refreshed by a contemporary record of Mr. Harris's written words, and I recognise the expressions (already cited in "LIGHT," June 27th,) as those which I read in the original letter at the close of 1887. I do not think those expressions require any "reading between the lines" to support Mrs. Oliphant's statement of their import and significance.

I hope the letter—presumably extant, and in Mrs. Oliphant's custody—will be published. But Mr. Pearce knows already from "LIGHT" of June 27th, the expressions on which the charge against Mr. Harris is based. He says he is himself "well acquainted with the contents of that letter," and that copies of it have been sent by the writer to friends in this country. Very well then; let us have the copy published by one of them; and if it is a true copy, agreeing with the original (supposing that to be producible), the public will have no difficulty in deciding whether Mrs. Oliphant's charge was or was not well warranted. Assuredly the expressions in question do not admit of the interpretation of the letter suggested by Mr. Pearce.

July 19th.

C. C. MASSEY.

SIR,—I cannot but think that the followers of Mr. Harris, in whom some anger has naturally been excited by the apparently inaccurate account of his life and teaching given in Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of Laurence Oliphant," create, by their remonstrances, almost as much confusion round the character of their master as that of which they complain. Surely the "healing life"—of which Mr. Pearce speaks as descending through (or from) Mr. Harris into the organism of his disciple—must, if it have in it vital or salutary property, exist, not as the permanent attribute of any man, but as a blessed gift strictly dependent on the condition of entire self-abnegation and the consequent birth within of the new creature? The contentions raised by the friends of Harris seem to exhaust themselves in useless accusations, as to long-past events, impossible to explain to persons unversed in occult phraseology, and after this lapse of time practically unanswerable. Whatever may have been the precise terms on which Oliphant closed his connection with Mr. Harris, it is not only conceivable, but probable, that though one must have been mistaken, both acted in entire good faith.

To select only one random assertion from Mr. Pearce's rather large *repertoire*. The writing of Masollam, certainly, (and probably the sending it by Oliphant to Mr. Harris in reply to the much discussed letter) was rather an explanation of conduct than an assertion of perfection. Again and

again have I heard Laurence Oliphant lament that he was so imperfect a channel, for the force which at times working through him, seemed to awaken some latent spiritual life in others, and he often expressed the most earnest hope that his personal shortcomings would not be held to discredit his work.

On the other hand, I think it quite possible that Mr. Harris' letter may have contained a necessary warning against many dangers to which Laurence Oliphant with his headlong and headstrong temperament and his ardent desire to induce higher spiritual conditions in unprepared natures lay very open.

The real point seems to me to be one which is not touched upon. In whom has this mysterious life borne most fruits of gentleness, goodness, charity without which the highest occult powers are either useless or dangerous? M.

Re-Incarnation.

SIR,—Some time ago I gave to your readers my spiritual experiences as proofs (so far as proof can be had) of the doctrine of Re-incarnation. Now I have to add another experience which, though not confirmed by the word of a clairvoyant as the last were, is, nevertheless, well worth record and consideration. Many years ago I wrote a work called "Palingenesia" (a copy of which is in the Library of the L.S.A.), and at that time I attributed the influence which led me to write to beings of a spiritual order outside myself. Now it so happens that until about six months ago I never read Plato's account of Atlantis as given in Donnelly's volume, nor was it ever read to me, nor did I even hear of it except that there was such a history. And great was my amazement to find in that history, and in that alone, the ideas which underly and govern the entire volume which I published seven years before and was in MSS seven years before that. The passage is too long to quote, but I refer anyone who is curious to pages 15, 16, and 17, of Ignatius Donnelly's volume, and ask them to compare it with "Palingenesia."

Now the point I wish to bring before your readers is, that the revelations I had supposed to come from beings without, have actually and evidently come from within, being reminiscences of a former incarnation some 11,000 years ago. This is confirmed to myself by the fact that when reading Plato's account for the first time all burst upon me as something I had seen and was perfectly familiar with before. I refer to the form, the division and the architectural adornments of "Atlantis" and its political arrangement.

The patterns of things and the accounts of their arrangements were certainly given by writings as from ancient MS. unfolded at the foot of my bed on some antique lectern which revolved as page after page was read. But may not this have been quite independent of guides from without? May it not have been simply that my spirit eyes were opened for the time being to see these records in the astral? I do not deny there may have been the guidance of spiritual beings, but I do not seem to have as strong proof of it as I have for the revelation from within by way of reminiscence of past existences. I. O.

The Dauphin and the Medium Naundorff.

SIR,—I have written to you at different times several letters with a view of identifying the celebrated medium Naundorff with the Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette; who, after his father was beheaded, became Louis XVII. As a medium he anticipated (as shown by his published books, "La Doctrine Celeste," and other works), the Fox sisters by nine years. The question of his identity with Louis XVII. has been doubted by many, chiefly owing to the Government of Prussia (in which country he married and resided twenty-five years) laying hold of and keeping certain documents he held which proved his birth. He took refuge in Prussia in 1810, after escaping in 1808, through the instrumentality of the Empress Josephine, from a dark dungeon at Vincennes, where Napoleon had long confined him. On his arriving at Berlin, in 1810, the chief of the police there, Henri Le Coq, took from him his documents, the proofs of his identity as Louis XVII., made him assume the name of Charles William Naundorff, told him it was dangerous for him and for them that he should remain at Berlin, and ordered him to live at Spandau, where he would not be liable to notice, and above all things, to speak to none about his real birth. That which

has stood in the way of Louis XVII. being recognised by the world at large, more than anything else, has been this fact of the Government of Prussia, always from changing political causes, keeping back these documents, the proofs of his identity, from himself and his family up to a very recent date indeed. It is said that the father of the Emperor William I. concealed them safely in his own *escritoire*. It is like the straightforward young Emperor, whom we have with us as I write, to have given them up.

I had only yesterday a letter from Paris with the following intelligence, taken from the "Gil Blas" of Wednesday last, July 8th, which I translate: "La Haye, July 6th.—It is announced to us that the rectification of the civil position (*état*) of the three children of Prince Edmond de Naundorff, grandson of Louis XVI., has taken place. This rectification could not be carried out up to the present time, because Prussia refused to give up the documents which were necessary. At last she has decided to do so, and the rectification is an accomplished fact. They have returned to them the name of Bourbon."

I think Europe will find that this tardy rectification will have an effect in France, especially now that kings seem impossible there, and men's tongues about them are consequently let loose.

There is an angry paragraph in the Paris news of the "Daily Telegraph" of July 11th on this subject. It says: "There is little doubt that if it pleased the Naundorffs to add to their already long surname those of Hapsburg, Hohenzollern, and Romanoff, they would find readily a Dutch Court to sanction the addition on payment of the usual fee." But it says nothing about the main point, the cause of the Dauphin's family getting back their rightful surname legally, viz., because the documents proving their rights, so long withheld by Prussia, have been at length given up to them. T. W.

Mr. Milner Stephen's Cures.

The following letters, forwarded to us by Mr. Milner Stephen, explain themselves.

CONTRACTED KNEE-JOINT.

SIR,—I lately received the following letter from Walter Harrison, whose instantaneous cure by me, of a "contracted knee-joint," with occasional "excruciating pain," through a chalk waggon falling upon it, was reported in "LIGHT," July 19th, 1890, and who was wearing a "leg apparatus" weighing over seven pounds, ordered by the doctors at the City Orthopaedic Hospital, and was warned by them that "he must never go without wearing it!"

30th April, 1891.

R. M. S. "VALETTA."

DEAR SIR,—As now some time has elapsed since you treated me, a letter from me respecting my leg will, I am sure, interest you. I am most happy to say that it continues healthy and strong, and I have no fear of its failing me again.

Since you effected my wonderful cure, I have been following a seafaring career, "although you strongly objected to it." I have been four times to Australia and back, and I have always found my leg equal to the great strain which is put upon it when the ship is in heavy weather.

I am now about to commence a fifth trip, this time to Calcutta, and on my return I shall hope to pay you a visit. God grant your wonderful healing power may be preserved you; for you are indeed a blessing to mankind.

Thanking you for past kindness, I am, dear sir, yours very sincerely, W. HARRISON.

CONSEQUENCES OF INFLUENZA.

Mrs. L. Armstrong, 72, Orford-street, Ipswich, writes the following to Mr. Milner Stephen, June 1st, 1891 [first visit May 4th, last visit May 9th.—G. M. S.]

DEAR MR. MILNER STEPHEN,—I am very glad to be able to tell you that within a week of your treatment, the discharge I was suffering from in my head, and which, I was professionally told, was "inflammation of the mucous membrane," is quite cured. I was suffering from it for nearly two months before coming to you. It came on after a very bad attack of influenza, and it was wonderful that the first time you put your hands on my head, I felt an electrical thrill down my spine, like the shock from a galvanic battery; and having used one many years ago, I know the feeling.

I cannot tell you how very thankful I am. I only wish others would try and profit by your wonderful healing powers, as I have done.

I put off writing, as I thought it might come back, if the weather became colder; but now it has been both colder and warmer, and still I am quite cured, with no return whatever.

MRS. LIZZIE ARMSTRONG.

TEN YEARS' ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS.

April 27th, 1891.

Mr. Richard Middleton, of Sanvey-gate, Leicester, had been suffering for ten years from asthma and bronchitis and a sluggish liver. He lost two stone this winter, and came down to 8st. 4lb. After his treatment this day, he was so much relieved that he said "he had not breathed so well for years."

On May 11th he writes:—

I am pleased to inform you that I am much better. I have gained five pounds in weight since I was weighed a few weeks ago. I feel thankful to you and Almighty God for it.

On July 1st, he writes: I am pleased to inform you that I am nearly restored to my normal state of health. I can eat well, and attend to my business; the same as I did before I was ill. I have gained nine pounds in weight since I wrote to you last, and one stone (fourteen pounds) three pounds since I commenced your treatment.

I think I shall be able to do without any more treatment [i.e., my sending my magnetic or "will-power," to him every morning.—G. M. S.]. I shall always be thankful for what you have done for me.

To G. Milner Stephen, Esq.,
40, York-place, W.

R. MIDDLETON.

BORN BLIND.

Narborough, Leicestershire.

April 20th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—I must offer you our grateful thanks for the good you have done to our little daughter Mabel's eyes during the last fortnight. [The child is only four years old.]

She was born blind, and when six months' old she was taken to the Leicester Infirmary under Dr. Hodges; who examined her eyes with an eye instrument under chloroform, assisted by Dr. Bond and the house surgeon, and a doctor from the Birmingham Eye Hospital.

About twelve months after, my wife took her to Dr. Taylor at the Eye Infirmary, Nottingham, who also examined her eyes with an instrument; and he said "he could do nothing for her, as there was no nerve to the eyes."

Acting upon a friend's advice, I took her to you in London on April 1st; and she stayed there a fortnight; and you treated her twice a day, by breathing into her eyes, and giving her magnetised water to drink, and to bathe her eyes three times a day; which my wife has carefully attended to.

After three or four days of that treatment she began to see; and each day you placed an orange, a small biscuit, and latterly a small white bean upon the carpet; and she always saw them as she came near the spot, and then took them up, sometimes in the presence of visitors.

You kindly refused to take any fees, and you promised to send her "your power," as you did to Mrs. King at Leicester, and cured her of a cancer. We are deeply grateful to you for the benefit she has received from you.

To G. Milner Stephen, Esq.,
40, York-place, W., London.

G. H. BRIERS.

On April 24th, Mr. Briers again writes:—

She seems to be in better health since her return from London than she has enjoyed before. As to her sight, she can without doubt see objects on the floor at a greater distance away to-day; than she was able to do a week ago.

In a later letter the father says:—

I firmly believe her sight is still improving. A clear proof of this was given me on Friday; when my neighbour's cart was standing in the street, some ten or fifteen yards away from where she stood; and she asked me "Whose cart it was standing there" (a clear proof of sight). This is what I have never known her to do before.

How shall I thank you for your kindness to us? I know not; but shall pray that God may preserve you for many years to come; to aid and treat suffering humanity, when all human skill has failed; as you have our dear little child.

G. H. BRIERS.

Possession.

SIR,—The subject alluded to in your number of the 4th inst., being an extract from the life of Archbishop Tait, has not been taken up by any of your correspondents, as I hoped would be the case. That this possession is a very real and terrible thing there can be no doubt; the expression "duality of consciousness" exactly describes a case within my own knowledge of a most painful nature. The demoniacal attacks in this instance appear to be connected with a certain train of thought which is projected with irresistible force into the mind of the victim—and they always end in great physical weakness and depression—no power of will appearing to be of any use in repelling the attacks. Any suggestions as to their cure would be much valued.

FIDES.

The London Spiritualist Federation.

SIR,—Would you oblige by stating in your next issue that I should feel greatly obliged if all secretaries would furnish me with their name and address, also with the name and address of their society? The name and address of all speakers and mediums and all platform workers are required also. A systematic roll-book of societies, secretaries, mediums, speakers, and all platform workers is being formed, therefore a full compliance with above request will greatly facilitate matters.—Yours truly,

140, Fitzwarren-street, JAMES B. TETLOW, Hon. Sec.
Pendleton.

THE SPIRITUALIST'S FAITH.

The following impressive lines were recited over the grave of Leah Underhill by Mrs. Nellie Brigham:—

[From the "Carrier Dove."]

Fading flowers are sparkling flowers,
Flowers that speak of heaven's dark blue,
Lying there with breath so sweet,
Fading, withering at our feet.
We know of lands of fadeless bowers,
We know of shores of deathless flowers,
Grand blossoms rich and rare,
Breathing fragrance in the air.

She has laid her burden down,
And has found her glory crown;
She has passed her pain and loss,
There must stand the risen cross;
But in land you cannot see,
There her soul is made so free
That it feels no pain or loss—
It has the crown, but not the cross.

Friends who look through mists of tears,
Friends who stand in earth's dark spheres,
You cannot see the shining way,
You cannot see her opening day.
And yet, amid earth's cross and woe,
Some sweet message you may know,
How her soul has found the light,
How her way is past the night.

She has heard her mother's voice,
That which makes the soul rejoice;
She has heard her father's tone,
And she is not there alone;
She has found the children there,
Beautiful, and bright and fair,
In the glory of that land,
Where the pure and deathless stand.

She has heard the tones which here
She had mourned for many a year,
Seen the faces which she lost,
For the river she has crossed.
She has laid her great cross down,
She has found at last her crown;
And we think of realms of light,
Far beyond earth's weary night.

O, thine eyes are bright and clear,
And thy light, thy love is here.
We may not hear the dear old voice,
But it says rejoice, rejoice!
For at last my life is free;
I have passed the misty sea,
I have found the shining shore,
And my loved ones gone before.

So, dear friends, from realms of light,
When we say to you good-night,
Think of that bright land of peace,
Where the storms and night shall cease;
Where the glory of the day
Lasts with peace and light away.
She will not feel the drifting snow,
Nor hear the bitter winds that blow.

She has found the sweetest land,
Where the purple flowers grow;
She has seen where angels stand,
Passed from toil and earthly woe.
So, dear friends, there in the light
Say good-morning, not good-night.
Send us all, from shores above,
The benediction of thy love.

SOCIETY WORK.

OPEN-AIR SPIRITUAL MISSION, HYDE PARK.—Next Sunday, near Marble Arch, as usual, at 3.30 p.m., Messrs. Wyndoe and Veitch. Friends are requested to come and help us. Spare literature for free distribution will be gladly welcomed.—PERCY SMYTH, 34, Cornwall-road, W.

PSYCHOLOGICAL HALL, CARDIFF.—JULY 19TH.—Mrs. E. Adams being prevented by indisposition from giving her promised address the platform was occupied by Mr. E. Adams, who gave selections from the late Judge Edmonds' paper upon "Spiritualism as Demonstrated by Ancient and Modern History." Good attendance. We are anticipating the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Victor Wyldes on Sunday and Monday next.—E. A.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—Mrs. Stanley gave a few words on "The Peace which Passeth all Understanding," showing that it could not be given by anyone, but by treading the path of duty to God and our fellow man we should draw to us that peace which no man can take away. Other friends spoke in a cheering and helpful way. Services:—Sunday, July 26th, 11.15 a.m., meeting of Mutual Improvement Branch; 3 p.m., Lyceum; 7 p.m., "The Death of the Body," Mr. W. E. Long. Thursday, July 23rd, "The Federation Question," 8.30.—W. T. C.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—Sunday, July 19th, Mr. Davies occupied our platform, and took for his subject, "St. Paul and Mediums." The speakers showed the great importance of prayer, throwing out many hints of warning to the investigator not to believe every spirit that came through a medium, but to prove and try the spirits, whether they be who they say they are. Sunday, July 26th, Mr. T. Emms, at 7 p.m.; Thursday, séance, Mrs. Bliss, 8 p.m.; Saturday, developing Circle, 8 p.m.—H. W. BRUNKER, Secretary.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—On Sunday last there was a good meeting. Mr. Darby gave us an impressive address, explaining our beautiful religion in a very interesting manner, pointing out its need in the time of trouble, causing great harmony in our midst, our spirit friends manifesting their presence in a number of cases. Mr. Hodder kindly officiated at the organ. Sunday next, 3, Lyceum, Mr. J. Burns will lecture on "Phrenology," with examinations. Tuesdays, 8, séance, Mrs. Mason. Sunday, August 2nd, Rev. Dr. Young will lecture on "The Uses and Dangers of Spiritualism."—J. H. B.

24, HARCOURT-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—Mr. Veitch delivered an interesting explanatory address on Psychometry, followed by experiments, satisfactorily. Sunday, at 11, Mr. T. Pursey; at 7, Mrs. Treadwell, trance address. Thursday, 7.45, Mr. Hopcroft. Saturday, 7.45, Mrs. Hawkins. At a special members' meeting on the 14th inst., Dr. Gale presiding, the suggested rules were accepted. Mr. Hunt, president, Mr. Cooper, vice-president, Mr. Smith, treasurer, Messrs. C. White and R. Milligan, hon. secretaries. Committee, Messrs. Brinkley, Hopcroft, Pursey, and G. White, Mesdames Bell, Noyes, and Treadwell and Miss Vincent. Contributions for members and associates 6d. per month, payable in advance.—C. WHITE AND R. MILLIGAN, Hon. Secretaries.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday the guides of Mr. R. J. Lees took for the subject, "The Christian Armour, its Character and Uses." A powerful exhortation to battle against error, proved that greater zeal and mutual spiritual sympathy was needed; this was a practical age, people judged by results, we were recipients of golden truths and it was within our domain to merit a good report by the free use of the gifts entrusted to us. Questions were often asked Spiritualists, What good do you do? Where are your institutions of progress, your homes for the old and orphans? Yet with a little management much good work could be done—who is willing let them speak! Sunday next, Mr. T. G. Davies at 7 p.m.; Friday, healing.—J. T. AUDY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"REJECTED."—Your communication has been received and your wishes will be attended to. One thousand copies of last week's issue were sent out, and what you send will be similarly used.

P. R.—No, thank you. We cannot meddle with that subject.

L.—There are no séances in London now that we could recommend you to. Personal experiments are best.

C. A. F.—You do not send name and address. The subject on which you write has been freely discussed, and you will find much information in the back numbers of "LIGHT."

T. S.—We do not recommend any public mediums, clairvoyants, or otherwise, for the reason that we believe that the investigator gets what he brings with him, i.e., that the medium is only a medium, and cannot command results. Where one fails another is most successful, and we cannot tell why.

WILLIAM J. FLAGG.—Greatly obliged by your kind attention. You were very fortunate in getting rid of the pest so easily. I never felt any results of illness so long, and it seems to me that whereas a patient recuperates from the ordinary illnesses and has the pleasure—the unique pleasure—of getting well, in this extraordinary illness he relapses over and over again and gets worse.

THE TRANSITION FROM INFANTILE RELIGION TO RATIONAL.

[ADVERTISEMENT—NO. II.]

An essential difference being, the one set of ideas are of this Earth only. The other set derived from contemplation of the Heavens, of the universe around us.

In the first, the beings spoken of were supposed to be Earth Beings, Earth Spirits, Earth Gods. None other were contemplated, for no other world was contemplated.

Now we know of other worlds, systems of worlds, and that our Earth is neither the universe, nor its chief centre. It is itself a mere atom, and Reason suggests that as our Earth is but an atom compared with what we now know of, so all we now perceive may be atomic to the unknown beyond.

As our ideas of the Heavens are enlarged, so should our ideas of the intellects therein, or the ruling powers of space be enlarged. Our Gods should no longer be Earth Gods. Our imagery should no longer be limited, fixed, graven. Our imagery should grow with our knowledge of the universe. As that increases, so should our ideas of possible dwellers in the universe, of space-intellects. Our imagery should be vital, growing, changing with our own growth. Imaging a creative intellect, our ideas of Him should grow with our knowledge of His works.

Now supposing, as the Bible implies, our civilisation was started by higher intellects, by some not of Earth-origin, but possessing experience derived from countless worlds, in the infancy of our race all their teaching would be supposed to relate to this Earth only. The nascent race would think of no other.

If we have traditions of such teaching, which hitherto have seemed unintelligible, we might try if they became more intelligible if we regarded them as from actual space intelligences: beings capable of travelling from world to world and system to system, and who would be thinking of *their* universe and *their* mode of life when talking to us.

Instead, therefore, of studying the ideas of Old Saints and others in the times of intense ignorance, we might study the Heavens and our own Earth in its space-history, its long past, and try to enlarge our own ideas, in hopes, the less cramped our own minds are, the more easily we may form ideas about beings said to belong to universal or space-society.

The whole of our education needs reforming. To understand a space-society, to form any ideas thereof, we must first form ideas of space itself and its contents, beginning with the worlds, systems, forces, &c., we now know of. Give up the trumpery teaching, and "Beggarly Elements" of our present education, and seek an enlarged education, suitable to children of the Supreme intellect, for we are told to regard ourselves as such.

All the prophetic and symbolic portions of our Scriptures are now going to be re-interpreted on the supposition that they were originally communicated by space-intellects, and were instructions to us as infants of infinite societies: a teaching utterly unintelligible to minds trained in the cramped mould hitherto used.

Let all who would be children of the Supreme study His works as best they can. Let the educated consider the less educated, and aid in teaching, writing for them works suitable to their understanding, not full of long words, but in simple, clear language adapted to children.

Soon we hope to state the tasks the learned must work at. But let us aid the mass of men to understand as much as possible, and to follow our work with interest. They in their turn must aid fellow workers, each in his capacity.

REJECTED.