

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Mr. Stead is, indeed, many-sided and prolific as a projector and writer. His 'Review of Reviews Annual' for 1896 again presents him as romancer and pamphleteer combined. 'Blastus, the King's Chamberlain,' is the very clever title of this wild yet purposeful story. For the meaning of it see Acts xii. 20 (Mr. Stead inaccurately cites xii. 2). Apart from the story, the 'Annual' reeks with interest (we can find no other word for it—it literally *reeks* with interest) by reason of its social and political allusions and forecasts, wild enough, as we have said, but vastly entertaining.

The Christmas Number of 'Chapman's Magazine' has rather an original flavour about it, but not altogether a nice flavour. 'Leopardess,' for instance, is a mere morbid foolishness. Mr. Zangwill's 'The Choice of Parents,' on the other hand, is entirely quaint and clever:—We commend it to all good Re-incarnationists. 'The Widow's Cruise' is a superbly funny story, with real 'colour' in it. But, on the whole, it is a budget of strong ghost stories, or equally strong psychological shockers.

'Heaven revised; a narrative of personal experiences after the change called death,' by Mrs. Duffey, has been a long time before the public. It is a rather good specimen of a somewhat puzzling style of book,—realistic and romantic, soberly sensible and dramatically morbid. It has a very tempting and useful opening, and the general framework of it is conceivably real, but some of its incidents or narratives are hardly credible. It is well written and is published by 'The Two Worlds' Publishing Company, Manchester.

'Spiritual Truth and Common-sense.' By Brian Hodgson (Birmingham: Cornish Brothers), is a first-rate fighting pamphlet, as 'A plea for Spiritualism.' It has all the rattling go, the push and the assurance, of modern Birmingham, but with a depth of sense and a height of sentiment contributed by the subject and the writer's treatment of it. As a blend of satire and argument, chaff and philosophy, it is distinctly good. The conclusion, indicating the new view of life that will arrive when Spiritualism truly arrives, and when the world lives up to it, involves a social and moral revolution, but it seems to logically follow. We are not now living as we should do if we really believed in the continuity of life. If we did, to use Mr. Hodgson's keen phrase, the currency would be changed, and our gold mines would be found hard by the misery of the world; for the capital of the wise would be newly-minted Happiness and Love.

Anything in 'The Daily Chronicle,' with the very slightest leaning towards the occult is a decided novelty.

All the more pleased were we, a few days ago, to see in its pages a prominent reference to Dr. Niel Finsen's noteworthy article in 'The British Medical Journal' on the old 'superstition' concerning the influence of red in small-pox cases. Says 'The Chronicle':—

In the Middle Ages small-pox patients were treated by wrapping them in red coverings and putting red balls in their beds, and even in the present day in Japan and elsewhere patients are covered with red blankets. Such customs have been looked upon as mere superstition; the success, however, of the red light treatment seems to point to the fact that after all such methods may have been found to be beneficial, and to be founded upon a scientific basis.

Perhaps it will some day occur to 'The Chronicle' that there may be something in other 'superstitions' besides the old notion that red has a subtle but powerful influence on the skin.

But the researches of Dr. Finsen deserve attention for their own sake. The main conclusion arrived at is that when light is passed through a red medium certain irritating chemical rays are cut off, securing a great reduction of inflammatory action. 'Dr. Finsen,' says 'The Chronicle,' 'has been experimenting with red light on patients suffering from small-pox, and finds that if the patient is kept in a room in which the windows have red glass, or are covered by red curtains to exclude all but red light, pitting on the face and hands is entirely prevented, such treatment proving itself quite as efficacious as entirely excluding the light from these parts by covering them up.'

This, if true, may lead to important results in surgery and sick nursing. In the meantime we invite the young men of 'The Chronicle' to the reflection that light may be, in its way, as destructive as dynamite.

The prevalence of juvenile crime in America is attracting serious attention. 'The Literary Digest' says:—

A strange feature of the criminal record of the past week or two is the youth of many of those accused of atrocious and revolting deeds. Young boys have figured as murderers, burglars, forgers, and thieves. In New York a fourteen-year-old boy named Beresheim is under arrest on the charge of having murdered a man named Krauer, and the Gerry Society is said to be convinced of his guilt. Two students of Union College, charged with burglary, have confessed that they had begun as amateur vandals and gradually developed into professional thieves and robbers. But the case which has created the greatest sensation is that of the four boys who recently wrecked a fast mail train near Rome, in this State, causing the death of two men and severe injuries to a number of others. The object of the crime seems to have been plunder, and there is said to be evidence of great care and skill in the planning of the crime. The leader is a boy of eighteen named Hildreth, a son of a New York lawyer, and his associates are Bristol, aged eighteen, Plate, aged seventeen, and Hibbard, aged nineteen. After their arrest, detectives found a number of sensational stories in their rooms, including a life of Jesse James, and the general impression is that their crime was due to the effects of detective novels and penny dreadfuls. The newspapers, in commenting on this extraordinary number of juvenile crimes, discuss the means of preventing the circulation of such literature among the young.

The Springfield 'Republican' says that the evidence is complete that 'the work of demoralisation and training for crime was completed if not begun by this sort of vicious reading.' This, as we all know, applies to England, and we do not think that our Hall Caines and Louis Stevensons are free from blame. The truth is that many of our successful story writers are far too fond of murders, and even of revelling in gory details: and the reviewers call this 'powerful writing.' The paper just quoted gets right home when it says:—

These boys lived in a false world, with false conceptions of heroism, false ideals, and false notions of enjoyment and happiness, and they must awaken from their degrading dreams, if they ever do, in prison. Their condition differs only in degree from that of hundreds of others, and the authors and publishers of the kind of literature with which they fed their imaginations cannot escape responsibility for their crime and its consequences.

There is an enormous opening for Spiritualists here. The real devil we have to resist and keep down is the survival of the brute, more or less, of course, in us all.

Francis Schlatter, the wonderful leader, is transferring his operations to Chicago. It is said that the American Press generally concede his sincerity and admit occasional cures of a startling kind. 'The Congregationalist' has given very considerable attention to him, commissioning a correspondent to make a thorough investigation on the spot. The following from his latest communication, is important:—

Through all his public career there runs a thread of the same spirit that has animated all the world's benefactors, of tremendous faith and will, of simple unworldliness and of unselfish devotion. It is this thread of sweet reasonableness, amid much unreason, that has given him his hold on the popular imagination, and that makes him and his work a worthy, though disappointing, study. For to any who may have had larger hopes, his work is a disappointment—not because there have been no cures. . . . I have, over the signature of a local physician here, the statement of the radical cure of one of his patients afflicted with blindness and a paralysed arm from brain lesion, that is, to say the least, sufficiently categorical to be amazing. And from any point of view there is no reason to doubt that there have been many cures.

Notwithstanding this, 'The Congregationalist's' special correspondent is 'disappointed' in his work, because, 'as it goes on, it appears directed to no moral end.' The exposition of this note of disappointment is curious:—

It is accompanied by no teaching, is attended by no moral or spiritual stimulus for its objects. Its final cause appears to be the temporary alleviation of physical pain. This is, of course, a reasonable and worthy aim, but, standing alone, it robs the work of any such moral significance as some had hoped it might possess. Such cures are a poor travesty of those wrought occasionally by faith in God, when all human aids had failed, the infallible note of which is an accompanying spiritual revival that transcends in wonder and importance any merely physical recuperation. Such cures—those know who have ever had them within their circle of observation—inevitably cause the beholder to glorify God, in forgetfulness of any human medium. Not so here. The popular apprehension of Schlatter's work is of a non-moral wonder-working. Such a phenomenon may be of deep interest scientifically, but it wholly lacks the divine fire that made Peter's wonder-working a consuming flame for the moral and spiritual ills of those to whom he ministered.

So far from sharing this 'disappointment,' we distinctly feel ourselves drawn to Schlatter's operations because of this absence of 'moral or spiritual stimulus.' This isolates the healing, and ought very greatly to simplify the evidence for or against it. We strongly hope he will come to London.

'Le Figaro' will, we hope, persist in its protest against the submerging of France in irreligion and materialism,

and in showing the service done by, or possible to, Spiritualism 'in raising the standard of revolt against the materialism in which we are wallowing, as M. Jules Bois says. That keen writer has no notion of 'whispering humbleness.' He flings his glove at the apostles of the dirt that ends all:—

M. Zola has perhaps created the symbolist school by the excess of his naturalism. Spiritualism is a much deeper reaction against the atheism of Proudhon, the scepticism of Renan, the braggings of Büchner. I know that crazy people have been mixed up in it, but there are weak heads everywhere. In fact it has been the consolation and the pleasure of the highest minds. . . . In our days the movement has grown in innumerable directions. The painters, usually so material, have set to work to reproduce the miracles. . . . The celebrated musician, Mlle. Auguste Holmes, receives messages from the beyond; the poetess, Mme. Zola-Dorian, hears the voice of the invisible. What shall I say? The boulevard itself forgets to rail, or rather dares not. On the Tortoric terrace M. Aurelien Scholl relates to me the prodigies of Homer, who altered the hour on a clock without touching it, and Maurice Montigut still shivers at the recollection of his juvenile experience at table-turning. . . . 'The Daily News' having asked of President Carnot his religious belief, the latter answered that he was a disciple of Allan Kardec, but that he adhered to the Catholic religion for State reasons. And everyone knows of the tears shed by Queen Victoria over the death of the medium who had given her the opportunity of talking with the Prince Consort.

M. Jules Bois seems to be out of patience, however, with the majority of spirits. He says they are simple ignorant, superstitious. They need sharply taking to task. But that is no reason why we should dismiss the subject. M. Bois thinks that no 'generous intellect' should be capable of unconcern with regard to the subject.

OCCULT LAW.

By DOCTOR W. W. WOOLSEY.

FROM 'THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.'

Occult law is the product of the Divine Mind. It is the expression of Supreme Intelligence, or Infinite Wisdom—the regular method or sequence by which certain phenomena or effects follow certain conditions or causes. Such, for instance, are the laws of attraction and repulsion, by which mental vibrations create forces, and forces, by rule of action, create phenomena. Occult law, acting upon organisms, stimulates functional activity, and is the direct cause of so much broadened research on the metaphysical plane. Involution must of necessity follow evolution. The law of evolution must be negative to the positive law of involution. Spoken words are but the expression of thought, and the vibrations of thought are subjective to the law of attraction.

It is a mistake to say there is supernatural, unnatural, or preternatural law. In order to form a concept of *occult* law we must obtain it through the natural, or physical. Natural law finds its source in the occult realms of Infinitude, where Supreme Wisdom must essentially govern all that is or ever will be. It is through a perfect knowledge of law that we become qualified for a permanent residence in the spheres of absolute perfection.

The Chinese, by introducing poison into the sap, have a method of dwarfing forest trees to dimensions suited to a flower-pot, and teachers of alleged supernatural law are likewise the human instruments that dwarf men's minds in the acquirement of knowledge. The term *supernatural law* is a misnomer, part of a false theological doctrine. There can be no law superior to First Cause, or the primary Principle. What pioneer thinker would care to imbibe inspiration from a source that conceives a power antagonistic to that of the Creator?

Supreme Intelligence is supposed to be the embodiment of all wisdom, law, and love. Law is the activity of the principle which governs order or harmony. Without immutable and eternal law the regularity of systems could not be universally maintained. Law is an attribute of the Divine Mind, which exists without origin. It governs the expression of all Life.

There is an unwritten law that governs the motion of primordial molecules or atoms ; the same law governs the actions of innumerable worlds, suns, and systems, as well as the actions of individuals. It stamps itself upon the conscience, and when properly applied will guide the development of our spiritual nature. The only true dispenser of universal law for the government of all things visible and invisible is the great creative Principle to which its origin is due.

The definition of occult law cannot be conceived by human reason ; it is too abstruse for satisfactory solution. The finite mind is like a pyramid upon which is inscribed the ideal conception, and the more we build the higher we ascend the metaphysical plane that leads to ultimate perfection. This is the heritage of all mankind. Each time we move the scaffolding around this ideal pyramid, our lenses of perception become brightened for grander concepts and greater unfoldment of infinite law. And when we have placed the capping-stone thereon, and stand upon the summit, we find supreme harmony, created by law, transcending all finite conjecture.

The science of geometry teaches that a line is without breadth and may reach to unending infinitude, which is incomprehensible. It is the same with occult law ; the more we study it the more awe-stricken we become. We cannot realise the sublimity of our experiences as we grow in the progressive knowledge of these laws. Words are inadequate to express our feelings or our conceptions. We can but exclaim, How wonderful is Law ! 'All is Law ;' without Law there is nothing that could exist. Law may be likened unto a circle with unlimited radii and indefinable completeness. How immense the mind must be that can comprehend it instantly, without effort ! The desire to understand law should become a fixed principle in the mind of every individual. It is important that we should acquire a more conscious knowledge of the laws of being—of the laws that govern our individual existence. To be shut out from such knowledge creates the feeling of a living death. Primary lessons in fundamental laws are stepping-stones that lead to the mountain-peaks of inexorable Law.

It is our privilege (and all possibilities lie before us) to become not only Sons of Infinite Wisdom, but also to become sufficiently able to control the laws that govern suns, systems, and worlds. By and through the law of intuitive perception alone can we perceive the true foundations upon which to build the philosophy of human reason and human laws, both the social and the civil. It matters not how Utopian the idea of such laws may be ; they are neither visionary nor impossible. Yet to call this idea visionary is no stigma, for it precedes realisation. The spiritual perception would not be awakened without this necessary prelude.

A knowledge of occult law will destroy the pedestals upon which stand the musty idols of myth and miracle—just as the solar orb, when he shines forth in the majesty of his supreme glory, kisses into nothingness the icebergs of the glacial ages. In proportion as man ripens in the perfection of occult law, will the fogs and shadows of superstition be eliminated and the sunlight of truth brighten his mental horizon.

What is that law by which the sentient soul springs into individualised existence and beholds its parentage in the mirror of divine love ? Hands did not make the wonders of creation, nor fabricate the spiritual soul, nor construct the subtle principles that move and influence mind and matter. Law governs this potent and imponderable force. The material cannot construct the immaterial, for that which thinks not cannot cause the existence of that which thinks.

Lord Bacon declared that 'Knowledge is power.' He might have added that *Law* (like one's conjugal partner) is the legalised companion which guides power into spheres of usefulness. Through the law of attraction the individual mind is conveyed upward to the celestial courts of Infinite Love, where all is governed by harmonious law, which is the product, the edict, and sovereign will of Infinite Wisdom.

'EXPERIENCES WITH MISS KATE FOX' was the subject of an address by the Rev. J. Page Hopps, on Friday evening, December 20th. A report will appear in our next week's issue.

THERE is music ever in the kindly soul,
For every deed of goodness done is like
A chord set in the heart, and joy doth strike
Upon it oft as memory doth unroll
The immortal page whereon good deeds are writ.

—MACKELLAR.

AN ARGUMENT FOR RE-INCARNATION.

Some of the correspondents of 'LIGHT' have from time to time complained that when Re-incarnation is the subject of discussion there is nothing but theory, and that no facts are given. Of course, on such an abstract subject it is difficult to give facts, and I do not know whether my experience would be considered as coming under that category ; but this I know, that all dependence on the reliability of spirit teachings or communications must, in a great measure, hinge on our belief in the truthfulness of the spirit of whom I am about to write.

During the year 1878 we were living in Chicago, and attending the ministrations of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, when it was the custom, after her lecture, to ask for subjects for an impromptu poem. Generally, several subjects were suggested, whereupon, by a show of hands, the audience decided which should be taken. Dr. George Bishop, once a Baptist minister, but then and still a magnetic healer in Chicago, proposed a subject 'How to adjust our lives to God.' This, however, was not chosen, and, on coming out of the church, he asked me to write for him a poem on that subject. I replied that it depended on whether I received the inspiration from my spirit influences. A few nights afterwards, about 12 p.m., I was aroused as by an electric shock, and made to understand that I was to get up and write. I did so, and what I wrote proved to be a long poem to Dr. Bishop, asserting and re-asserting that the communicating spirit, whom I knew under the name of El Hakim, Dr. Bishop, and myself had all lived hundreds of years ago at the same time in an Eastern land, and giving the Doctor advice on the question he had proposed. When the writing was finished I was told to send for Dr. Bishop, as the spirit wished to talk to him. After some delay Dr. Bishop came, though very reluctantly, and the moment he entered our apartments one of his controls, calling himself Von Schieler, entranced him. Seeing that Dr. Bishop was quite unconscious, I, speaking as, or for, the spirit El Hakim, asked Von Schieler to relinquish his control, that we might talk to his medium, and try to rouse in him some memory of the long ago, when they dwelt together in the East ; but all we could get for reply was 'I know you are a great spirit, but we lesser spirits have our rights, and I do not want to lose my medium.' For El Hakim I replied, 'I do not want to deprive you of your medium, but I want to talk to brother Bishop, who was my foster-brother in a former incarnation.' Von Schieler was obstinate and sullen, and yet he seemed in mortal terror of El Hakim, causing Dr. Bishop apparently to shrink from him. Seeing that we could do nothing with Von Schieler, I asked him if I might be allowed to speak with Dr. Bishop's Indian guide, Chinqui. He consented, and under Chinqui's control Dr. Bishop straightened himself up, and when I held out my hand as a token of amity, Dr. Bishop, still in trance, held out his and shook mine. Chinqui was more reasonable than Von Schieler, and saw no objection to our talking to his medium, but Dr. Bishop no sooner regained consciousness than Von Schieler entranced him again, and kept him in trance till he got him out of the house.

Now it seems to me as a very pertinent question, If there is no such thing as Re-incarnation, why did Von Schieler (instead of being stubborn) not say, 'You are a lying spirit, and you know you are not speaking the truth' ? Chinqui also seemed to acknowledge that it was quite possible that El Hakim was truthful in saying that he had known Dr. Bishop in past ages. My husband was present at this strange interview, and I have never been in trance, but at that time was inspirational and clairaudient, or, as perhaps some would say, telepathic to spirits ; and to myself and others I appeared to be in my normal state. Several mediums have seen and described El Hakim as being with me, and they have all agreed in their description.

Waukegan, Ill., U.S.A.

(MRS.) W. DINNING.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

Mrs. Wallis, of Manchester, will give an address in the French Drawing Room, St. James's Hall, on *Thursday evening*, January 9th, on 'Spiritual Gifts,' followed by experiments in clairvoyance.

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EDITOR E. DAWSON ROGERS.
Assisted by a Staff of able Contributors.

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DRIFTING AWAY.

We do not envy the human being who can draw near to the last days of a year without the gentle grace of tender thought,—not necessarily sad but certainly serious. All days are, indeed, among the last days; and the divisions of our years are, in a way, arbitrary; but there is still a deep truth in the old saying, 'We spend our years as a tale that is told.'

But what a curious illusion life is! We seem to be living, but, in truth, we are all dying—that is, in so far as there is any death. The moment of departure is the moment when the new-comer hails the world with its tiny cry, and virtually steps into the boat of life and sails away. And never for a moment does the voyage delay. In the splendour of the day: in the quiet brooding night: sitting silent, alone, peacefully reading or enjoying the absolute stillness of the mountains, the meadows, the woods, subdued to the enchantment of a midsummer night's dream; or whispering, 'Lord, it is good for us to be here: let us make tabernacles, and remain':—never ceasing; the equal pace accurately kept; not a moment lost; not a moment saved;—drifting, drifting away.

Of all things it is true, and not only of human life. That anything abides is only an illusion. The one secure verity is that nothing visible is secure. It is true of 'the great globe itself' as well as of 'all which it inherit.' From the unseen it came; and back to the unseen it will return. It is only time which, in this, makes the great globe to differ from the gnat: both as assuredly play their little parts and disappear; and, compared with infinity, there is not much to choose between the great globe and the gnat.

It is so with all the institutions, political systems, religions, by which, for the time being, Man has attempted to express his longings or to define his discoveries. Every one is only a temporary contrivance, a passing symbol, the effort of a child to speak like a man. Hence the extreme foolishness of attempting to make anything a finality, to close any account with Nature or Human Nature, to say, with regard to anything, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.' Not long ago, the Librarian of one of our Universities asked a modern-minded professor what medical works he should weed out from the Library. The answer was a profoundly significant one:—'All that are more than ten years old.' What if we gave that answer with reference to books on critical Theology and Religion? It would, of course, be over-sweeping, but it would not be entirely without significance and sense. Ay! and even in relation to our own great subject; although it is true that we are suffering from a spate of crass unbelief and materialism, it is still true that denial and scorn are not where they were.

Steadily, steadily, the solid rock is being bared; and, as steadily, the mere scorers are drifting away.

But, after all, 'drifting' is hardly the word. It is more like attraction or the compelling of some internal law. In the great Northern regions of perpetual ice and snow, where a kind of death seems to forever hold all things in its icy grasp, where Nature seems to have forgotten this rigid, changeless solitude, the throb of mighty changes never ceases. The flow is well-nigh unbroken. Far-off the icy hand relaxes. Mighty masses of ice and snow part company with the huge desolation, and float away to more Southern seas, and melt, and take on the hues of kindlier climes and lovelier skies:—a beautiful symbol of the universal advance from death to life, from winter's desolation to the glow of the summer-land. And no accident is in it: no real drifting, as we know drifting, but purpose in it all, consecutiveness, unity, onwardness, life. 'Willing or unwilling, still I follow,' said a thoughtful 'Pagan' of the old-world. A blessed thought! We cannot finally drift the wrong way. We must follow or go with the gulf-stream. God *will* have His way with us, 'willing or unwilling,' blessed be His holy name! Paul said that all things work together for good to those who love God: but may we not go a step further and say that, in the end, all things will work together for good even to those who love not God? What if the all-wise and all-merciful One has so ordered all things that even His sinners and His fools will be drifted in!

What a consoling thought as the years go by! Every one of us will, sooner or later, come to the great drifting day that men call 'The day of death.' But that which we call 'Death' is only the great gulf-stream of life. Ah! to what sunny things it will introduce us all at last! He was a bright-souled teacher who said, 'The perpetual exodus from our homes, our church, our fields of common friendship is to be explained only by the great invitation that comes to the dying from some better land. As they came into this being by a Creator's goodness, by the path of that goodness they depart.' Thus understood, how beautiful is Death!—how blessed the drift that takes us home!

The secret of this blessedness is the confidence that wisdom and goodness are the impelling and drawing forces in the Universe. It is not always easy to believe it. Indeed, there are times when the bitter cry, 'Is life worth living?' is nearer to the surface than, 'What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.' But the deeply thoughtful hours are the hours of trust or hope, and the larger outlook upon life reveals at least this,—that the great prevailing tendency is towards unfolding, happiness, life. Say what we will of the price which God or Nature pays, the end aimed at is this; and we see quite enough to justify us in our confidence that the aim is being achieved,—that the prevailing impelling and attracting forces are wisdom and goodness, and that the end will be in harmony with that supreme fact.

He who lives in the spirit, then, will be in no doubt as to either his duty or his destiny. He will make the best of both worlds. He will think it shameful to leave this world with his affairs in disorder, or with vague and scant preparations for the vaster life beyond. He will send his best treasures on before, and will see to it that there are, indeed, treasures to send on. He will accustom himself to the idea and the fact of the great experiment of 'Death,' knowing that it does make a difference, whether one has thought it all out beforehand, or passes on, to be only puzzled and surprised.

But, after all, the best preparation for 'Death' is to do one's duty in life. The word for the day is, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might':—no flinching, no whining, no fearing. The short route to Heaven lies through absorbing unselfish work on earth. That was

a fine saying attributed to John Wesley, when one asked him, 'Supposing you knew that you were to die to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?' 'Why, just as I intend to spend it now; preach this evening at Gloucester, and again to-morrow morning there. Then I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. Then repair to Friend Martin's house, who expects me, converse and pray with the family, retire to my room, commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory.'

Yes! that is the programme of the true saint;—head erect, conscience sound, courage high, and the face turned like a flint to the duty of the hour. For the rest, *this* :—

I am drifting away to some other shore,
I know not where it may be;
But, Spirit of Love! wherever I go,
My soul will abide in thee.

I have known thy love in the years long passed,
In seasons of grief and care;
And I know thy peace, which has blessed me here,
Will comfort and bless me there.

I am drifting away from familiar scenes,
From the friends I've known of old;
And things I have valued and held as mine
My life will no longer hold.

I am drifting away, as the years go by,
Out over Eternity's sea;
But, Hope of my life, wherever I go,
My soul will abide in thee.

CHARMERS.

In 'La Curiosité' Dr. Pascal gives a curious account of a famous charmer of birds. In the village of Brignolles, in Camps, Dr. d'Alger witnessed a striking example of his power. His name was Jacques Pelissier, commonly known as Maitre Jacques, and it was said that he could in five minutes kill a bird by his gaze, at a distance of thirty or forty paces. In 1864, when Dr. d'Alger visited the place, he and some scientific investigators who accompanied him saw this man exercise his art. The birds seemed to be partially paralysed at first; then they jumped, beat their wings, and finally fell motionless on the ground. Maitre Jacques picked them up, and put them in his bosom. In one hour he caught in this manner some forty of the little creatures. At the request of the Doctor and those who accompanied him, the charmer diminished or intensified at pleasure the somnolent condition into which he threw his captives. He sometimes awoke them completely, and gave them a certain degree of liberty, permitting them to fly around him at short distances. He would then plunge them anew into the torpid state. Only some birds, such as the redthroat, and chiefly the smaller kinds, were completely subject to him. The skylark often got away, while others were almost insensible to his power. Dr. Pascal states that he is acquainted with ocular witnesses of the man's skill, and that these have confirmed to him the accuracy of Dr. d'Alger's report, the charmer having continued to exercise his gift for many years after the above date. Among other interesting matter in his article the Doctor calls attention to the circumstance that in the pearl fisheries at Ceylon charmers are employed to paralyse the white sharks which swarm in the fishery waters there, and that no native will venture into the deep unless the charmers have exercised their spells. He states that barely thirty years ago the British Government paid the chief charmer in these waters, and that, in addition to his wage, he received ten pearl oysters per day from each pearl boat. He further adds that, since the British occupation, only one authentic case of an accident through the presence of sharks has been known, although the coasts are infested by these voracious creatures. The charm over the sharks is said to be efficacious only during daylight. Can any of our readers confirm this statement regarding the connection of our Government with the Ceylon shark charmers?

KEEP an open mind; do not be content to take truth at second-hand. Ideas which your mind has not assimilated are stolen property, they are not truly yours. Creeds conventionally professed, formulas mechanically repeated, ossify the organs of intelligence.

PSYCHIC PHILOSOPHY.*

Those who complain that 'Spiritualism has no philosophy' will find in Mr. V. C. Desertis's volume, 'Psychic Philosophy as the Foundation of a Religion of Natural Law,' a very full and powerful answer. Professor Alfred R. Wallace, in a little introductory note, written at the publisher's request, says that the author shows 'that the facts of psychical research and modern Spiritualism are really in harmony with the most advanced conclusions of science, and especially with modern conceptions as to the constitution of matter and of ether. Taking these facts and conclusions as starting points, the author develops with great lucidity a philosophy of the universe and of human nature in its threefold aspect of body, soul, and spirit. He shows how we are thus led to a Religion of Natural Law which, when thoroughly realised, becomes a sure guide to right action both for individuals and communities, and often affords a clue to the solution of most vital political and social problems.' This admirably describes the general character of the work, but at the same time it takes the wind out of the reviewer's sails!

In an 'Introduction' of nearly thirty pages, Mr. Desertis discusses the present condition of religious opinion among the educated, and shows that a great and unexampled change is taking place in the basis of faith, for belief must, in future, be founded on knowledge, or justified by facts. 'To find the connection between the facts of life and the laws of morality, that men may believe in right-doing as they believe in sanitation, is what is now required, that the instincts of the understanding and of the heart, no longer disparate to one another, should co-operate.' To this end, 'miracle and persistence after death must be matters of experience'—by *miracle* being understood 'the physical action of an unseen intelligent agent, producing results to which known laws are inadequate.'

The bulk of the volume consists of two Parts; the first treats of 'The Basis of Experimental Fact,' the second, of 'Theory and Inferences.' Part one has three chapters, which deal respectively with 'The Physical Phenomena, or Outward Facts, the Evidence of the Senses,' 'The Inner or Subjective Facts—Mediumship,' and 'The Morality of Spiritualism.' Part two contains seven chapters, which treat of the very important questions of 'Matter and Ether,' 'The Orders of Existence,' 'The Gate of Death,' 'The Body—the Means of Action,' 'Soul—the Forming Power,' 'Spirit—the Directing Will,' and 'The Human Family.'

The subject matter of the first Part is, more or less, familiar to Spiritualists, but very few of us, probably, have got the general facts and conclusions of 'experimental' Spiritualism so clearly and logically arranged in our minds as the author sets them forth here. He does not attempt to *prove* the truth of the phenomena; but he discusses them in a philosophic spirit, a spirit which will, perhaps, be new, and cannot fail to be both interesting and instructive, even to the most 'experienced' Spiritualist.

The really powerful and original part of the book is the second Part, and it is here that the reviewer sighs for yards and yards of 'space' in order to do anything like justice to the author and his work. Bacon says that food for the mind must not be too concentrated, else, like food for the body, it is not easy to digest; and Mr. Desertis serves up to us food for the mind already in a very concentrated form. To extract a few of the leading ideas and present them to the reader would not be difficult, but this would give no just conception of the book as a whole. To try to 'boil it down' still more would be to run the risk of making it indigestible. The book touches upon almost every department of scientific, philosophic, and religious thought, and what it really calls for is not a *critique* but a *commentary*—a commentary of the good old kind, with one line of the text and a page or two of comments. Still the book is eminently pleasant and apparently *easy* reading; it is only when one gives way to the trains of thought suggested by the text that the need of any commentary becomes manifest; and perhaps there could be no higher compliment paid to any book than to say, as we say of 'Psychic Philosophy,' that almost every line in it is suggestive. A short extract or two will, we hope, stimulate our readers to procure and study the book for themselves. In 'Matter and Ether,' we read about Ether :—

The view that is gaining ground among scientific men is, then, somewhat as follows: The origin of matter is not by

* 'Psychic Philosophy as a Foundation of a Religion of Natural Law,' by V. C. Desertis; with an Introductory Note by Alfred Russel Wallace, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S. 8vo, 342 pp. George Redway, London; 1896. Price 5s.

creation *ex nihilo*, but by evolution ; by the action of unknown force on pre-existing substance. This substance is not broken or interrupted by masses of matter, but pervades them, and is, compared to matter, homogeneous, or at all events vastly more fine-grained, and is not a fluid properly so-called, because it has rigidity. It is like a perfect fluid in being frictionless, like a solid in being somewhat rigid, like a gas in being exceedingly penetrable. . . . It differs from matter *suo genere* and belongs to quite another order of existence. Portions of this ether have, it is not known how, been impressed with vortex motion, and are now atoms of divers sorts and sizes, which could only be destroyed by the application of the force that called them into being, and of these, all material objects are built up. In them are entangled other portions of ether, to which other observed properties of masses of matter are due, and by means of all these properties the universe becomes perceptible to human senses. Yet other portions of this substance round about the earth and planets are in simple vibratory motion carrying energy radiated from the sun, which energy is manifested as heat, light, electricity, and magnetism.

In 'The Orders of Existence,' we read :—

All souls must take form—that is, must be clothed in matter—before they can be externalised and made apparent in a material world ; and similarly, the higher spiritual manifestation must in its turn be anthropomorphic, for no other would be understood. . . . The plant, were it conscious, would know of animal life under vegetable analogies (and how imperfect these would be a moment's thought must show) ; the animal knows man under brute analogies, and man knows God under human analogies, and makes God in his own image.

In 'The Gate of Death' :—

While the senses perceive facts and the mind perceives truths, the spirit perceives principles.

But the fact is that to extract passages from a work, the various parts of which form a consecutive argument, and hang together in an organic whole, is to do the author an injustice ; we must, therefore, content ourselves by once more recommending the book very heartily to our readers, adding our congratulations to Mr. Redway upon his excellent recommencement as a publisher.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

BY EDINA.

Communication between this world and the next, by means of automatic writing, has always appeared to me to be the most satisfactory mode of revealing the identity of departed friends (1) by reason of the internal evidence afforded by the messages ; (2) because of the occasional reproduction of a familiar 'earthly' expression ; (3) the variety in the caligraphy of the messages ; and, lastly, because we sometimes have the earthly script or signature reproduced from the 'other side.' And yet these automatically-written messages often greatly puzzle me, and raise many perplexing problems. Out of hundreds of messages received by us, if we except those got from the control (Professor Sandringham), and a few from near relatives now in the beyond, a large number are below the level of mediocrity, and more or less tainted with incoherency, mis-spelling, grammatical errors, &c., or are seriously marred by puerilities or worse. I have more than once touched on these defects and drawbacks in previous articles ; but the case with which I now wish to deal is one of the most perplexing with which I have yet met during the years I have been studying (I trust in as judicial a frame of mind as possible) the problems of psychology.

A gentleman, who for the purposes of this article I shall designate as Mr. G., with whom I was on terms of close and confidential intercourse in business for close on forty years, recently 'joined the majority.' My association with him was purely a business one, and he never visited me socially. The reason for this would be quite intelligible, were I to state our relative positions while so associated ; but this is not necessary for the purposes of this article. Suffice it to say that, so far as the medium was concerned, she had no knowledge of his personality, and had never seen Mr. G., except on the street. On the day of the funeral she, at my request, went with her mother to the cemetery, and saw his spirit form present looking into the open grave, after the coffin was lowered into its narrow receptacle. Immediately thereafter the form slowly glided away from the scene, with a gentle smile on his countenance.

Within a month after this occurrence Mr. S., a very intimate friend of the deceased gentleman, arrived in this country from America. He is a devoted Spiritualist, while at the same time a distinguished member of the legal profession, and a man

gifted with a high sense of honour and possessing a most acute and well-balanced mind. In discussing the recent passing over of our mutual friend, I suggested to this American gentleman that, if he came and had a sitting with us, it was quite possible a message might be got from Mr. G. which would disclose identity. He at once acceded to my suggestion, and the séance was held. Nothing was said to the medium of our expectation ; she was merely told that Mr. S. was coming, and as he had frequently sat with us before, the meeting proposed gave her no inkling of what we expected. Very soon after sitting at the table Mr. G. appeared on the scene, accompanied by another member of the same profession as himself, but with whom, when on this side, he was certainly not on the best of terms, which makes me incline to the view that 'there' as *here*, the 'hatchet is sometimes buried.' The medium was quite positive of the identity of both these 'com-pearers,' having, as I have said, seen Mr. G. in earth life, and been shown the portrait of the other exhibited in a shop window, after his demise. The medium then said 'Mr. G. wishes to write to you, Mr. S., and has asked the other person now with him to stand aside till he does so.' A message of a very few lines was then written with much difficulty, as if penned by a beginner. It simply contained the name of the deceased and a statement that he was glad to see his old and trusted friend from America again. Neither script nor signature was at all like that of the deceased in earth-life, with this remarkable exception, that the letter 'r' which occurred in the middle name of the deceased, and which he always wrote in a peculiar fashion, was exactly reproduced ; while the two succeeding letters in this name were extremely like those occurring in the earthly signature. Shortly after this episode Mr. G. disappeared, and one or two additional visitors came on the scene. Mr. S. was much impressed with the incident, and took the message with him to America. At a subsequent séance, with us, Mr. G. again appeared to his friend Mr. S., but power was defective and he did not write. These are, I imagine, the 'séances' which he refers to in the message now to be dealt with. Since that date Mr. G. has frequently given us a 'look in,' and on each occasion stated that he would shortly get power to write another message to his American friend. On Friday, November 29th, he came to the medium in her room, and stated that he had arranged to be able to control her on the evening of Sunday, December 1st, and would then write a message to his friend Mr. S. Unfortunately, on Saturday, November 30th, and Sunday, December 1st, our daughter was suffering from a severe sore throat, and was otherwise out of sorts owing to a recent dental operation, but as I was anxious that the message should be got, she allowed herself to be controlled about 8 p.m., when a letter covering four pages of note paper and addressed to Mr. S. was written. The caligraphy was most peculiar, and, speaking from recollection, not like the first effort ; while, to my surprise, the Christian name appended was 'Charles' instead of 'John' (the correct one). This, I may say in passing, is the first time a communicator has written his Christian name correctly in the original message, and 'blundered it' in the second. The letter, although fairly coherent, is in parts very unsatisfactory, owing to the non-completion of sentences. It begins thus :—

Dear Mr. S,—I am writing you just now while the medium is not up to the mark. I declined this afternoon ; but as Mr. — [my name] is anxious to get it off. The medium is suffering from sore throat, so I am not powerful. I have been looking forward to writing you since you last called in Scotland. I got over these séances first rate.

The writer then refers to two private matters only known to both Mr. S. and myself, and of which the medium is in total ignorance, and then speaks of not having yet seen his brother (who predeceased him), and states that he had been told he would see his son (who also passed on before him) 'in about a month,' adding, 'There's many I have not seen yet.' He also states that he thoroughly enjoys spirit life ; that at first he was on the 'little earth plane,' but is now on a 'much better footing.' One very peculiar feature in the communication is this, that he appeared to have been following the proceedings in the recent Liberator case (tried long after his decease) with much interest, for he expresses the opinion that the sentence on Jabez Balfour was 'too long,' 'but he deserved half of it.' His reason for taking this view is very apparent to me from certain circumstances connected with his earthly career ; but as it is not desirable to disclose identity, I merely remark that this part of the letter goes to prove that the message

was from Mr. G. The remainder of it was entirely personal to Mr. S., and cannot be reproduced. A postscript was added as follows: 'When the medium sees me she will hear again if I am to write you.—C. G.'

The communicator's face was not visible to the medium, but, on inquiry, she said that the hand was visible, and described it as being 'speckled or freckled.' This was quite accurate.

Summing up this rather enigmatical case, I remark that the state of the medium's health appeared to materially affect the conditions under which the controlling spirit could operate. This is quite common in our experience. The mistake in the Christian name is also partly explainable by the fact that our daughter often mistook the name of the deceased for that of another gentleman, whose Christian name was Charles, and whose second name (G.) was the same as that of the deceased, and, as I have sometimes observed, some of her own expressions and ideas occasionally find their way into messages automatically written. That is a possible explanation of the mistake on this occasion, while it certainly goes to prove the absolute *bona fides* of the medium, who, if she wished to invent a message, would surely have written the name of the person correctly. As regards the portion relating to the deceased's brother, I told her before she began writing to inquire if he had seen his brother and to ask him to give his name—which was unknown to her. The communicator replied to the first query, but not to the second.

To conclude: I incline on the whole to the view that the identity of this communicator may be held as proved, although there are many puzzling elements in the case; and I shall be curious to watch further developments, and particularly to observe whether if the medium is again, when in robust health, controlled by Mr. G., he will be more logical and coherent, and really tell us something which will more clearly disclose his identity than has yet been done in the messages which have been dealt with in the preceding article.

The Editor of 'LIGHT' has received from me (in confidence) the name of this communicator and the reasons which, I think, led him to make the remarks on the Balfour sentence. The other two private matters which go to prove identity have also been communicated; but I do not wish them disclosed to the public. The reason the case has been dealt with at all is simply this, that the more we disclose experiences and state difficulties in spirit communication the greater will be the light derivable from a free and full discussion of the vexed problems of psychology.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

[The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents, and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.]

The Late Countess of Caithness.

SIR,—The late Countess of Caithness was a very voluminous writer, and she may well have written half-a-dozen books, besides publishing her magazine, 'L'Aurore,' since 1890, at which date I am made by a printer's error to say, in my letter to 'LIGHT' of December 14th, she published 'her very last book.' The fact is, the book was only just ready when sent to me, and as this occurred late in the year of 1895, and it is printed on the cover of the book as published in 1896, I thoughtfully, in my MS., made the six carefully prominent on that account. I send this because I should be sorry for the world to believe that 'the very last book' of that very earnest and very indefatigable lady writer should be supposed to be in 1890, when, in fact, it only saw the light late in the year 1895, just before we had the misfortune to lose her.

WM. R. TOMLINSON, M.A.

A Premonition.

SIR,—I know nothing about so-called Spiritualism, but as you invite readers of your paper to give their personal experiences relating to the unseen world perhaps you will find space for the following:—

On February 25th last year, and between the hours of two and four a.m. that Sunday morning, I dreamed that I was at home again in Inverness, and that on opening a bedroom door I saw my father and two brothers in dreadful distress, wringing their hands and pulling their hair in agony of spirit. I awoke feeling very uneasy in my mind, and in fact related my experience to some friends. Strange to say, I received a tele-

gram that same morning announcing that my mother died suddenly at half-past two, and that they would write details. My mother I did not see at all in my vision, and think that the strangest part of my premonition. A few days before this occurred I had a letter stating that all were in good health. Perhaps you, or some of your Spiritualistic friends, will explain this supernatural experience.

33, Gibson-square, Islington, N.

THOMAS McBEAN.

A New Phenomenon.

SIR,—If you think the incident I am about to relate of any value, you are at liberty to insert it in 'LIGHT.'

In my dining-room at this address hangs a cabinet photo of my mother and niece, taken, as nearly as I can remember, fourteen years ago. We commenced to sit for investigation of spirit return two years ago in the same room, and about six months after we had done so we noticed a face developing between those of my mother and niece, and find it is a correct likeness of my husband's mother, who passed away four years before my mother died. Both ladies were left widows, and died of cancer. We have also, in an album, a photo of an old lady and gentleman (no relations), and soon after we had noticed the other we observed, on looking through the book, a blot, or what appeared as such, on the shoulder of the old man. This has very clearly developed into a hand, and the full form seems to be gradually appearing. This photo has been taken fourteen years, and nothing appeared until after the sittings.

Copies of the cabinet of my mother and niece have been circulated amongst the family, but no other has the appearance on it.

Mr. Adams, president of the Psychological Society here, has seen the pictures, and also Mr. Sadler, photographer, of St. John's-square; and they say they have never seen anything like it, and cannot account for it, otherwise than through spirit agency. The hand on the man's shoulder is remarkably clear and well defined, and the nails are so clearly defined that the spirit hand seems more natural than the man's own.

I may add that no chemicals have been used in the room at any time. We use the room for general purposes, and hold the sittings there generally. In the cause of truth,

M. JANE WILLIAMS.

66, Wyndham-crescent, Canton, Cardiff,
South Wales.

Some Marvels of Our Own Time.

SIR,—Mr. Robert Cooper's interesting article on 'The Marvels of Bygone Years' reminds me of some experiences I had just over twelve months ago; certainly not on so large a scale as those of Mrs. Guppy and others, but demonstrating the same laws of operation. A personal friend of mine, a good mesmerist, and an intelligent student of psychical research, was the medium. At the séance in question there was a low light burning, rendering all the sitters distinctly visible to each other, also any possible movement of the medium outside the cabinet. Before the medium retired into the cabinet his hands were securely fastened behind him, and remained so throughout the entire séance. On drawing the curtains aside to see how the medium was going on, judge of my surprise when I found him suspended, in an entranced and rigid state, on the top of the cabinet, supported by his head on one end and his feet on the opposite end of the cabinet, the ledges at each end being barely sufficient to hold his feet and head on at all. I closed the curtains at once, being afraid that my action would interfere with the conditions, and so cause him to fall, but my surprise was increased to find him at last missing altogether, and the cabinet not in the least disturbed. We next heard him dancing, apparently under control, in the next room, whence he came back staggering to the cabinet, with his hands secured as at first. This experiment was repeated at different times, and he was found in the bedroom over the cabinet at one time; and in a cellar beneath the cabinet at another time. We have also had flowers passed through closed doors, which had been fastened securely, and at one time, as the controls assert, they were brought from London to the Potteries. The medium could only have got into the room through the cellar, over a load of coals, up the street grating, through the front door—which was locked—or through a brick wall. I vouch for the facts, as I witnessed them, although I have no theory to explain them, unless it is the Berkeleyan one suggested by Mr. Robert Cooper. The 'how' and the

'why' of these things I know little or nothing of, but that they actually took place I have the same evidences of the senses that serve me so faithfully in the every-day experiences of common life.

Burslem.

HENRY LLEWELLYN.

A Distinguished Actress Afraid of Being Buried Alive.

SIR,—A paragraph is going the round of the Press to the effect that the late Miss Ada Cavendish, the well-known actress, provided in her will that her executor was to pay £10 to a doctor to open one of her veins, as she was afraid of being buried alive. Terrible experiences show that this fear is by no means groundless, and many persons provide against its possibility in divers ways. One of the most distinguished literary ladies of our time has directed that her jugular vein should be cut; others insist on a *post-mortem*. In France, where the fear of premature burial is almost universal, many provide for piercing the heart, and various associations have been founded both in France and in America, where the members bind themselves to see that an operation is performed which will prevent the return of consciousness in the grave to the trance or cataleptic subject. An increasing number of people advocate cremation on these grounds, and until some absolutely certain method of distinguishing real from apparent death has been discovered, this procedure will be preferred by many. It is well to remark, however, that the special instructions of testators are often disregarded by the friends of the deceased, and the medical death certificate will, as the law now stands, exonerate them from blame. They shrink from having 'the corpse,' dead or alive, either mutilated or burnt. Those who have possessions to leave can, by a testamentary document, make the payment of legacies conditional upon their instructions as to the prevention of premature burial being carried out. The great bulk of the five hundred and fifty thousand people who are buried yearly in England and Wales do not make wills; they have nothing to leave, and it is incumbent on the State to prevent such tragic occurrences by means of carefully-watched mortuaries, until the only absolute sign of death—decomposition—manifests itself. This plan has been adopted in many parts of Germany, and an effort is being made to have it introduced in Paris by means of a private corporation. How long will it take to safeguard people in this country from being buried alive?

December 17th, 1895.

W. R. J.

A Personal Experience.

SIR,—The following personal experience, of recent date, thoroughly authentic, may interest your readers. From August 26th to September 4th, in the present year, Miss Rowan Vincent was staying with me in Suffolk. Nearly every evening we held a séance and several tests were given, absolutely convincing to those immediately concerned, but of no value to outsiders. Allow me to remark, *en parenthèse*, that several of these tests would have upset the 'exposures' of fifty Maskelynes rolled into one. However, to the case in point. On the evening of Monday, September 2nd, about 9 p.m., Miss Rowan Vincent and I had just closed our séance. We were alone, for our host (the 'Ernest' of the 'Prediction Fulfilled,' recorded by me in 'LIGHT' last October) had left us the previous Saturday to visit friends in Norfolk—a distance of about seventy miles, and was to return on the evening in question. At the end of our séance, Miss Rowan Vincent suddenly exclaimed, 'There is a young man standing by you who has been recently drowned; the water is streaming from his face and hands.' The only person I could think of as answering to the description was a very dear relative who was living close to a river, and who is an ardent lover of aquatic sports. I named him, but Miss Rowan Vincent replied, 'Oh, no; this man has been drowned at sea; I get the impression of the ocean and seaweed.' About half an hour passed, when our host returned, and after the usual greeting had been exchanged, he told us that his friends had that very morning received the sad news that a young man of their acquaintance had been drowned while bathing off the Yorkshire coast, and that his *fiancée*, who was on the beach, had seen him go down. This young man was entirely unknown to our host and why he appeared (if he did) to Miss Rowan Vincent can, no doubt, be explained by various hypotheses. All particulars of this sad fatality and some correspondence relating to it can be seen in the 'Standard' for that same week, and Miss Rowan Vincent and 'Ernest' will gladly corroborate my account.

M.C.P.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

Without thy kind permit, I fain
Would tell thee of my dream.
Prompted by love of rambling o'er
A green and pleasant hill,
Its summit gained, upon a vacant seat
I sat me down. So far as eye could reach,
A wide expanse of shimmering sea,
Its wavelets merely ripples,
Gladdened my eager sight;
No ships or boats came in my view.
But on the beach a throng of people singing;
The melody, so sweet, flow'd thro' my soul,
And then a joyous tenderness
Brimmed o'er my heart
And filled mine eyes with tears.

Just then,
A hand was on my shoulder laid,
And, looking up, beside me stood
A friend* sincere for many years
Of other friends and mine.
I knew not whence he came, nor why;
But soft, in earnest tones he spoke:
'Knowest thou the winding path, with
Thick-grown laurels to the left, and
Bounded by a wall, in which I found
A door safe locked? Go thou obtain
The key! By exit thence I join
The friends who wait for me.'

Along the winding path we walked
Together. When scarce half way
Lo, in my hand appeared the key;
As we approached the door—'twas open!
We both passed thro', and instantly,
And void of sound, 'twas closed behind us.
We pondered for a while,
How best I could return: at first
There seemed no way: upon the door
No bolt, no bar, nor key-hole to the
Eye was visible. By mutual resolve
I climbed the wall to reach the other side,
And heard, meanwhile, the sound
Of footsteps—as he passed onward.

On that same date—maybe the hour—
The veil that thinly hides from
Scenes eternal, was gently lifted;
His Heavenly Father called him,
Loved ones beckoned him away, and he
Passed in—for nobler work above.
His glorious change:

'No shadowy valley, lone and dim,
No deep and darkly rolling river,
But a flood of light—a seraph-hymn—
And God's own smile forever and forever.

Hampstead, November, 1895.

C. A. PAULL.

HEAVEN'S BLUE.

(FROM THE DUTCH OF H. VEENSTRAA.)

Gentlest blue, with charms unhidden
Where our gaze may all explore—
By love's adoration bidden,
Thou dost ever promise more.
Truest blue, that by no painter
Ever yet was justly drawn;
Could there be a veiling fainter
Spread to hide from dusk the dawn?
Chastest blue, for ever surging
On the shore of highest good,
Thou art God's breath o'er us, urging
Thitherward His multitude.

I. M. F.

* Mr. J. Traill Taylor.