

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

Prentice Mulford's *Swamp Angel* is a delightful embodiment of the theories set forth in *Your Forces and How to Use them*. The story is cast in the form of a personal narrative which tells how the writer decided to build him a house in the woods, "far from the madding crowd," and dwell therein, no man hindering him. So he bought fifty dollars' worth of boards, and made his house in his own way, rejoicing that that was no other man's way. He bought tools that no one could possibly want, for sheer love of the buying. He learned by experience, and finally he turned out perhaps the most remarkable, uncommodious, and ugly shanty that even a swamp has ever held, a mere libel on a packing case. It is easy for those acquainted with Mr. Mulford's method of instruction to see what opportunity for moralising all this gives. The little book is full of "wise saws and modern instances," quaint applications of fruitful common-sense to matters of common life. An instance—He is discoursing of lumber in his house, old things stored because they are old, but may possibly come in usefully some day—at the Greek Kalends, a day that never arrives. Meantime they cumber up the place and take the room of better things. And then he moralises. "How much useless lumber of fact, opinion, events, dates, and the like is there in my mind? Is there a day coming when it may be said, 'sufficient for the day is the knowledge thereof'? Must I, to be wise, know every possible fact, event, and opinion, perhaps false, in advance? What if I knew the names of all the rivers in the world and their length, the principal mountains and their heights, the names of all islands, capes, lakes, and seas. . . . Well? I am valuable as a walking register, almanac, encyclopædia, and timetable. Did you ever notice that the people who are crammed with facts . . . who are peripatetic knowledge-boxes, rifles set with hair triggers, shooting off fact and information at the least touch, and dangerous, for this very reason, to approach, are apt to be the people lacking in executive ability? It is because their brains carry too great a weight of things which are of no use to them at present, and leave no strength for the employment of other faculties." Sound sense: a sample of that with which the little book is packed from cover to cover. I recommend it cordially to the attention of my readers.

Mr. Alfred R. Wallace's remarks on the evidence for materialisation, quoted in "LIGHT" last week, remind me of the time when I laboriously collected and published in these columns a mass of evidence on the subject. I entered on the task of collecting testimony with some feeling that

I should find it inadequate. I concluded my investigation with a conviction that the case for materialisation was proved up to the hilt. And this in spite of the fact that the accumulated evidence has grown without any organised attempt at investigation which a man of scientific training would call thorough. If we except Mr. Crookes' patient researches, there has been in this country no really satisfactory course of investigation by any man who has devoted himself to the task, and who has recorded the result of his experiments. A multitude of séances have been held in the presence of a mixed multitude of people. At some of these the conditions of observation have been excellent; at others wholly inadequate. But what is still wanting is a prolonged course of patient investigation by competent persons, few in number and good in repute, who will devote themselves not so much to proving an already proven fact, not at all to any attempt to convince people of what they do not want to be convinced of, but to elucidating the processes by which this astounding result is arrived at. Mr. A. R. Wallace points out that even the operators do not seem able to tell us how they materialise. It is so; and they can tell us very little, not only of materialisation, but of other phenomena due to their action, until we come into *rapprochement* with them and aid them by our own powers of observation. That is the next step in research. We have learned a good deal of the methods by which spirit acts on this plane of matter; and almost all that we have learned has been won by the same means that we use in acquiring other knowledge. Only this investigation must be approached in a different spirit from that of the chemist in his laboratory. We have not to deal with inert matter here.

Meantime, it is to be noted that if there is evidence of the reality of these phenomena there is also abundant evidence of their fraudulent imitation. There is in the States a woman of unsavoury reputation, Elsie Crindall-Reynolds, who has long gulled the public as a materialising medium. Respecting her and her doings Mrs. Josie Hoffmann has just sworn an affidavit. Mrs. Hoffmann, it appears, had delivered a lecture in San Francisco in January of this year, in the course of which she told the truth respecting the doings of some so-called mediums. She was promptly boycotted, that pestilent practice having, it seems, spread to California. Determined to know the facts at any cost, she lent a favourable ear to a proposal from the woman Reynolds to enter into partnership with her for the purpose of gulling and fleecing one Dr. Gould, of San Diego, who seems to be a fair type of the credulous Spiritualist, who wants his phenomena hot and hot, no questions asked. No need to tell the shameful story. One played spirit while the other played medium, as the teetotal lecturer and the "horrible example" took it in turns to get drunk. The public was gulled, and the dollars came in. Then Mrs. Hoffmann, as the schoolboys say, split on her friend, and swore an affidavit detailing the whole elaborate fraud. She avers that though she "has seen an unlimited quantity of fraud" she still believes in genuine materialisation. No doubt there is abundant fraud; and there will be

so long as fools meet knaves and the present conditions of investigation (save the mark !) obtain.

A very remarkable mass of correspondence was the eleven columns in our last week's number. It is a long time since the interest in questions of vital moment and importance was so strongly manifested. For a long time now that most significant proof of a living and active interest in questions that concern us all has been plain to view. It can be nothing but good that minds of varied calibre and of opposite modes of thought should discuss with courtesy these burning questions. Out of such discussions interpretation comes, and we want it badly. Out of it comes a better understanding of the various opinions held by those who approach the consideration of moot questions from many points of view. And surely this is very desirable. No great advance against an enemy's position is ever made by an army the various regiments composing which are occupied in abusing one another. This willingness of the readers of "LIGHT" to communicate their thoughts and impressions for the benefit of others is a very welcome sign of interest. The only fear is that long letters may overstep space and crowd out almost all other matter.

The *Melbourne Daily Telegraph* has a story of successful healing which I should like to preserve. It is stated to have been verified completely by interviews with all concerned. My condensed narrative is from the *Pall Mall Gazette* :—

"A most wonderful and miraculous instance of healing occurred at Moreland-road, Brunswick, at half-past one p.m. on Thursday, August 23rd. For the past ten years the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mulley, well-known residents of the district, has been laid prostrate on a bed of sickness. At the age of five she first showed signs of declining health. Her eyesight began to fail, and at the age of nine she took to her bed, and notwithstanding that the best medical skill was procured for her, she gradually grew worse. It was found that she was suffering from curvature and displacement of the spine, the upper portion of which had grown into the left shoulder, while the lower portion had grown into the right hip. The feet were turned inwards, having the ankle bones protruding on the top of the instep. For the last five years her case has been examined into by the ablest skill to be found in the Colony, and reported as hopeless. During the whole of this period she has been bedridden, unable to move. Her parents, unable to do more for her, procured her admission to the Children's Hospital. Here she was entered twice, and remained six months on each occasion, but was ultimately discharged as a hopeless case. Twice she was admitted to the Homœopathic Hospital, where she remained in all some seven months, but nothing could be done to inspire any hope of cure. She was then taken to the Alfred Hospital, from whence, after thirteen months' careful treatment, she was discharged as an incurable. She was taken home to her parents in Brunswick, but shortly afterwards was admitted to the Austin Hospital for Incurables. There she remained three years. In June last she was removed to her parents' home in Moreland-road, Brunswick. She has been visited by many who interest themselves in the welfare of the sick and helpless, and the matter of the Divine power to heal has been brought prominently under her own and her family's notice. Gradually the conviction became implanted that the Great Power could heal still. Early in the week she bade her sister prepare clothing for her, and her wishes were complied with. Several articles were put in hand and made up. (She had been in bed since reaching her tenth year, so that there was no clothing in the house to fit her.) At length, at one p.m. on Thursday, August 23rd, she told them the time had come, and she must get up without delay. Her sister went into the town and purchased what she was deficient of. On her return, after laying out the different articles of apparel, the invalid bade her sister place her arm under her, and assist her to sit up. Miss Alice Mulley, on doing as required, found her sister's body seemed to rise with but little pressure on her arm or hand, and while in the act of rising felt the spinal bones all move under her hand. The next moment the young girl was sitting on the bedside unassisted and perfectly upright. The mother had the happiness to behold her daughter made whole. The spinal bones had gone into position, and there was nothing to show either by spine, shoulder or hip that they had ever been displaced. At the same time her sight came back to her, and she was able to clearly discern objects at a considerable distance observable through the curtained

window. After dressing she asked to be assisted to her feet, and it was then seen that the feet were turned inwards and the toes doubled under. On assisting her as desired it was found that the ankles had shot round to their proper sockets, and that she was entirely healed. On being interviewed subsequently, she expressed herself as feeling strong and well; her feet felt very heavy, and she experienced some difficulty in lifting them from the ground when in a standing position; but feels confident she will soon be able to walk as well as if she had never been deformed. The story might well be deemed incredible, but Dr. Dobbin examined the erstwhile patient. The twisted spine was straight, the displaced ankle bones were in their normal position, and the long-dim eyes can see! The cure may be explicable by some obscure and exceptional function of the imagination acting on the nervous system; but it is much to be desired that scientific men would study a case like the present, and shed a little light on so abnormal a result of imagination."

COINCIDENCES AND DREAMS.

There are occurrences in daily life which some of us are accustomed to call coincidences, and which some of us do not consider to be accounted for by that inadequate explanation. Very striking are some of these. They form the alphabet of Spiritualism, and those who have not got as far as the advanced text-book which we are studying may find the following cases suggestive. Some are communicated by J. E. Woodhead to the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*,* and have appeared in the *New York Independent*, and in *Mind in Nature*. Among others this :—

Bishop Cleveland Coxe says :—

"Who can solve mathematically the mystery of coincidences? I mean the mathematical chances in a given case, which are against its ever existing. Are there not psychological and other mysteries concerned which must account for the fact that against all mathematical probability, or even possibility, coincidences the most marvellous are known to our daily experience and occur in every human history? Nay, they are so frequent as to be a law of life and one which must be daily reckoned for, socially, economically, morally, and in many other ways, as a rule of life.

"I wish to speak of coincidences and to open my own mind on the subject. For years I have had a philosophy dear to my heart, because of its practical value; and I think others have a like philosophy, which they would be more sure of if they only knew how many millions of men, who are not fools, live and die in this philosophy and are the happier and the better for it. Entrenched in this philosophic fortress, built on the rock of faith, I am willing to study other philosophies, and am willing to let them undermine me and blow me up, if they can; but, as yet, I have seen nothing to alarm me in the blank nothingism of the agnostics, much less anything to persuade me that they are true philosophers. I can put two and two together as well as they, and, therefore, all I want of them is their discoveries of facts, and for these I am thankful to them; but when they insult my common sense by pretending to see no evidence of a contriver and a first cause, I feel their want of reality. . . .

"Is the telegraph wire, even under the ocean, a rude material symbol of other mysterious communications between human spirits? Out of scores of striking experiences that often suggest this question, let me relate just one. More than thirty years ago, in the company of several eminent gentlemen, I had the happiness of visiting the reputed home of Milton, at Forest Hill, in Oxfordshire, where a very intelligent young woman did the honours and showed us over the apartments and the grounds adjoining, pointing out the 'removed place' of *Penseroso* and other points illustrative of that exquisite poem. The next day one of my companions gave me a drawing of the scene which he had kindly made for me during the night watches. It so happened that, soon after my return to America the drawing was mislaid; but, after twenty years, it turned up one day, as I was examining some papers in an old trunk. 'Treasure trove!' this shall not be lost again, I cried, in my delight; and I sent it to be framed. It came home in due time, and I hung it in an honourable position. That very day came a letter from Oxford, signed by a worthy matron, introducing herself as the young maiden of other days who had re-

* The *Journal*, we are glad to notice, is inviting the contribution of cases of coincidence. We shall keep our readers posted on the result.—ED.

ceived us at Forest Hill, and asking whether I had forgotten my promise to send her any description I might write of that day's adventures. She must have written her letter just about the very day I found the picture and had been thereby led to wonder whether she were yet living."

Answer to Prayer.

It makes some demand on our faith to refer the following to the category of coincidences:—

"A few years ago one of Chicago's most prominent preachers made a statement in one of his sermons, the truth of which was afterwards denied, and he was called upon to either give his authority for the statement, or to retract it. He had read the statement somewhere and believed it to be true, but when called upon to verify it, found that he had failed to note where he had found it, and was utterly unable to recall where he had seen it; whether in a book, or pamphlet, or newspaper he did not know, and had no means of tracing it. The positive manner in which it had been denied had so disconcerted him, that his memory entirely failed him; it had been long since he had read the statement, and chances were very slight of his ever being able to find it. Two or three months of mental purgatory failed to aid him in the matter in the slightest degree, and forced him to conclude that it would be best for him to confess that he had made a statement that he could not verify, and which was pronounced to be false. On consulting with his wife, he concluded first to make it a subject of prayer. They knelt down; the prayer was sincere and earnest. Before he got through, the answer came; he arose from his knees, went to a shelf in his library, took out a book, and turned at once to the page containing the statement he was so anxious to find."

Longfellow's Coincidence.

Henry W. Longfellow, in his journal for October 11th 1850, records the following incident:—

"I was in the college library to-day asking for Mather's *Magnalia*. Dr. Harris gave it to me, saying, 'You cannot find in it what you want for there is no index.' 'Then it is of no use to me,' said I, and opened the volume at random. There before my eyes was the very thing I wanted; namely, the account of the Phantom Ship at New Haven, Book I., chap. 6. I wrote a poem on the subject in the evening."

Information got Abnormally.

This is a good case given by a distinguished Chicago lawyer:—

"He was retained in a case in which it was necessary to prove the prior use of a certain mechanical movement. He was certain as to this fact, and believed he could readily produce the proof. When the time came to use it, he looked, but to his surprise was unable to find it. Knowing that his 'case' depended on this one fact, he began to search in earnest; went to Washington and spent eight days looking into every patent and book liable to contain what he wanted, and finally was obliged to give it up; that which he supposed he could find in a couple of hours at any time he could not find at all. The last evening of his stay in Washington he wandered down one of the avenues in no comfortable frame of mind. Aimlessly he went into a book auction room just as a lot of old English magazines were put up for sale; after some delay a bid of twenty cents per volume was made. Mechanically our Chicago friend bid twenty-five cents, and, to his surprise and chagrin, they were knocked down to him; uncertain what to do about it, he asked that they be set aside until morning. After breakfast next morning he went to look at his purchase to see if they were worth the freight to Chicago; picking up one of them, he opened it, and the first thing that met his eyes was a cut and full description of the movement he was looking for."

Such are the waking experiences, which men, who do not know what explanation to give, label "coincidence." There are experiences in sleep also which are equally inexplicable. We all dream, and our dreams are sometimes very instructive, if we know how to interpret them: very full of warning in some cases; very suggestive in most of a free action of spirit while the body rests, and of instruction given at a time when the spirit is most receptive. We give some cases which are not hackneyed by modern use.

Predicted Death of a Dog.

This comes from a source which is trustworthy. The account appeared originally in the *Durham Advertiser*, and

was verified at the time. How shall one explain an occurrence so apparently trivial, yet so exactly fulfilled in detail?—

"On Sunday afternoon last a fine retriever dog, valued at £5, the property of Mr. T. Wakefield, watchmaker and jeweller, Willington, was killed on the railway. On Saturday evening Mr. Wakefield dreamt that his dog had been cut in two by an engine on the North-Eastern Railway, which passes near to his house, and that, while standing commiserating the poor animal's fate, a friend came up and said, 'Never mind, you can have another pup of the same breed.' In common with most persons, Mr. Wakefield did not attach much importance to dreams; but on rising on Sunday the dream of the previous night kept recurring to his mind. The dog was, as usual, chained up in the course of the morning. After dinner Mr. Wakefield went out for a walk, and the animal—which was keenly attached to its master—made desperate efforts to get loose and follow him. Mr. Wakefield had gone some distance when his sister unloosed the chain and set the animal free. On returning home Mr. Wakefield witnessed the literal fulfilment of his dream, for lying on the rails was his favourite canine companion, its head and forelegs being severed from the rest of its body, and lying in the very position he had seen it in his dream. While Mr. Wakefield was looking at the remains of his retriever, a friend came up, and, on learning what had happened, said, 'Never mind, you can have a pup of the same breed.' The dream was fulfilled in every minute particular, and the above statement—taken from Mr. Wakefield's own lips—is perhaps as singular as any on record."

A Derby Winner Predicted.

The following instance is given to us by one of our personal acquaintances, and is a good, well-defined case of fulfilled prediction:—

"In the year 1848(?) the 16th Lancers, under Colonel Rowland Smyth, C.B., were quartered at Norwich. The officers visited a great deal at our house in Great Yarmouth. In the spring of the year, when Derby Day came near, the conversation turned very often on the coming race, and a ball took place a few days before, at which the chances of the race were much discussed. I do not remember the name of the favourite, and I did not know distinctly the names of the running horses.

"It was two or three nights after the ball when I dreamt that I saw the Derby run for, and that it was won by a dark-coloured horse, whose jockey wore a jacket of white with red spots. Next day the Colonel called, and I mentioned my dream. 'Unluckily,' he said, 'there are no such colours worn in the race.'

"The officers went off to Epsom, and the first thing the Colonel saw was a dark horse, his jockey dressed in the jacket of my dream. He inquired, and found it was Lord Zetland's Voltigeur, with 60 to 1 against him. He told several of his boys, and they laughed at the idea that Voltigeur would win, but the Colonel resolved to back him for a small amount—I think about £50 or £100. It seems that some one the night before the race had entered his colours the same as Lord Zetland's, who was very angry and changed his directly to white with red spots, so that very few had seen it till the horses were led out.

"Voltigeur won, and so did the Colonel, and presented me with what a young girl thought most valuable—a box of two dozen two-button gloves from Houbigant's."

Warning of Murder.

The following is from the papers of the late Benjamin Coleman:—

"When I was residing in Cornwall, in the year 1840, a gentleman named Norway was murdered, near Wadebridge, on the evening of the 8th February, by two brothers named Lightfoot, who were tried, convicted, and executed for the murder. One of the murderers made a confession to the effect that his brother 'knocked Mr. Norway down, snapped a pistol at him twice, and then knocked him down with the pistol,' and it was proved by evidence that this murder occurred on the road leading from Bodmin to Wadebridge, between half-past ten and eleven o'clock, on the above-mentioned evening, near a spot where there was an unoccupied house, on the left hand side of the road leading from Bodmin to Wadebridge, near to the orchard and stream of water where the deceased's body was discovered.

"The deceased's brother at the time of the murder was at sea, and at about twenty minutes before ten o'clock on the above evening, when within a few miles of the island of St. Helena, he went to bed—or 'turned in,' as sailors say—having previously written a letter to the deceased. He then dreamt that he saw

two men attack and murder his brother; one caught the horse by the bridle and snapped a pistol twice—without a report—and then he struck him a blow. The murderers, afterwards, seemed to drag the body of the deceased across the road, and to leave it there. In the dream there seemed to be a house on the left hand side of the road. This gentleman reported the dream (which seemed to be a continued dream, until he was called at 4 a.m.) to the second officer, Mr. Wren, who endeavoured to reason him out of 'the superstition,' but without effect. The pistol was only seen to snap, which was the fact: one so remarkable that we may well ask whether there is not in men a capacity for spiritual intercourse with the Father of Spirits Himself, bringing to our comprehension the medium through which dreams and visions and revelations of the Lord were vouchsafed to the ancient seers, at the same time being subservient to purposes to which we are incapable of approaching by ourselves? There is a spirituality about dreams which entitles them to respectful consideration, and to meditation on their mysterious phenomena, which will be renewed to the end of time.—Yours obediently,

"Braunton,

"CHRISTOPHER COOKE.

"July 10th, 1864.

"P.S.—There is not more than five minutes of different time between a good clock at St. Helena and at Wadebridge, one degree to the west of the former place."

Cases Contributed to the Dialectical Society.

When the Dialectical Society was collecting evidence the following cases were contributed for the information of one of the committees:—

"Dr. — narrated that a medical friend called on a lady patient. She said, 'Do you believe in dreams? If so, last night I dreamt that the winner of the Derby would be No. 19 on the racing card.' He made inquiry, found No. 19 was 'nowhere'; 20 to 1 against it; he took the bets, and cleared £2,000.

"Mr. J.— narrated that when his late wife was ill, early in March, he heard a voice, as if in the centre of his head, repeating at short intervals, 'The 7th, the 7th.' The sound was clear, like a silver bell—'the 7th.' Considering it a prediction as to the fatal crisis day of his wife, he went to the three attendants, told them that the crisis day with Mrs. J. would be on April 7th, and requested them to remember the date. When his two sons came home in the afternoon he informed them. Time passed on. On the morning of the 7th, when his wife was leaning on the breast of one of her sons, she was seized with a paroxysm. The scene was fearful."

A Case Proved in an Action at Law.

The *Times* (April 25th, 1865) gives a case which is good enough to quote in full. It also appeared in the *Scotsman*:—

Remarkable Dream.

"The legal proceedings which lately took place in the Sheriff Court of Clackmannanshire with regard to the violation of a grave in the churchyard at Alloa, and the unwarrantable exhumation of the body of James Quin, had their origin, it is stated, in a remarkable dream of the mother of the deceased. Young Quin died in September, 1863, and was buried in a lair in the churchyard, which was purchased by his father from William Donaldson, the kirk treasurer, it being agreed that the price was to be paid by instalments. About six months afterwards Robert Blair, the sexton or gravedigger, took upon himself (without the authority, it would appear, of Donaldson) to sell the same lair to another person, and to inter therein a relative of the new purchaser, without, however, at that time exhuming the body of Quin, the former tenant. Some considerable time after this the mother of Quin, being desirous of erecting a headstone on the grave of her son, made some inquiries with that view, in the course of which she heard something of another person having been buried in his grave, this having, as she stated, been 'cast up' by Blair's nephew to a younger son of hers on their way from the Sunday-school. But the gravedigger denied the truth of this story, and managed to pacify her. Feeling, however, that he had got into a scrape by the lair having been resold, he, some weeks after Mrs. Quin had interrogated him on the subject, dug up the body of her son during the night of Thursday, the 23rd of March last, and re-interred it in other ground. Now, on that very Thursday night, as sworn to by Mrs. Quin at the trial, she had this remarkable dream:—She dreamt that her boy stood in his night-gown at her bedside, and said to her, 'Oh, mother, put me back to my own bed.' She then awoke her husband, and, forgetting in her half-dreaming state that her son was dead, said to him, 'Jimmie is

out of his bed; put him back into it,' after which she fell asleep, and again had the same dream. A third time during the same night she dreamt that her son was standing beside her bed; but on this occasion, remembering that he was dead, the figure of the gravedigger was mixed up with that of the boy, and he appeared to be shoving his spade into the body. Awakening in great trepidation, and feeling certain that her boy had been taken out of his grave, she went to the gravedigger and vehemently accused him of having dug up the body, which, after some prevarication, he at last admitted. Hence arose the action of damages against Donaldson, the kirk treasurer, and Blair, the gravedigger, which being restricted to £12, was brought in the Small Debt Court. The sheriff, after a long proof, assailed Donaldson, and found Blair liable in damages, which, the parties not having settled the same extrajudicially, have been assessed at £5."

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SLADE IN BALLARAT.

[A correspondent in Australia, to whom we were indebted for a communication which we published on August 20th, 1887, sends us the following account of his experiences with Slade. We print it as testimony from a distant land, given by a trustworthy observer, and corroborative of what so many of us have seen at home.—ED.]

"All the immense space with which we are surrounded is peopled with spirits."—HILARY.

"How vast is the power of spirits: . . . They are everywhere, above us, on the right, and on the left. Their coming cannot be calculated. How important we do not neglect them."—CONFUCIUS.

In the month of November, 1878, Mr. Slade was holding séances in Ballarat. The secretary of our circle arranged with this medium for holding two meetings with the members, on two separate evenings.

On Wednesday evening, the 6th, at a quarter-past seven, I called at Lester's Hotel, Sturt-street, for Mr. Slade, and conducted him to the villa where our sittings were held. On the way I obtained two new common school slates that had never been cleaned, nor used for writing purposes, as to this day they both carry the greyish dusty appearance of unwashed slates.

On arrival, we found the ladies and gentlemen waiting, all seated around the very large round table, two chairs having been placed and reserved for the medium and myself. Without loss of time we took our appointed places in the circle, when I placed the two slates that I had brought on the centre of the table in sight of all present. There were two other larger slates before us which had been provided by the secretary. Altogether about fourteen or fifteen persons were present, closely seated around the table, over which was a brilliant gas-lit chandelier.

All hands were laid flat on the top surface of the table; and, according to our usual custom, all joined in repeating the "Lord's Prayer." At the very instant of the utterance of the first words "Our Father," the heavy table, with all the additional weight of twenty-eight or thirty hands on it, rose in the air as high as from a foot to eighteen inches, the top being horizontally level, and remaining stationary and firm, and unmoved, during the whole time of the prayer, and then, at the word "Amen," sank immediately to the floor.

A hymn was then sung, in which everyone joined, when again the table rose buoyantly in the air to about the same elevation as before, but, instead of remaining quiescent as previously, it kept time to the words of the hymn, bobbing up and down an inch or two, according to the accent of the music or tune. At the very first word it leaped straight upwards; and at the last word of the verse of eight lines it gently dropped to rest again on the floor.

Exactly similar phenomena occurred during the singing of the second and last verses, the table rising to a height of over a foot with the first word of the first line of each verse, and dropping with the last word of the last line of each verse.

No member present had ever witnessed table moving that could be compared with this.

From the commencement of the séance "raps" were constantly being heard and felt. Each member had knocks on the chair he or she sat on, which knockings were distinctly heard by all, and vibrations were felt by each individual whose chair in turn was being "rapped."

These were the first "spirit-raps" that had ever been heard and felt in the circle; and, since that night, I do not remember

any sitting at which there were not abundant raps, perhaps never less than several hundred at an ordinary sitting.

Five or six taps on one of the slates was distinctly audible, and it was seen to move with the tapping. Mr. Slade explained that this meant that some spirit or spirits were able and willing to write. All were anxious to witness the spirit-writing on slates, and here was indicated the probability of these desires being gratified; but, while the slates were there, there was no pencil.

However, our hostess soon removed the difficulty by producing from an adjoining room the necessary column of agrillite encased in cedar, a short piece of which was soon released and placed between two of the slates by the medium, who then held them in his right hand, his left being flat on the table. Writing commenced immediately, and continued at a rapid rate. All heard the peculiar grating noise incidental to the quick movements of the pencil. Long strokes of the capital letters, and *f*'s and *g*'s, and so on, could be distinguished from the shorter strokes of even letters, and the dotting of the *i*'s and crossing of the *t*'s discriminated. Two or three slight raps were again heard on one of the slates, which signified that the writing was completed. The slates were then separated, and writing on one of them in a distinct bold hand was before us all, the unused remains of the grain of pencil sticking to the end of the last letter *n*. The secretary then read aloud the communication, thus:—

"DEAR FRIENDS,—What fear you for frowns for doing God's work? Think how great and wonderful is the power that is given to you, that of revealing to man the immortal life, and the power to give him knowledge, and to dispel the fear of death. Go on, dear ones, and I shall ever be with you.—G. WILSON."

This message, so wonderfully produced, seemed to give much pleasure to all the participators.

Conversation and expression of opinions were indulged in on the various and extraordinary phenomena around and about us. Raps were heard from all parts of the room, and the members stated that they were being constantly touched by invisible hands. Chairs, with the sitters, were now and then suddenly twisted or drawn back from the circle.

Raps were again heard on one of the slates. Mr. Slade then took those which I brought, and dropped a little pencil on the one, and closed it over with the other. He then held them by the fingers and thumb of his right hand. Some influence seemed to draw the slates towards a member, the next sitter but one on Mr. Slade's left, and, passing the lady who sat next to him, the slates rested on the head of Mr.—. Writing—scratchy, scrappy, slate pencil writing—was heard by all, and quick and vigorous sounded the strokes, up and down, long and short, till the end, lasting, altogether, about two or three minutes. Mr. Slade remarked, "My head seems going round and round," which had been observed by the members, his head swaying in a series of circles. He further spoke, "I never felt like this before, I feel almost giddy." Three or four taps on the slates denoted that the writing was completed. The slates were then separated and examined, and the scrap of pencil unused was seen sticking at the end of the last written letter. The writing brought to view had been done in a most singular manner, on the upper and lower enclosed surfaces of the two slates, whilst being held at arm's length over and on the head of the gentleman already referred to.

The chairman, Mr. Bechervaise, who sat next Mr. Slade on his left, then read the following:—

"O Spirit of Truth, Wisdom, and Power, may the world know that not one of thy children is denied the blessed privilege of communing with the spirit world. Oh! may the inhabitants of earth no longer doubt or debar themselves of this privilege of looking into what they call the mysteries of heaven. We wish to cast aside the veil of darkness and error which has hidden the truth from their sight. We thank thee, O Divine Principle of Truth, that thy love is for all thy children of earth. We know, O Father, that thy powerful arm will encircle this little band that are so true and faithful in this glorious work, blessing human souls. Dear friends, be true to your work, as I am true to you.—I am, Rev. G. WILSON."

I may here remark that I have these slates in my possession. Photographs have been taken, each member possessing a copy.

Conversation flowed all round pretty freely, when suddenly Mr. Slade exclaimed, "I feel that I am going into a trance, but don't be alarmed. I sometimes speak, but I am unconscious of what I say." His eyes closed, and two or three convulsive movements of his body shook him. He then rose slowly from his chair to a standing position; and in a deep, full, solemn voice, entirely different in tone and style to his usual language and expression, addressed the members in an oration, and concluded with an invocation, which was said to come through the medium's organism from Mr. Davis, one of Mr. Slade's controls.

The address was masterly; the diction without fault; the subject most serious in character; and the invocation that fol-

lowed, addressed to the Great Father of Humanity, deeply reverential and impressive, carried an awe which almost startled the hearers with its solemn earnestness, beauty, and tenderness of expression.

At the close of the prayer, or invocation, Mr. Slade abruptly came out of the trance, and said, "Oh, did I speak?"

After a little while, other remarkable occurrences followed: ordinary lead pencils rose on the table, and seemed to attempt writing on their own account; a handbell after being tied to a piece of twine, about eighteen inches long and fastened to my fore-finger, was placed in the centre of the table, whence it repeatedly rose in the air without visible help, and, on releasing the twine from my finger, the bell took flight over the chairman's head, and landed on the floor a good distance from the circle.

It was then proposed to turn the gas very low, which was done, when lights appeared floating about the room. These lights were of various sizes, and visible to all. Two slates that were left on the table, moved about in a strange manner on and under the table. A lady said, "I feel my pocket-handkerchief being taken from me." When the meeting was over, her kerchief was found tied in hard knots forming a ball. Several members were touched on the head, back, and shoulders, by hands that could belong to no person present, because, at the same time, all hands were linked together. A cool wind at intervals fanned the members. Once, something came against me, with a good deal of force, like a pushing wind, which rested on my face and down to my waist; it was as if a cool breeze had got hold and remained for some time attached to me.

The sitting, which was a long one, was brought to a close by singing a verse in full score.

When I called for Mr. Slade, at his hotel, he had not been informed to what part of the city he was to be conducted. He was lightly clad, and took no other externals than an ordinary walking-stick, which, together with his hat, was left in the hall, outside the circle-room. He sat down in the chair provided for him, between our own medium and Mr. Bechervaise, the chairman, and never once rose from it till the séance was ended, except for the trance address, when he merely stood without moving away.

The evening was spent in a manner which, I think, will not be forgotten by any lady or gentleman present.

At the next sitting with Mr. Slade, about a fortnight later than the one I have attempted to describe, many manifestations, similar to those already noted at the former séance, were presented. Materialisations of spirit forms especially were desired; and, no doubt, each member thought on the possibilities of beholding his or her ghostly friends "appear in the midst" of the assembly.

Mr. Slade is not what is termed a "materialising medium," although materialisations frequently do occur in his presence.

With this hope, then, that spirits would appear, preparations were made. A piece of black glacé-lining, reaching from the floor to a cord, six feet high, stretching from wall to wall, was hung across an angle of the room, and which formed a curtain just at the back of some and in the front of others, according to position around the table, but all could see the curtain by turning a little to the right or to the left. I cut three slits, each about eighteen inches long, forming a "drop" in the curtain just a little higher than the heads of the sitters. This "drop" could be lifted, and substances from behind shown through the opening. Mr. Slade never went behind, but sat, like the other sitters, with both his hands on the table, joining, respectively, the hands of the members immediately right and left of him.

The "drop" was lifted several times by invisible means, and hands momentarily showed through the orifice; but a greater attempt than this at materialisation was soon apparent. At last the curtain drop was again gently lifted, and there appeared in the opening the distinct form of a female face and shoulders, which was seen by all. A lady member suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, it is my sister!" The affright it gave her was too much for her nerves to bear, and she fainted away. The face of the spirit-materialisation faded; the "drop" fell; and water was fetched to aid the lady member's recovery. The conditions necessary for the production of this phase of spirit phenomena were then broken, and no further hope was entertained that evening of any others of our friends appearing in our midst.

But, in a little while, after order and harmony were somewhat restored, Mr. Slade again became entranced, as in the former sitting, and was again controlled by his spirit-guide, Dr. Davis, who gave another eloquent address, which no one who heard could resist ascribing to a power altogether beyond the normal intelligence and ability of the medium. This was followed by another address, widely different in character, from the spirit Owosso, the Indian medicine man.

The circle closed in the usual manner, and Mr. Slade was cordially thanked for these visits, and for the light which he had been the means of affording on a subject so fraught with interest to the members.

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Light:

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

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3rd, 1888.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor. 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.

THE SPIRITUALISM OF 1888.

A paper bearing the above title has been recently printed by the *Banner of Light* from the pen of Dr. F. L. H. Willis. It contains so many good points, and is so suggestive of thought, that it seems worth the attention of our readers.

Dr. Willis challenges the student of history to bring from its annals anything that will compare favourably with the growth of modern Spiritualism during its short life. It is, indeed, a very remarkable development that we are witnessing amongst us, and it is only in its infancy as yet. It is ramifying in all directions. What was known originally as Spiritualism is being differentiated in a wonderful manner. Dr. Willis defines a Spiritualist on this wise:—

"Every person who believes that ex-carnated human spirits, or, speaking more accurately, human spirits that have passed out of the mortal body, can make known their presence and power to persons still in that body, and hold intelligent communication with them, is a Spiritualist, whatever else he may believe or disbelieve, or whatever else he may call himself."

That is, perhaps, the note of the Spiritualist, his distinguishing mark, that he believes in the possibility of communion with those of his race who have crossed the dark river before him. But he not only believes this to be true, but he practises such communion, when opportunity fitly serves, as right, proper, and good. There he is differentiated from other students of psychical subjects, who have borrowed from the East a belief that such communion is always dangerous and to be discouraged. These students of the occult do not deny the possibility, but only the desirability, of communion between us and the so-called dead.

They point out to us the risks which, with some reservations, we admit. They tell us of the dangers from personating and obsessing spirits, which we are aware of, and respecting which we have no desire to be silent. They advise us to avoid evocation of spirits; and we reply that, while we reverently receive any message volunteered from

the *outré-tombe*, we do not seek to evoke any spirit, or to bring back to earth any soul mercifully delivered from the burden of the flesh. Other students again strive to fasten our attention on the inherent powers of our own spirits, and counsel the study of them to the exclusion of more risky and perplexing questions. We reply that we do not overlook that sphere of investigation. We are very anxious to know our own spirits' powers, and to study the vast field of psychology. But we see nothing in that incompatible with our distinctive belief as Spiritualists. On the contrary, we believe that the wider the grasp of the whole subject—including our own powers as incarnate spirits, the possibility of communion with those who are gone before and the patient study of the researches of kindred minds in all ages and in all lands—the wider our grasp the more will be our profit. The days of selfish isolation are passing. The time has gone by when any man can successfully pose as the exclusive depository of knowledge. And we are slowly learning that the interpretation of our facts is what now confronts us.

Dr. Willis's historical *résumé* of Spiritualism in all ages naturally does not possess any particular novelty. He points out that Spiritualism is no new thing on the earth; and shows how its culmination in the teachings of Jesus Christ, for which the "mighty works" which He did were only a preparation, swept away the Jewish system of ecclesiasticism, with all its empty formalism of pomp and ceremony, only to be itself superseded after three centuries by the still more elaborate ritualism of the Roman Church:—

"The history of past ages was re-enacted. Again ecclesiasticism triumphed, and Spiritualism receded. The signs and tokens ceased. The spiritual manifestations died out, gave place to dogmas and doctrines, to forms and ceremonials, to the pomp and splendour of bishops and archbishops, and again materialism reigned triumphant, and through all the dark ages that followed, Spiritualism slumbered beneath its sombre pall with only an occasional sign of spasmodic life."

Then came, after centuries of ecclesiastical despotism, another epoch of reaction. The Reformation rolled over Europe a mighty wave of thought, and the way was prepared for that which for forty years has been growing in our midst with unexampled energy of development, with an unparalleled vitality which not all the assaults of its enemies have availed to impair:—

"Thus, then, stands the Spiritualism of 1888. Never stronger, never more aggressive, never with so powerful a hold upon the hearts of the people. We could have no stronger proof of this than we find in the remarkable increase of active hostility toward it on the part of its foes in all quarters, especially its clerical foes. But, gentlemen, it has come to stay; don't waste your powder. The indications of this are manifest in all directions. Our camp-meetings were never so thronged with earnest seekers as they are this season. Our churches are all honeycombed with Spiritualism. It pervades our social life. It makes its power felt even in our political life. There is no great reform movement that is not influenced by it. No heart that pulsates in unison with the great heart of love that throbs above us, no hands that scatter abroad the benevolence of the Divine presence, no feet that are willing to be led in uses of right and mercy are unattended by these bright, ministering angels of the skies to whom Spiritualism belongs, whose work it is, and who will take good care that it is well and thoroughly done, despite the opposition of foes and the unfaithfulness or unworthiness of friends."

Allowance made for some not unnatural rhetorical statement, that is substantially true. So is the one other extract for which we can find a place:—

"How stands Spiritualism to-day in relation to the various religious sects? As we have already said, the churches are honeycombed with it. All the sects have their representatives in this general faith, and all are able to engraft it into their former belief, which it modifies and enlarges, making it far more soul-satisfying, thus proving that it is not the foe but the friend to religion. It is found to substantiate all spiritual truths, and to make certain and real what was before vague and unreal. It contradicts no spiritual truth, decides no spiritual

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revelation, opposes no religious faith that does not enchain the reason. And though denounced as opposed to all Biblical revelation, it is in truth the shining gate to all the sacred light of the ages, and demonstrates the truth of the revelation and the inspiration. Thus its religious tendency is most clearly manifested. All that constitutes true religion can never find truer disciples or worthier representatives than can be found among those who find in Spiritualism the realisation of their holiest dreams, their most sacred aspirations.

"Therefore the Spiritualism of 1888 challenges the consideration of the world; not alone as a scientific fact or a philosophical theory, but also as a religious faith. It refuses to hold itself responsible for individual idiosyncrasies. It protests against being estimated by isolated facts. It demands the investigation of its *whole basis* by those who attack it. Therefore let not those who claim to be its disciples attempt to represent it as individuals. Its facts and theories are not individual; they have a general basis, and must be made to rest upon it."

It is not worth our while to spend ourselves in vague discussions as to whether Spiritualism is or is not what we ourselves understand by Science, Philosophy, or Religion. It has been too much the fashion for the individual Spiritualist to take into his mouth the formula, "Thus saith the Lord," whereas "the Lord hath not spoken by him." We have been too much enwrapped in the pride of our own conceits, not knowing that others have laboured in our field long before we came to dig that little corner of it which seems to us so important. And we have been trying to build up a sect, while the truth that we wanted to chain down and bind in man-made fetters is penetrating all systems of thought and making them free.

TWO FOX SISTERS.

1 We learn from America that Mrs. Jencken and Mrs. Kane, two of the Fox sisters, have started on an exposure tour, in which they apparently propose to expose themselves first of all, and their dupes (if any) afterwards. It is always painful to be compelled to write of those whose names are familiar amongst us otherwise than in terms of commendation. But the issues at stake in Spiritualism are of wider import than the character of any individual. Painful, therefore, as it may be, we are compelled to say that no credence is to be attached to anything that these ladies may say. Mrs. Jencken has for a long time been a victim to a deplorable habit which has apparently destroyed her moral consciousness, and rendered anything she may say or do unworthy of attention. This we have long known, and we would gladly have drawn a veil over her short-comings were it not that she has forced herself into a position where it is our duty to confront her. That capital will be made out of her most regrettable step, the outcome of wounded vanity and personal spite, is inevitable. But the witnesses are too many, and her own condition too obvious, to make us anticipate any serious injury. The scandal that is so forced on the public is to the last degree deplorable, and that is all.

The Secret Doctrine, Vol. I., is on the eve of publication. We shall try (and fail) to grapple with it in the way of introduction to our readers as soon as we can. Hercules or Solon would tremble at a review.

MAY we draw attention to the notice at the head of the leader column respecting the return of Library books? It is very important that they should be returned at once in order that the Library may be re-arranged and catalogued.

MR. RODEN NOEL is about to publish with Kegan Paul, Trench and Co., a new volume of poems. *A Modern Faust* will be found to contain much that is of interest to Spiritualists. We shall hope to introduce to our readers what they will like to know of.

MR. E. J. BAILLIE ON "THE ART OF LIFE."

We have pleasure in giving our readers the following abstract of a very thoughtful address delivered recently to the Mutual Improvement Society in connection with the City-road Presbyterian Church at its inaugural meeting, by the President of the society, Mr. E. J. Baillie.

Mr. Baillie said he was reminded as he stood before them upon that first evening of a new month that the clock of the year in the great hall of nature had just commenced to strike ten. The shadows of the night were gathering; the soft tread of winter was nearing the threshold; and he felt moved to speak to them that evening, not upon any narrowed aspect of life, in some one of its many departments, but upon life itself. The subject should have interest for all, for each of them had this possession. On the ceaseless loom of life there was the silent winding, as from a silken skein, of an invisible something which they called life. The greatest of all the arts was the art of life. The materialist thought he could read the secret of existence, and spelled the message—accumulation. Those of a deeper knowledge applied the alphabet of the beyond, and found the enigma of existence not accumulation but education; and whilst a slit in the veins could let out the red tide, and with it the liberated spirit, the most elaborate instruments of science could not discover the soul, nor could the most subtle analysis detect its presence. It was not to be found by these methods. Plato spoke of the screen which shut out from the sight of man the presence of the gods. The screen was but a pretty figure for the flesh, which veiled our being and separated us from the surrounding spirit-land, and if now we in the world of matter could not see the nearness of the faithful forms about us, what should we think if they from their side could not see the temporal and material, but simply the thoughts, the intentions—the spirit side of man, which only could claim the inheritance of eternity? How dwarfed to them would our humanity appear! He proceeded to speak to them of the development of faculties and the growth of faith, by which man climbed up towards the heights. He had, he said, thought that his subject could perhaps best be considered as a picture. Life a picture—involving subject, treatment, laws of perspective, light and shade, with other subtle elements which made art serious. He was much struck with a remark made by Sir J. Everett Millais, who said recently that though there were many pictures of his which he would like to recall, still he could say conscientiously that he had never laid, with brush or pencil, a careless stroke in his lifetime. If devotion to the calling to which he had given himself could command such faithfulness, what could be said of those who played with the golden bowl with the thoughtless frivolity which was a prominent characteristic of our age of levity. Philip Bailey had told them in noble language, which clothed a nobler thought—

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

The subject of the picture had been chosen for them. It was man. Society might mould men into puppets. Fashion decreed; the crowd followed. True manhood, however, linked itself to truth. Truth was not fashion, but it determined the next stage of the process to which he had lent his subject that evening, namely, treatment. How should they endeavour to proceed with the work? Faithfully. The pre-Raphaelite brotherhood did for the fine arts what the brotherhood of truth did for the art of life: it lifted it out of the groove of falsity. Perhaps it had been grandly false; perhaps basely false; but it was now elevated into the realms of truth. That was an extraordinary advance. When man rose to the level of his true selfhood what a vision of beauty opened out before him. The brightest colours of the palette laid upon the canvas were but fading reflections of the golden glory which Turner saw when he tried to get the rainbow light from his paint box. Perspective had its subtle laws of proportion which had to be dealt with, and which forced themselves into every study in the school of nature. People make disastrous mistakes here. The warped senses brought into prominence trifles which were not essentials and placed in wrong position obstacles which were. In the treatment of light and shade, the play of the shadow line and the softness of the deepening greys with which nature made up her beautiful effects for those who looked for them, and in the art of "leaving out," much had to be said. The pinch of poverty, with the spirit of chastened patience, wrought often

curves of beauty that could never be pencilled by pride or produced in the plethora of plenty. Mr. Baillie proceeded to speak of vulgarity and coarseness being unnecessary to the manly character, of cunning having no connection with true success, and of genius as being independent of harshness or eccentricity. The titles of earth could be applied to the circle from which they were borrowed. The Christian character produced a nobility in its army of martyrs, and the Graces were to be found in those who might not possess either lands or lineage, but who had in the cultivation of simplicity, meekness, faith, and love found the true method of the art of life.

"Howe'er it be it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

The points of the address were illustrated by extracts from Browning, Massey, Burns, Longfellow, and other poets.

IS DEATH DREADFUL ?

AN ATTEMPT TO DETHRONE THE KING OF TERRORS.

We should have been glad to see the article of which the following is a summary, and so we sent to purchase the October number of the *Forum* of the publishers, Messrs. Trübner and Co. We found, however, that no single copies were on sale. We had, therefore, the alternative of ordering from America, in which case the whole thing would be stale and flat, or of taking out a year's subscription in order to see perhaps one or two articles. That is not reasonable from any point of view, nor is it fair to a journal that has always shown itself ready to give the benefit of its circulation to any worthy matter.

We are indebted for the following summary of an interesting paper to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It is a subject, as our readers will recollect, that we have frequently touched upon, and always in the sense of the writer in the *Forum*:—

There is an interesting article in the October number of the New York *Forum* (Trübner and Co.) in which Mr. Junius Henri Browne, writing after long study and even experience of the subject, endeavours to dethrone Death from the position of King of Terrors. Mr. Browne has, he tells us, "seen a great deal of death, and feels as if he had died repeatedly himself." As a boy he had an unusually large number of narrow escapes from death. In the Civil War he received a wound which was believed to be mortal; and in the course of his professional experience as a doctor he has seen all sorts and conditions of people die. The result of his experience may be gathered from the following abstract of his article:—

The Painlessness of Death.

He begins with pointing out how "these days of reason and science" should have shattered the old superstition that death itself is painful:—

"Physical dissolution was long regarded as intensely painful, and bygone literature is full of such phrases as 'the last struggle' and 'the final agony,' which are entirely without significance. The act of dying, it is now ascertained, is absolutely free from suffering; is really unconscious; insensibility always preceding it. Sudden and violent death, shocking to the senses, may not be, probably is not, painful to the victim. Drowning, hanging, freezing, shooting, falling from a height, poisoning of many kinds, beget stupor or numbness of the nerves, which is incompatible with sensation."

As a Man Lives, so does He Die.

The next popular fallacy about Death which Mr. Browne exposes is that men alter in some way when about to die. The idea survives, as we noted the other day, in the legal doctrine about dying declarations; but Mr. Browne says:—

"'You think so now,' is often said to us; 'you will think differently when you know that you have but a few hours to live.' This may be true of some persons, especially of the weak and unstable, and of those more remarkable for emotions than convictions. But it is not generally true. The majority of men in this age die as they have lived. If they have been selfish, unjust, sensual, vicious, they pass away in selfishness, injustice, sensuality, viciousness. The pious man, who has adopted a creed, follows his religious observances in a dangerous illness, and believes that his soul will enjoy a blissful immortality. The infidel, in like condition, though he regulates his worldly affairs, concerns himself not about the future, caring little and doubting much whether there be any."

The Irony of Death.

But though in matters of faith and character a man's death is as his life, yet "the manner of our life," says Mr. Browne, "may have far less influence than is popularly thought on our closing days":—

"Sinners may go out in peace and saints in terror. The Marshal de Richelieu was one of the most notorious profligates of his time; he cultivated every elegant vice of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries he was a paragon of unscrupulousness and debauchery. But good fortune ever attended him, and at ninety-two he terminated his disreputable existence as terminates a day in blooming spring. William Cowper, contemplative poet, purest, kindest, gentlest of men, who never wronged a human creature, died in despair."

"How Beautiful is Sleep, Sleep and his Brother Death."

Mr. Browne, in the next place, justifies, from the scientific point of view, the parallel which the poets have in all ages set up between Death and Sleep:—

"Sleep is temporary death, and is well-nigh as unintelligible; but the fact that we give a third of our life to it divests it of awe. Every one admits that sleep, sound, dreamless, continuous sleep, is delicious, one of the rarest luxuries possible, the restorer of peace, the soother of care, the balm of grief. It comes after the labours, anxieties, and troubles of the day, bringing rest and oblivion, as death comes after the labours, anxieties, and troubles of life. If death bring rest and oblivion—it can hardly bring anything worse—how few, comparatively, judging from their assertions, would be content!"

Dread of Death and Desire to Live.

The fact is, says Mr. Browne, that the dread of death springs from confusion of thought. Some people combine the contradictory ideas of annihilation and consciousness, "as if one should say 'how uncomfortable it must be to feel that one is really annihilated.'" Other people make another mistake:—

"'I do not want to die' has a very different meaning from 'I dread to die.' Attachment to life while one is in health, useful, having objects to attain, with influence and friends, is natural and in consonance with law. But is not attachment to life for life's sake only, when old age has come, and vigour and helpfulness have gone, and our future is behind us, unnatural, the result of false teaching or a gloomy temperament?"

Death not a Fiend, but "Our Dearest Friend."

The desire to live is natural and true; the dread of death is unnatural and false. Death, says Mr. Browne, is one of those imaginary terrors which only need to be faced in order to be unmasked. He then proceeds to justify from his own experience this description of the gentleness of death:—

"I remember, though but a small boy at the time, the first man who passed away before my eyes. He was patient, tranquil, philosophic, while conscious of his doom. I had expected him to be terrified, to perish in agony, and the circumstance made an indelible impression on my budding mind. I have seen the last moments of delicate, highly nervous women, who would shriek at the sight of a spider, and who could not bear the mention of death. Anyone who had known them would have thought that their closing scenes must have been distressing. They longed to live in the beginning; but, as they ebbed away, and were conscious of the fact, peace and renunciation came to them. No hero of a hundred fights could have borne lingering illness and its end more serenely."

Here is what Mr. Browne says finally in recording the results of his experience:—

"During the Civil War the soldiers represented the average intelligence and education of the North, being mainly from the agricultural regions and small towns. I cannot recall a single instance of a man who was troubled with doubt or alarm. Many wanted to know if they could get well, and almost invariably said, 'I am not afraid to die.' They were not concerned about the future, but about the past and present, leaving messages and mementos for the near and dear, and passing away gently and in peace. Thus wide and varied observation justifies me in the opinion that though Death may seem to be our mortal foe, he is, perhaps, our dearest friend."

THIS looks as if Spiritualism in high places was likely to cause difficulty. Who are the "certain Americans" who have the power of "summoning spirits" of departed monarchs?

"An approaching scandal seems to be foreshadowed in a telegram from Munich which has reached the same journal. It is stated therein that the people of Würtemberg are furious with their King on account of the favour, backed up by large sums of money, which his Majesty is said to have bestowed on certain Americans. These gentlemen received a luxuriously furnished house in Stuttgart from the King, and in its gorgeous salons they are reported to have held spiritual seances, and to have summoned the spirits of his Majesty's ancestors into the Royal presence. The King, who is an invalid, leads a retired life; and, as the heir has no male issue, the people, who are mostly Protestant, are in dread lest the succession should pass to the Roman Catholic branch of the family."—*Daily Telegraph*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Spiritualism versus Theosophy.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—In my last letter I endeavoured to point out that the ideal set before man by Theosophy is one with which he can have no sympathy, inasmuch as it involves deprivation of every human attribute; whereas Spiritualism teaches the elevation and refinement of our humanity and its higher attributes until we become divinely human.

It is true that a man, even in this life, may be so changed as to be what is practically a different being, who at one period of existence would be quite out of sympathy with his character at another period; but then, he is still human although his character has been transformed, and there is a continuity in his life which is wanting in the individuality that is supposed to come to itself in Nirvana.

But, after all, we may fitly concern ourselves with that nearer future state which we shall reach in a few years, rather than with a speculative Nirvana attainable after countless ages.

Let us then turn to Devachan, passing over Kama Loka, which is said to detain us but a short time.

Devachan does not convey to the ordinary mind the idea of happiness, nor is mere cessation from action the rest for which we long.

Shall we have no occupation there—no striving after good? Is there no work to be done on any plane but this? Theosophists say that we partially retain our memory there until the next incarnation, but that the state is purely a dream-life in which our imagination pictures unreal scenes and forms of friends. I presume, then, we retain sufficient memory of earthly knowledge to be conscious that these forms are unreal, just as in dreams we sometimes know that we are dreaming.

Can anyone imagine a worse hell than this? What could be better calculated to drive to madness than the consciousness that everything was a delusion, and that one could never again really commune with those he loved! The book entitled *Letters from Hell* draws a vivid picture of what such a state would be.

Devachan is a different conception from the higher sphere known to Spiritualists, in which direct communication with earth is no longer possible, for the latter refers, not to a subjective condition, but to a real life, distant from this just as the highest natures are distant from the lowest.

Visions of the other world perceived by seers do not favour the Devachanic theory, for if it be said that such scenes are not objective, but are obtained through the sympathetic connection of the seer with the dweller in Devachan, then it may be replied that any number of individuals becoming *en rapport* with one another may see the same environment; therefore, not only is there such a thing as spirit communion in that state, but the life is not merely subjective, as has been stated, nor evolved from the inner consciousness of each entity. Such beliefs are probably the outcome of the idea, so deep-rooted in Eastern minds, that all personal existence is an evil.

Spiritualism is frequently assailed with the word "illusion," and it has even been termed "a religion of spooks," but when one considers its higher aspects, and the pure and elevated nature of its teachings, which indeed the soul instinctively rises to meet, it is impossible to believe either that its foundations are entirely illusory, or that its exponents on the other side are all ignorant or lying spirits. Which is the nobler conception—the Spiritualistic theory, the keynote of which is progress—the rising from sphere to sphere, communion with sympathetic natures, and a strengthened individuality; or that of Theosophy, which proclaims a brief period of existence on the physical plane, followed by a subjective state, in which we neither progress nor retrograde, but vegetate, as it were, until we once more assume an earthly body—a personality oblivious of all its previous lives—with the prospect of finally attaining Nirvana, which is a state of bliss only so far as it involves the annihilation of our humanity?

My remarks are not intended as an attack on the Theosophists, and I am aware that many will disclaim some of the views with which I have credited them. My object is to urge on those Spiritualists who are seeking some definite aim the importance of investigating these questions as thoroughly as this life's opportunities will permit. It behoves all earnest inquirers to weigh well the evidence, and not too readily to accept this dreamy philosophy, either on account of its Eastern glamour or because it seems to explain some puzzling problems.

A great deal depends on the reality and interpretation of the higher class of Spiritualistic experiences, such as the *Visions* of "M.A. (Oxon.)," and it is in this direction that attention might be profitably turned.

In connection with this subject I would allude in passing to the observations of the departing sometimes made at death-beds by sensitives.

These are, I think, very interesting, and if followed out would tend to throw a clearer light on our immediate *post mortem* condition, for in such cases at least there can be no question of identity—no suggestion of semi-conscious astrals.

Knowing the pressure on your space, I must bring these very incomplete observations to a close.

G. A. K.

Altruism.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—As a humble admirer of Mr. Oliphant's heroic life and earnest writings, and out of the great interest I feel in the life-force of which he writes, may I venture to ask one or two (I fear ignorant) questions suggested by Mrs. Oliphant's letter, which appeared in a late issue of "LIGHT"?

She writes in one place of the "class of persons who are as a rule drained of strength by contact with their fellow-creatures," and says that in her case "the lassitude disappears in proportion to the unselfish yielding of strength." Surely Christ Himself, after mighty efforts—such as healing, or feeding the multitudes—sought the solitude of the mountains?

Again, I am puzzled by the statement, "when a sensitive finds himself in the company of a vampire, if he will yield himself utterly to serve that person he will discover to his astonishment that, instead of the added drain which he expected, a new life is coursing through him."

I do not think I quite understand what is meant by a vampire, but if it means an "exhausting sphere," have I not understood that part of the necessity for brave and devoted persons—like Mr. Oliphant—living in seclusion to gain the spiritual strength with which they hope to benefit mankind, is that they may be free from the malignant or adverse spheres of the world? If, indeed, a vampire induces a "flow of new life" it would be only reasonable to keep vampires amongst them.

I understand that Mr. Oliphant's recovery is complete, and that medical skill had no part in it. Is this so? I feel I may ask this for the satisfaction of myself and others interested in these healing powers. To be the medium of a force direct from God to humanity, and conveyed through "an organism yielded to unselfishness, as Christ's was," is so tremendous a claim, that Mrs. Oliphant—if she has the joyful consciousness of possessing it in the substantial results of its efficacy—will quite forgive her ignorant questioner.

October 29th, 1888.

ANXIOUS.

Mis-understandings.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Mrs. Oliphant's remarks are so incomprehensible to me that I have asked her to try to come to some understanding with me privately. There is no use in taking up space in a journal with a discussion between two people who do not know each other's language. Any argument between her and me, at present, must resemble an argument on arithmetic between two people, one of whom should assert that *1 with 9* after it is *nineteen*, and the other insist that *one and nine* make *ten*. The *mal-entendu* is the result of the fact that a certain highly convenient mode of shortening phraseology, invented by mathematical psychologists, is as absolutely indispensable for expressing anything we have to say as "carrying" is for high calculations. Only those whom we have taught, orally, know it. No editor or publisher will allow us to introduce the public to it, in any systematic way; no schoolmaster allows it to be taught in his school. The practical result is that boys and girls, who have had a lesson or two from an adept, are able to sneer at the "ignorance" of people like Mr. Drummond and Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant. The best work of such writers affects our adepts exactly like a work on mathematics written in Roman numerals!

How much longer is this state of things to last? Science cannot progress without a convenient terminology. Natural selection weeds out those who cling to cumbrous phraseology and roundabout modes of statement. For thirty years I have been trying to call attention to the danger that is growing up

owing to the possession, by a small caste, of a language of which the leaders of literary, religious, and ethical schools are kept ignorant; for no purpose whatever, that I can see, except to entrap them into committing themselves to irrelevant criticisms, which injure their cause and gratify the flippant conceit of atheistic boys and girls.

MARY BOOLE.

The Proximity of Evil.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Your correspondent, "J. Robinson," says, "Good men, and children like my boy, see at first evil faces, and afterwards, though the seers are the same, living the same lives, they see faces of a better type." Further instances confirmatory of these propositions would be interesting. Perhaps the following second-hand story may be worth repeating:—When I was on my way to America in 1875, I used sometimes to converse on deck with a gentleman, a Professor, if I remember rightly, in one of the American Universities, but at all events engaged, as I gathered, in scientific or learned pursuits. I once mentioned to him that I wished to see something of American Spiritualism, and asked if he had any experience of it. "Why, no," he replied, "except, perhaps, this: Some years ago, when the little instrument for writing, called planchette, was a popular toy, I bought one for my children." (He mentioned their ages; I forget what exactly, but the children were certainly all of very tender years.) "We tried it the same evening, and with my little boy's hand upon it, it began to write almost directly. But what? Why, word after word of the most disgusting obscenity, till I snatched the thing up and threw it into the fire." (I give his story in inverted commas, but, of course, do not mean that I accurately recall every immaterial word or expression.) In reply to my questions, he said that no one was present except himself, his wife, and the children, and that he could not conceive the latter having ever heard the words written by planchette.

I may add that I often myself "see faces" before going to sleep at night. They are frequently evil, and usually extremely grotesque, sometimes with a most marked, though to me quite unfamiliar, individuality. I can recall hardly any that were in the least attractive. I never could see anything at dark séances.

C. C. M.

History and Allegory.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—I rejoice to see a letter in your number for October 27th from a "Friend" of an old Quaker type; and above all when he holds the honoured name of Fox,—I, who by studying something of Quaker inspiration in earlier days, was prepared to see reality in Spiritualism when it suddenly and unexpectedly took me unawares, but which has so often proved a source of sorrow and disappointment; I, who at that time was so fully in accord with Frederick Maurice, when he said, in his *Kingdom of Christ*, on occasion of addressing the Friends: "Instead of thinking you too firmly rooted in the principles which George Fox promulgated, I would, if I could, establish you more fully in them."

Mr. Charles Fox, in his article of October 27th, in "LIGHT," says: "There must have been a first man, however he came. I hear no explanation of this, though the history given in the Bible is challenged. *Meliorum fac.* Give us another more credible."

For myself, I do not know a better, especially since I have studied Spiritualism in the contemplation of what is real in modern materialisations, at once our bane and antidote. As we know, real materialisations are formed from the atmosphere, which is, as we know also, loaded with the dust of the ground, which we see so plainly in the chinks of a darkened room when the sun shines. With this key, let us take the few simple words of the Bible: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul," or "a vigorous breather" as the words are interpreted. "Vigorous," indeed, a breather must be, and is, to keep flesh lungs going in a body of flesh! And the context seems further to imply that, before being a vigorous breather, the man, or his soul, had been a less vigorous breather in a former state; and that, before being a living soul fitted for this life, he had been a soul in the spheres without gross material life, but still with soul, life, and a body diaphanous of ethereal matter. There was absolutely, in my mind, nothing in the formation of the first man to distinguish it from a modern materialisation of a

soul already in existence, except the permanence of the materialisation given to the first man. Of course, this involves pre-existence. I brought this question forward in "LIGHT" of July 28th last, hoping it might lead to a discussion, and I hope it now. And I venture to think that we Spiritualists have an advantage over some old commentators, one of whom says: "Not dry dust, but moist, such as is used by potters." And he hopes that "the thoughts of the dirt out of which we are taken may humble us."

AN OBSERVER.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Allow me to express my gratitude to my friend, "C.C.M.," for his most valuable papers on the historical element in Christianity. I tried to say something of the same kind in an essay I read before the Hermetic Society, but "C.C.M." has put the argument much more accurately and philosophically, although upon the question whether the actual narratives we possess are historical, or otherwise, I take a still more pronouncedly affirmative view than "C.C.M." The historical is often very good allegory, while claiming special advantages of its own, especially as affording encouragement and strength to those striving.

Burgess Hill.

RODEN NOEL.

October 30th, 1888.

We are asked to insert this:—

In Thesis I., I meant to imply a Correspondence, and supposed the referring to Histories in general as "mystic types" would be understood to signify their being arranged or ordered with direct design and adaptation to the Mysteries they express almost—perhaps, if we knew sufficient, quite—exact.

The variety of sense mentioned in Thesis III. was not meant to cover the Fact—which has but one as such.

And, lastly, in Thesis IV. I meant *not to make* the Fact of *Jesus birth as recorded doubtful*, but—as there hinted—had reference to (1) parts of Genesis and (2) some utterances.

Indeed, I can hardly see how accounts and deeds so remarkable as we have with clear relation to the soul's history could be thought fortuitous. For here the elements needful to a Correspondency seem to be present. And I suppose if one thing or one part is denied to be true, any or all may be—which none would do, though many would the first.

In my letter I studied brevity, so am obliged to add this.

C. Fox.

Information Wanted.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—I shall be obliged if you will kindly give me a little information with regard to "Spiritualism." As a student, I find it a difficult matter to understand the technicalities and controversies contained in the publications of the day. There seems to me a sort of hidden meaning in every subject of this kind that I fail to fathom. Spiritualists complain of the incredulity of the public, but is this to be wondered at when they find it so difficult to obtain the information they require (as in my own case), except by paying exorbitant prices for books on the subject, which, possibly, when they read they fail to understand? I am speaking of the student who has never entered into Spiritualism before, and must necessarily find it hard to comprehend your arguments.

Could you recommend me a book (at a reasonable price) that would explain Spiritualism in as clear a way as possible to a beginner?

SUBSCRIBER.

October 29th, 1888.

[In the library of the London Spiritualist Alliance is a full supply of all books on Spiritualism and kindred subjects at the service of subscribers of one guinea a year.—ED.]

Thanks.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—I deem it my duty (by your favour) to offer my most sincere and grateful thanks to the generous few who subscribed to my relief fund.

That the amount subscribed (under £35) was wholly inadequate for the purpose intended, viz., the removal of my family to America, may be attributed (1) to the growing disfavour towards such appeals, and (2) to the fact that many of my early compeers in the movement have either "gone over to the majority" or left the country.

It will be a satisfaction, however, to the subscribers to know they have prevented the break-up of my home (for the present), as well as made an investment which will bring them interest all through the eternal years.

62, Ivydale-road, Nunhead, S.E.

R. HARPER.

P.S.—I am open to engagements to lecture in any part of Great Britain.

SOCIETY WORK.

PROGRESSIVE ASSOCIATION, 24, HARCOURT-STREET.
—Last Sunday, from 3.30 till 4.30, the time was spent in conversation, and some remarks were given by one of Mr. Dale's controls, concerning the "Fading Light of the Average Spiritualist."—L. TERRY.

125, BARKING-ROAD, CANNING TOWN.—The meeting on Sunday last was opened in the usual manner. The attendance was fairly good. Mr. McKenzie addressed the meeting in a very acceptable manner, after which Mr. Harris gave his experiences, and afforded much satisfaction. The speaker for next Sunday will be Mr. J. Hopcroft.—COR.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—Mr. Hopcroft gave an address on Sunday last both morning and evening. The subject in the evening was "The Claims of Spiritualism on Humanity," which was followed by clear and distinct descriptions of spirits, recognised in each case. Mr. U. W. Goddard and Miss Bleaman will speak at eleven and seven respectively, on Sunday next.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

THE LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY, 351, EDGWARE-ROAD, NEAR EDGWARE-ROAD STATION (omnibuses pass the door).—Please note change of address. On Sunday evening next, at seven, Mr. Hocker will deliver a lecture entitled, "Experiences proving the Spiritual Theory." This being one of the first collections of evidence laid before the society in pursuance of our recent announcement, it will be reported for future publication. During the evening Mrs. Tindall will sing "Emmanuel," and "Love's Golden Dream." I shall also read some cases from *Phantasms of the Living*.—F. W. READ, Hon. Sec., 33, Henry-street, St. John's Wood, N. W.

VICTORIA HALL, ARCHER-STREET, BAYSWATER.—The morning service, on Sunday, was well attended. We had short addresses of a devotional character, followed by good clairvoyant descriptions by Mr. Goddard, jun., and Mr. Towns, jun., and healing by Mr. Goddard, sen. One gentleman gave his testimony, to the healing power of Mr. Goddard. In the evening Mr. Robert J. Lees gave an address showing that the teachings and phenomena as recorded in the New Testament were in accord with modern Spiritualism. The speaker was frequently applauded. Sunday, November 4th, at 11 a.m., healing by Mr. Goddard, sen.; devotional exercises; and clairvoyance. At seven, Mr. J. Hopcroft, address and clairvoyance.—W. O. DRAKE.

GLASGOW.—The Glasgow public have had a fortnight with Mr. William Victor Wyldes, the trance speaker and psychometrist, whose addresses were highly appreciated, while the psychometric tests gave the fullest satisfaction. His services have been so highly valued that a return visit, commencing December 9th next, has been arranged.—G. W. WALROND, 41, Cumberland-street, S.S., Glasgow.

LONDON CENTRAL FEDERATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

At a full meeting of the General Council (*pro tem.*), held on Thursday evening, October 25th, sub-committees were appointed to draw up the basis and plan of federation, to prepare rules and regulations, and to make arrangements for the public meeting and conference, which will be held in London, probably on Sunday, December 2nd. It is proposed that a devotional service be held at 11 a.m., a business conference at 2.30, a general tea at five, and a public meeting with addresses at 6.30. The sub-committees are to make their reports to the Council on November 1st, and it is hoped that as many societies as possible will send delegates to the meeting. Time and place will be announced next week. Either of the three hon. secs. (*pro tem.*), Messrs. Veitch, Long, and Goddard, will be pleased to reply to inquiring friends.—U. W. GODDARD, 6, Strath-terrace, St. John's Hill, Clapham Junction, S.W., Hon. Sec. (*pro tem.*).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It will ensure despatch if all matter offered for publication is addressed to the Editor of "LIGHT," 16, Craven-street, Charing Cross, and not to any other name or address. Communications for the Manager should be sent separately.

The Editor begs respectfully to intimate that he cannot undertake to return rejected MSS. If accompanied by stamps to pay postage in case of its being deemed unsuitable for publication, he will use reasonable care in re-posting any MS.

He also begs respectfully to intimate that he cannot undertake to prepare for the press communications that are not suitably written. He begs his correspondents to see that all articles and letters forwarded are written on one side of the paper, are ready for the printer, and are of moderate length. Those over a column in length are in danger of being crowded out.

G.H.K.—We do not care to open the question.

A HIGH PRIEST AWAKENED.—An absolute fiction, and a silly one at that.

"ZANONI."—Your letter, with enclosure, has been sent on to Mr. M.

JAMES CURTIS.—We use your "Slade in Ballarat." The spirit communications are hardly of sufficient general interest to warrant us in giving up to them so much of our overtaxed space as they would occupy.

TRANSFIGURATION.

IN MEMORIAM.

(Lines written by Louise M. Alcott, on the death of her mother.)

Mysterious death! who in a single hour
Life's gold can so refine:
And by the art divine
Change mortal weakness to immortal power!
Bending beneath the weight of eighty years,
Spent with a noble strife
Of a victorious life,
We watched her fading heavenward through our tears.
But ere the sense of loss our hearts had wrung
A miracle was wrought,
And swift as happy thought
She lived again, brave, beautiful, and young.
Age, pain, and sorrow dropped the veils they wore,
And showed the tender eyes
Of angels in disguise,
Whose discipline so patiently she bore.
The past years brought their harvest rich and fair,
While memory and love
Together fondly wove
A golden garland for the silver hair.
How could we mourn like those who are bereft,
When every pang of grief
Found balm for its relief
In counting up the treasures she had left?
Faith that withstood the shock of toil and time,
Hope that defied despair,
Patience that conquered care,
And loyalty whose courage was sublime.
The great deep heart that was a home for all;
Just, eloquent, and strong
In protest against wrong;
Wide charity that knew no sin, no fall.
The Spartan spirit that made life so grand,
Mating poor, daily needs
With high heroic deeds,
That wrested happiness from fate's hard hand.
We thought to weep, but sing for joy instead,
Full of the grateful peace
That follows her release;
For nothing but the weary dust lies dead.
Oh, noble woman! Never more a queen
Than in the laying down
Of sceptre and of crown,
To win a greater kingdom yet unseen;
Teaching us how to seek the highest goal;
To earn the true success;
To live, to love, to bless,
And make death proud to take a royal soul.

—The Union Signal, Chicago.

WE regret to learn that Mrs. Hardinge Britten is severely indisposed. Bronchitis and inflammatory sore throat are vexing her as they are many another. Here in London we add influenza to the list.

At Oldham Mr. R. J. Lees has been handling the Rev. T. Ashcroft with effect. This notorious person seems to imagine that he has a mission to misrepresent Spiritualism, and Mr. Lees has discovered that he also has a mission to represent the Rev. T. Ashcroft in his true colours. Mr. Lees' address at the Co-operative Hall was powerful and conclusive.

The Two Worlds draws attention to the danger of sporadic hypnotic experiments, especially those involving the suggestion of crime. We have repeatedly expressed our profound distrust of this tampering with moral consciousness.

"We presume," says the editor of *The Two Worlds*, "we have not thieves and criminals enough at large upon society since the hypnotisers seem so anxious to manufacture fresh ones out of honest men. How would it be if they were to go to the gaols and prisons and try to manufacture honest men out of criminals?"

WE have to thank some unknown friend for giving us advertisement, now in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, formerly in the *World*. It is an act of generous consideration, very serviceable if we may venture to hope that it is continued till it has effect. (Gratitude, we know, is a lively sense of favours to come.) We believe advertisements are very useless up to a certain point, and then very useful indeed.

TESTIMONY TO PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

The following is a list of some eminent persons who, after personal investigation, have satisfied themselves of the reality of some of the phenomena generally known as Psychical or Spiritualistic.

N.B.—An asterisk is prefixed to those who have exchanged belief for knowledge.

SCIENCE.—The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, F.R.S., President R.A.S.; W. Crookes, Fellow and Gold Medallist of the Royal Society; C. Varley, F.R.S., C.E.; A. R. Wallace, the eminent Naturalist; W. F. Barrett, F.R.S.E., Professor of Physics in the Royal College of Science, Dublin; Dr. Lockhart Robertson; *Dr. J. Elliotson, F.R.S., sometime President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London; *Professor de Morgan, sometime President of the Mathematical Society of London; *Dr. Wm. Gregory, F.R.S.E., sometime Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh; *Dr. Ashburner *Mr. Rutter; *Dr. Herbert Mayo, F.R.S., &c., &c.

*Professor F. Zöllner, of Leipzig, author of *Transcendental Physics*, &c.; Professors G. T. Fechner, Scheibner, and J. H. Fichte, of Leipzig; Professor W. E. Weber, of Göttingen; Professor Hoffman of Würzburg; *Professor Perty, of Berne; Professors Wagner and *Butlerof, of Petersburg; *Professors Hare and Mapes, of U.S.A.; Dr. Robert Friese, of Breslau; M. Camille Flammarion, Astronomer, &c., &c.

LITERATURE.—The Earl of Dunraven; T. A. Trollope; S. C. Hall; Gerald Massey; Sir R. Burton; *Professor Cassal, LL.D.; *Lord Brougham; *Lord Lytton; *Lord Lyndhurst; *Archbishop Whately; *Dr. R. Chambers, F.R.S.E.; *W. M. Thackeray; *Nassau Senior; *George Thompson; *W. Howitt; *Serjeant Cox; *Mrs. Browning; Hon. Roden Noel, &c., &c.

Bishop Clarke, Rhode Island, U.S.A.; Darius Lyman, U.S.A., Professor W. Denton; Professor Alex. Wilder; Professor Hiram Corson; Professor George Bush; and twenty-four Judges and ex-Judges of the U.S. Courts; *Victor Hugo; Baron and Baroness Von Vay; *W. Lloyd Garrison, U.S.A.; *Hon. R. Dale Owen, U.S.A.; *Hon. J. W. Edmonds, U.S.A.; *Epes Sargent; *Baron du Potet; *Count A. de Gasparin; *Baron L. de Guldenstübbe, &c., &c.

SOCIAL POSITION.—H. I. H. Nicholas, Duke of Leuchtenberg; H. R. H. the Prince of Solms; H. S. H. Prince Albrecht of Solms; *H. S. H. Prince Emile of Sayn Wittgenstein; Hon. Alexander Aksakof, Imperial Councillor of Russia; the Countess of Caithness and Duchesse de Pomar; the Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan, sometime Minister of U.S.A. at the Court of Lisbon; M. Favre-Clavairoz, late Consul-General of France at Trieste; the late Emperors of *Russia and *France; Presidents *Thiers and *Lincoln, &c., &c.

WHAT IS SAID OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

J. H. FICHTE, THE GERMAN PHILOSOPHER AND AUTHOR.—“Notwithstanding my age (83) and my exemption from the controversies of the day, I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the great fact of Spiritualism. No one should keep silent.”

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN, PRESIDENT OF THE MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—“I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me.”

DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS.—“I have for many years known that these phenomena are real, as distinguished from impostures; and it is not of yesterday that I concluded they were calculated to explain much that has been doubtful in the past; and when fully accepted, revolutionise the whole frame of human opinion on many important matters.”—*Extract from a Letter to A. Russel Wallace.*

PROFESSOR HARE, EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.—“Far from abating my confidence in the inferences respecting the agencies of the spirits of deceased mortals, in the manifestations of which I have given an account in my work, I have, within the last nine months” (this was written in 1858), “had more striking evidences of that agency than those given in the work in question.”

PROFESSOR CHALLIS, THE LATE PLUMERIAN PROFESSOR OF ASTRONOMY AT CAMBRIDGE.—“I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to such facts, which has come from many independent sources, and from a vast number of witnesses. . . . In short, the testimony has been so abundant and consentaneous, that either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up.”—*Clerical Journal*, June, 1862.

PROFESSORS TORNEBOM AND EDLAND, THE SWEDISH PHYSICISTS.—“Only those deny the reality of spirit phenomena who have never examined them, but profound study alone can explain them. We do not know where we may be led by the discovery of the cause of these, as it seems, trivial occurrences, or to what new spheres of Nature's kingdom they may open the way; but that they will bring forward important results is already made clear to us by the revelations of natural history in all ages.”—*Aftonblad* (Stockholm), October 30th, 1879.

PROFESSOR GREGORY, F.R.S.E.—“The essential question is this. What are the proofs of the agency of departed spirits? Although I cannot say that I yet feel the sure and firm conviction on this point which I feel on some others, I am bound to say that the higher phenomena, recorded by so many truthful and honourable men, appear to me to render the spiritual hypothesis almost certain. . . . I believe that if I could myself see the higher phenomena alluded to I should be satisfied, as are all those who have had the best means of judging the truth of the spiritual theory.”

LORD BROUGHAM.—“There is but one question I would ask the author, Is the Spiritualism of this work foreign to our materialistic, manufacturing age? No; for amidst the varieties of mind which divers circumstances produce are found those who cultivate man's highest acuties; to these the author addresses himself. But even in the most cloudless skies of scepticism I see a rain-cloud, if it be no bigger than a man's hand; it is modern Spiritualism.”—*Preface by Lord Brougham in 'The Book of Nature.'* By C. O. Groom Napier, F.C.S.

THE LONDON DIALECTICAL COMMITTEE reported: “1. That sounds of a very varied character, apparently proceeding from articles of furniture, the floor and walls of the room—the vibrations accompanying which sounds are often distinctly perceptible to the touch—occur, without being produced by muscular action or mechanical contrivance. 2. That movements of heavy bodies take place without mechanical

contrivance of any kind, or adequate exertion of muscular force on those present, and frequently without contact or connection with any person. 3. That these sounds and movements often occur at the time and in the manner asked for by persons present, and, by means of a simple code of signals, answer questions and spell out coherent communications.”

CROMWELL F. VARLEY, F.R.S.—“Twenty-five years ago I was a hard-headed unbeliever. . . . Spiritual phenomena, however, suddenly and quite unexpectedly, were soon after developed in my own family. . . . This led me to inquire and to try numerous experiments in such a way as to preclude, as much as circumstances would permit, the possibility of trickery and self-deception.” . . . He then details various phases of the phenomena which had come within the range of his personal experience, and continues: “Other and numerous phenomena have occurred, proving the existence (a) of forces unknown to science; (b) the power of instantly reading my thoughts; (c) the presence of some intelligence or intelligences controlling those powers. . . . That the phenomena occur there is overwhelming evidence, and it is too late to deny their existence.”

CAMILLE FLAMMARION, THE FRENCH ASTRONOMER, AND MEMBER OF THE ACADEMIE FRANCAISE.—“I do not hesitate to affirm my conviction, based on personal examination of the subject, that any scientific man who declares the phenomena denominated ‘magnetic,’ ‘somnambule,’ ‘mediumic,’ and others not yet explained by science to be ‘impossible,’ is one who speaks without knowing what he is talking about; and also any man accustomed, by his professional avocations, to scientific observation—provided that his mind be not biased by pre-conceived opinions, nor his mental vision blinded by that opposite kind of illusion, unhappily too common in the learned world, which consists in imagining that the laws of Nature are already known to us, and that everything which appears to overstep the limit of our present formulas is impossible—may acquire a radical and absolute certainty of the reality of the facts alluded to.”

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, F.G.S.—“My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do not require further confirmation. They are proved, quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences, and it is not denial or quibbling that can disprove any of them, but only fresh facts and accurate deductions from those facts. When the opponents of Spiritualism can give a record of their researches approaching in duration and completeness to those of its advocates; and when they can discover and show in detail, either how the phenomena are produced or how the many sane and able men here referred to have been deluded into a coincident belief that they have witnessed them; and when they can prove the correctness of their theory by producing a like belief in a body of equally sane and able unbelievers—then, and not till then, will it be necessary for Spiritualists to produce fresh confirmation of facts which are, and always have been, sufficiently real and indisputable to satisfy any honest and persevering inquirer.”—*Miracles and Modern Spiritualism.*

DR. LOCKHART ROBERTSON.—“The writer” (i.e., Dr. L. Robertson) “can now no more doubt the physical manifestations of so-called Spiritualism than he would any other fact, as, for example, the fall of the apple to the ground, of which his senses informed him. As stated above, there was no place or chance of any legerdemain, or fraud, in these physical manifestations. He is aware, even from recent experience, of the impossibility of convincing anyone, by a mere narrative of events apparently so out of harmony with all our knowledge of the laws which govern the physical world, and he places these facts on record rather as an act of justice due to those whose similar statements he had elsewhere doubted and denied, than with either the desire or hope of convincing others. Yet he cannot doubt the ultimate recognition of facts of the truth of which he is so thoroughly convinced. Admit these physical manifestations, and a strange and wide world of research is opened to our inquiry. This field is new to the materialist mind of the last two centuries, which even in the writings of divines of the English Church, doubts and denies all spiritual manifestations and agencies, be they good or evil.”—From a letter by Dr. Lockhart Robertson, published in the *Dialectical Society's Report on Spiritualism*, p. 24.

NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR.—“No one can doubt that phenomena like these (Phrenology, Homœopathy, and Mesmerism) deserve to be observed, recorded, and arranged; and whether we call by the name of mesmerism, or by any other name, the science which proposes to do this, is a mere question of nomenclature. Among those who profess this science there may be careless observers, prejudiced recorders, and rash systematisers; their errors and defects may impede the progress of knowledge, but they will not stop it. And we have no doubt that, before the end of this century, the wonders which perplex almost equally those who accept and those who reject modern mesmerism will be distributed into defined classes, and found subject to ascertained laws—in other words, will become the subjects of a science.” These views will prepare us for the following statement, made in the *Spiritual Magazine*, 1864, p. 336: “We have only to add, as a further tribute to the attainments and honours of Mr. Senior, that he was by long inquiry and experience a firm believer in spiritual power and manifestations. Mr. Home was his frequent guest, and Mr. Senior made no secret of his belief among his friends. He it was who recommended the publication of Mr. Home's recent work by Messrs. Longmans, and he authorised the publication, under initials, of one of the striking incidents there given, which happened to a near and dear member of his family.”

BARON CARL DU PREL (Munich) in *Nord und Sud*.—“One thing is clear; that is, that psychography must be ascribed to a transcendental origin. We shall find: (1) That the hypothesis of prepared slates is inadmissible. (2) The place on which the writing is found is quite inaccessible to the hands of the medium. In some cases the double slate is securely locked, leaving only room inside for the tiny morsel of slate-pencil. (3) That the writing is actually done at the time. (4) That the medium is not writing. (5) The writing must be actually done with the morsel of slate or lead-pencil. (6) The writing is done by an intelligent being, since the answers are exactly pertinent to the questions. (7) This being can read, write, and understand the language of human beings, frequently such as is unknown to the medium. (8) It strongly resembles a human being, as well in the degree of its intelligence as in the mistakes sometimes made. These beings are therefore, although invisible, of human nature or species. It is no use whatever to fight against this proposition. (9) If these beings speak, they do so in human language. (10) If they are asked who they are, they answer that they are beings who have left this world. (11) When these appearances become partly visible, perhaps only their hands, the hands seen are of human form. (12) When these things become entirely visible, they show the human form and countenance. . . . Spiritualism must be investigated by science. I should look upon myself as a coward if I did not openly express my convictions.”