

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

Another volume closes with this issue: another year is gone. I have no intention of reviewing its course, or of taking stock of its assets. It has been, I believe, a year of steady progress, of broadening growth, of increasing desire to penetrate beneath the surface, and to know the causes of things. This, I am well assured, is a most hopeful sign, if indeed it exist. For we have concerned ourselves now many years with a most superficial view of great things. We have accumulated piles of facts, and we may be well assured that there are many who will sift them if we decline the task. We may be sure, too, that others will continue the work of gathering. The Society for Psychical Research reaches people whom we do not touch. It is not likely to abandon the task of multiplying evidence, whatever it may do with it when it gets it. I do not urge that we should cease our own efforts in this direction, but there are not wanting indications that, for the present at any rate, there is no great amount of new phenomena available amongst us. And if, as I firmly believe, this is an ordered plan directed from without this world, I should expect this to be the case. I should anticipate that evidence of spirit-power, given through the avenues of the senses to beings who are so constituted as to get their knowledge chiefly in that way, would not be continued till that which had been received was assimilated. That is to my mind reasonable and probable. Therefore, while I wholly agree that every fresh indication of abnormal interference in our lives should be carefully observed and recorded; while I entirely acquiesce in the paramount necessity for the study of the powers inherent in ourselves, I am not shaken in my often expressed opinion that what we most want is an interpretation and an interpreter. For myself, I have done as much fact-hunting as I propose to do just now.

It is not becoming to allow a volume to close without some words as to the position that this journal occupies after twelve months more of activity. It would be still less becoming in me to quote, though I heartily and gratefully acknowledge, the many kind words that have been uttered in respect of my own share in the work of "LIGHT." One day—avoiding that most offensive form of egotism which takes to itself credit for the good works of others—I may be tempted to gather a garland for my readers of the flowers of compliment that have been offered to "LIGHT." The good feeling that prompts such kind words cannot but be very grateful to anyone who is engaged in the Sisyphus work that falls to the lot of an editor of a Spiritualist journal. The generous appreciation of efforts that are at least sincere and sustained is a real and efficient help in carrying

them out. I am glad to think that the quality of the matter presented to the readers of "LIGHT" has suffered no deterioration this year. It has been my aim to bear in mind that I conduct a "Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research," though the main end and aim of it is understood to be the recording of news relating to Spiritualism. I have no desire to narrow my view, or to exclude from it any subject that legitimately comes within the scope of this journal as described above. In attempting to widen the horizon, while keeping Spiritualism in the forefront, I believe I am satisfying the desires of the great majority of the readers of "LIGHT." For we do not—we cannot—all see eye to eye. I am tempted to thank God that we do not. And it must be remembered that there is no newspaper into which such news can find entry except "LIGHT."

This is a point that has had weight with me. It is not to be supposed that an editor personally agrees with all that he prints. Nor is it to be thought that he imagines all his readers will agree with all that they read. The readers of "LIGHT" are of various complexions, of various casts of mind and tones of thought. If I may illustrate my meaning, I would say that in political journalism the editor of a party paper, and has no particular care for the opposition organ, except to pick it and its supporters to pieces. It is not so with such a paper as "LIGHT." It appeals to all phases of opinion that are concerned with a vast and unexplored area—the "Dark Continent" of Psychical Research with all its infinite possibilities of discovery and all its manifold perplexities of conflicting problems. It is, in my judgment, of the last importance that there should be an organ of public opinion that can give a fair field and no favour to the most divergent views, provided only that they are within the scope of the "psychical, occult, and mystical" journal to which they seek admission. I have kept that point clearly in view. It is my business, of course, to see that what is printed is properly put, that personalities are avoided, and that no undue proportion of space is absorbed without good reason. This I have tried to do, and I am glad to think, not without success. For there has been no time in the life of this journal when its influence was greater and more widely felt, when it was more quoted and with more approval, and when it was more looked up to as the exponent of educated and thoughtful opinion on matters that are increasingly occupying the attention of the best minds.

That any attempt to do what I have indicated must involve an appeal to a select and educated public goes without saying. There must be in "LIGHT" a good deal that one who wants a little "easy reading" that does not demand attention, will not find suitable to an arm-chair and after-dinner drowsiness. But I hope there is no single number in which the earnest man who is seeking after truth will not find something to his taste. I have no desire to soothe the slumbers of the sluggish. Those who would acquire knowledge of a subject essentially abstruse must not be

afraid of giving to it pains and time. In this, of all subjects, there is no royal road to knowledge, and the sciolist almost inevitably lives in a realm of illusion. Without in any way abandoning the lines on which I have hitherto worked I propose in the next volume to introduce some special features that will, I hope, be of interest. There is, in some quarters, a request for records of phenomena. I shall be happy to print any properly attested records sent to me, and, though pressure on my time and ill-health will delay my purpose, I will contribute from my own store what seems suitable. There is a desire also for some discussion of the causes that produce these phenomena and the way in which they are produced. I will gladly devote an occasional column to a record of such simple phenomena as are familiar to us all, and to a free discussion of what the readers of "LIGHT" think about their origin and cause. Take the "rap" for example. What do we know, as Mr. Hawkins Simpson reminds us, of it and its genesis? There is again the wide subject of Coincidences. I hope to print some remarkable cases under this head and to invite my readers to add to their number and discuss their bearings. Lastly, at very general request, I propose to add to the *Spirit Teachings* that have appeared already. I cannot hope to rival the interest of the volume that is already in the hands of the public. When that series was selected I had no idea what my invisible friends intended. The most important teachings were taken in or out of order, with no view to continuity, the only motives governing me being to select those least personal to myself, and those of most general interest. There are, however, many remaining that I feel it a duty to publish, in view of the reception given to the first series.

With this general statement I relapse from "I" to "We." And in the latter character those interested are reminded urgently that no journal such as this, appealing, as it does, to a necessarily limited class, can do without large funds beside and beyond those derived from its sale. These, it is hoped, will be amply provided, for on that depends the future of the paper. There must be no mistake or misapprehension on that point. If the work is valued it must be supported adequately.

HYPNOTISM IN UNSEEN LIFE.

I have seen and been instructed as to the state of the hells in general. Phantasies are what rule there, and they appear real to the life, because those who are there are in phantasies, and have no other life than that of phantasies; if they had not that they would have none at all, wherefore their phantasies are to them as living realities, perceived with all fulness of sense, as I have learned by multiplied experience, and from having oftentimes conversed with spirits on the subject. They said they knew they were phantasies, to which it was replied that such was the fact, but still they perceived them with perfect sensation, and even with pain and torture; and although they themselves are mere phantasies, yet they cannot otherwise live, as the sum total of their existence is phantasy, inasmuch as they are not in goodness and the truth of faith; for good spirits and angels never perceive such things, inasmuch as they are in truth. The genera of phantasies are very numerous, and the species still more so. Indeed, there are as many hells as there are different kinds of phantasies, and all attended [on the part of their subjects] with living pain, torment, and perception. I have seen how they mutually torment each other in the hells by means of phantasies. One would bind another so tightly with cords, that the spirit knew no otherwise than that he was actually bound as to his hands and feet, and was thus cast whenever the other saw fit. They would then turn him into a wild animal, a bear, or something else, and bind him by the neck and head, and even by the teeth, and draw him if he lagged, and that with sensible pain. I have seen also that they would project serpents, and the other party would crush them with his feet, and the gore would be seen flowing thence over the whole place where they stood; in this manner he was compelled to act. By these and such like phantasies one tortures another, and he who inflicts it is sent into similar tortures. The genera and species of phantasies are innumerable according to their hells.

—SWEDENBORG'S *Spiritual Diary*, 4380-4381.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Terminology of Mesmerism.

SIR,—I fully concur with the views expressed by Mr. F. W. Hayes (the hon. sec. of the London Hypnotic Society) in your late issue.

There is no doubt that the word "Magnetism" is altogether inadequate to designate the neuric force which acts so powerfully and always so beneficially on the patient.

This force has been studied and acknowledged by eminent "savants," such as Puységur, Baretty, Liébault, Crookes, &c., under the names of "magnetic fluid," "animal electricity," "vital principle," "nervous fluid," "psychical force," &c., but these terms were only used temporarily and for want of a better vocable.

It seems to me that the right word has been named at last, and that we should all be grateful to Mr. Hayes for reminding us of such simple and yet such scientific words as "Odylium" and "Odyle," which are at the same time easy and consistent.

As far as we are concerned we shall certainly always use them in preference to "Magnetism," and I think that there is no doubt that this new nomenclature will be readily adopted in scientific circles, not only in this country, but also abroad.

WILLIAM BEAUFORT,

Secretary Magnetic and Hypnotic Society of Great Britain.

Spiritualism at Bedford Park.

SIR,—Your correspondent "π" admits that he did not hear my lecture at Bedford Park, and I am quite sure he has not read it. Upon what grounds then does he insinuate that I came before the audience saying "I have the only true Gospel, you must believe"; or why does he class me among those "well meaning people" who imagine that what they believe to be true is the "totality of knowledge"? My lecture may, or may not, have been more suitable for the Salvation Army room, as he thinks, than for the "poets, artists, and journalists" who reside at Bedford Park; that is a matter of opinion, for those who heard it to decide upon; I was introduced to that meeting by a family residing at Bedford Park as intelligent as any of those around there, and I believe they were satisfied with the way in which I treated the subject; any way, I did my best, and the best can do no more.

Touching the deductive and inductive modes of reasoning alluded to by "π," is he not somewhat "mixed" in his ideas relating thereto? The plan I adopted was to bring certain facts before my audience, and then submit for their judgment, whether—assuming them to be correct—they did or did not prove the truth of the life hereafter; is not this the inductive method recommended by "π"? I think so. Madame de Steiger declares that "one of the audience, a well-known artist, spoke very warmly on the subject, stating that such an exposition of spiritual truth seemed a sad degradation," and she suggests my adopting the opposite method, and offering "a little more of philosophy and less of phenomena." Well, Colonel Olcott has now tried that, and it certainly did not succeed with some of his audience, judging from the remarks that fell from several at the close of his lecture; far from dogmatizing, I declared that if the facts put forward did not prove the truth of the life hereafter they were of no value to me whatever.

Your correspondent asks "Why all this fuss about Bedford Park?" I will tell him. The ball has been set rolling there. I have given my views, Colonel Olcott has given his, and a well-known lecturer will be invited to do the same later on. Let those amongst us who can do nothing better for the cause than criticise such efforts, stand aside; I, for my part, say, "save me from my friends"; my foes I am not afraid of.

T. L. HENLY.

SIR,—It is to be regretted that Mr. T. L. Henley did not meet with gentler treatment at the hands of his Bedford Park audience. I do not think, however, that improves his case by the late attack on Colonel H. S. Olcott, which appeared in your issue of the 21st inst. over his signature.

The account which he gives of the lecture on Theosophy at Bedford Park Club differs widely from the independent reports of others, as may be seen from the following papers: *West London Observer* (December 11th), *West Middlesex Standard* (December 14th), and *Richmond and Twickenham Times* (December 14th). As a mere point of detail amongst Mr. Henley's other remarks I beg to say that the committee who manage the Bedford Park Club as a body invited the Colonel down to deliver a

lecture, it was not any individual member who did so, especially the one referred to in Mr. Henley's letter, as he would have us believe.

It is true that the gentleman who was called upon to propose a vote of thanks disgusted the audience by making use of the occasion to deliver an absurd denial *in toto* of everything that the Colonel had said, but a statement of wholesale repudiation is no argument, and was not calculated to gain the sympathies of an intellectual audience like the one assembled at the club on December 7th last, and, in fact, the remarks of the speaker were greeted with cries of "Shame!"

The general voice of the residents in the Park disclaims the discourtesy of this particular speaker, and the reporters have taken no notice of him, as being beside the question.

In conclusion, I should like to point out, moreover, that the late lectures of Colonel H. S. Olcott on "Theosophy and the Awakening of Japan" at Bradford and on the "Practical Use of Theosophy" at Newcastle were reported at great length in all the papers of both cities, viz.: *Bradford Observer* (December 16th and 17th), *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* (December 17th and 18th), *Newcastle Leader* (December 18th), *Newcastle Daily Post* (December 18th), and prove conclusively that the subject is attracting wide notice and gives at least some crumbs to feed the hungry.

December 21st, 1889.

ONE OF THE AUDIENCE.

SIR,—A correspondent in your issue of the 21st inst. mentions the extremely hostile reception given to Colonel Olcott by various speakers in the Bedford Park Club, on the 7th inst. This was by no means the case.

I live in the Park, and hardly a day goes by without bringing to me a word of someone extremely indignant with the speakers, or rather with two of them, the others being neither more hostile nor friendly than one finds at any meeting for the spread of new notions—political, religious, or other.

3, Blenheim-road,
Bedford Park.

W. B. YEATS.

WHAT IS STILL TAUGHT AT THE PRESENT TIME.

(From *Neue Spiritualistische Blätter*.)

TRANSLATED BY "V."

We extract the following paragraph in the Christening address at the baptism of the infant prince at Kiel on May 5th, from the account published in the supplement to the Berlin local *Anzeiger* of May 7th:—

How astonished would the former departed inhabitants of this castle be could they rise to-day from their graves, come among us, and after their long silence and isolation witness such a lively scene, &c.

Yes, they would indeed have reason to be astonished, if, in accordance with the thought above expressed, for centuries they had made no progress and therefore had no idea of the present state of things. What a dreadful thought! to lie for centuries in the grave without thought or feeling, or—which would be even more horrible—not to be able to progress or develop with the times, but to be obliged to wait in their narrow graves, spiritually dead. And just imagine the terror which all present would have experienced, if the idea suggested could have been realised, and a number of dead persons, with the odour of the charnel house upon them, could have stepped out among the brilliant assembly!

When such things are no longer believed and it is known that they are absolutely impossible, in accordance with the facts of science, when it is a recognised fact that the body destroyed by chemical processes can never be re-inhabited by soul and spirit, people ought not to make use of such figures of speech, for they only serve to perpetuate old errors and superstitions among the people and to impede the light of knowledge.

But who can venture to say that these departed ancestors were not in reality present at the festival and rejoicing at the new life springing up from the ruins? No one can positively assert that some, if not all the ancient inhabitants of the castle from their spirit homes participated, as quiet lookers on, in the festal performances, and rejoiced to see how the light of knowledge is making way and humanity ever progressing. Truly, indeed, would they be astonished to find that they were thought of as still lying in their graves, while they were in reality progressing with the times, and in many respects even in advance of them, pressing onward eternally towards perfection.

We think that in the present state of knowledge such expressions ought not to be used, even as flowers of speech, because superstition is only thereby encouraged among the unthinking.

How much better and in more accordance with the truth would it be if the sentence ran thus:—

How astonished *will* the former departed inhabitants of this castle be, when from their spirits' homes they to-day participate in this festival and behold what splendour, what a new fresh life is revived in this place, after such a long period of sad desolation, &c.

A FATAL RING.

Among all the presents of her Royal *Corbeille de Noces*, Alfonso XII. gave his cousin a simple little ring, which pleased Mercedes so much that she at once placed it on her finger, and never since removed it. At her death Alfonso himself drew it from her hand, and unable to look upon it without a pang, gave it as a souvenir of the dead to the Dowager Queen Christine, his grandmother. She lived but a few months afterwards, and the ring passed into the possession of the Infanta Amelia del Pilar, who died a very short time after receiving it. For the third time it reverted to the King; his sister-in-law, Christina, the second daughter of the Duke de Montpensier, begged him to let her have it in remembrance of Mercedes; he consented, and not three months after she had begun to wear it, she too had ceased to live.

Struck by these mournful coincidences Alfonso claimed the ring, and, with a vague sense of sadness and regret determined to keep it and wear it himself—not for long, for he too was taken. On his death-bed someone recognised the fatal circlet on his finger, and it was remembered that of the five persons to whom it had belonged—two queens, two princesses, and a king—not one had survived more than a few weeks. It was looked upon as a baleful amulet endowed with unnatural powers for evil, and to conjure the *malefice* it was decided to offer it up at the shrine of the Madonna, patron saint of Madrid; after being exorcised by the clergy it was suspended by a ribbon round the neck of the statue, where it could work no further harm.—*Cosmopolitan Recollections*, Vol. II., p. 118.

THE GAIN OF LOSS.

We hallowed the bed for our darling's rest,
And lined it with roses, white and red;
And the sod above it we softly pressed.
"Sleep well," through our gathering tears, we said.
But oh! the desolate hours we spent
In the silent home from which baby went.

We missed the patter of little feet,
And the broken music of baby talk;
We were lost for the cares that had been so sweet,
When the fearless laddie began to walk;
And scarce could feel that another Hand
Was guiding him, now, in the better land.

The lonely days, and the lonely nights,
Had they ever a gain our fond hearts knew?
Ah, yes! for oft from the Heavenly heights
Come echoes floating our darkness through;
And the land beyond grew near and bright,
Where our beautiful baby lived in light.

And our lives were touched by a holier grace,
And each to each was bound the more,
For the dream in our souls of the little face
Waiting for us on the further shore;
And day by day we heard the chime
Of bells beyond this passing time.

There came to us, too, from the baby's grave,
A tender thought for those who wept;
And our hands were swifter to bless and save,
Our hearts in yearning love were kept.
We were fain to cure each bitter ache,
Or ease its smart—for baby's sake.

And so we have learned to count the gain,
Where once we counted alone the loss!
And so, through the bitter sweet of pain,
Have found the blessing within the Cross.
"Thank God!" we cry, with reverent breath,
"For the life that is quickened but through Death."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE impressions on the imagination make the great days of life; the book, the landscape, or the personality which did not stay on the surface of the eye or the ear, but penetrated to the inward sense, agitates us, and is not forgotten.

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Light:

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28th, 1889.

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

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

REMARKABLE SPONTANEOUS MANIFESTATIONS.

As the season has come round when ghost stories are in fashion, we present our readers with one of the most astounding stories that we ever read. It is sufficiently on the lines of the experience of others to make it not incredible, and it is sufficiently attested to merit consideration. Mr. Woodcock is a member of the Royal Canadian Academy at Brockville, Canada, and his narrative is extracted from the *Recorder* of that town. Mr. Woodcock is no novice in the investigation of occult phenomena, having witnessed, as he states, nearly every phenomenon attributed to occult agency, and having especially devoted himself, during an eight years' sojourn in Paris, to their elucidation.

Very slightly abridged, the narrative is as follows:—

On September 15th last the family of George Dagg, a farmer living in the Township of Clarendon, in the County of Pontiac, Province of Quebec, seven miles from Shawville, on the Pontiac and Pacific Railroad, began to be troubled by some strange spirit of mischief that played havoc with their peaceful home and drove them nearly distracted. The family consisted of George Dagg, aged about thirty-five years, his wife Susan, little Mary Dagg, aged four years, little Johnny Dagg, aged two years, and Dinah Burden McLean, aged eleven years. This little girl Dinah was sent out from Scotland by Mr. Quarrier, and was adopted from the Belleville Home by Mr. Dagg five years ago. Previous to the commencement of these troubles she was a stout, rosy cheeked Scotch girl. Now her cheeks are sunken in, dark rings encircle her eyes, and she is a mere shadow of her former self. At first it was supposed by the Dagg and their neighbours that a boy named Dean, who had worked for the Dagg, was at the bottom of the mischief, and afterwards it was pretty generally believed by the people that it was done through the Black Art practised by a Mrs. Wallace and her two children, neighbours of the Dagg. Notwithstanding this it was noticed that when the little girl Dinah was away from the house the troubles ceased. Several newspaper accounts of the phenomena have been published, and finally, interested by the accounts, Mr. Percy Woodcock, of the Royal Canadian Academy, of Brockville, decided to go out and investigate.

Mr. Woodcock, who is well-known as an artist in Montreal, Ottawa, New York, and Paris, spent Friday, Saturday and Sunday with the Dagg, and made careful inquiries among the neighbours about the occurrences previous to his arrival, and also careful and copious notes during his visit.

Mr. Woodcock arrived in Shawville on Thursday evening, 14th inst., and the next morning procured a rig and drove to the Dagg farm house. He found it in a common rural district surrounded for the most part with ordinarily well-to-do farmers. The house where the phenomena occurred was found to be a small log-house, of one storey and an attic with an open board shed at the rear, recently erected, but not yet shingled. He found the Dagg to be a very decent, respectable, honest family, of good average intelligence. Mr. Woodcock was received by them on his arrival as an ordinary curiosity seeker, of whom they had already had an abundance, but after some conversation Mr. Dagg said they expected to have a quiet day, as they had sent Dinah, the little girl, over to Dagg's father's house, about two miles away, and when she was gone the manifestations ceased.

Mr. Woodcock, however, was not to be put off with this, and finally succeeded in so far securing their confidence as to induce them to promise to send for the little girl the following day. This much accomplished, Mr. Woodcock spent a greater part of the day interviewing the Dagg and the surrounding neighbours as to the occurrences of the preceding six weeks. The account given by the Dagg, Mr. Arthur Smart, a prominent farmer, and many others, was substantially as follows:—

On September 15th Mr. Dagg brought home a five dollar bill and a two dollar bill and gave them to his wife, who placed them in a bureau drawer. In the morning a little boy named Dean, an orphan, who was employed by various farmers as chore boy, and who was temporarily in the service of the Dagg, came down from his bed in the garret and proceeded to light a fire in the cooking stove. Seeing on the floor in front of the stove a five dollar bill he took it at once to Mr. Dagg, telling him where he had found it. Mr. Dagg, being suspicious, looked in the drawer and found the remainder of his seven dollars, a two dollar bill, was also gone, and sending the boy out of doors to milk examined his room and found the missing bill in his bed. Although convinced that the boy was guilty, they said nothing until later in the day when, on returning from the milk house, Mrs. Dagg found on the floor of her house from back to front a streak of filth. This with the theft of the money was too much for Mrs. Dagg, and she immediately ordered the boy Dean from the house. The boy stoutly asserted his innocence, but had to go. Mr. Dagg took the boy to Shawville before a magistrate, and while they were away the same thing happened again and filth was found in various places, in the eatables, in the beds, &c., showing conclusively that the boy was in no way connected with it. This continued for about a week, and was accompanied by various other antics. Milk pans were emptied, butter was taken from the crocks and put into the pans. Milk and eatables were put into the attic for safety, but just the same things there followed. This attic had no doors or windows and no entrance except by a stair which entered it from the kitchen, and no one could enter the place without being seen, as these things happened in the daytime. It had no effect. A day or two after this, as the family were in the house a pane of glass came crashing into the room, as if someone had struck it from the outside. Mr. George Dagg was away from home threshing and his father, John Dagg, was staying with the family during his absence. Fancying some mischievous person was playing tricks, the old man went out in front of the house and secreted himself behind a stump to watch. Although he watched closely he could see nothing, but the window panes still continued to be smashed. He then changed his position and knocking off a board from the barn got inside where he had a full view of the whole of the house and grounds. When he had been there for some time and seen nothing, his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Dagg, came out and said, "Father, you may as well come in, as the glass is still breaking." This continued until eight large panes of glass were broken. After this fires commenced to break out spontaneously, the window curtains and other things about the house being burned, as many as eight fires in different parts of the house breaking out in one day. On one occasion a large stone came hurling through the open door and struck the little four year old daughter of Mr. Dagg in the breast, strange to say not hurting her in the least. Dishes were broken, water emptied out of the pitcher and thrown in Mrs. Dagg's face. One afternoon little Dinah felt her hair, which hung in a long braid down her back, suddenly pulled, and on crying out the family found her braid almost cut off, simply hanging by a few hairs. It had to be cut off entirely and looked as if a person had grabbed the braid and sawed it off with a knife. On the

same day the little boy began crying and said somebody pulled his hair all over. Immediately it was seen by his mother that his hair also had been cut off, in chunks as it were, all over his head. Shortly after this, as old Mrs. Dagg was tidying up the bedroom, having previously made up the bed, the little girl Dinah suddenly screamed out, "Oh! grandmother, see the big black thing pulling off the bedclothes." The old lady turned and could see nothing except the clothes being raised up as though someone had caught them in the middle and was lifting them up. "Where is it, Dinah?" she asked. "Why! don't you see him, he is leaning over the bedstead," said Dinah. The old lady picked up a whip stock and told Dinah to strike him. Dinah was afraid, but the old lady got behind her and told her not to be afraid, and Dinah struck. When she had struck a few times a young man named Smart, son of Mr. Arthur Smart, a neighbour, and another young man came in and grasping the situation said, "Give it to him, Dinah, don't be afraid." Dinah, thus encouraged, belaboured him heartily and when she had struck a number of times they all heard a sound like the squeal of a pig, and the figure vanished from the little girl's sight. Among other phenomena a slat was taken out of the bed under the clothing and a framed motto taken from the wall. The slat was seen to be pounding the motto on the bed. A mouth-organ was heard playing and a rocking chair violently rocking. The little five year old daughter of Mr. Dagg saw several times what she described as "a big black thing," and something in the shape of a man with the head of a cow with horns, and cow's feet, standing in the door. Another time she saw the same figure dressed in white, putting sugar in the oven. The figure turned and asked her if she would like to go to hell with him. It might be added that this figure was seen by Dinah as well, both children giving the same description. One peculiar circumstance which has been misrepresented in the previously published reports is in connection with the big black dog. The actual facts as given by Mr. Woodcock are as follows:—One day Dinah came rushing into the house exclaiming that a big black dog was outside and ran up against the fence, knocking it down. They immediately went out but could see nothing, neither was the object any longer visible. Dinah, on being asked to describe it, said it resembled a big black dog with long hair like tails hanging from each side. The only evidence that could be seen was that the fence which had previously been standing was knocked down. At a prayer meeting which had been convened for the purpose of exorcising the evil spirit, which was led by Mr. Horner, a brother of the Rev. Mr. Horner, a Bible was taken from the chair in front of him by an unseen hand while he was praying and was afterwards found in the oven. An inkstand was several times taken from a small table in the kitchen and was always found in the shed. Mr. Horner, being in the house at the time, and being incredulous, undertook to watch it, and while doing so it disappeared from before his eyes. The next day a piece of paper was found pinned to the wall, having written on it, "You gave me fifteen cuts," evidently referring to the blows given by Dinah while the bed clothes were being raised. One day Mrs. John Dagg, having a bottle of vinegar in her hand, remarked that she was afraid to set it down, for fear the disturber would break it. She no sooner said this than a large potato came flying across the room and struck the hand in which she held the bottle. Mittens were taken from the pockets of coats hanging on the wall and put in the stove, and in some cases burned before they could be taken out by the excited family, who were constantly on the watch. Another strange occurrence happened about this time that is worth mentioning. A neighbour named James Quinn had taken his horse to pasture, and returning went around by Dagg's house to see if anything had occurred that he had not heard of. He carried a halter with him which he laid on the doorstep outside when he went in. After chatting with the family a few minutes he went out and found someone had taken his halter. Thinking some person had hid it in a joke, they searched high and low for it without success, and Quinn made up his mind that he was minus his halter. As Quinn was standing in front of the house discussing the matter with Mr. and Mrs. John Dagg, Mrs. George Dagg, Miss Mary Smart, and the children, they suddenly heard a slight noise in the air and the halter fell down in their midst. They were standing in the open air some distance from the house or any other building where anyone concealed could have thrown it from. About this time the nature of the phenomena changed, and a gruff voice which had hitherto been heard only by Dinah became audible to all. This voice followed her about constantly,

not injuring her at all, but annoying her by the use of obscene language. This was the condition of affairs up to the time of Mr. Woodcock's arrival on the scene.

On Saturday morning, when he arrived at the house, he was met by the children outside, and, being introduced to Dinah, asked her if she had seen anything since she came back home. She replied that she had a few minutes before, while coming from the well, back of the house. She and Mr. Woodcock went around to the open shed, back of the house. Dinah said: "Are you there, mister?" To Mr. Woodcock's intense astonishment a deep, gruff voice, as of an old man, seemingly within four or five feet from him, instantly replied, in language that cannot be repeated here. Mr. Woodcock, recovering from his astonishment, said: "Who are you?" "I am the Devil; I'll have you in my clutches; get out of this, or I'll break your neck." And further expressions of enmity came from out of the air to the ears of the astounded listeners. Mr. Woodcock replied that that sort of thing might frighten the people there and the children, but it did not scare him at all, and he further told the voice, or whatever it was, that he ought to be ashamed to use such filthy language before the children. The voice retaliated by calling Mr. Woodcock derisive names.

A conversation then ensued between Mr. Woodcock, the voice, and Mr. George Dagg (who afterwards joined them), lasting for five hours without a break. Mr. Woodcock took the position that he had to deal with an invisible personality, as real as though there in the flesh, and on this basis endeavoured to shame him into better behaviour and stop persecuting the Dagg's who had admittedly done him (the voice) no harm. On the other hand, the voice resisted for a long time, but finally seemed to yield to the expostulations of Mr. Woodcock and Mr. Dagg, and agreed to cease the use of obscene language and finally admitted that it had been actuated solely by a spirit of mischief or having fun, as it termed it, and had no ill-will against anybody except Woodcock and the little girl Dinah, to whom he seemed to have a decided antipathy. He asked to be forgiven by Mr. Dagg, Mrs. Dagg, Mr. Arthur Smart, and others, about whom he had said hard things.

This change was the result of several hours converse with it, and was apparently due to coaxing, during which time they had gone into the house and were joined by a number of people who kept constantly arriving all day until the house was full. The voice was audible to everybody in the room.

To satisfy himself that there was no collusion on the part of any person who might be practising ventriloquism or some other art, Mr. Woodcock made a thorough examination of the premises, and found that it was utterly impossible that there could be anything of the kind. He carefully watched Dinah, who was the only one present with him at the opening of the conversation, and was perfectly satisfied that the voice did not emanate from her, and further the voice was very gruff and coarse, entirely different to her's, which is delicate and very effeminate. To make assurance doubly sure he asked Dinah to fill her mouth with water, which she did, and the conversation continued the same as before. The shed in which the conversation began was a bare open building with no floor, nor any places in which it was possible that any person could have been concealed. The house is a log one, not plastered, no closets, and only ordinary thin board partitions dividing it into three rooms, used for a kitchen and two bed rooms. The family having told Mr. Woodcock of writings having been found about the house, he asked the voice to be kind enough to write something that he might be able to show to his friends. This took place in the morning while in the shed. At first the voice refused to do so, but after a good deal of coaxing consented. Mr. Woodcock, in the meantime, having laid on a bench in the shed a piece of paper and a lead pencil, immediately on the voice consenting he observed the pencil to stand up and proceed to write. So soon as the pencil dropped Mr. Woodcock stepped over, and examining the paper, said: "I asked you to write something decent." To this the voice replied, in an angry tone, "I'll steal your pencil," and immediately the pencil rose from the bench and was thrown violently across the shed. Immediately after this Mr. Woodcock went into the house, and the voice was heard there. The following conversation then took place:—

MR. WOODCOCK.—What are your reasons for thus persecuting the Dagg family?

ANSWER.—Mrs. Wallace sends me.

MR. W.—Will your engagement with Mrs. Wallace soon cease?

ANSWER.—Won't tell you. Shut up; you meddle with the

Black Art. I will break your neck, for I'm the Devil, the Son of the Blessed!

Mr. W.—No, you won't, nor am I afraid of you. Answer me civilly, I am not your enemy!

ANSWER.—(The reply to this was so obscene as to be unfit for publication.)

Mr. W.—Now, spirit, be a decent fellow and use better language, please.

ANSWER.—I will, but you keep me here talking all the time. I'm tired. Go to Mrs. Wallace and make her confess her sins. She's crying and she's waiting for you, she and the other two.

Mr. W.—I will soon go.

ANSWER.—No, you won't. You say you will, but you won't.

The voice then cried out, "George (referring to Mr. Dagg), I like you. I'll talk to you, not to him."

Mr. DAGG.—Why have you been bothering me and my family?

ANSWER.—Just for fun.

Mr. DAGG.—It was not very much fun when you threw a stone and struck little Mary.

ANSWER.—Poor wee Mary. I didn't mean to hit her. I intended it for Dinah, but I didn't let it hurt her.

Mr. DAGG.—If it was only for fun, why did you try to set the house on fire?

ANSWER.—I didn't, the fires were always in the daytime, and when you could see them. I'm sorry I did it.

About this time a brother of Mr. Dagg's, who had just returned from the Western States, came in, and after greeting the family and presenting the children with candies, the voice cried out, "I don't like Dagg's brother, because he won't give me no candies."

The question was then asked him, "What were you doing when Dinah was away? Why didn't we hear you?"

ANSWER.—I wanted the people to think it was Dinah.

Mr. WOODCOCK.—Shame on you. If you don't behave better I'll take Dinah away.

ANSWER.—If you take Dinah away I'll try it on little Mary.

Mr. Arthur Smart coming in at this time the voice cried out, "Arthur, you're a wee black snake."

The conversation continued in this strain during the day, and in the evening the invisible became repentant, apologised to those present whom he had injured, and promised not to use any more obscene language.

After dark Mr. Woodcock went over to Mrs. Wallace's, and explained to her the seriousness of the case, informing her that she had been blamed for the trouble, and requested her to come over to Dagg's, which she consented to do. It should be stated here that a feud had existed between the Wallace and Dagg families for some time over a disputed boundary line. Some time ago Mr. Dagg had consulted Mrs. Barnes, of Plum Hollow, who told him that the trouble was caused through the medium of Black Art practised by a woman, a girl, and a boy, in close proximity to the place. This corresponding with the description of Mrs. Wallace and her family, suspicion fell upon them. It was only by considerable urging, that Mrs. Wallace, who was cognisant of the feeling existing, against her in the neighbourhood, was induced to go over to the Dagg's. As soon as she and Mr. Woodcock entered the house, which, at this time, was full of people, the voice cried out: "Old Mother Wallace," and proceeded to call her names. Mr. W. interrupted and said, "Here, now, you have made charges against this woman behind her back, make them now to her face." The voice to Mrs. Wallace, "Didn't you and Maggie and Willie go to the swamp and bury a Black Art book that you got in Montreal?"

Mrs. W.—No, I did not.

The VOICE.—You did.

Mrs. W.—I say I did not.

The VOICE.—You lie.

This style of conversation was continued for some time, until the voice was apparently tangled up in its various statements, and finally burst out with "Oh! don't bother me so much, you make me lie."

The crowd being by this time convinced that Mrs. Wallace knew nothing of the affair, the voice then claimed that it was her two children, Maggie and Willie, and said they were then at it. Mr. Woodcock immediately said he would go for the children. The voice said: "They won't come." Mr. Woodcock escorted Mrs. Wallace home, and returned with the two children, upon which a very similar conversation ensued, the children denying stoutly that they knew anything about what Black Art meant,

and knew nothing of any such book. The voice insisted, and, at Mr. George Dagg's request, promised to show him, Willie Dagg, and Ben Smart on the following evening where the book was concealed.

After this, however, it told George Dagg that no one could see the book, as he (the voice) had burned it. After some further cross-examination by Mr. Woodcock and others, the voice expressed repentance for the trouble caused the Dagg's, and promised Mr. Woodcock that it would say good-bye on the following night (Sunday) at midnight and would not bother them any more. On being asked why he did not leave immediately he replied that the next day lots of people would be there, and he wanted to convince the unbelievers. Mr. Woodcock then, about 2 p.m., went home with Mr. Arthur Smart, and remained the balance of the night, returning to Dagg's with Mr. Smart and some of his family on Sunday at an early hour. All day on Sunday the house was crowded with visitors from all parts of the surrounding country.

It will be remembered that on the previous evening the mysterious visitor had promised to say good-bye to the Dagg's on Sunday night at midnight, and great excitement existed over the whole countryside as to the developments that Sunday night might bring forth. Accordingly the people began arriving early in the morning, and all the afternoon and up till midnight the house was thronged. From early morning the voice, which apparently was on its good behaviour, as had been promised, answered the questions of everybody and made comments on different persons as they entered the room. Some remarks were very amusing, and displayed an intimate knowledge of the private affairs of many of his questioners.

During the forenoon some person spoke to the voice and remarked on his not using any obscene language as on former occasions. The reply came, "I am not that person who used the dirty language. I am an angel from Heaven, sent by God to drive away that fellow," and this character he assumed throughout the day. This was pretty generally believed by those present and an answer he gave to a stranger fixed this belief firmly in the minds of nearly everybody in the room. This stranger, who afterwards said he came from a distance, either Cobden or Portage du Fort (Mr. Woodcock is not sure which), stood up and asked if the voice would answer him a question. The answer came, saying, "Well?" The stranger asked some questions which were answered to his satisfaction. He said "the question and answer related to a conversation between himself and his daughter on her deathbed, and no living person except himself knew anything about it." His angelic character was firmly believed in for some time till Mr. Woodcock called the attention of the crowd to the fact that though he now claimed to be an angel his voice was exactly the same as when personating the devil the day before. This was a poser and brought forth the indignation of the crowd toward Mr. Woodcock as they would not believe that their mysterious visitor was anything but an angel. Several times, when answering the questions asked him, he became tangled up and was practically cornered in a falsehood, when he appeared to lose his temper and said things quite out of harmony with the angelic character he had assumed. At each outburst of temper Mr. Woodcock pointed to it as an evidence that the angel was a fraud, and finally against their own prejudice the people were forced to admit that Mr. Woodcock's contention was correct.

During the evening Mr. Woodcock drew up a brief report of the occurrences before and during his presence there, which he read to those assembled. This report was signed by seventeen respectable and responsible citizens of the neighbourhood and from a distance, who were at the house at the time, which report is found below with the names and addresses of the signers. Mr. Woodcock said he could have procured fifty signatures to this, but when he got the seventeen names concluded it was enough.

REPORT.—TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: We, the undersigned, solemnly declare that the following curious proceedings, which began on the 15th day of September, 1889, and are still going on this 17th day of November, 1889, in the home of Mr. George Dagg, a farmer living seven miles from Shawville, Clarendon Township, Pontiac County, Province of Quebec, actually occurred as below described.

1st. That fires have broken out spontaneously through the house, as many as eight occurring on one day, six being in the house and two outside; that the window curtains were burned whilst on the windows, this happening in broad daylight, whilst the family and neighbours were in the house.

2nd. That stones were thrown by invisible hands through the windows, as many as eight panes of glass being broken; that articles such as a water jug, milk pitcher, a wash basin, cream tub, butter tub, and other articles were thrown about the house by the same invisible agency, a jar of water being thrown in the face of Mrs. John Dagg, also one in the face of Mrs. George Dagg, whilst they were busy about their household duties, Mrs. George Dagg being alone in the house at the time it was thrown in her face; that a large dining table was thrown down; a mouth organ, which was lying on a small shelf, was heard distinctly to be played, and was seen to move across the room on to the floor; immediately after, a rocking chair began rocking furiously; that a wash board was sent flying down the stairs from the garret, no one being in the garret at the time; that when the child Dinah is present a deep gruff voice like that of an aged man has been heard at various times, both in the house and out doors, and when asked questions answered so as to be distinctly heard, showing that he is cognisant of all that has taken place, not only in Mr. Dagg's family, but also in the families in the surrounding neighbourhood; that he claims to be a disincarnated being who died twenty years ago, aged eighty years; that he gave his name to Mr. George Dagg and Mr. Willie Dagg, forbidding them to tell it; that this intelligence is able to make himself visible to Dinah, little Mary, and Johnnie, who have seen him under different forms at different times, at one time as a tall thin man with a cow's head, horns, tail, and cloven foot, at another time as a big black dog, and finally as a man with a beautiful face and long white hair, dressed in white, wearing a crown with stars in it.

Signed.—John Dagg, Portage du Fort, P.Q.; George Dagg, Portage du Fort, P.Q.; William Eddes, Radsford, P.Q.; William H. Dagg, Portage du Fort; Arthur Smart, Portage du Fort; Charles A. Dagg, Portage du Fort; Bruno Morrow, Portage du Fort; Benjamin Smart, Shawville, P.Q.; William J. Dagg, Shawville, P.Q.; Robert J. Peever, Cobden, Ont.; Robert H. Lockhart, Portage du Fort; John Fulford, Portage du Fort; George G. Hodgins, Shawville; Richard E. Dagg, Shawville; George Blackwell, Haley's, Ont.; William Smart, Portage du Fort; John J. Dagg, Portage du Fort.

Mr. Woodcock left the house about 10.30 Sunday night, and the occurrences after he left are given on the authority of the Dagg, Miss Mary Smart, Alex. and Benjamin Smart, and others of the neighbours, as a very large crowd stayed there till morning.

The voice asked that two clergymen, Rev. Mr. Ducot and Rev. Mr. Nailor, one a Presbyterian, the other English Church, and the editor of the *Pontiac Advance*, Portage du Fort, be sent for; that these men were unbelievers, and thought the Dagg family were doing all these things themselves that they might get talked about, and that he wanted them to come and he would convince them that they were mistaken. These gentlemen being so far away were not sent for, but the Rev. Mr. Bell, a Baptist clergyman, having preached that evening in the neighbourhood, it was suggested by some one that he be sent for, which was done. Mr. Bell at first was averse to coming, but finally consented to do so, and arrived shortly after eleven o'clock. As soon as he entered the door his name was called aloud by the voice, but Mr. Bell paid no attention. The voice again called him by name, when Mr. Bell said to some person standing near that he would have nothing to do with evil spirits. The voice then called him a coward, and said he was all words, that he had better do something else than preach, that he was better than the preacher, and that he (the preacher) was not genuine. Mr. Bell, who was visibly agitated, proposed that they have prayers. A chapter from the Bible was read by him, the voice accompanying him through it and occasionally going in advance of the clergyman. When they knelt to pray the voice responded. Mr. Bell prayed for the family, who, he said, had brought the trouble upon themselves by trampling the Bible underfoot, or words to that effect, and finally exorcised the spirit, commanding him to depart, whereupon the spirit laughed, and said it was all words, that Mr. Bell had better stick to photography. Mr. Bell left the house without directly speaking to the voice at any time.

After Mr. Bell had gone and while the house was full of people, the voice cried out, "You don't believe that I am an angel because my voice is coarse; I will show you that I don't lie, but always tell the truth," when instantly the voice changed to one of exquisite sweetness. When asked afterwards why he did not change his voice before, he replied that he was afraid if he did they would think it was Dinah. He then sang certain

hymns which he dictated afterwards and they were copied by Dinah and William Dagg.

These were beautifully sung by the voice, and at his request Miss Mary Smart sang with him where she could.

Those present unite in saying that though Miss Smart is considered a very fine singer, her voice was coarse compared to that of the spirit. This singing was kept up until the whole crowd was in a state of violent agitation, many of the women crying heartily. One o'clock was the hour fixed for his departure, but at that time the people had become so interested they begged of him to stay, and he consented to remain another hour, which he did. At the end of that hour they again urged him to stay until three o'clock, which he finally consented to do. At three o'clock he bade them all good-bye except Dinah, saying he would return at eleven o'clock the next morning and show himself to her, little Mary, and Johnny.

Mr. Woodcock returned to Dagg's house on Monday morning to say good-bye to them before leaving for home, and spent the forenoon arranging his notes and comparing them with the recollections of the Dagg and other neighbours, including Mr. Smart and some of the members of his family. It will be remembered that the voice had promised the previous night to return on Monday and say good-bye to the children. Mr. Woodcock relates that as he sat talking to the different persons in the room, the three children, who had been out in the door yard came rushing into the house, wild-eyed and fearfully excited. Little Mary cried out, "Oh! mamma, the beautiful man, he took little Johnny and me in his arms, and oh, mamma, I played on the music, and he went to Heaven and was all red." They rushed to the door, but nothing unusual was to be seen. On questioning the girls they both told the same story. Their accounts said it was a beautiful man, dressed in white with ribbons and pretty things all over his clothes, with a gold thing on his head and stars in it. They said he had a lovely face and long white hair, that he stooped down and took little Mary and the baby (Johnny) in his arms, and said Johnny was a fine little fellow; and that Mary played on the music thing he had with him. Dinah said she distinctly saw him stoop and lift Mary and Johnny in his arms and heard him speak to Johnny. Dinah said he spoke to her also and said that man Woodcock thought he was not an angel, but he would show that he was, and then she said he went up to Heaven. On being questioned, she said he seemed to go right up in the air and disappear. He was in a kind of fire, and this fire seemed to blaze up from his feet and surrounded him until he disappeared. No amount of questioning could shake their stories in the least. Whatever took place in the yard on that bright autumn morning, these children were undoubtedly all impressed with the same idea, that they had seen and talked to a being similar to the pictured representation of an angel with the crown and harp and that he vanished into the air.

With this final transformation scene disappeared, according to promise, the mysterious disturber of this formerly peaceful home. Whether the visitation has ceased for good remains to be seen, but on a re-appearance Mr. Dagg agreed to at once notify Mr. Woodcock when the little girl Dinah will be brought here and taken into Mr. Woodcock's family. So far no word has reached here of any further disturbance.

It is through a constant submissive union with the Universe Spirit that man is brought into boundless joy; when he is made to be a clear bright being, he embraces every phenomenon in a comprehensive grasp; nothing below him is inexplicable. The majority of philosophers in their philosophies have forgotten the Divinity in themselves, and become by their forgetfulness the source of every error. Man's mind cannot be enlightened when his being is a mixed labyrinth of individualities, every one of which confounds the others.—*Gems from the Moral East*.

Thus is our mind . . . it is free, and has both the gates open, that gate in the darkness, and that gate in the light. For although it do continue in the darkness, yet it breaks the darkness and makes all light in itself; and where it is there it sees. As our thoughts, they can see into a thing that is many miles off, when the body is far from thence, and, it may be, never was in that place; the discovery, or piercing sight of the eye of the mind goes through wood and stone, through bones and marrow, and there is nothing that can withhold it, for it pierces and breaks the darkness everywhere without rending the body of anything, and the will is its horse whereon it rides. Here many things must be concealed, because of the devilish enchantment, for the necromancer is generated here.—J. BOEHME'S *Three Principles*, Chap. XVI., par. 6.

"THE NEW EYE."

Camille Flammarion has a striking article in a recent number of *Le Spiritisme*. He calls it "L'Œil Nouveau," and in it he tells of the recent discovery of millions of stars whose existence was unknown until the New Eye—Stellar Photography—demonstrated that existence.

Referring to the vast distances these suns must be away from the earth, M. Flammarion says of one such:—

Never would the unaided eye of man have seen it, never would the human mind have guessed its existence without modern optical instruments. And yet this feeble light, come from so far, is sufficient to affect a chemically prepared plate, which will keep the star's image unchanged. And though this star may be of the eighteenth, of the twentieth magnitude, or below even that . . . yet it strikes with its little ethereal arrow the plate which is waiting to receive it. Yes, its light will have been travelling for millions of years. When it started, the present earth with its humanity was not in existence, there was not a single thinking being on our planet, the genesis of our world was merely developing; perhaps only in the primordial seas which enveloped the globe before the upheaval of the first continents, the primitive elementary organisms were forming in the bosom of the waters, slowly towards the evolution of future ages.

This photographic plate carries us back to the past history of the universe. During the passage of this ray of light which has to-day just struck the plate, all the history of the world has been accomplished, and in that history, the part belonging to humanity is but a vibration, an instant. And during that time the history of the far-off star is accomplished as well; it may be that it vanished ages ago . . . and so this New Eye, which carries us across the Infinite, takes us back at the same time past the mile-stones of a by-gone Eternity.

Speaking further of the vastness of the numbers of the worlds which the new photography reveals, M. Flammarion continues:—

And we live on one of these worlds, on one of the smallest, a sort of a point in an immensity without bounds, lighted by one of these innumerable suns, in a horizon as restricted as if it were the cocoon of the silkworm, knowing nothing of all the causes, children of a moment, steeping ourselves in illusory views of the world itself, scarcely seeing anything outside it, so insignificant as to suppose we know something, flattering ourselves with a fatuous feeling of pride at dominating nature, vain of illusions taken for realities. We call ourselves Materialists without knowing anything of the essence of matter, Spiritualists (*Spiritualistes*) without knowing anything of the meaning of spirit.

Astronomy would have the leaders of peoples, legislators, politicians to look at a chart of the heavens and understand it. This quiet contemplation might be more useful to humanity than all the meetings of sovereigns, than all the despatches of diplomatists. If men recognised how small the earth is they might leave off cutting it up into morsels. Peace would reign in the world, social wealth would take the place of ruinous and shameful military madness, political divisions would be effaced, and then only would men be able to educate themselves freely in the study of the universe and in the knowledge of nature, and to live amid the joys of intellectual life. But we have not reached that as yet, and the photographic eye will reveal many more celestial mysteries before the human eye sees reason and knowledge establishes its reign upon the earth.

No man who is worth his salt can leave a place where he has gone through hard and searching discipline, and been tried in the very depths of his heart, without regret, however much he may have winced under the discipline. It is no light thing to fold up and lay by for ever a portion of one's life, even when it can be laid by with honour and in thankfulness.—THOMAS HUGHES.

THIS operation of one human being upon another would occasion dreadful confusion in the present state of existence if the doors of this mystery were easy to be unfolded. But the Most Merciful has rendered this not easily possible. The continual increase of knowledge in every department joined with an increasing falling away from Christ and His most holy religion will, however, eventually occasion these barriers to be burst, and the Holy of Holies will be plundered; but then the measure of iniquity will be full. Woe unto him that publishes to the world things so sacred.—JUNG STILLING'S *Theory of Pneumatology*.

SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated, will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions.]

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday next (December 29th) Mr. J. Veitch, at 11 a.m.; Lyceum at 3.0 p.m.; Spiritual meeting at 6.30 p.m. On Saturday, December 28th, members' séance, with Mr. Savage at 8.15 p.m. The half-yearly general meeting on Monday, December 30th, at 8.15 p.m.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

KENSINGTON AND NOTTING HILL ASSOCIATION.—On Sunday morning last a circle was held at Zephyr Hall, 9, Bedford-gardens, Silver-street, Notting Hill Gate, Mr. Hopcroft's guide taking control. In the evening the platform was occupied by Mr. Towns, who gave an interesting address on his experiences as to "What the Uses of Spiritualism are." The attendance was not good, owing no doubt to the inclemency of the weather. Mr. Towns closed with clairvoyant descriptions which were, as usual, very good. Next Sunday at 7 p.m., Mr. Iver MacDonnell will lecture on "The Birth of Christ." Choir practices Friday evenings at 68, Cornwall-road, 8 p.m.; help required. Tea meeting on January 5th next, instead of December 29th; tickets: adults 9d.; and children 6d. each, may be had of any of the Committee, or of the Secretary. The annual meeting will be held Tuesday evening, 31st inst. Business—election of the New Year's Committee, review of accounts for the past year, and consideration of proposals and plans for future work. All are welcome. A Lyceum is being organised for the New Year, and as help is required, the Committee ask the kind co-operation of members and friends interested. Speakers, &c., for January, 1890:—5th, Federation, Mrs. Bell, Mr. Butcher, Mrs. Emms, and Mr. Long; 12th, Mr. J. Veitch; 19th, Mr. J. A. Butcher; 26th, Mr. J. Hopcroft.—PERCY SMYTH, Hon. Sec., 68, Cornwall-road, Bayswater, W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It will ensure despatch if all matter offered for publication is addressed to the Editor of "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to any other name or address. Communications for the Manager should be sent separately.

It seems desirable to make clear that any facts previously published in transactions of any Society or in any journal cannot be printed as original matter in "LIGHT," and should not be sent to us except for our private information. All records sent, moreover, must be accredited by the name and address of the sender, and will gain in value by the attestation of witnesses.

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 reposting 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.

A NUMBER of communications are postponed by reason of pressure on space, and because of our going to press early on account of Christmas.

O.G.—Thank you. Will appear in due course.

K.—No. It will be better to wait till the year is advanced.

Z.—From *Matter to Spirit* has been out of print for a long time. It is in our library.

R.A.M.—Many thanks. A little deferred by reason of pressure, but very acceptable.

L.F.—Thank you. But none the less we regret that you did not try. You are not responsible for failure.

A.P.—We cannot help you. It must be in all cases a personal experiment. Read our "Advice to Inquirers" and try for yourself.

S.F.—We really desired to please you, but it seems hard to accomplish. You are one of the very few that we do not appear able to comprehend.

S.P.—*Spirit Identity*, by "M. A. (Oxon.)," is the best book suited to your wants. It is out of print, but is in the library of the London Spiritualist Alliance.

O.—We cannot recommend any clairvoyant such as you inquire for. We believe that each investigator has to find for himself a seer *en rapport* with his own state.

A.G.—Most acceptable. Will you send address so that proof may come to you? We shall be glad to re-publish, in any form that you prefer, what had only a very ephemeral life and circulation. It would be kind if you would let us have the MSS. early to be used as occasion serves.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 28 years' standing by a simple remedy will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 21, Bedford Square, London, W.C.