

# Light:

*A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.*

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

A valued correspondent sends us the following. She and her niece together have before this had some very noteworthy experiences. This, it seems to me, is valuable alike from the circumstances under which the message was obtained, and from the directness with which it was given and found to be accurate:—

On Sunday evening, about sunset, my niece and I had a séance, no one else present. After a pause of some minutes, my dear husband announced his presence as usual by the three initials of his name, and without any preamble or hesitation we got the following message: "Give my silver spoons to Rosy." (Rosy was his pet name for my niece, of whom he was very fond.) Rather puzzled, I asked: "Where are they?" thinking that he might mean some spoons among some pretty old silver things that lie on a shelf in my drawing-room among cups and saucers and other knick-knacks. But the answer was: "In a drawer in my room." By this I knew he meant his little dressing-room, which is rarely entered, and the door of which I keep locked. I asked one more question: "How many are there?" Answer: "Two." I now went upstairs with my niece, the key in my hand, unlocked the door, and we went in. My niece had never been in the little room before in her life. It was getting dusk, but I went to the chest of drawers and opening the top one put in my hand and felt among the things laid there. It was the first time since my loss that I had summoned courage to examine them. My fingers soon came in contact, with a thrill as if at "the touch of a vanished hand," with what I at once recognised as the objects sought for. I drew out and silently showed my niece two small, worn, and discoloured teaspoons. And then I remembered that about eight years ago a miniature old-fashioned cabinet had come to my husband among other things from a deceased relative, and that in one of the tiny drawers I had found a little old worn-out teaspoon, with his family crest on it nearly obliterated.

I had shown it to him, and he said, "It's of no use, but give it to me; I'll take care of it." He put it in his pocket, and I never saw or thought of it again from that time until now.

I examined the spoons by the fading light, and could see that there was the half-obliterated crest on one of them. The other I could remember nothing about, nor can I now. Probably he had himself put them both away and forgotten them while he lived, and now fulfilled a strong wish to prove to the young girl he loved that he loved her still, by this little keepsake.

One curious detail of this message was that when it got so far as "Give my silver" . . . I thought—in a flash, and with a certain pain—"Does he wish me to give away that silver brooch he always fastened his shawl-wrap with, and that I treasure so much?" Yet I ought to have known he would never have inflicted a moment's pain on me willingly.

The boy Francis Rodwell is worth more than cursory attention. Some particulars respecting him appeared in

"LIGHT" (p. 289), and he is not heard of now for the first time. There seems to be no reasonable doubt that he can detect the presence beneath the surface of the earth of water and minerals. If he is questioned he will tell exactly the tortuous course of a vein of metal, how deep down it is, how strong it is, how fruitful it is likely to be. Water has a powerful magnetic attraction for him. If he stands in a shallow tub with water in it, it takes a powerful man to lift him out of it. If he crosses a vein of metal he will follow it with unerring certainty, but he cannot tell what the mineral is. He can diagnose the presence of a mineral, and that is all. It is apparently unnecessary for him to carry that mysterious twig called a divining-rod. The affinity is between his own sensitive system and the water or mineral. This, perhaps, gives us a clue to the method by which the divining-rod is acted upon. It would seem to deflect, as the holder passes over the vein of metal or spring of water, in obedience to the magnetic wave that passes through the sensitive when he is brought into rapport with water or mineral. The rod is but an index, and is really useless. To prescribe that it be made of hazel or any special wood is only to obey the rule of thumb traditions of some country district where such a rod has been used. Apparently it may be of any substance; and probably if Rodwell walked over a strange tract of country with his index-finger extended, it would do as well. It is noteworthy that an observer who held the boy's hand felt an electric current passing from his body, as though he had touched an electric battery. This condition continued as long as they were over a vein of metal, and passed off when they left it. The matter deserves careful investigation.

Mr. Desmond FitzGerald was right when he dealt with the excuses that people make for refusing to look into a new truth. There is much of this, and we who are chiefly concerned with new truth are most aware of it. It is surely not necessary that the stored-up wisdom of ages gone by should be neglected if we try to assimilate the experiences of the present. I, for one, dissent wholly from any such proposition. The march has been always in advance, and at no period in the world's history has the advance been more marked than now. "What was good enough for my father is good enough for me" represents the fossil-state out of which no good can come. Equally illogical and silly is the cry that, because Spiritualism in its public manifestations is not without reproach, men should avoid it. It may be the Society for Psychical Research affirm that position. Very well: they fly in the face of experience and they deprive themselves of some valuable lessons. That is all. Meantime facts accumulate, experience grows, and the Society for Psychical Research misses a great opportunity. The little Hottentot boy who picked the "Star of Africa" out of the gutter was wiser than all the collective wisdom of the Society for Psychical Research.

In another way Mr. Desmond FitzGerald was wise. He went into his investigation with an open mind. He realised that his own mental attitude would probably have

some effect on results. I have often said that I would undertake to go into any circle when good manifestations were being procured, and paralyse them all by the active exercise of an antagonistic will. These results are very much what we make them. Given a good medium, a harmonious and passive circle, and I cannot measure the results. Given the same with an unharmonious circle, and I can. Nothing will occur, probably; if anything occurs it will be fugitive, illusory, and calculated rather to foster suspicion than faith. I suppose that men must learn by experience, and the time has not yet come when experience will fit most men for the discipline that leads to knowledge. But when the time does come men will learn that this fidgety research and this credulous, open-mouthed swallowing of all that is strange and new is not the way in which to approach a subject more than usually beset with difficulty.

I have said that Spiritualism enters into most subjects that engross the attention of mankind. It does, and it will in the end leaven them all. But meantime it is in a very prickly nest. There is no reason that I can see why a Spiritualist should be opposed to most things that other people treat as open questions, if they do not actively support them. For instance, what is there in Spiritualism that should enlist a believer in it on the side of the many fads that vex my soul day by day? I entertain no doubt that the advocates of these fads are biassed—I do not undertake to say whether in the right or wrong direction. I have not sufficient technical knowledge—a defect that I share with them—to decide on questions whereon experts differ. I read the utterances of these advocates and find them to be excited, exaggerated, and violent. Calm and clear argument substantiated by facts, not collected for show, but of average weight, I find none, or next to none. It seems to me, and I speak with all reserve, that this line of argumentation does no good to Spiritualism nor to the cause that it seeks to serve. These hysterical cries have won no cause yet. At any rate it cannot reasonably be asked that Spiritualism, with its heavy burden to bear, should weight itself with these loads that do not belong to it. For myself I say unreservedly that I will give every man free liberty to think for himself and that I claim for myself the same right.

It seems that those people who have formed a strong opinion about such a question as Vaccination or Vivisection shut themselves up in the narrow view of it. The world goes round on the pivot that they fix their eye upon. To speak disrespectfully of the hobby is as the sin against the Holy Ghost. And into this hobby they import every atom of their zeal, most disproportionate to the issue at stake. Perish all else, but exalt the hobby! I personally should be glad that vivisection should cease. I am not more than ordinarily brutal. I would not hurt a fly if I knew it; but I refuse to be coerced into an acceptance of what I believe to be hysterical and exaggerated accounts of that which, none the less, I should wish done away with. I want free air, and I do not find it in the literature on which I am commenting.

I do not often import my own personality into the impersonal work that I do; but here I claim my rights. A mass of loose nonsense is talked and written year by year. It is printed for the reason that it is desirable that there should be a free expression of opinion—especially about matters of which the writer knows nothing accurately. There comes in due course to the Editor some expression of opinion such as this on vivisection, with which he is in accord as to matter, but not as to form. He ventures to say that he disagrees with the form in which the argument is put, and forthwith down comes some excited enthusiast who loses sight of all points of agreement, which are legion, and flies off at a tangent on the lonely point which is not in the least

degree germane to the broad question. That is just where I break off, too. I do not value such support; it is the broken reed on which I have never leant. Egoism, and nothing more.\*

### VIVISECTION.

In our issue of June 7th, the following occurs on p. 272:—

"Sorcery in Science" in the same number of the *Theosophist* is a vigorous protest by the late Dr. Anna Kingsford against vivisection, with some picturesque and rather imaginative accounts of what a particularly brutal person may do in the way of experiment. These accounts are not true, in the sense of being fair descriptions of what usually is done. A wife-beater who kicks his wife to pulp is not an average husband. Let us have some moderation and temperance in language as well as in stimulant.

To this we have received the following rejoinder, to which we give place with pleasure. We desire to hear all sides, and, while we are not committed to the exact position of the Anti-vivisectionist, we find much in the arguments adduced below with which we are in accord. We adhere unreservedly to the words quoted by Mr. Maitland from "LIGHT," and we find in them nothing incompatible with what is cited above. We did not desire to imply that the cases quoted by Dr. Anna Kingsford had been coloured: we still less desired to write a word that could imply any disrespect for the memory of one whom we hold in honour. That would be impossible for us. We did desire and do desire to express doubt that these horrors are typical representations of what usually takes place under the name of vivisection. We would most gladly see the whole dispute for ever wiped away by the abolition of the practice, if that be possible without injury to the advance of that knowledge which is for the benefit of humanity. And, finally, we are by no means sure that such knowledge may not be acquired by means which are not permissible.

### "SORCERY IN SCIENCE."

SIR,—On behalf of humanity no less than of the writer impugned, I crave space for the vindication of the late Dr. Anna Kingsford's paper bearing the above heading from your description of it as an account "picturesque and rather imaginative of what a particularly brutal person may do in the way of experiment, and not true in the sense of being fair descriptions of what is usually done." Interpreting this utterance as a token of your own known amiability of disposition, and therefore as representing what you hope and believe, rather than what you know to be the case, I propose, while vindicating Mrs. Kingsford, to utilise the opportunity by making through your columns what has long been in my mind to make, namely, an appeal to Spiritualists at large throughout the world against the practice of vivisection, with a view to enlisting their energetic co-operation on behalf of its total abolition by means of the only efficacious method—procuring everywhere the enactment of laws prohibiting it on the severest penalties.

Your description of her statement as representing only "what a particularly brutal person may do in the way of experiment," in face of the instances cited in the latter part of the paper, is obviously due to the no doubt unavoidable hastiness of your perusal; seeing that, so far from their representing what "a particularly brutal person may do," they cover a vast field of activity, and show what a multitude of persons throughout Christendom—not at all "particularly brutal" for physiologists of the experimental school—are, and for many years have been, incessantly doing, the instances cited being drawn from nine different sources of information and comprising many hundreds, nay thousands, of experiments.

Now, having throughout the whole fourteen years of my association with Mrs. Kingsford, during her medical course in Paris and subsequently, made with her a special study of this practice, holding for that purpose personal intercourse with its performers, perusing volumes innumerable of their transactions, English and foreign, and also their defences of it, and even visiting those *infernos*, their laboratories,—I am in a position to affirm, and do affirm positively, without the smallest ap-

\* This, needless to say, has no application to Mr. Maitland's carefully reasoned letter.



prehension of refutation, that she has in no sense or degree exaggerated the case against them; and also that so far does the truth outstrip anything that the uninitiated mind can conceive of wholesale, ruthless, wanton barbarity—taking their own published records and admissions for evidence—that it would be utterly impossible to exaggerate it, and that the only proximate parallels to it are to be found in the deeds of savages, sorcerers, and the Inquisition.

This terrible indictment includes our own country equally with others. The popular notion that British physiologists are more humane than their foreign brethren is not only shown by a comparison of their respective performances to be altogether delusive, but, in their evidence before the Royal Commission in 1875, it was expressly admitted by themselves to be so, and one of them—Dr. Klein—indignantly repudiated on their behalf such an insinuation of their soft-heartedness, declaring explicitly and without contradiction, that “no regard whatever is paid to the sufferings of the animals” under experimentation, and that in this respect “there is no difference between English and foreign physiologists.” Rather was it shown that there is a keen rivalry between them as to which should surpass the others in the ingenuity and severity of their experiments. Similarly as regards their use of anaesthetics. One *quondam* practitioner has recorded his conviction that they are the “greatest curse to vivisectionable animals, their only effect being to lull the conscience of the public,” and thereby to minister to the continuance of the practice. And the fact is notorious in the laboratories that no effective application of them is possible, not only because of the usually prolonged duration of the experiments, but because they would either kill the animal or vitiate the results.

Equally delusive is the notion that the present Act operates in any appreciable degree for the protection of the sufferers, if only because by licensing the practice it exempts the practitioner from liability to the laws against cruelty to animals. This, however, is not all. According to the official returns for last year, there are in the United Kingdom sixty-seven places and eighty-seven persons licensed for this purpose, being a nearly threefold increase in ten years—not reckoning the considerable number of persons covered by a single licence—while the annual number of *acknowledged* experiments has risen in the same period from 311 to 1,417. Until last year there was no personal inspection at all of any of the laboratories, and the visits paid last year were in all sixty-eight, the highest number to any one of them being three, there being no restriction on the number of the working days; and the inspector, moreover, is in full sympathy with the practitioners. And so defective are the returns made to, and the reports issued by, the inspector, and so confident of immunity are the operators, that experiments far exceeding in cruelty those which appear in the official reports are published openly in the medical journals,—one series, to cite but one example of several, consisting in the baking alive of cats fixed motionless in a machine constructed for the purpose. It is, moreover, well known to those who are behind the scenes that, while complaining to the public of the “restrictions placed upon science,” the experimenters admit to their foreign brethren that, practically, they are wholly unrestrained.

Meanwhile every claim to beneficent discovery by means of vivisection has been made only to be falsified; and to this rule the Pasteur treatment of hydrophobia is no exception. For the profession at large are utterly sceptical about it; so that for the public it is but as a bubble not yet burst. And while the art of healing is put back directly through the substitution of the false and misleading method of animal experimentation for the sound methods of clinical and *post-mortem* observation, it is put back also indirectly, but none the less surely, through the inevitable tendency of the barbarous methods in vogue to brutalise and stupify its actual professors, and to repel from the study of it the finest minds in favour of the hardest hearts and the dullest perceptions. It is no secret, or if a secret an open one, that according to the degree in which vivisection prevails in the medical schools of any place, there the poor are in danger of repairing to the hospital only to find it a laboratory, and themselves the subjects of agonising and murderous experimentation undertaken for ends wholly foreign to their own cases.

And not the profession only, but the public and the Press also are demoralised by it. “Familiarity breeds contempt,” or at least indifference, in respect to the most crying abuses. The Press now for the most part actively upholds it and circulates with approval recitals of experiments which, a few years

ago, would have elicited exclamations of horror and indignation. And the public, by their acquiescence, have accepted doctrines subversive of the very ideas of morality, religion, and humanity—a proposition the truth of which is attested by the following selection from the “forty-nine articles” of the creed which, at the dictation of specialists in medical science, is now in effect that of Christendom. “Might is right; and the strong and crafty do no wrong when, for their own selfish ends, they ruthlessly torture the weak and simple.” “It is permissible to do evil to get good, and to seek one’s own advantage regardless of the cost to others.” “There are pursuits to which there are no moral limits; and the universe is so perversely constituted that Divine ends are to be obtained by infernal means.” “It is the form, and not the character, that makes the man. The body is all, the soul nothing. Force is all, sympathy nothing. And not the voluntary sacrifice of self for others, but the compulsory sacrifice of others for self, is the true lesson of Christianity. And not love, but self, the physical, animal self, is the all in all of existence, and the care of that self the fulfilling of all rational law, to be pursued at no matter what loss of the qualities and sentiments—such as justice, mercy, courage, fortitude, and the like—which constitute true manhood.”

To say that this is the creed of Materialism is but to state the truth that vivisection is the especial, distinctive product and symbol of the doctrine of which Spiritualism is the anti-thesis. From this it follows that no one who is really a Spiritualist—one, that is, for whom the being and persistence of the soul and the reality of moral responsibility are assured certainties, and who is, therefore, no mere *dilettante* of Psychic phenomena—can consistently tolerate it or abstain from opposing it. Detestable, revolting, and degrading alike in its principles, its practice, and its effects, and representing the deliberate renunciation of the human for the infernal, and this by the recognised intellect and culture of the age, vivisection has filled up the measure of the age’s iniquity, and only in a new manifestation of the soul was there any hope of redemption. And so it has come that man’s extremity has once more proved the Divine opportunity. For exactly at the critical moment, when the degradation was so extreme that humanity seemed in its death-throes, and instead of men the earth bore monsters, has that manifestation been vouchsafed, having Spiritualism for its initial stage. Wherefore for Spiritualists to hold aloof from the conflict with vivisection will be to decline the solemn responsibility incurred by the adoption of their name and faith. Surely when they consider what is at stake in this matter,—not only the exemption from tortures the most hellish of millions of their rudimentary brethren, the animals; not only besides this the salvation from degradation unspeakable of medical science and its professors, but the character of the mankind of the future,—surely, when they consider these things, they will no longer hesitate.

And should any be deterred by the plea that “the doctors declare it necessary for science, and they must know best,” they have but to recollect that the priests have said precisely the same thing about horrors innumerable, from the human sacrifices of the pagans to the Inquisition of the Christians—“they were necessary to religion, and the priests must know best”; and they may be absolutely assured that just as the world has never regretted the abolition of those, it will never regret the abolition of this. And this also, that inasmuch as there is one and the same Divine source for all things true and good, “it follows as the night the day” that neither true science nor true religion requires, nor can be advanced by, torture.

And if curious to know how it comes that a thing so obviously unnecessary, evil, and pernicious is insisted upon by the profession at large, they will find it in the incontestable fact that for specialists of any kind the paramount consideration is wont to be not the general good, but the advantage—real or supposed—of their own order.

To conclude in your own emphatic words, written in reference to this same paper on its original appearance in “LIGHT” (February, 1882): “The very fact that such horrors are possible is disgraceful to us as a nation. . . . Nothing can palliate or make tolerable such brutality. . . . Nor can any efforts be misplaced that have for their object the wiping away of this national shame.” (Vol. II., pp. 73 and 74.)

EDWARD MAITLAND.

Books are made to fit all minds, and small minds lose themselves in large-minded books.—SIR CHARLES DANVERS.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## "Looking Backward."

SIR,—As a warm admirer of "LIGHT" I regret that in the issue of June 7th there appears an article which belongs to the domain of politics. I allude to "The Prophet of Nationalism: His Message and its Possibilities."

As, however, this article has appeared, may I briefly suggest some objections to the scheme of Socialism which Mr. Bellamy has proposed?

All individuality is to be stamped out, i.e., the greatest gift of God to man, freedom, is to be taken from us. The State is to tell us (1) When we are to work; (2) How long we are to work; (3) What kind of work we are to do.

All, no matter how gifted, are to be forced to spend three years in unskilled labour. The honest and industrious are to receive almost the same treatment as the idle and vicious. Even the sanctity of home life is to be violated by the council of meddling busybodies, who, in this community, will regulate the lives of noble and gifted men and women. The pursuit of art, which now gladdens the existence of so many toilers, is to be a thing of the past, so far as most of us are concerned. Our music will be "turned on by telephone."

Anything more sordid, more "soul-deadening," more dreary than life in this "model" community it is impossible to conceive. An existence spent among savages would be infinitely preferable to one spent in this hideous inferno, of which it might well be said:—

All hope abandon ye who enter here.

Let those who desire the realisation of Mr. Bellamy's nightmare read Laurence Gronlund's description of Godin's Social Palace in Guise, in the *Arena* for May.

Hoping you will find space for the insertion of this protest from an admirer of "LIGHT."—I am, &c. S. S.

[Surely it needs a keen nose to scent politics in *Looking Backward*.—ED. "LIGHT."]

## Replies to "Research."

SIR,—I am asked some questions, to which, with your permission, I will reply.

The first is, "Admitted there is no other source of power than God, is there to be no responsibility at all as to the use of it by man?" No, there is not; because man cannot use God's power. For by the hypothesis "God is the only doer," man of himself can do nothing. It is true that the creeds say, nevertheless, that man is responsible. That is one of their self-contradictions, but the very foundation of the creeds is inconceivable.

The next question is, "Why does not fire purify?" To this question no answer is possible. With equal reason it may be asked why is iron iron, and why is it not gold? The thesis was "fire purifies"; the antithesis, "fire does not purify." The question then is not, why does it or why does it not purify, but, which is true? This cannot be answered *a priori*; it is a matter of experience.

The next question is, "Why does not the earth attract?" Because attraction is an impossibility. Take two masses of matter, A and B. A is said to attract or pull B towards it; but A cannot act on B unless it can send out waves of some kind of matter, as the ether, directed on B, but that cannot draw B to A, but on the contrary must drive it away from A; for B cannot move in opposition to the direction of the force which acts upon it.

It is true that two masses of matter, if free to move, will tend to approach each other. This I have proved many times by experiment, and so have others. But this cannot arise from any mysterious pulling action residing in matter, but from the pressure of the ether outside, the resistance between the masses being least; because each screens the other from the opposite ether pressure.

Newton, to whom the so-called law is attributed, did not believe it. He said in his celebrated letter to Bentley, that the thing to him was so absurd that he did not believe that any man of philosophical mind could fall into such an error.

The next question is, "How is force the resultant of matter in motion?" The answer to this question is so obvious that a very simple illustration will suffice.

A train enters a stop station and just touches the stop buffers, very little force is exerted on the stop buffers; but let the train come in at twenty miles an hour, then the buffers and probably the station wall will be driven into the street. This has hap-

pened more than once of late years when the air-break has ceased to act. What was the cause of the force exerted? Obviously the motion into the mass of the train.

Next question, "What is matter?" All we know of matter is by the synthesis of our sensations which converts them into perceptions, and that is that they are produced by the motion of something that impinges on our sense organs. We see by the motion of the ether. We hear by the motion of the air. We smell by the motion of volatile matters impinging on the olfactory membrane and by their molecular action on the ramification of nerves in that membrane. Taste is similar for liquids and solutions of soluble matters, and is a molecular action on the nerves of taste. Touch is by pressure experiencing resistance, that is force opposing force; but there can be no force without motion and that motion must be the molecular motion of the solid; for take away all motion from a mass of iron or rock they would then have no properties, no resistance, you might pass through them without being conscious of their existence, if even it were possible that they could so exist.

Matter, then, is something that is in continual motion. The motions we may know by the use of our senses and reason, but the something we can never know. By reason we know it exists; because there could be no motion without something that moved. Take away that something and there could be no motion. Take away motion and matter vanishes.

The last question—"Does change detract from creative power?" Of course it does not; because creative power does not exist, creation being impossible. That creation, or the making of something out of nothing, is impossible, I have before proved.

J. BAYNES THOMPSON.

[We regret the necessity for curtailing our correspondent's letter. It was, in its original state, wholly beyond our space. We felt that he had a right of reply to his querist, and the matter, a little out of our line, must now drop.—ED. OF "LIGHT."]

## Mediumship not Dangerous.

SIR,—If mediumship be free from peril, as stated by Miss Whitaker in "LIGHT" p. 267, may I ask how is it that such a large percentage of the best mediums break down in nerve and brain?

How is it that such a large proportion of the most eminent public mediums become physical wrecks?

Is it true that Slade and Washington Irving Bishop were epileptics?

Did Charles Foster die in an asylum for the insane?

Did D. D. Home suffer from spinal disease?

Were the Fox sisters, or either of them, dipsomaniacs?

If these facts be as alleged, are we not justified in regarding mediumship, or at least, public mediumship as worthy of rank among the dangerous employments?

257, Mare-street, Hackney, N.E.

J. T. CAMPBELL.

## Clairvoyance.

SIR,—I send an account of a clairvoyant experience, repeated more than once to develop that form of mediumship, I suppose, as it is not yet strong in me.

I had been lamenting, aloud, that, while I saw clairvoyantly, I never saw clearly.

One night I was roused to see, clearly for once, after a good sleep, the appearance of a very aged man—ninety and more he looked. Noting his appearance of age I perceived also he was as full of life as a younger man. He was small, with a shrewd and watchful face, and the baldest head I ever saw.

The whole figure, robed in white, was set in an oval of light, which seemed to be fixed in the wall of one side of my room. I looked in silence, well pleased that at last I saw clearly, till he vanished. Overcome with sudden sleep, I sank back on the pillows, and slept till morning.

A night or two afterwards I was roused from sleep as before, and saw the profile head of a man, with well-cut, regular features; dark pale complexion, and black hair. I saw the head only, and the expression was earnest, as of one bent on doing a work. The light I saw this head by seemed to come from a lamp held under the chin. While silently watching this appearance it vanished, and I had just time to say, "Well, I saw that clearly enough," when I lay back, overcome by trance-like sleep, which held me till next morning.

Again, one night I was awakened, and, so far as my hearing was concerned, was conscious, but some power seemed to hold



me in thrall; I could neither move, speak, nor see. Then I heard a voice saying "Jesus, Jesus," and willingly would I have moved or spoken, but could not.

Deeper sleep or trance supervened, and I heard no more. A few nights after the following manifestation took place. As I lay sleeping my spirit sprang up within me and forced a cry of joyful recognition through the lips of my mortal body, uttering the cry, "Oh, Jesus!" waking the mortal body, and opening my eyes. This is what I saw:—A noble head with brown hair, a veil over the face, in part, partly in light, the rest in shade, and soft-looking white drapery falling from the throat. As I looked the swift, irresistible sleep took hold of me, and I fell back to wake no more till morning.

"PENCIL."

#### Mr. Tindall and "Lucifer."

SIR,—Will you allow me to point out that your extract in "LIGHT" of June 7th, from Mr. Tindall's article in the May number of *Lucifer*, is not correctly quoted? As given by you it runs thus:—

How *this* is to be harmonised with the teaching found in the *Two Worlds* that life is immortal from the moment of conception, passes understanding; as surely little or any spiritual *part* has then been built up to go alone.

The passage is printed on p. 202 of *Lucifer* as follows:—

How *this* is to be harmonised with the teaching found in the *Two Worlds* that life is immortal from the moment of conception, passes understanding; as surely little or any spiritual *part* has then been built up to go alone.

I have italicised the words that differ in the two versions, and your readers will easily see that the second version is intelligible, while the first is not.

F. W. READ.

[We regret the error which our correspondent accurately points out.—ED. of "LIGHT."]

#### Jupiter and Mercury.

SIR,—All the letters in "LIGHT" are conundrums to those who cannot or will not understand them. I am sorry that Mr. Maitland refuses to elucidate my special conundrum, as I have devoted much time and patience to solving his. At last I have guessed its meaning. We are gods ourselves; not Mr. Maitland and "Leo," but Jupiter dispensing his thunderbolts and Mercury dodging between them.

See where the child of Heaven, with winged feet,  
Runs down the slanted sunlight of the dawn.

If it is Jove's privilege to lay down the law, it is Mercury's to have the last word.

LEO.

#### Thoughts are Things.—"Beryl."

SIR,—I beg to enclose a curious anecdote that appears to bear upon the above letter in your last issue. It is copied from a strange book published in 1825, called the *Astrologers in the Nineteenth Century*, by the Members of the Mercurii. (Who and what are "the Mercurii"?)

E. M. P. V.

SINGULAR APPEARANCE TO MR. MULREADY.—This gentleman communicated the following particulars to a friend: One day he was busily employed in painting the portrait of a youth, and being earnestly engaged thereon, all of a sudden he saw, as it were, the figure of the youth he was painting appear to leave the canvas, apparently going over the top thereof; it then appeared to take a turn round the room, changing its position and then turning its back to the artist; and, what is more singular, at the same time he saw the *same* figure on the canvas he was painting. The illusion continued about the space of a minute, and then vanished.—From the *Astrologers of the Nineteenth Century*, p. 522.

A CHARACTER.—Unflinching in insisting on the eternity of punishment but diffident of curtailing the substantial comforts of time: ardent and imaginative on the pre-millennial advent of Christ, but cold and cautious towards every other infringement of the *status quo*.—GEORGE ELIOT'S *Essays*.

WHAT can we say of a world of men who think of nothing but vanity, and for the serious part of life hire the thinking of it done? The thoughts doled out from millions of pulpit-grinders every seventh day are but the effluvia of the past, the exhalations of the dead. What kind of substance do they furnish for a dying world? Is this "the bread of life"? Is there a spark of original fire in it?—F. B. DOWD'S *Temple of the Rosy Cross*, p. 75.

FIRE is extracted from facts, as life is from food in the physical stomach. Doubt is (mental) indigestion. He who digests the facts and phenomena of life, and still doubts the immortality of man, has mental dyspepsia. He does not get the fire, and consequently his spiritual nature lacks warmth. He who properly digests the facts of life grows warm and tender, and stronger in his trust towards others.—F. B. DOWD'S *Temple of the Rosy Cross*, p. 54.

#### TO THE WAYWARD SOUL.

Sleep now in peace, soul-weary and oppressed!  
Thou hast been troubled long by doubts and fears;  
Thou hast been weakened by the toil of years;  
Sleep now, and refuge find in God's own breast,  
There shalt thou rest.

Thine earthly course hath run thro' many a glade  
And valley deep where only night did brood;  
And where thy soul lay wrapt in sinful mood,  
Cursing the fate it spun. O memory, fade  
Awhile in rest!

Though thou hast erred; though oftentimes great thy sin,  
Yet now in sleep woe shalt not visit thee;  
For thus it is thy Father doth decree:  
That thou shalt leave all things and come within  
Awhile and rest.

If thou dost dream, thy dream shall be a star,  
That through the gloom shall mark for thee a way  
To those far heights bathed in eternal day,  
Which men aspire to and where angels are  
And holier rest.

And then thy soul will hate its sin and wrong;  
Lo! it will stir, and stirring so, awake  
To plead a power of spirit that shall break  
The fetters which have bound it fast and long,  
And God will grant thee grace and make thee strong.

MARIE GIFFORD.

#### THE MAIDEN MARRIAGE.

She sat in her virgin bower,  
Half sad with fancies sweet,  
And wist not Love drew softly nigh,  
Till she nestled at his feet.  
"Arise, arise, thou fair maiden;  
And adieu, adieu, thou dear!  
But meet me, meet me at the Kirk,  
In the May-time of the year."

Up in her face of holy grace  
The startled splendour broke;  
Hersmile was as a dream of heaven  
Fulfilled when'er she spoke.  
She felt such bliss in her beauty,  
Such pleasure in her power  
To richly clothe her perfect love  
For a peerless marriage dower.

"Now kiss me, kiss me, nother dear;  
He calls me, I must go!"  
She went to the Kirk at tryste-time,  
In raiment like the snow.  
But he who clasped her there was Death;  
And he hath led her where  
No voice is heard, there is no breath  
Upon the frosty air.

—(GERALD MASSEY in *My Lyrical Life*.)

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

SEVERAL communications are crowded out this week by the great pressure on our space.

O.T.G.—Thank you. No special hurry.

M.B.—Thank you. The case is full of interest.

"BERYL."—Thank you. We use your copy, but it may be delayed a week or two.

G. S. PIDGEON.—The address is correct. Glad to give consideration to the book you name. We do not know it.

T.J.E.—You will see Carl Hansen's advertisement on our front page. He will give you all information, and furnish what you ask for.

J.G.B.—It is contrary to our rule to give private addresses. A stamped letter sent under cover to our office will in this case be forwarded. But we cannot undertake to do this as a rule.

T.D.—See answer to "J.G.B." Addresses are given to the editor in confidence, and we never violate that trust. It is obvious that we have no right to do so, nor to expose a man to the risk of a large correspondence with persons who have no claim on his time.

CAPTAIN ERNESTO VOLPI.—The questions you raise do not properly concern our journal. They should be addressed to one of the American journals, e.g., the *Banner of Light*, or to the *Revue Spirite*. We in England do not regard Kardec as you do; but we have no wish to force our views, or to discuss the question publicly, as we see no good end to be served.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"  
2, DUKE STREET,  
ADELPHI, W.C.

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## Light:

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

SATURDAY, JUNE 21st, 1890.

**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.

### LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE

#### CLOSING MEETING OF THE SESSION.

The final Assembly of the Session was held in the Banqueting Hall, St. James's Hall, on Thursday evening, June 12th. Among those present were:—

Miss Adshead, Miss Anwyl, Madame Audy, Mr. J. T. Audy, Mr. P. Audy, jun., Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Amos, Miss Amos, Mr. and Mrs. Applegarth, Miss Applegarth, Mr. E. Applegarth, jun., Miss Bagnall, Mr. Thomas Blyton, Miss Broderick, Mrs. C. J. Brown, Mr. C. W. Brown, Miss J. E. Burton, Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Pullen-Burby, Mr. and Mrs. Bertram, Miss Bertram, Mrs. and Miss Brinkley, Miss Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Boulton, Mrs. H. E. Bell, the Misses Bell, Miss E. K. Bates, Mr. F. Berkeley, Mrs. Burrell, Miss Carrington, Miss Cornish, Mr. Newton Crosland, Mr. C. E. Cassal, Mrs. Cotton, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Collingwood, Miss A. M. Collingwood, Mr. E. M. Clissold, Mr. and Mrs. Carden, Miss P. Carden, Miss Cottrell, Miss J. Day, General Drayson, Dr. and Mrs. Densmore, Mr. W. O. Drake, Miss Cora S. Drake, Miss Drake, Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. Dyson, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Davis (Rio Janeiro), the Misses Davis, Miss Dodd, Dr. and Mrs. Maurice Davies, Miss Earle, Mr. and Mrs. T. Everitt, Miss Everitt, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Edmonds, Miss Edmonds, Miss Farr, Mrs. F. Fulton, the Hon. Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. Fullarton, Mrs. Freckelton, the Misses Freckelton, Mrs. FitzGerald, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond FitzGerald, Miss Grey, Mrs. Gillingwater, Mr. Gower, Miss Guest, Mr. J. Gunn, Mr. G. E. Gunn, Mr. M. J. Gunn, Mr. H. Gerrans, Miss Green, Miss Gibson, Mr. S. Grove, Mrs. Goddard, Mr. B. D. Godfrey, Mr. T. Green, Miss Marie Gifford, Mrs. Hopcroft, Mr. A. A. Harris, Mr. Hoy, Mr. and Mrs. Husk, Mr. W. Handsombody, Mr. W. Scott Hill, Mr. and Miss Hawkins, Mrs. Hunt, the Misses Hunt, Mrs. E. M. James, Major Jebb, Mrs. Agnes Kemp, M.D., Miss Katterine, Miss Kluht, Mr. J. Logan Lobley, Rev. H. F. Limpus, Miss Lee, Mrs. De Lisle, Miss E. F. T. De Lisle, Judge El Medini (Surat), Miss McKibbin, Mr. W. Stainton Moses, Mr. E. Manders, Miss Manders, Mr. Edward Maitland, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mitchiner, Miss Mitchiner, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls, Mrs. Maltby, Miss Maltby, Mr. and Mrs. James Maltby, Miss Mayor, Mrs. and Miss Marsh, Dr. T. C. Marsh, Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Nevill, Mrs. Essington Nelson, Madame Neubauer, Miss Nairne, Lady Nicolson, Mr. D. Oughton, Dr. Orne, Miss Peddle, Miss Porter, Mrs. Pullan, the Countess de Panama, Mr. C. Pearson, Captain and Mrs. Pfoundes, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Parley, Mrs. Putz, Mrs. James Procter, Miss Irene Procter, Miss Winifred Procter, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Preyss, Mr. A. E. Rossiter, Mr.

and Mrs. Stewart Ross, Mr. F. J. Robinson, Mr. J. A. Rogers, Mrs. Rogers, Mr. R. Rogers, Mr. F. W. Read, Mr. Riesco, Miss Rosa, Mr. and Mrs. E. Dawson Rogers, Miss Dawson Rogers, Mr. A. M. Rodger, Miss Reeves, Mr. and Mrs. Reid, Mrs. H. Schallehn, Miss Schallehn, Mrs. Simpson, Mr. Milner Stephen, Mrs. Thornhill Siddons, Miss Siddons, Miss Spencer, Madame de Steiger, Mrs. Spring, Mrs. M. M. Sayre, Lady Coomara Swamy, Mr. P. Coomara Swamy, Mr. Alexander Seaborn, Mr. Percy Smythe, Mr. Montague Smythe, Mr. Southey, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stack, Miss F. J. Theobald, Mr. and Mrs. Morell Theobald, Miss N. Theobald, Mr. and Mrs. W. Theobald, Miss A. Theobald, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Tindall, Miss Maude Tattersall, Colonel Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. Towns, Miss E. A. Tournier, Mr. E. A. Tietkins, Miss Vandeleur, Miss Rowan Vincent, Mr. Whitlock, Miss H. Withall, Mr. H. Withall, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ward, Miss C. Ward, Colonel and Mrs. Wickham, Miss Abney Walker, Mrs. Watson, Miss Ethel Webb, Mr. Wilkinson, Mrs. and Miss Wingfield, Mr. Sydney Young, Mr. T. P. Young, &c., &c.

The President, on taking the chair, remarked that it was usual, on an occasion like the present, for him to give some account of the discussions of the session and to recall to mind what had been done.

Attempting some kind of survey of the ground covered, and arranging the subjects treated in some order other than chronological, it would be seen that the area of our discussions has been very wide.

He had the honour of opening the session in October by a narration of some facts in his personal experience. The small quantity that he could give were observed in a private circle which met at the house of the late Dr. Stanhope T. Speer, and occurred in great profusion now nearly twenty years ago.

General Drayson went even further back in his valuable address on "Some Early Experiences." Dr. Wyld came nearer to the present in the evidence that he presented for that strange phenomenon, "The Passage of Matter through Matter." These addresses were chiefly, if not entirely concerned with the objective phenomena of Spiritualism.

Before turning to the addresses devoted to theoretical argument, he might mention Mr. Morell Theobald's account of his "Gleanings Abroad," representing the impression made on his mind by a journey round the world, in the course of which he saw many places and talked with many men on the subject that brought us here.

Re-incarnation—that prolific incentive to discussion—was treated by Mr. Shorter in his "Review of the Argument for Re-incarnation from the Problem of Moral Evil," and by the gentleman known to us by his pen-name of "1st M.B. (Lond.)," in his discussion of "Re-incarnation Problems." A somewhat allied subject was "Theosophy: Its Use and Abuse," introduced by Captain Pfoundes.

Mr. Maitland cleared the ground by "Some Needed Definitions in Spiritual Science," which was a valued contribution to the study of our subject from an accurate standpoint. And Mr. Mitchiner reviewed the present state of the movement in his paper on "The Veil of Isis: Some Thoughts on the Present Position of Spiritualism."

Madame de Steiger deviated into the domain of poetry as she told us of the Spiritualism of Lewis Morris in the *Epic of Hades*. Mr. Paice dealt with ethical problems in his suggestive address, "Infinite Existence and Finite Morals." Lastly, Mr. Dawson Rogers gave us fruitful matter for thought as he presented some "Perplexities" for solution.

This, he hoped it would be thought, was a not unattractive bill of fare. All our meetings had been held on our own premises in Duke-street, and we had tried to make them as little formal as possible. They had been in the nature of things confined almost exclusively to our own members, for our space was very limited. When the interest that draws so many inquirers, or, perhaps, I should say, curious persons, who wonder what this is all about, to St. James's Hall, extended to an active interest in our work, we should



gladly move into a more spacious hall. At present, to use a homely simile, we cut our coat according to our cloth.

He hoped that we might find in the next session that we were favoured by addresses from intelligent students of our subject who had not found themselves able to arrive at the same conclusions with ourselves. For important as it was that those of us who had been the subjects of abnormal experience should place it on record, he believed it not less important that our facts should be criticised freely, and filtered through diverse methods of interpretation. He was sure that the Council would welcome such an address as Sir Richard Burton once delivered before the old National Association of Spiritualists, in which he described himself paradoxically as a Spiritualist without the spirits. There were so many aspects of this many-sided subject, so many points of view from which some one of them might be approached, that he very much hoped that some of our young men of science, our students of the problems of life and mind, hardly any of which were not touched at some point by Spiritualism, might volunteer to state their arguments and deal with our theories and facts. Our platform was free, and they would have perfect liberty of speech.

Mr. Desmond FitzGerald then delivered the following address :—

MY EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM : A WORD WITH SCEPTICS AND SPIRITUALISTS.

BROTHER AND SISTER SPIRITUALISTS AND FRIENDS,—

I will commence by quoting a passage which I recently found in one of my note-books, some twenty years old. It is of interest to me as fixing the date of a transition period at which I first began to think for myself :—

The object of our existence should be mainly to arrive at the most perfect knowledge and the most adequate appreciation of things that at any time may be possible for us, and to mould our actions according to this knowledge—obtained through the intellect by study and a persistent pursuit of truth, through the soul by contemplation, self-commune, and the culture of noble aspirations, and through the faculties of our immortal being (or spirit) by any attainable communion with beings higher than ourselves, and even with the Most High through His works and His laws.

Since that period I have striven, in some measure, to act in accordance with this conclusion. But oh, the difficulty of disentangling oneself from the prejudices of early training and education, from the atmosphere of bias in which one has lived, from early misconceptions as to the extent of our faculties. *Pauvre jeune esprit!* will you be able to emerge from these before age has made error a habit and prejudice a prison from which you cannot escape? The untrained intelligence, constantly fettered by preconceived ideas, has no criterion to distinguish truth from falsehood. And, as Spiritualists know, error and false beliefs cling to us even after the change called death. Nearly all of us, I think, believe too much or, rather, too many things—more than we are called upon by reason and in reason to accept. We believe so many things on insufficient evidence that there is little or no room left for great truths. Most of us believe, quite independently of rational proof, what our nature, feelings, circumstances, and interests incline us to believe. And to many of us, unconscious of the limitations of our present condition of being, the domain of the unknowable, the glorious guessing that must needs be wrong, possesses attractions greater than those of the truths that are really within our reach.

And yet, to recognise the limitation of our faculties, to become imbued with a rational humility which, without checking aspiration, may confine us to those spheres of endeavour in which our labour can profit ourselves and others, we have only to gaze away from earth into the star-lit depths of the sky. From their awful immensity a message comes to us, a dilemma, a stultification, and a wholesome lesson; we cannot realise that what we gaze upon can be without limit, neither can our intelligence conceive of any limit. Let us avoid the insanity of seeking to know, of imagining that we can or do know, that which to us, in our present stage of being, is clearly unknowable.

It seems to me evident, in spite of some apparent contradictions, that only real knowledge can develop and merge into wisdom and goodness, and that a solid basis of truth is essential to progress. Those to me are the highest and noblest who,

keeping themselves disentangled from the manifold fallacies which surround them, have found some basis of truth—even unpretentious, unpoetical, commonplace truth.

Is this talk about truth, think you, the mere inculcation of a truism which nobody would be inclined to question, and which everyone would naturally be disposed to act upon? Listen to some dicta of men and women truthful in the ordinary relations of life, but not possessed of that jealous regard for truth and that determination to avoid unfounded beliefs which I have insisted upon.

"I understand that it is a book diametrically opposed to my views, and I therefore decline to read it." "I will not hear a word against my father." "I will not stand by and hear my religion attacked." "You may say what you like about other nations, but I will not listen to anything against my country." Always *my* views, *my* relations, *my* religion, *my* country, that are to be tacitly accepted as perfection.

Again: "The faith that was good enough for my fathers is good enough for me." "I think it wrong to question what we have for centuries been taught to believe." "There are many things that should be humbly accepted in faith." "A man should be true to his own party," &c. Not much opportunity for progress here!

In some instances the regard for truth is illogically put forward as a bar to its possible attainment in certain directions. A lady writes: "Spiritualism may be a great truth; but it is so associated with fraud and falsehood that I can have nothing to do with it." The little Hottentot boy who found the "Star of Africa," near Kimberley, was wiser than this lady; he picked this royal diamond out of a heap of dirt and rubbish.

Another case is a sad one within my own experience. An earth friend who became a spirit friend of mine—a gallant young officer who passed away in India—was most anxious to communicate with his sorrowing mother. She, who would have given anything for one word from him, authenticated by the proof of his identity which he was ready and able to give, replied to his invitation by stating that she "did not believe at all in spiritual manifestations; in fact, she thought it wrong to believe that the souls of the departed communicate messages to their friends through the agency of articles of upholstery." Strange objection! since the Urim and Thummim of a high priest were not available, and "articles of upholstery" (by which she meant tables) were convenient, though not essential, for the purpose in view. The poor lady rejected what would have been a blessed truth to her because it could not readily be presented in a mode according with her preconceived ideas. She would accept a modicum of truth only when served with Palestine sauce to suit her taste. And even amongst Spiritualists, or quasi-Spiritualists, of a new school, are there not many to whom truths arrived at experimentally or inductively are, in their glorious simplicity, distasteful, and who prefer *a priori* deductions dressed to suit their taste, with *sauce mystique*, or *à l'orientale*, or, say, with *Mahatma* flavouring? In regard to keeping one's mind open for the reception of truth that can be verified, I have known men to accept and assimilate whole bushels of alleged truth on the strength of the simple formula "we assert."

And what can we say of the enthusiasm for truth of those who, in a matter having the most intimate bearing upon our existence here and hereafter, can state that it does not interest them, that they care not whether it be true or false? And again, of the poor creatures who find a stimulus for their shallow wit and cheap sarcasm in the conclusions of those who have made the greatest problems of life and death their most earnest study? Do they regard the statement that truth is the *summum bonum* of our lives as a truism? And would they hold, with the founder of inductive philosophy, that "there is no pleasure comparable with standing upon the vantage ground of truth"?

By far the most important truths that I have been able to make my own are those which constitute the main truths of modern Spiritualism. I value them the more because, as I almost tremble now to think, I might, under less favourable circumstances, have missed and ignored them. I owe them, in great measure to the "mediumship" of my mother, of my wife, and, at the outset, of my daughter. I value them the more because I have had to work long and patiently at the *a posteriori* basis that has made them certainties to myself, and because the causes of doubt which have from time to time arisen have, on further investigation, been removed, and have often resulted in further proof instead of in disproof. I say that I have made these truths my own because my evidence for them is such that

they do not involve credulity ; whereas to believe the contrary would require the greatest stretch of credulity. For there is essentially no distinction between the credulity of belief and that of unbelief.

We know that these truths are far older than modern Spiritualism, even if we cannot admit that they have been proven to some

Since the first man stood, God-conquered, with his face to  
Heaven upturned.

But at no period, I think, could they be seen so clearly, so disentangled from error and from the normal beliefs of savagery, as at the present time.

The foremost of these truths was well stated by one of the grandest amongst those martyr spirits to whom humanity owes its emancipation—Giordano Bruno.

“Where we say there is death, there is only the outgrowing towards new life, a loosing of one union which is the binding unto a new.”

No long sleep until a day of judgment, no “last trump,” the loosing and binding are simultaneous. In some cases only, as we have found, there is a period of unconsciousness, measured not by centuries but by hours or days of our time. Without dogmatizing, but adopting, for reasons which cannot now be entered upon, the Scriptural psychology—the trichotomy of St. Paul and of Justin Martyr, we may say that what is called death in tripartite man is simply quitting the earthly body and passing into another mode of existence. The spirit or immortal ego, with the spiritual body or soul, sever their union with the material organism, and, as bipartite man, pass into a higher or, alas ! into a yet lower sphere of being.

A second great truth of Spiritualism is the following :—There exists a means of communication, frequently used under the stimulus of deep affection or interest, between human beings who have passed into certain other phases of existence and those who still remain in earth life. The agency in this communication appears to be a psychic substance (not any form of ponderable substance or matter) with which both the tripartite and the bipartite man are correlated, and which constitutes a *vehicle for energy*.

A third great truth due to Modern Spiritualism is that there is no vindictive or arbitrary punishment in the hereafter, but, by a natural law, every action that is morally evil necessarily constitutes or carries the seed of its own punishment until it be expiated, nor does it admit of any vicarious atonement.

And now, before adverting more particularly, but necessarily briefly and imperfectly, to my own experiences in Spiritualism during an investigation extending over eighteen years, I have to offer what I consider, with some diffidence, as an important suggestion to sceptics, and another important suggestion to my brother and sister Spiritualists.

At the commencement of my experimental inquiry into Spiritualism—necessarily, in my case, involving the employment of a medium—I resolved to adopt what I may term the passive, in contradistinction to the aggressive, method of investigation. I determined to wait patiently, without saying or doing ought to interfere with the manifestations, of spirit agency or of trickery, for a conclusion, adverse or favourable to the medium, to be *forced* upon me.

Instead of assuming the existence of imposture, I assumed, at least *pro tem.*, the existence of genuine mediumship. In the result I sometimes found the one, sometimes the other, and frequently what appeared clearly to be a mixture of both. If in all cases I had assumed imposture, doubtless in all cases I should have found it—in my own mind if not in the medium ; because my mental attitude would have been an obstacle to the very phenomena I was ostensibly seeking—an obstacle to everything save a negative result. Now the sceptics I am addressing—particularly those trained to habits of accurate observation in physical science—assume at the outset the existence of imposture. Presuming that they do not wish to limit the result to one particular alternative, amongst those that are in the abstract possible, my suggestion is that they should not assume the existence of imposture.

“But,” says a sceptic, “not to be forearmed against deception on the part of your so-called mediums, to remain passive whilst they trick you, to be unprepared to track them like elusive wild beasts into the innermost recesses of their fraudulent retreats, is to lay oneself open for imposture, to become virtually an accomplice.”

My dear sir, I admit, and have constantly insisted upon, the importance of unmasking imposture ; but I must point out, in

the first place, that many persons whom I respect, including my mother and my wife, are “so-called mediums” ; in the second place, that the detection of trickery is not the only or the main object in view ; and, in the third place, that your method is not well-adapted even to expose deception in the most satisfactory manner. Let us take three possible cases : first, that of a genuine and honest medium through whom persons in another state of being are willing to communicate with you—provided they find you reasonably disposed to admit, at least provisionally, the fact of their existence ; secondly, the case of a genuine medium who is not above practising deception when he thinks he will not be detected ; and, thirdly, the case of a person who is no medium, and whose stock-in-trade is merely deception, practised, as in the previous case, when he thinks he will not be found out. I think you will perceive, without any elaborate demonstration on my part, that in none of these cases is your method likely to secure a result more valuable than a conclusion based simply upon a *petitio principii*. Not only will you be unable, probably, to obtain valid evidence of the falsehood you assume, but you will render impossible any evidence making for truth.

Sceptics too often forget that an experiment in Spiritualism differs radically from an experiment in physics, inasmuch as the former involves the freewill of human personalities other than the medium, and to whom the mental attitude of the inquirer may be distasteful or offensive. The conditions for the latter, and therefore the experiment itself, can generally be reproduced ; this is obviously not the case in Spiritualism.

It would be difficult to dissociate my experiences in Spiritualism at the home circle from those of my mother, more especially as the guardian of our circle, almost from the commencement, has been a very dear spirit friend of hers, W.E. Without his watchful guardianship, the general result of our home experiences would, I am convinced, have been chaos. Even with his assistance, we have had to struggle persistently against the intrusion of idle and “dark” spirits. My suggestion to Spiritualists, which is one of the main objects of this paper, relates to the necessity, prior to the formation of a true home circle, of obtaining absolutely satisfactory evidence of the identity of some spirit friend who has been a friend in earth-life, securing his or her consent to act as guardian to the circle, and resolving, in the first place, never to hold a séance without an approving communication from the guardian, and, secondly, to “give up” instantly on receiving from the same friend an intimation to this effect. An important piece of advice, in regard to evidences of identity, is to put test questions relating to *incidents* rather than to *names*. It would appear from the experiences of others, as well as from my own, that the memory of names, or of other words in themselves not suggestive of ideas, is a faculty almost exclusively confined to a material brain. And I find, as I get older, that this faculty is not very perfectly retained even by that organ.

Two episodes in connection with the guardian of our circle are of such interest that I will give them in my mother's words :—

“My first introduction to Spiritualism commenced at the time of the first visit of the well-known medium, Mrs. Hayden, to this country, in 1854. I was invited to meet her at a party given by a friend in Wimpole-street, London. Having made a pre-engagement for that evening, which I could not avoid, I arrived late, after what appeared an extraordinary scene, of which they were all talking with great animation. My look of blank disappointment was noticed, and Mrs. Hayden, whom I then met for the first time, came most kindly forward, expressed her regrets, and suggested that I should sit at a small table by myself apart from the others, and she would ask the spirits if they would communicate with me. All this appeared so new and surprising, I scarcely understood what she was talking about, or what I had to expect. She placed before me a printed alphabet, a pencil, and a piece of paper. Whilst she was in the act of doing this, I felt extraordinary rappings all over the table, the vibrations from which I could feel on the sole of my foot as it rested against the table's leg. She then directed me to note down each letter at which I heard a distinct rap, and with this short explanation she left me to myself. I pointed as desired—a distinct rap came at the letter E—others followed, and a name that I could not fail to recognise was spelt out. The date of death was given, which I had not before known, and a message added which brought back to my memory the almost last dying words of an old friend—namely, ‘I shall watch over you.’ And then the recollection of the whole scene



was brought vividly before me. I confess I was startled and somewhat awed.

"I carried the paper upon which all this was written, at the dictation of my spirit friend, to his former legal adviser, and was assured by him that the dates, &c., were perfectly correct. They could not have been in my mind, because I was not aware of them. I am obliged to introduce this preamble to prove how faithfully that promise, long forgotten by me, has been kept—namely, 'I shall watch over you.'

"Whispered to me on a bed of prolonged suffering in a fatal illness, when I was sent for at his request to take leave of him, recalled to my mind, after many years, at that little, solitary table, amidst the hum of a roomful of strangers, renewed and renewed again up to the present time, it has indeed made itself felt as a reality. Whenever I have sat in public or in private séances, I have been warned and guarded from strange and evil influences, and those words have often come to cheer and encourage me when I have flagged, or felt disheartened and depressed.

"From mesmerism and clairvoyance as stepping stones, I turned my attention to Spiritualism, so-called. My spirit friend to whom I have alluded was ever near me. He arranged with me a private sign for a 'test,' to secure me from wandering or intruding spirits. There is great danger in being misled by these, and I take this opportunity of warning some of you. They sometimes come for sympathy—sometimes, and oftener, form is chief. We cannot be too guarded.

"I think I must not omit an episode which deepened my conviction of the reality of my spirit friend's guardianship. It was suggested at a family circle to ask him, as a 'test' to describe the place at which he had passed away. To my dismay, he gave an account very wide indeed of the mark. My son was equally disappointed and surprised. We questioned the spirit again and again, persuading him, or rather trying to persuade him, that he must be mistaken. He stuck to his point, however, assuring us that he had *not* died at the Albany, where I and my son had taken leave of him on what I believed to be his dying bed. You all know what pain it is to distrust one you have long believed in: it was anguish to me!

"A few years afterwards a gentleman, whom I had never seen before, called upon me, and introduced himself as being an investigator of Spiritualism. In those days it was a much more tabooed subject than it is at present, and if we valued the good opinion of our friends as to our sanity, the very term was strictly avoided. I would never, however, allow these considerations to influence me, and so we entered freely into conversation. I told him what I have just narrated. Strangely enough he happened to have been an old friend of my, until now, trusted guardian. I cannot describe my satisfaction when I was informed by him that W. E. (we shall call him) had been removed from the close atmosphere of his chambers in London by his physician, as a last hope that an operation might be undertaken in a purer air, which might possibly save his life. The patient was removed, the operation performed, and he died under it. The spirit was right after all, and, but for this accident, we might have cruelly distrusted him ever after."

In February, 1871, my mother was residing at Bath, and on the third of that month held a séance with two lady friends of hers for communications by means of raps or tilts. An incident which occurred at this séance may be taken as the starting-point of my own experiences, since the Edward C. mentioned below was a dear young friend of my own who had passed away some years previously. I may here mention that a brother of his, Ernest, whom I have already referred to as a young officer who passed away in India, and who was a still more intimate friend of my own, had then recently entered into spirit life. I will now quote from the record of the séance.

QUESTION (from my mother).—"Is there any spirit wishing to communicate with me?"

ANSWER.—"Yes. Edward C."

QUESTION.—"Does anyone grieve for you as much as your own family?"

ANSWER.—"Yes; Robert. I am in a happy home. Pray to God that you may meet me and our dear ones. You have many friends, good and kind, God the best of all. Love Him much; He will continue to bless and comfort you."

QUESTION.—"Are there any dear to me where you are?"

ANSWER.—"Yes, dear Isabel. No more to-night; come again soon."

The Isabel here mentioned is my sister, an elder sister with whom I have since had for many years the privilege and happi-

ness of loving converse. Between us there was a deep affection, although in the last year of her earth-life there was on my part some little feeling of soreness at what I considered to be comparative neglect—a feeling, however, that had never found expression.

At a subsequent séance, a spirit, who, when asked for his name, could only spell out the word "India," endeavoured to communicate with my mother.

On January 12th, 1872, I attended a séance at Mr. Earl Bird's at which Mrs. Bird, my friend, Mr. A. C. Swinton, the Misses Withall, Mrs. Gunyon (an old friend of mine), and my mother were present. This being my first experience of a private séance, I was much interested in what took place through the mediumship of Mrs. Bird, more particularly so when the following message came through her to my mother and myself:—

"Ernest is trying his best to communicate with his dearest friends. If you will meet the same friends once a week, I shall be able to bring myself nearer to you."

The point of interest was this. We were almost strangers to Mrs. Bird, and I felt certain that no word about "Ernest" had been spoken to her. Three test questions I put to him were answered in such a manner as *almost* to convince me, in spite of my scepticism, that it was really my dear friend who was communicating.

Two days afterwards I asked my friend, the late Major Walsh, to come and have a sitting with myself, Mrs. Gunyon, and my little daughter Emily.

In about five minutes the table tilted freely.

QUESTION.—"Is Ernest present?"

ANSWER.—Three tilts (for "Yes").

QUESTION.—"Will you give us test answers?"

ANSWER.—One tilt (for "No").

QUESTION.—"Who is the medium? Is it I?"

ANSWER.—One tilt (for "No").

QUESTION.—"Is it Mrs. G.?"

ANSWER.—One tilt (for "No").

QUESTION.—"Is it Major W.?"

ANSWER.—One tilt (for "No").

QUESTION.—"Is it Emily?"

ANSWER.—Three strong tilts.

Mrs. G. now asked my daughter whether she was wearing a bracelet, because in the twilight she could see a light "like a diamond" upon her wrist. I myself saw some sparkles of light (probably the first "spirit-light" seen by me), but I attached little importance to the incident, though, on inquiry, I was told by "Ernest" that it was really a spirit-light—such as those which are now familiar to me.

It was almost dark; but Major W. went to the fire and wrote something upon a strip of paper, which he folded and placed under my daughter's hand.

QUESTION.—"Can you spell out what has been written?"

ANSWER.—Three tilts.

"Please do so."

"ERNEST" was tilted out.

On opening the paper this was found to be correct; but Major W. told me that he had *intended* to write "Ernest."

At a séance in the following week, the sitters being the same with the addition of Mrs. Walsh, we saw not only "spirit lights" but a luminous hand not belonging to any of the sitters. My little girl told me she was touched repeatedly on the head and face whilst the hands of the sitters were all upon the table. Various taps and rappings occurred, and levitation of the table happened more than a dozen times. All this, which took place in a subdued light, was new to me then. Ernest, whom I was gradually being forced to recognise as my dear friend of old, astonished me with the information that it was he who gave the sign "India" to my mother, and that he did so because at that time he had *forgotten* his earth name. He also said that his present life seemed "less real" than earth life. At a subsequent séance he could not remember his father's name although he was perfectly familiar with incidents connected with him and referred to by me. This "dreamy feeling," I may here say, was persistent only for a certain period.

The attitude of my wife towards Spiritualism up to this period will be sufficiently indicated by her observation that "she might be a fool in some things, but she was not such a fool as to believe that!" A séance with her daughter and myself in full gas light had the effect of considerably modifying this attitude. Raps similar to those that might be produced by knitting-needles occurred at any spot on the table indicated by her, and were produced to order, all hands being in full view and scarcely

touching the table. They were, as I afterwards found, of the same character as those so readily obtained through Mdlle. Huet, and attributed by her à *des esprits légers*.

I have now to touch upon some of my early experiences with a public medium, Mr. Williams. In the summer of 1872, I attended one of his séances at Lamb's Conduit-street, in the course of which the spirit known as "John King," with whom my mother was well acquainted, called out in his stentorian voice: "Desmond, someone is standing behind you; your great-uncle or something of that kind." On my inquiring as to the name, the answer was "Robert," pronounced *Wobert*. The impression produced upon me by this was not satisfactory, because at the time I had forgotten the fact that a great-uncle of mine was so named, and I imagined that, by some mistake, my living uncle Robert was confounded with a supposed spirit. The conclusion was strengthened by the fact that the living uncle pronounced his name much as "John King" gave it.

A few days afterwards I held a private séance, at which "Ernest" gave the following message by means of tilts:—"The spirit standing beside you at Williams' was really your great-uncle. He takes great interest in you and your scientific pursuits." Subsequently, "Robert" himself made a request through Ernest: "Ask Williams to come here."

On July 21st, 1872, Mr. Williams, accordingly, came for the first time to my house. Besides the medium and myself, the sitters were my mother, my wife and daughter, the Mrs. G. previously mentioned, and Ada S., a little friend of my daughter. The room was darkened, the door locked, and we seated ourselves round the table with hands in contact. One of the medium's hands was held by me, the other by Ada S. who was, however, directed through the raps to change places with Mrs. G. In a short time I heard a strange voice, like a child's, speaking into the ear of mother, who sat on one side of me. Then came the voice of "Katey King," who, after speaking to several members of the circle, inquired of my mother, "What can I do for you?" She, very unreasonably as I thought, requested Katey to "bring a few flowers from the garden." After the lapse of a few minutes, my mother exclaimed: "Here are the flowers," and she, my little girl, and Mrs. G. had flowers placed in their hands, by a little cold hand which also touched mine. Afterwards we "lit up" to examine the flowers, and then adjourned for a time to the garden.

After this "change," we sat again round the table in the darkened room, the only light visible being a gleam beneath the door from the gas outside. Holding one hand of the medium in mine, and requesting my old friend Mrs. G. to make sure that his other hand was in hers, I extended my disengaged hand and requested Robert, if he were present, to grasp it. Almost immediately, I felt my hand grasped for about a minute by what appeared to be the well-formed hand of a man. Then a somewhat startling incident occurred. My hands being both on the table, I felt something like heavy drapery drawn across them, and a large globular body, with a central nucleus of light, came in front of my eyes, the light extending and the globe assuming indistinctly the form of a head and face, which in a few seconds disappeared. The attempt, apparently, to show a face was repeated three times; but the features were never distinctly visible. Many other extraordinary occurrences took place which I cannot now refer to, and the voice of "John King" was heard saying, "Desmond, your uncle has been doing his best for you."

All this time, my attitude was that of a man striving to detect some flaw or fallacy, open to conviction, but waiting to have it forced upon him. I saw the best of the materialisation phenomena which took place towards the close of 1872—long before the rivalry of public mediums in money-getting which led to such lamentable results. But in regard to these stupendous occurrences, I resolved to suspend my judgment until I could obtain some phenomena of the same kind through the mediumship of my mother and my wife. What I required in this direction was long delayed, but was ultimately obtained. But time will not allow me to do more than barely to refer to events which happened subsequently to 1872. I may say that, in spite of my resolve, I could not resist the conclusion, after a séance with Mrs. Hardy at my house and under my own conditions, that the temporary and generally partial materialisation of the spirit-body is a fact which is of rare occurrence merely because the conditions supplied by Mrs. Hardy's mediumship are of rare occurrence.

Before the end of the above-mentioned year, our home circle was organised and ordered under the guardianship of W. E.

The experiences obtained in these family reunions are of far greater value and interest to me than even the psycho-physical phenomena which have been investigated and recorded by William Crookes, with a masterly ability which has placed them permanently amongst the great scientific results of the present century. Let us here note for the benefit of sceptics that this great discoverer and most trustworthy observer has recently stated, in his *Notes of Seances with D. D. Home*, that "On dispassionate review of statements (relating to the phenomena of Spiritualism) put forth by me nearly twenty years ago, I find nothing to retract or alter. I have discovered no flaw in the experiments then made, or in the reasoning I based upon them."

I need hardly tell you that many of the records of our home circle must be kept sacred to its members—to those who are in this life and to their loved friends who are in other spheres of existence. I have mentioned, however, the feeling, never expressed or hinted at to any human being, which was commingled with my love for my sister. Neither my mother nor my wife could have any inkling of it. Now I will tell you this: I was promised a few words from my sister at a home séance to take place on October 4th, 1872,—the first words directly from her since she passed away. The words were given, they were indeed very few; but, for me, volumes could not have said or done more, have made more complete amends. After those words:—

Eyes clearer grown the truth could see,  
And every cloud had rolled away  
That darkened love 'twixt her and me.

They were simply:—

"DEAR DESMOND,—I am sorry I did not look after you when I was on the earth."

Friends sometimes ask me to give them a general description of the nature and character of our home séance communications. I find this almost impossible. No description, but only extracts from the communications themselves, can give an idea of their scope and purport. Three are some here, I know, who would value such samples of the missives from our spirit kindred and friends; and I will therefore make some quotations, almost hap-hazard, from our séance records.

August 10th, 1873.

ISABEL.—"I was with you last night when you could not communicate with your dear ones. I like to come when Desmond is here. I like him to speak to me . . . It is not all gold that glitters. Your spirits are true ones. There are false ones representing Isabel. You thought it a bright spirit who came to you when Williams was here. I will always give you a sign when I come; I will touch your bracelet. . . . It was I that was seen behind the curtain . . . It was I who knelt by my mother's side when the photograph was taken. I like to come to you when you are alone with Desmond."

QUESTION.—"Was it true that you were in a 'blaze of light,' as K. said?"

ANSWER.—"He thinks so after the darkness he has left."

September 25th, 1873.

KENNEDY.—"I am with the others in the fourth sphere. You must get Williams, and see what we can do. Robert can help me much to show myself. I am so happy to be with my friends; it is so bright here—all looking so happy. Isabel is in a blaze of light—you would never wish for earth-life if you could see her. We are not always together; I am not good enough to be always with her. I could keep on all night; but Eade wishes to come."

QUESTION.—"Can you see us?"

ANSWER.—"No."

QUESTION.—"Hear us?"

ANSWER.—"Yes."

"Isabel. You are all glad that M. (Kennedy) is with us again. It has done him good to be put back."

September 30th, 1882.

My mother having recalled the time when certain dear friends used to come to every séance, instead of only occasionally, Eade said:—

"Isabel is still with her two helpless low spirits. You will not hear from her yet, then you will have the whole account from herself. You will have them all soon. They all have their work, of more importance than coming to earth. You will not regret their absence when you know the work they have done."

December 31st, 1882.

WILLIE.—"Since coming on this side, I have had so much to do; having lost so much time when on earth."



January 7th, 1883.

"DEAR MOTHER,—You will be sorry to hear I have such bad news for you. F. [a relative of ours] is no longer with me: he tried hard to pass from the dark to the brighter sphere; but he was so out of his element that he was obliged to return, without regret. Poor W. tried hard to keep him; but of no avail; M. M. is at the bottom of all this. F. was quite happy, or appeared to be so, until M. M. came in view. You know we can descend, but not ascend, until we have done certain work. We will try again: we have had quite as much trouble with some of those who are now very bright. . . . My dear mother, we will come again soon to tell you how we get on with him. Eade thinks it better that you should not sit longer."

"W. J.—F. and M. M. may interfere. God bless you."

January 10th, 1883.

EADE.—"I am sorry you had such bad news—but we tried all we could to keep him with us. We shall now spend time to get him back again—so you must not expect us for some time. He is not the only one we have to work for. We will tell you next time about the others." A long pause ensued, and suddenly we (the sitters) felt bitterly cold and depressed. Then Eade signalled to us "Give up."

May 26th, 1883.

EADE.—"We have come according to promise; but Isabel will not be able to remain. She is again trying to change F. It was he who made this medium so unhappy. He says he will try to make her more miserable. . . Isabel is trying to stop him. She has her work to do."

EADE.—"We have all come to greet L. back again. Since last sitting, we all—and the medium—have had much to contend with; but I think we have passed the worst. Never had I to do with such a spirit before! Now he is in other hands we shall not be troubled. M. M., with F., has gone very, very low, and they are guarded by some spirits much stronger than themselves. They have done much mischief."

ISABEL.—"I am so happy to meet you all. I know all that Eade has told you. We shall be able now to have our dear old evenings together. O how happy I used to be—expecting Monday, or Tuesday, or any other day—to come to you! Mother, I have much more work here than I had on earth, and I am much happier here."

September 17th, 1885.

EADE.—"We are so much engaged with important work that we shall not be able to come again for some days. In the meantime Isabel will come often near you to comfort you."

January 17th, 1886.

ISABEL.—"I am very happy to come again. Although I should like to go higher [she was then in the fifth circle of the sixth sphere], I should not like to be deprived of coming here. I think I can do better work by coming here and remaining where I am. Much more useful work is wanted of me both here and on my side. Desmond likes me near him. You know I am near you as often as I can be." . . .

QUESTION.—"If we were to raise ourselves proportionately, could you not communicate with us if you were in the seventh sphere?"

ANSWER.—"Not in this way."

May 5th, 1886.

ISABEL.—"Dear mother, I told you some time ago that I should have to leave for a higher sphere; I have now to go. . . . You must not think I am going to leave you altogether. I know how much you would miss me. I will come once in two months, if you all sit, to tell my mother all I have done. . . ."

QUESTION.—"Which sphere is Isabel in now?"

EADE: "Sixth sphere, seventh circle. She is now passing to the seventh sphere, first circle."

June 20th, 1886.

ISABEL.—"Dears, since I last came I have been through one of the most lovely places, if I can call it a place. I cannot describe how beautiful it is. I shall be glad when my dear mother can see it. I have been here all the week with you all. You want me for a little longer. . . . When I passed into my new sphere, I looked back, and it appeared dark in comparison to the one I was entering. My work is about the same as when I was in the last sphere."

September 10th, 1887.

QUESTION (Mother to Isabel).—"Was it really you who appeared to me at Captain James'?"

ISABEL.—"Yes, it was."

QUESTION.—"Did you whisper into my ear?"

ISABEL.—"I whispered: 'Sit for me.'"

Not long ago I met, in this very place, a young friend who gave me to understand that, having in a few months become possessed of the hidden wisdom of the East, he had developed into a Theosophist. He further informed me that my friends on the other side were all *shells*. After disclaiming any reference to Conchology, he proceeded to inform me that what he termed Theosophy is a great advance upon Spiritualism. On further inquiry I ascertained it to be a fact that the modern school of Theosophists, at least, believes and asserts that *pure* spirits live in what is commonly known as a "fool's paradise." "The bliss of the Devachanee," says their foremost teacher, "consists in its complete conviction that it has never left the earth, and that there is no such thing as death at all; that the *post-mortem* spiritual consciousness of the mother will represent to her that she lives surrounded by her children and all those whom she loved." "The Spiritualists," she says, "deny this point blank." I think that we, and all who know anything of the life hereafter, have good reason to deny it. But what possible grounds can any truth-seeker have for asserting such a thing—for so degrading the best and brightest who have passed away, for so libelling the ruling Spirit of the universe? I will tell you: the most dangerous, outside of mathematics, of all grounds—the *a priori* method of reasoning, so dear to the subtle Oriental mind. Thus: the pure spirit must pass into a condition of perfect bliss; a knowledge of the trials and sorrows of any loved ones left on earth or even of the severance from them is incompatible with such bliss; *ergo*, by the "law of love and mercy," the pure spirit must be under the delusion that its loved ones are with it, and remain in absolute ignorance of their real condition, and in absolute inability to aid or comfort them. Can any mediæval Heaven be more contemptible?

We Spiritualists know that the "law of love and mercy" is that all who have progressed beyond the more animal nature must find happiness and win further progress by working to aid and to raise those they love, and any others whom they can help. And we know that:—

Of, when weary hearts are aching,  
Starlight glimpses of their peace  
Angels bring us, sad ones making  
Sharers of their blessedness.

At the close of the address the President rose and said that it seemed a long time since he used to stand side by side with Mr. Desmond FitzGerald on the platform at Great Russell-street. There the old Association held what were called discussion meetings, of which Mr. FitzGerald was chairman and he (the President) was organising secretary. More years had gone by, to use a common expression, than he liked to count; though that was not a phrase he should himself select, for he regarded each year, as it passed, as a milestone that marked the journey to what he hoped would be a better state. During the years, now nearly twenty, that he had been an active worker in public Spiritualism, how many of the Ancients had gone home. The retrospect would be saddening, were it not that each name recalled the service that its owner had rendered, each in his own sphere and with his own ability, to the common cause. To name only the prominent workers, whose praise was in every mouth. It was no common cause that could enlist the sympathies and services of staunch old William Howitt and his wife; the gracious tenderness and untiring zeal of their daughter, Anna Mary Watts; the life-long devotion of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall; the unflagging efforts of that missionary to the "classes," Mrs. Makdougall Gregory; that could hold fast through all the claims of the busiest life the trained intellect of Serjeant Cox: the far different mind, not less accurately educated in the direction of physiology, of Stanhope Speer, who found in Spiritualism what his scalpel never found in the body; the scientific intellect of Cromwell Varley; and the clear and stable judgment of Charles Cassal.

These all died in the faith. For though he believed there had been some attempt made to allege that William Howitt had recanted on his death-bed he had the authority of one who stood by it to declare that there was not one word of truth in the statement. He knew too well in what he had believed. It was, unfortunately, a common thing

for pious folk to commit pious frauds in order to persuade themselves and others that their view of truth was finally triumphant.

These lived and died Spiritualists pure and simple. And if we cast our eye beyond the orthodox fold to those who did not belong to us exclusively, we should recognise the names of Laurence Oliphant and Dr. Anna Kingsford, revered amongst us, in the direction of mysticism, and of Balfour Stewart and Edmund Gurney, who did so much in hypnotic investigation, in that of psychical research, departments of the great subject on which we ourselves were labouring.

But England was not all. On the Continent of Europe during these two decades there had gone from among us many giants. To name no more, there was Kardec, who had exercised a unique influence over Spiritism as represented among Romance races and all except English-speaking peoples; Du Potet, a pioneer in what was now the accepted truth of Mesmerism; Hellenbach, Boutleroff, and last, but not least, Zöllner, whose *Transcendental Physics* put on Slade the *imprimatur* of science.

If we turned our eyes to the great continent of America, the Judæa of Spiritualism, its birth-place and its early home, we have Robert Dale Owen, whose works did so much to draw educated attention to the subject; Epes Sargent, unsurpassed for clearness of mind and unflinching zeal as an experimenter; Judge Edmonds, whose works are so valuable as records of long experience; Hare, the scientific chemist, who preceded Crookes in cautious investigation; and Daniel Dunglas Home, the best known of the world's psychics.

These were but a few names among many on the roll, but they sufficed. They were an assembly of which Spiritualists might justly be proud. For they represented qualities which all the world recognised as of the highest order, integrity, courage, earnestness, perseverance, zeal, and love of truth, intellectual acumen, intuitional insight, and aims superior to the sordid ambitions of earth.

It was not for him to speak of those who yet remained. They were not less worthy, but their work was not yet done. For himself he would very humbly say that since he was associated with the cause of Spiritualism few days had passed without his having tried to do something to advance it. In rain and shine, in sickness and in health, through evil report and good report, he had put his shoulder to the wheel and found able helpers at his side. The future was mercifully veiled: but so long as health allowed he trusted that he should not be found wanting.

And if the standard that he had tried to hold aloft should drop from a failing hand, he had no doubt that there would not be wanting others who would bear it on through a gradually weakening opposition from victory to victory.

It must be remembered, however, that though one man could do much by concentrated effort and well-directed energy, he must be largely dependent on the sympathy and support of those associated with him. This he earnestly begged for.

The President concluded by asking the audience to allow him to be their mouth-piece in conveying to Mr. FitzGerald thanks for his address.

An evening much enjoyed was closed by some excellent music and recitations. We append the programme, with an expression of grateful thanks to the Misses Withall, who organised this department; to the ladies who kindly assisted, and to Messrs. Brinsmead, who lent the grand piano.

VIOLIN SOLO	..... "Hungarian Dance and Tarantelle.".....	David.
"	..... "Serenade.".....	Gounod.
	MISS ETHEL FRECKELTON.	
SONS	..... "Sunshine and Rain.".....	Blumenthal.
"	..... "Serenade.".....	Braga.
"	..... "Home Sweet Home.".....	
	MISS CLEMENTINE WARD.	
RECITATION	..... "The Legend Beautiful.".....	Longfellow.
"	... Selection from "The Mill on the Floss.".....	George Eliot.
"	..... Flight }.....	
"	..... Ballad }.....	Calverly.
	MISS MURIEL FRECKELTON.	

MYTHS are now proved to be fables just in proportion as we misunderstood them; truths in proportion as they were once understood—POCOCKE.

## SOCIETY WORK.

ASSEMBLY ROOMS, BEAUMONT-STREET, MILE END.—Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Cohen, on "Evolution v. Special Creation."—C.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—On Sunday last Mr. T. Everitt gave a highly interesting account of the remarkable phenomena he had witnessed with his wife, Mr. Home, and other mediums, and exhibited some spirit drawings, &c. Next Sunday Mr. Clack. Séances every Thursday at 8 p.m.—Geo. E. GUNN, Sec.

MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, W.—On Sunday morning last Mr. Goddard gave clairvoyant descriptions and temporary relief to one suffering from rheumatism. In the afternoon we had the usual programme with marching and calisthenics led by C. White, and recitations by H. Towns, J. White, and Ettie Mason. In the evening Miss Todd lectured on "Man as a Spirit," and gave the most satisfactory answer to many questions.—C. WHITE.

KING'S CROSS SOCIETY, CLAREMONT HALL, PENTONVILLE HILL.—Last Sunday morning Mr. Wallace read a paper on "The Bible and Modern Science," and a lively discussion followed. Next Sunday Mr. MacKenzie will introduce the subject for discussion at 10.45 a.m. The society have arranged to go to Epping Forest on July 20th in brakes. Return tickets, 2s. 6d., may be had with full particulars of Mr. Reynolds, at the Hall, or from the secretary, at 107, Caledon-road.—A. M. RODGER.

KENSINGTON AND NOTTING HILL SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—The auditing of the accounts from August 2nd, 1889, to May 31st, last, by Messrs. H. W. Earl and J. H. Wills, has been completed. They were found correct and are ready for presentation at the next general meeting, which will take place at 34, Cornwall-road, on Thursday evening, 26th inst., at 8 p.m. All members, Spiritualists, and sympathisers are requested to attend, as the future of this Association will then be determined, and important business will engage the attention of those present. Further particulars of the Hon. Sec., PERCY SMYTH, 68, Cornwall-road, Bayswater.

OPEN-AIR WORK (Hyde Park, near Marble Arch).—On Sunday last we recommenced our outdoor work, and were favoured with exceptionally fine weather. Messrs. W. O. Drake and A. M. Rodger spoke well to a good concourse of people, and a large amount of Spiritualistic literature was distributed. Mr. Bullock took the chair, and opened the proceedings. We shall be glad of any spare Spiritualistic literature for free distribution. Next Sunday afternoon, at 3 p.m., Mr. Drake will discourse on "Spiritualism and the New Testament." Messrs. Cannon, Utber Goddard, and others will also speak.—PERCY SMYTH.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM, S.E.—We held our first tea and soiree on the 9th inst. The tea, thanks to the energetic work of Mr. and Mrs. Veitch, Mrs. and Miss Audy, and Miss Wynne, was all that could be desired. Flowers supplied by a few friends gave the table a very cheerful appearance. Tea over, there was an abundant display of good talent, which was much appreciated, Mrs. and Miss E. Bell, Mrs. Copley, Mrs. Long, Miss Simpson, Miss Picking, Mr. Veitch, Mr. Audy, Master Copley, Messrs. A. and P. Audy, and Mr. Picking giving recitations and songs. Pianist, Mr. R. Picking. Sunday, June 22nd, at 11 a.m., Mr. Veitch; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell, trance address. On Sunday last Messrs. Butcher and Humphries addressed a fair audience.—P. AUDY, Assistant Secretary.

CARDIFF PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The opening services of this society, which has recently been formed, were held in the Lesser Hall, Queen-street Arcade, Cardiff, on Sunday and Monday, June 8th and 9th, 1890. Mr. Victor Wyldes delivered able addresses on Sunday and Monday; on Sunday morning "Inspirational Replies to Questions on Spiritualism, Religion, or Reform"; in the evening, on "Some Psychological Evolutions of the Nineteenth Century." On Monday evening, "Hypnotism," followed by Psychometric experiments. The services on Sunday and Monday evenings were well attended, the hall, capable of seating 100 persons, being filled. It is hoped that this society will be the means of binding the Spiritualists of this town together, and that it will be able to perform good work.—R. PHILLIPS, Hon. Sec.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION, CLAREMONT HALL, PENTON-STREET, PENTONVILLE, N. (a few minutes from King's Cross).—A general meeting of this association was held last Sunday evening. The new rules, which have been under discussion for some time past, were finally adopted. The principal change in the constitution is the admission of individual members, who are to be represented on the council in the same way as societies. It is hoped that all who are in sympathy with the effort to make Spiritualism more widely understood in the Metropolis will send their names to the secretary with a small subscription (minimum, 1s.) as soon as possible. There will be a meeting of the individual members in the above hall on Wednesday evening, the 25th inst., for the election of delegates. A large and varied programme is before the workers, who earnestly desire the sympathy and help of all their brother Spiritualists.—S. T. R., pro U. W. Goddard, Hon. Sec., 295, Lavender Hill, S.W.