

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

Mr. F. W. Read, Hon. Secretary, London Occult Society, sends me a four-page pamphlet entitled "What is Spiritualism? an Address to Spiritualists." It contains much good and useful matter, much that I have wearied myself by repeating through many years. He dwells on the divisions that disgrace us. "All are infallible, but no two infallibles agree." He insists, as I have always done, on the necessity for leaving politics and theology out of Spiritualism. He points to the good old times when men patiently got the evidence that convinced them of the reality of the world of spirit and its power to communicate with this from the phenomena presented. A united body of opinion, founded on personal observation of phenomena, was, Mr. Read thinks, vastly more impressive than the argumentations of to-day. The "creedalisers"—how I do wish that people would not coin such monstrosities in the form of words!—are spoiling Spiritualism and dividing its ranks into incoherent fragments. So progress is barred, and discord reigns.

Mr. Read is careful to point out that he is not "a mere phenomenalist," whatever that may mean. "The truly important thing is the interpretation of the phenomena." Once more I am at one with the writer, having been a little scared by his advocacy of a study of phenomena as against philosophy. Evidently I read Mr. Read wrongly, and this phrase sets me right. For I do not weary of insisting that even a Spiritualist may interpret his phenomena wrongly, and may even gape open-mouthed without interpreting them at all. Spiritualists, says Mr. Read, are such by virtue of the interpretation they give to their facts. These facts "prove the continued existence of man as a conscious individual after death. It is upon this platform that we can all unite, and upon no other. To introduce other matters invariably leads to dissension." There is so much in this pamphlet that commands my cordial approval, so much that I have been loudly proclaiming for many years past, that I do not dwell on the few points which I should criticise adversely. I should be glad to know that it had a wide circulation.

"Speakers asserted that nothing was ever written automatically which was not already in the minds if not in the memories of the persons present." This is an extract from a report sent to me by a correspondent of a recent (October 31st) meeting of the Society for Psychical Research. I see that Mr. Maitland cited a case within his own experience contradictory of such a statement. It is

precisely in such unfounded allegations, which must be the result of imperfect knowledge of facts, that the Society counterbalances much of the good work that it does in other ways. For the statement is directly in the teeth of ascertained truth. It may be—I cannot tell—that there were modifications and qualifications introduced to temper a statement which, obviously, no man is in a position to make in the sweeping form in which this reaches me. Until the speakers have made acquaintance with all automatic writings, they were clearly not in a position to say what I have quoted from my correspondent's letter. But, as a matter of fact, after many years' experience—few persons have had so much—of automatic writing, I am able to contradict that allegation flatly. I have received repeatedly communications of the most precise nature, with most minute details, which conveyed to me information hitherto unknown to me. Moreover, some detailed facts so conveyed and subsequently verified were not in my mind, for I never heard of them before, nor in my memory, for they were of almost present occurrence. This has happened to me not once or a few times, but in many instances. I am averse from guessing or fixing the number of cases where my bad memory might be at fault, but I do not exaggerate when I say that such communication of verified fact hitherto outside of my conscious knowledge was of repeated occurrence during at least ten years. It is, then, strange to me, in the full recollection of this by no means unique experience, that such sweeping statements should be put forward without modification. That is not the scientific method on which the Society prides itself.

There is no doubt that a large mass of these automatic writings is worthless, containing nothing that is worth attention, goody-goody talk, sermonising, or obvious platitude. I entertain no doubt of that at all. For reason: they proceed usually from undeveloped mediums, and are likely, therefore, to be erratic or valueless. No little contempt has been brought on Spiritualism by the vagaries of mediums, fancied, or perhaps real, though undeveloped. To obtain an accurate communication from the world of spirit it is, above all things, necessary to have a proper instrument of communication. No method has suffered more from error and plain, even stupid pretence, than this of automatic writing; but we trace the same source of falsity in messages abnormally given by other means. We shall not avoid this source of error till we are wise enough to train our mediums and place no reliance on what is said or written through their mediumship till they are properly developed. I am quite willing to make my critics a present of the frank admission that most of what is automatically written is unverifiable, and, judged by a high standard, even when it purports to be instructive, far below the best normal efforts of mankind. But that is not the point just now. It is emphatically untrue that no facts, hitherto not existent in the normal consciousness or latent in the memory of a medium, have not been given to him by this abnormal means. And that ignorant misconception must not go forth without prompt contradiction.

Dr. Peebles relates a case in his "Immortality" (the sixth edition of which has just come to me) which is apposite. Judge Edmonds, of New York, whose name is unblemished, and whose fame as a Spiritualist is world-wide, had a daughter who possessed this gift of automatic writing. The judge had been a good deal with his Quaker friend, Isaac T. Hopper, just before the time came for him to leave this world. One day he had left his residence about 4 p.m. He was feeble, but might be expected, as the Judge thought, to survive some days or weeks. In the evening his daughter's hand was influenced to write, "I am in the spirit-world.—J. T. H." The Judge expressed the opinion that this could not be true, for he had left him recently, and there was no appearance of the end being so near. However, he went to see, and found the corpse laid out with the weeping friends around. When he came back, and the circle was re-formed, a further communication was given. Instructed Spiritualists will remember how remarkable are Judge Edmonds's very precise accounts of the phenomena obtained through this daughter. A perusal of them may form a wholesome corrective to the baseless assumption on which I have animadverted.

"LIGHT" has given both sides of the Mattei question with perfect impartiality. The analyst says there is no electricity in the preparations, and nothing but water. If, then, they cure, or (which is not the same thing) if patients get well after taking them, the influence must be attributed to the faith of the recipient, and the cure is on the same level as that of so-called faith-healers and Christian science. I do not profess to know, and find myself much perplexed by conflicting reports. One of my correspondents, for example, writes me that she sympathises with me in my pain, which has long been a familiar companion to her. "I hope you may soon enjoy life with as much health as I can now! Mattei and Miss Lord, and what is behind! I have taken Mattei's remedies for eight or nine years, and have the best reason for speaking well of them, and my mother's companion is veritably a new creature. I took her to Dr. Kennedy and he cured her." I should not quote any testimony of this nature, usually. It was not written for any eye but my own. I do so, because it is the witness of a perfectly competent and clear-headed person who testifies after long trial; who, I will assure my readers, speaks the simple truth in recording facts, and who is little likely to live under a delusion. Here, then, is one more kink in the rope. Shall we ever get it straight? I entertain no doubt myself that the human race is undergoing rapid development. It is not so crass, so stolid, so purely bodily and earthy as it was. The rapid rush of life has developed the nervous energy. We are more highly organised, more amenable to medicines, the actual effects of which at the time we cannot trace as we could the operation of the drugs with which a previous generation was drenched. We are on the threshold of a new epoch, and perhaps we shall leave some old methods behind us.

There is a ring in these words which strikes me. I need not say that I have no idea of introducing politics into these columns. But do not let us be too much afraid of bogie. We are living in stirring times, and the balance of power, as some think, is being shifted. This is what Mr. Gladstone—the old man eloquent—at the close of half a century and more of public work, with experience rarely equalled, and with power of mind never surpassed, thought it well to tell his constituents at West Calder:—

"The true test of a man, and the true test of a class, and the true test of a people is power. It is a small thing as long as he has not power, as long as temptation is kept out of his way, that he should be tolerably just in his judgments; but it is when power has come into his hands that his trial comes. Power that corrupted the judgments of the leisured and wealthy classes may

corrupt the judgments of the people. You will have temptation — you, the labouring people of this country—when you become supreme to such a degree that there is no other power to balance and counteract the power which you have approaching you, together with great physical, social, and political advantages—a deep and searching moral trial. You have to preserve the balance of your mind and character even if you become, and when you become, stronger than the capitalist, stronger than the peerage, stronger than the landed gentry, stronger than the great mercantile classes. When you have become in one sense their political masters, you have yet before you one achievement to fulfil, one glory to attain unto and appropriate to yourselves — continue to be just."

Yes; let us by all means "continue to be just."

THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

The proceedings at the last meeting of this society, October 31st, were of peculiar interest for Spiritualists, Professor Lodge having frankly admitted, as the result of his experiments, his inability to account for them by any hypothesis short of the Spiritualistic, and his own readiness to accept that hypothesis.

A paper which was read on some experiments in automatic writing was followed by a discussion, the speakers in which asserted that nothing was ever written automatically which was not already in the minds, if not in the memories, of the persons present. In confutation of this statement, Mr. Edward Maitland related the following experience of his own:—

"Meeting in my club some years ago an old friend, the Rev. John Winstanley Hull, I was asked by him if I had any clairvoyant friends who could answer a question on a matter which was causing him anxiety. I said, 'Do not tell me what it is, but write it and put it into a sealed envelope, folded so as to be impossible to be seen, and I will look out for an opportunity.' This was done. I put the envelope in my pocket, and a few days later went on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Kingsford in Shropshire, he having returned to his home in Nottinghamshire. Sitting with the latter at the planchette, I recollected the envelope in my pocket, and, placing it on the table, asked the planchette if it could answer the question in it. In almost immediate response it wrote:

" 'We cannot answer J. Stanley Hull's question without consulting the guardian genius of the lady concerned. We must find him.'"

"Having sent this answer, together with the envelope still unopened, to Mr. Hull, I received in return the paper he had enclosed. It contained a question as to whether his sick daughter should remain at the place to which he had sent her for treatment, or be placed elsewhere; and was signed J. Stanley Hull.

"Mrs. Kingsford had at that time no acquaintance with my friend, and I was quite unaware of his daughter's illness. And, moreover, to make the test more stringent, he had suppressed the first syllable of his second name, and—contrary to his usage—given the initial only of the first.

"On my asking Mrs. Kingsford if she could suggest an explanation of the *modus operandi*, she replied that all that she knew was that the words were presented to her consciousness as they were being written. From this I inferred that the agent was some principle in her own system, operating—probably in conjunction with a corresponding one in mine—unconsciously to either of us."

We greatly regret to learn that Mr. Kiddle is passing through a valley of affliction and sorrow. His own eyesight has failed; his wife has met with a severe accident, and his son, aged twenty-four, has succumbed to typhoid fever. We cordially sympathise and trust for better and less anxious days for our friend.

DREAMS.

No. II.

We are indebted to Miss F. J. Theobald for the following

Dream and its Fulfilment.

G. was our nursery governess. Whilst she was living with us, by the death of her father she was left homeless and penniless. My father and mother at once adopted her as a daughter, and we children gladly welcomed her as an elder sister. She was married, and whilst I was visiting her at her house in Birmingham, she said to me one morning, "I had such a vivid dream last night. I dreamed of Annie O. She stood by my bedside. When I looked up at her she moved away towards the door. I got up; she hastily left the room, and before I could reach the top of the stairs, she had got to the bottom. I leaned over the bannisters, and called, "Annie! Annie! do come back!" "No," she replied, looking up at me. "No, I cannot stay now, but I will come again to see you before very long." G. added, "I noticed as I ran out of my bedroom that there was a step down from it into the passage leading to the stairs."

THE FULFILMENT.

Before three months had gone by, G.'s husband had taken a business in a town some miles away, and they thus unexpectedly moved into a fresh house. Their little girl, a sweet bright child of eighteen months, was very ill, apparently at death's door, but about a week after they had settled in their new abode the little one became so much better that their anxiety was removed, and one night G. consented to rest, whilst the nurse, with baby sleeping in her lap, sat in an easy chair at the foot of the bed upon which G. was lying.

She was just falling asleep, when something suddenly completely aroused her. Looking round, to her intense surprise, she saw again her spirit friend, Annie O., holding baby in her arms. She stood by the bedside looking at G., and G. especially noticed that she could see through the figure of Annie O. the chest of drawers that was standing by the wall on that side of the room.

Lifting up her hands in astonishment, G. was just about to speak, when a loud voice exclaimed earnestly "Hasten! her mother will detain her!" Upon this the spirit turned away, and quickly went out at the door, taking the child with her. G. jumped up, and ran out of the door after Annie; as she did so she recognised for the first time the scene of her dream, in which there was the step down from the bedroom door into the passage, but which had not before been remembered by her. On going back to the room, she found her darling child had indeed been taken by the spirit. The little one had quietly breathed its last, at the very moment G. had seen Annie O. leave the room with its precious burthen in her arms. Thus was the promise fulfilled.

G. and Annie O. had been school fellows. Annie was most passionately fond of children. One day when the two girls were talking together over their future prospects, Annie said, "When you are married, G., and have a family, remember I will come any distance to see you if at any time you want help with them." Annie O. passed on at an early age, but had evidently not forgotten this promise even while in her spirit home!

This comes from a new correspondent:—

Some years ago I had an unusually vivid dream. I was standing with my sister on a very familiar spot (in the chancel doorway of a country church) which I had not seen for six years, when two rough-looking working men brushed past us. I turned to my sister and said, "Those men have had small-pox, and they will give it to us." Within four days of my dream I was taken ill with small-pox. I learned afterwards that it was very prevalent in the town and neighbourhood, but I had not at the time heard any mention of it. As a proof that I had not been frightened into taking the complaint in consequence of the dream, I will add that I can recall a distinct sense of satisfaction on hearing that the doctor's verdict as to its nature verified my dream. Of the six other people in the house, the only one who took it (very slightly) was the sister who had been with me in my dream.

L. S. B.

This is also from a correspondent of "LIGHT":—

In February last I had a dream to this effect: Looking through the window I was surprised to find that instead of the usual scene of green fields, I could only perceive one wide

expanse of water, and that moving in tumultuous waves in the direction of our house, and beating with such force against the walls that they shook, then seemed to rock, and ultimately fall in with a crash. I was pitched into a corner, where I lay contemplating the wreck, when my dream suddenly changed and I was again looking from the window and much gratified to find the flood had dried up, except here and there a still pool in the hollows. Next morning—it was Sunday—I related my strange dream to my wife while at breakfast, and immediately thereafter it was forgotten. On the Tuesday following I was out in a wood superintending the gambols of the children of the institution where I am employed, and while joining in their mirth I began to feel a sensation as of pain, ascending in waves from the abdomen to the region of the heart. Then I grew sick and giddy, my limbs, meanwhile, losing their strength. I leaned my back against a tree for support, and even this failed and I slid to the ground. Soon the children gathered around me in alarm, while some ran off for assistance. This was speedily found and I was carried to the house in a semi-conscious condition. The doctor of the institution came in all haste, and applied some pungent vapour to my nostrils, upon inhaling which the pain was greatly relieved, and I was able once more to stand upon my feet. I was conveyed home in the carriage of the institution, but on the way the pains returned, and I had to be carried into the house, to the no small alarm of my wife and the neighbours. The spasms of pain lasted for about a week, and, while they lasted, very much affected my left arm, seeming almost to paralyse it. In less than a month I had quite recovered, and only then I remembered my strange dream. Query—Was my dream the shadow of the coming event, or merely a coincidence?

J. N.

Next comes a very striking dream, which we have heard from the lips of our correspondent. It is here narrated with perfect precision:—

In the end of December, 1887, we expected the return of our second son from Africa. He did not return at the date he had fixed, and we did not hear from him, and became very anxious about him. In the end of January, 1888, I dreamt that I was sitting over the fire and saw our son pass the window and that I rushed out of the front door to meet him. In my dream a deep snow lay around and his face against it looked very red and sunburnt. I clasped him in my arms (I quite felt him) and he said, "I am so hungry." On the last day of February, 1888, we heard that he had landed, and on March 1st I (forgetful of my dream) was sitting over the fire waiting for him. I saw him pass the window, and rushed out; his face looked dark against the snow-covered trees, and as I held him in my arms he said, "I am so hungry." I had told quite a number of people of my dream before its fulfilment.

H.

The "Weekly Scotsman" has been devoting itself to the Occult of late. Here is a specimen, published October 26th ult.:—

About twenty years ago I had a dream of being in a manufacturer's warping house, and being assailed in a manner detrimental to character, by one who seemed to be the master. The place was strange to me, but struck by some details of the dream, I described the entrance and interior of the building to an Irish hand-loom weaver who was working here at the time (at the period I speak of, I was a shuttle and picker maker). The weaver without hesitation at once named a firm's place of business in Dundee, and asked if I had been getting orders from them. I answered in the negative, and told him the dream as the reason of inquiry.

The man stared. "My advice to you," said he, "is this: go into their place in Dundee as early as possible, and keep your eyes open, and make good use of your ears. That dream is not for nothing."

I went for two years. I saw only the foreman, and every transaction was done on the best of terms. But I kept the Irishman's advice in mind.

One morning I was met by the acting partner, and was assailed by him, before a number of the workers, with language of a grossly libellous description. After his charges were confuted, more of his youthful life was told him than he expected to be known, and exposure threatened if he remained in Dundee. He sold the business, therefore, at the earliest opportunity and left the country. His leaving the country brought a few foul intrigues to a close which would have proved disastrous to a few innocent families had they got time to come to maturity.

Wm. Gow.

SEANCE AT CAPTAIN JAMES'S.

A private circle of sitters was recently held at Captain James's. Mr. Rita was the medium. He sat at the end of the table, and never left that position, no curtain or cabinet being employed at these sittings. The others present were Mr. and Mrs. Wedgwood, Dr. Allen, Dr. D., Mr. B., and myself, the party thus composing eight people. The night was hot and sultry, and the room very close, which gave me a headache, the thermometer standing at 76 degrees when we began. The medium was unwell, and felt very poorly. We put out the gas about a quarter past nine, and sat in darkness. After an interval of eight or ten minutes, during which we conversed and set a musical-box going, Mrs. Wedgwood said the spirits were busy round the medium, and that she had been touched. On the table before us had been placed a fan, a jew's harp, and the instrument known as "fairy bells." The first circumstance that attracted the attention of all present was the gentle shaking of the table, which lasted a few seconds. Shortly after this a voice was heard, at first in weak and husky tones, which soon became strong and clear, and which addressed words of greeting to us, and an inquiry regarding myself, the owner of the direct voice perceiving that I was a new comer. Explanations on this point having been made, the voice asked if I admitted that conditions were necessary at sittings in order that results might be produced. I was also asked what test would satisfy me, to which I replied that would be left to the controlling spirits. The three doctors who sat together were instructed by the voice to join hands, which being done for some minutes we were told to disjoin. Presently I felt a gentle tapping on the back, as if by fingers, while my right hand resting on the table was softly stroked; several of the sitters now said they were touched by unseen hands. One or two questions were put to me by the direct voice.

Having sat about half an hour, I suddenly saw a dark-skinned face, in a frame work of white drapery, some three feet above the table, illumined by a phosphorescent-looking light, which appeared just below the chin. In a second or two the light went out and re-appeared, and was again extinguished, the face appearing and disappearing. Several faces appeared similarly illumined. One, that of a male, a native of India, was very distinct. He spoke, but not clearly. Dr. Allen put out his hand, and shook hands with him, saying his hand felt like an ordinary one. Now several voices were heard of a different character from that which first spoke (Charlie's). One of these voices was deep and gruff, while Charlie, the controlling spirit, has a high voice.

All felt very hot, and some complained of the closeness. Dr. D. presently said, "The fan has been placed in my hand," but not by any of the sitters. Presently I felt my face gently fanned, and so did others. Fingers passed over the wires of the fairy bells, producing a musical sound. Charlie now asked me what air I should like played. I said "The Last Rose of Summer," and somebody else suggested "The Campbells are Coming." A musical spirit took up the jew's harp, and played both tunes in succession with perfect correctness, and with an effect I should have thought impossible with so simple an instrument. During the performance of these airs the jew's harp was audibly dropped on the table several times, taken up again, and the music resumed.

"Charlie" told us about this time that the conditions were not very favourable for spiritual phenomena. Dr. D. had brought a folding slate with him which, enclosing a fragment of pencil, was fastened with a screw, and requested that something might be written on it. Charlie desired him to place one hand on it, while I pressed it with another. In about two minutes we both felt and heard writing going on within the closed slate. After a light had been obtained the slate was unscrewed, when the words "Good-night" were written on one leaf; and two initials, recognised by Dr. D., on the other. The writing was bad, like that of a child learning to write; but being produced under test conditions was evidently due to an occult force.

CLEMENT SCONCE, M.R.C.S.

31, Fairholme-road, West Kensington.

November 10th, 1890.

WHEN earthly pleasures fade and flee,
Where clouds of care obscure the flight,
Uplift thine eyes, O man, and see
The long, sweet day beyond the night.

SPIRITUALISM AND ITS PHENOMENA.

I send you enclosed "A Prophecy and its Fulfilment," and wish to say a few words on the subject of the Phenomena of Spiritualism and the Psychical Research Society.

If you place a piece of wood on a hot fire and it burns it to ashes, and you place a piece of asbestos in the same fire and it remains unconsumed, it proves, for all time, that wood will burn and asbestos will not. And one trial before competent, reliable witnesses is as good as a thousand. There is no effect without a cause, and the causes that produced certain effects 1,800 years ago will produce the same effects to-day.

Mediums (or prophets as they were then called) foretold many events that afterwards came to pass, and the case spoken of proves that the same thing occurs to-day.

This prediction was discussed freely from the morning of August 30th until to-day, when the message was received of Mr. V.'s death. So many predictions had been verified in the past in our circle, that we were not afraid but that this one would be also, and so talked of it freely. Mr. V., living in a distant village, knew nothing of the prophecy, so it could not have had any effect on him. Now fifty good competent witnesses at least will testify, under oath, that they heard this prophecy spoken of and that it was a matter of town-talk that we had got word in our circle that spirits had informed us that Christ Varris, of St. James, Mo., would die on the morning of October 8th, 1890.

And fifty more good witnesses, his physician included, will testify that he did die on the morning of that day, at the time predicted, and the telegraph operator at St. James and the one at Cuba will testify that the telegram informing Mr. C. of his demise was sent over the wires, as predicted, by persons that knew nothing of the prediction.

Still more strange is the fact that Mr. C. was not in any way related to the family of the deceased, and was only a casual acquaintance—having once boarded with the family, and that years ago.

Now the Psychical Research Society can get positive proof of that phase of spiritual phenomena by sending their American agent to this place, and getting the affidavit of all these witnesses, and thus settle the question of prophecy; and every other phase of the phenomena of Spiritualism can be settled the same way, if human testimony is worth anything.
Cuba, Mo.: U.S.A. S. T. SUDDICK, M.D.

This is the account of the Prophecy and its Fulfilment:—

On the evening of August 29th, 1890, we had a séance in our parlour, in Cuba, Mo., four persons being present, namely, Charles H. Cottnam, James E. Hollow, jun., my wife, and self.

We sat around a small centre table in a subdued light.

We had been sitting ten or fifteen minutes when the table began to move. Mr. C. did the questioning, and the answers were given by the table tipping two or three inches from the floor and again striking it—one time for "No," three times for "Yes." Among other communications the spirits informed us that Christ Varris, of St. James, Mo., who was at the time very ill, would die just forty days from that date. On counting the days it was found that forty days from that time would be October 8th. We asked if that was the day in which he should pass on, and received an affirmative answer. The message further stated that he would pass on in the morning, and that Mr. C. would receive a telegram announcing the event.

This morning (October 8th) a telegram came over the wires to Mr. C. announcing that his friend had just died. The fulfilment of this prophecy is creating quite a furore of excitement in our village, as the message was an open secret, and many had been curiously watching the outcome of it.

These facts are open to close investigation, and can be abundantly proven. If the secretary of the Psychical Research Society would come and visit us he could get abundant proof of the above, and many other facts relating to the occult.

DEEDS LIVE FOR EVER.—You are disappointed. Do you remember, if you lose heart about your work, that none of it is lost; that the good of every good deed remains, and breeds, and works on for ever; and all that fails and is lost is the inside shell of the thing; which, perhaps, might have been better done, but, better or worse, has nothing to do with the real spiritual good which you have done to men's hearts, for which God will surely repay you in His own way and time.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

ANOTHER FEAT OF A MIND-READER :

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS TEMPERAMENT AND CONDITION.

From the "Religio-Philosophical Journal."

One afternoon last week Johnstone, the mind-reader, opened a safe at the Wellington Hotel, Chicago, in a way to prove, as he claimed, his theory that man possesses a sense in addition to the senses hitherto recognised. Eight members of the Press were present, besides three persons chosen to assist in the performance and acquainted with the combination. Before commencing, cotton was put in the ears of the mind-reader, so that he could not hear the click of the bolts, heavy gloves were put on his hands so that no sense of touch could aid him, and in addition to this his nostrils were stuffed with cotton, and he smoked a cigar, thus being deprived of all the five senses. The hotel men were then arranged one behind the other in front of the safe door, not touching the operator. They were then instructed to put their minds intently on the combination, and Mr. Johnstone proceeded to open the safe. At every attempt he got the numbers absolutely correct, but as two of the members were not very familiar with the combination, the hotel having just been opened, at the first attempts the combination was missed by a hair's breadth. Here Johnstone said, "I can't stand the strain much longer. You must concentrate your minds on the exact position of the numbers or I can't open the safe." Then the gentlemen, having by this time become thoroughly acquainted with their combination and all concentrating their minds on the exact figures, Johnstone turned the disc to the right to 41 five times, then back to 90 four times, to the right to 34 three times, then back to 90 four times, to the right to 34 three times, and to 70 twice, and pulled the safe open. When he had finished this every muscle of his body was twitching. He was hurried upstairs and into a tub of cold water. In a few minutes he came out and seemed none the worse for the great ordeal through which he had passed. Johnstone could not see and, of course, did not know the number to which he was turning, except as he learned it from the minds of the committee. At a subsequent meeting he found a pin which had been secreted during his absence, and described the features of a man in a photograph which was held and gazed at intently by two persons selected for the purpose.

Johnstone, the mind-reader, has a number of peculiarities, says the Chicago "Evening Journal." One of them is his dislike to handling or carrying money. He says disagreeable people impart to money some of their own personality, and that fingering a greasy bill or a coin that has been long in circulation affects him with a species of nausea. He will not carry money about him, and when he is compelled to make a trip involving the payment of two or more car fares, the nickels are invariably placed in different pockets.

His physical temperament is such that he has to be carefully watched, and at times he is given as much attention as a helpless child. Gooding, his manager, speaking of this the other day, said he had to watch him closely at all times; in fact that he had made a study of him, and believed he would be able to prolong his life much beyond the period allotted to people of his temperament.

"When we first started on the road," said the portly manager, who, by-the-way, carries enough flesh to build four Johnstones from, "he complained of not sleeping well, and found that his appetite was poor. He lost about twenty pounds the first month we were out, and I was afraid he would dwindle down to nothing and disappear. We were giving three entertainments and public driving tests per week at that time, and I was compelled to cut them down to two, that apparently being the measure of his strength. I also began watching his diet closely, and in a little while he began to improve. He soon regained his lost weight, and I believe he is now stronger than when he started, but still I do not regard it as safe to give more than two entertainments a week. I give him a cold bath every morning, and rub him briskly with coarse towels. He then takes a light breakfast and then a two hours' walk, the weather permitting. His dinner is of some kind of fowl, or a good thick steak, and his supper is generally a small piece of chicken with dry toast. When he is to give a performance tea and toast constitute his supper, but after his exhausting labour I permit him to indulge himself, and I can tell you his appetite is as astonishing as the feats he performs.

"His serious condition following his driving feat last week," continued Gooding, "was due entirely to a severe chill contracted on the way home. His severe tests throw him into a profuse perspiration, and immediately after them his clothing should be removed, and after a bath his skin be rubbed until it is red and tingling from the friction. Then, with dry clothes at hand, he is in no danger of contracting cold. All this was overlooked in the excitement following his drive, and the result of that negligence nearly cost him his life. I always carry a drug—it is the most powerful known to science—that would have revived him at once, but singularly enough it turned up missing when it was most needed. I have been taught a lesson, however, and I don't think the thing will happen again.

"An astonishing thing about Johnstone is that while giving a performance he is wonderfully strong, and can lift weights that would tax the strength of three or four ordinary men. Science, I believe, furnishes the explanation that the entire strength of the organism is thrown into one set of muscles or nerves. In his normal condition Johnstone is not stronger than the average man of his weight."

ANOTHER TOMBSTONE INSCRIPTION.

Our correspondent, "Edina," writes:—

Some months ago I forwarded to you a copy of an inscription from a tombstone in a Southampton church, which my daughter had written automatically, and I was glad to find that a correspondent of your paper was able to verify it. This is the kind of evidence which goes to satisfy sceptics of the genuineness of this form of communication between the spiritual world and our own. About three weeks ago my daughter wrote automatically, along with one or two other personal messages communicated at the same sitting, what purports to be a copy of an inscription on a tombstone in Sherborne Church, Dorsetshire. The handwriting is old fashioned and peculiar, and the signature, "Robert Digby," markedly characteristic. None of us know anything of Sherborne or of Dorsetshire, and I shall be extremely glad if any of your readers who live in that part of the country will take the trouble to visit Sherborne Church, and see if a tombstone bearing anything like the inscription here given exists. The following is the inscription *verbatim* as written:—

The Honourable Robert Digby.—I am going to give you some bits of verse my dear father got for my Tombstone in the Church of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, 1727.

Go, fair example, untainted youth, Of modest wisdom and pacific truth Good without noise, without pretensions great, just in every thought Sincere lover of peace and friend of human kind. Go, live for Heaven's eternal year is thine. Go and exalt thy mortal to Divine.

To them where only bliss sincere is known, Go where to love and to enjoy are one, Yet take these tears, mortality's relief, And until we share your joys, forgive our grief. These little rites, a stone, a verse receive 'Tis all a father, all a friend can give.

My dear sister Mary is also buried wie me.—The power I have got just now has a quarter hour, no more.

ROBERT DIGBYE.

[The writing is printed in exactly the same form in which "Edina" copied and sent it. We hope that some Dorset correspondent will endeavour to verify it. The previous inscription to which "Edina" refers was a remarkable comment on the allegation freely made at the last meeting of the Society for Psychical Research, that automatic writing was always a reproduction of that which was in the memory of the writer or some person present. The statement is directly in the teeth of facts.—ED. "LIGHT."]

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

[Any acknowledgment of books received in this column neither precludes nor promises further notice.]

"Tales from Blackwood," No. XI. Price one shilling. [Contains "Christmas Eve on a Haunted Hulk," and "Unfathomed Mysteries."]

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

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Light :

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

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15th, 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.

MIND-READING AND MEDIUMSHIP.

By "M. A. (OXON.)"

Hudson Tuttle has contributed to the "Banner of Light" an article with the above heading, which was reprinted in the last issue of "LIGHT," and which is worthy of attention. Like myself, the writer has had long and intimate relations with the unseen world, and it is to the last degree important that such a sensitive should record his impressions and enable us to see how far they square with those of others similarly gifted.

One or two things are clear. The gift of thought-reading, so notable in the case of Irving Bishop, and, more recently, in the case of Johnstone, referred to in this week's "LIGHT," is closely akin to that of mediumship. That which enabled Bishop and Johnstone to do what they did was, probably, a special psychical faculty stimulated to a very high degree. So stimulated, it was fatal in one case, and produced in the other similar symptoms which only just stopped short of death. There is no apparent reason to invoke the intervention of an alien spirit in these cases. The effects were probably due to an exaltation in an abnormal degree of the innate powers of the incarnate spirit in each case. With this in mind we may ask how much of the phenomena of mediumship may be referred to the action of the spirit of the medium, or of the circle, or of individuals composing it.

Again, it is abundantly clear that the excessive use of these mysterious powers is very dangerous to health, and even to life. The parallel holds here, too, in respect of the undue exercise of mediumship. Mr. Tuttle tells us that he has found the exercise of his mediumship in unpleasant surroundings, i.e., with those who do not understand its delicate conditions, or in the presence of a dominant antagonistic influence, so painful that he looks on it with dread. "When writing, sudden interruption is like a blow, and leaves me dazed and irritable." He says, moreover, that the excessive exercise of his mediumship is very deleterious. "Once . . . having written nearly all the night, till the pen had fallen from my fingers in the middle of a sentence, the result was disastrous. At nine in the morning I had a congestive chill . . ." from depleted vitality.

I am able to corroborate Hudson Tuttle's experience. In old days, when our sittings at the late Dr. Stanhope Speer's were fruitful of such remarkable physical

phenomena, I have been so depleted that the spinal column was no longer able to support the body. Sitting in my chair, unconscious, the upper part of the body gradually fell over to the right side, just as a candle, placed too near a fire, would become limp and droop. I have risen from a séance, in which certain manifestations were more than ordinarily pronounced, feeling so weak as to be unable to walk alone. Even when automatic writing has been too much prolonged I have been so depleted of vitality that nothing but sleep, heavy and long, has relieved the desperate weight at the base of the brain and the weakness of the spine.

If this be so in the case of one who was never without protection and guidance from the spirit-world, who was never exposed to the risks of promiscuous circles, but always among close friends, what shall we say the risks are in the case of the public medium? If Irving Bishop killed himself by his performances, may we not say that many mediums sap their vitality or their moral consciousness and shorten their lives by playing with this unknown force? We know little about it as yet. Its potency is unquestionable, but obscurely measured. It can produce under favourable conditions—and we do not yet know what conditions are favourable at all times and places—results that paralyse the reason and almost preclude acceptance. On one occasion it is powerless. Patience is not rewarded by a rap or a word. On another, with conditions, so far as we can tell, precisely the same, the results stagger the reason and make the observers afraid to record them. Why? We cannot tell.

Empirical treatment of these occult subjects has gone too far. We have come to the time when practical study is wanted. Even more than an accurate record of multitudinous facts we want an accurate observation of mediumship in all its phases. That can be had only by getting the possessors of psychical gifts in childhood or early youth and carefully shielding them from contamination—psychical as well as physical. Nothing, as I long since protested, will be got from tying a medium up with ropes and setting a dozen people, who believe him to be a rogue, to watch him, tease him, and worry him to death. Sometimes I wonder now how it could have been necessary to fight in order to impress that obvious truth on people who called themselves investigators of this delicate problem. I am thankful to believe that we have gone beyond that phase of fatuity. But inexperienced persons, who play with these forces, Hypnotism, Mediumship, Psychism in all its branches, have yet very much to learn, not only in respect of the obscure subjects with which they concern themselves, but as to the methods suitable to be used in dealing with them.

"WEAPONS OF MYSTERY."

This shocker (Routledge, 1s.) shocks much more naturally than Mr. Besant's "Dæmonia." The creaking of the machinery is not nearly so obtrusive as in his crude story. Here we have sensation enough and to spare, but the writer seems acquainted with his subject. It is the old story, love liberating forces hitherto unsuspected, some blood and thunder, detectives, villains frustrated, virtue triumphant, villainy defeated, mesmerism in *excelsis*, and a happy *dénouement*. The little book pretends to no more than to be an expedient to pass an idle hour, and that it may well do. It is one more added to the long list of such books, fastening on the Occult as profitable.

ASSEMBLIES OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

The next meeting will take place on Tuesday next, at 7.30 p.m., when Mrs. Gordon will deliver an address on "Personal Experiences of the Occult." Mrs. Gordon has had much experience during her residence in India, when Mr. Eglinton was in that country.

SOME HIGHER TRUTHS OF SPIRIT.

Address delivered by the Rev. G. W. Allen, on November 4th, at 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, to the Members and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance.

In calling the title of my paper "Some Higher Truths of Spirit," I have—I trust I need not say—no intention of exalting my own view and disparaging the views of such as are not able to agree with me by speaking of mine as "higher," and therefore putting down theirs as "lower." I mean only that to and for me they seem to be higher than what I once held: but I recognise fully that this is simply my private opinion; and that my private opinion is no way more necessarily true than that of any other single individual.

It is, I think, a weakness, though, perhaps, a necessary weakness, of societies that they stand self-committed to propagandism, and therefore must needs spend the major part of their efforts in maintaining and advocating that particular view to propagate which they exist, and in discovering and setting forth ever newer and more cogent reasons why this view should be universally accepted. Thus they must necessarily lose sight of the fact that not to maintain a recognised truth, but to supersede and transcend it, is the part of the earnest seeker after truth.

For I venture to lay it down as a principle to which all earnest truth-seekers must assent, that any given view or theory is necessarily not completely true. It may be true in itself, but it cannot be true in the way it is held and apprehended by those who profess it. All our creeds and theories are true *for us*, not from a universal, but from a limited and particular, point of view; and I cannot believe for myself that that which I, or any others, believe and understand now will be the same as we shall understand and believe when we have advanced further in knowledge and in power of discernment.

Now, if to be interested in the phenomena of Spiritualism alone is to be a Spiritualist, then I fear I cannot claim to be one. But I am glad to know that many Spiritualists recognise that no phenomena can be of any value considered in themselves apart. It is only in their relationship that their value arises; in their coming to us as facts of the universe with which our science of the universe must be in accord. Our feeling of their importance arises, not because they are really of more importance than any other facts, but because they are new, and because their truth as facts has been denied. *Ipsa facto*, and from an universal point of view, it is impossible to discriminate between facts as being of greater or less value. The value lies in the closeness of the relation that the particular fact bears to life, what practical benefit it can effect for man in his search to know more and to become more. And this depends not on the fact, but in our insight into the significance of the fact.

"To me," said Wordsworth,

"The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

So Tennyson,

"Little flower, but if I could understand
What you are root and all and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Your man of true insight never speaks of an "important" fact. Every fact to him is important. When a fact seems to be preponderatingly important, this arises not in the fact itself, but from what Howard Hinton in his "New Era of Thought" calls the self-element in the fact; an element which while really in us, we think to be in the fact, such as—to illustrate—the apparent movement of the sun round the earth.

Now, while we are under the illusion of this self-element we shall almost necessarily miss to read and understand the true significance of our fact; just as it was impossible to know the real truth about the sun, while it was supposed that the apparent motion round the earth was a fact of the sun, and not a fact of the observer.

For if a person living in those days had felt keenly anxious to believe that the sun went round the earth he would have felt that the fact which his sense of sight revealed to him proved to him that it did. But if—without desiring thus to find reasons for believing a theory he was anxious to be able to believe—he had put the more general question—"What is the real significance of this apparent fact?"

can I find anything more in it than that which seems to lie upon the surface of it?" he would have been much more likely to have discovered that the apparent movement was in himself and not in the sun.

So in the same manner I venture to think that we miss possibly the real significance of our phenomena by seizing upon them too eagerly as proofs of that which we so earnestly desire to have proved, and never, or but seldom, are at any pains to ask whether there is no other significance, or whether the same facts may not be quite in harmony with a very different view of life than that which we hold.

Now I am, I am afraid, a natural born heretic; for directly a thing is asserted to me to be true my mind seeks much more eagerly for disproof of it than for proof. I hold that the best, and, perhaps, the only real proof of a truth is to have sought everywhere for disproofs, and not to have found them; to have exhausted ingenuity for reasons against, and to find that there are none forthcoming.

In this spirit I am going to ask you to allow me to set before you some speculations—I will not call them more than this—which have recently introduced themselves into my own mind, with regard to the great questions of the true significance of this phenomenal existence and of its relation to a higher existence, which in contradistinction to this, the phenomenal, we may call the real or actual. And I wish to emphasise in the strongest manner that my object herein is not to induce anyone to adopt my own conclusions, which are all held but for the time being. It is not to wind up and close inquiry, but to open it: not to suggest the true, but the truer: to set adrift, if it may be, some who may have cast anchor too near the river's source; and urge upon all to cultivate the spirit of the Apostle of the Nations, who said, "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth to the things that are before, I press forward."

Spiritualistic phenomena are held to have demonstrated these dogmas:—

1. The continuity of life after death, or, as is more accurate, the continuity of phenomenal life after phenomenal death.
2. The persistence of the self-consciousness in its relation to its past; that is, that after death it still looks back upon the same past. The acts it did while in this life are still its acts, and the friends it found, or made, are still its friends. The change has been simply one of place or perhaps better of plane; an external change; and in no way a change of consciousness, an internal change.

Now against the first of these dogmas I set the following theory. The continuity of Being after phenomenal death does not need to be proved, for it is self-evident. The only thing it needs is disproof; and this is *ex hypothesi* impossible, because proof is not possible save within the boundaries of a common category, and, therefore, death can never prove itself to life, nor life to death, because Life and Death, Being and Non-Being, are contrary universal categories, and each absolutely excludes the other.

I do not want to spend much time over this, because it seems to me so self-evidently true that I cannot believe that it will require many words to make it clear. An universal category is a term I venture to employ to express a thing whose existence excludes the existence of its contrary. Now life and death, understood in the sense of Being and Non-Being, are universal categories, and, therefore, if one is, the other is not—cannot be. But let me illustrate by a simple example. We have heard the old puzzle: "If an irresistible force were to strike against an immovable object, what would happen?" The solution of this puzzle is that it predicates an impossibility. For if there be a force which is irresistible, there can be no object against which it could strike which could be immovable; for if there could, the force in question would be resisted by it, and so would not be irresistible—which is contrary to the hypothesis. Conversely, if there be an object which is immovable, there could be no force which could ever strike against it, which could be irresistible; for if there could, the object in question would be moved by it, and so would not be immovable, which is contrary to the hypothesis.

It is clear, therefore, that we can describe in words a state of things which could have no actual existence. So because in words we can speak of Life and Death as being opposite existences (though language itself might remind us that death cannot be an existence) it does not follow that they both actually *are*, as two opposite principles in eternal conflict. To speak of an irresistible force striking against an

immovable object is, practically, to predicate infinite force acting against infinite force. There cannot be two infinities, and if the one *is* the other *is not*. So, I maintain, are Life and Death, in the sense of Being and Non-Being, mutually exclusive. If Life *is*, Death *is not*; if Life *is not*, then Death *is*.

I would observe in passing that a little confusion arises at times in regard to the use of the word Death, from the fact that we use it in two senses, to describe an experience and a state. As opposed to Life, "Death" means a state. As opposed to Birth, "Death" means an experience, an act. It would be well if we entirely refused to use Death as a contrary to Life, and confined it to its true and legitimate meaning wherein it is the contrary of Birth, expressing an experience, an event which happens to us and not a state into which we can pass.

A good deal more might be said upon this point, but time being limited I venture to leave it here, quite sure that any person of intelligence who will refuse to be blinded by terms, and will look right into things, distinguishing between possibilities and impossibilities, and being careful never to be false to the data predicated, will see, very clearly and unmistakably, that, given life at all, you have given immortal life. You have fixed your category, your kind. Henceforth the whole problem is one of degree only. Life *is*: that is settled; but the degrees of its manifestation, the nature and method of its evolution from degree to degree, in a word the conditions of its "seeming"—these are the true problems upon which we should employ ourselves. And if it be urged that we are not sure that Life "is," but only that it "seems," I reply: Seeming is a function of Being and not of Non-Being, just as dim light proves the existence of light and not of darkness. Out of darkness could come no light, however dim; while out of light can come degrees of light, caused by some limitation of faculty in us. But it is inconceivable that any limitation of faculty in us could ever apprehend the absolute darkness as even the dimmest light. Therefore, I maintain, that we have fixed our category quite as much by being assured that we seem to live; and once even seeming to live it is incredible and unthinkable that we should ever pass into the contrary category; for the fact that the same thing should at one time belong to one universal category and at another time to its contrary is inconceivable to the alert discerning and rational intelligence.

The second dogma, that Spiritualistic phenomena are assumed to have proved, is the persistence of consciousness in its relation to its past; that the change which awaits us is one of external nature only, a change of surroundings, a change of faculty, but not a change which will in any way make us "new creations," with an altogether different relation to our past actions and characters.

Against this I set the following speculation: It is necessary that, in our evolution towards the full perfectibility of our nature, we in due time attain a state or plane of Being which stands related to the present plane much in the same way that waking life stands to the dream life when we wake from the dream. The difference between that higher state and the lower is so great as to constitute it a new degree of consciousness. Not a mere modification or readjustment of some of the minor details of consciousness, but an entire change; under the influence of power of which our present will be then no more to us than a dream is upon awaking. In a word, we are to attain a degree of consciousness which will be four dimensional in its relation to this, which is but three dimensional.

This is a great deal to say, and will want a good deal of proving, or, at least, rendering probable, before it is likely to be accepted, and I shall not be in the least surprised if to many it seems impossible, or even absurd. Many Spiritualists will at once urge that their experience of the testimony of those who have passed on enables them to be sure that it cannot be true, because these communicating spirits have gone through the great change and have not experienced any such radical change in consciousness. To this I would reply that, while I admit all the phenomena of Spiritualism, these seem to me only to prove that those who are unconscious of any such change have not undergone it *yet*. It is no part of my theory that this change takes place necessarily at the death of the body. About this I shall have more to say further on. But I would urge on my side this fact, that, as a rule, the great mass of communicating spirits are those who have died within the past fifty or a hundred years. A

few instances may be found of communication from persons deceased for two, or three, or even four hundred years, but, as far as I am aware, there is no instance of a communication from one dead a thousand, still less two, or three, or four thousand years ago, and it is hard to see why this should be so upon the ordinary hypothesis that the great change takes place at death, and after that there is eternal continuity of state.

Now, we know that on the highest spiritual planes Time is nothing, and a man's great-great-grandfather is as much a relation of his great-great-grandson as that great-great-grandson's own father is. Yet I appeal to the experience of those who are present, and know much more of the subject than I do, whether it is a usual thing to get communications from relatives three, four, five, or six generations back. At the same time even if this could be shown to be known, and known commonly, it would in no way disprove my theory, because my theory does not stand bound by any particular time-limits; for what are a few thousand years in the boundless eternity that lies before us and behind?

What, then, are the positive reasons that lead me to adopt this theory? Perhaps not the cogency of any one in particular, but of several taken together in cumulative force.

First, I would urge that as this present state of consciousness had a definite beginning so it cannot be a universal thing, but a special and particular thing, and must necessarily have an end, and that in the case of those who have reached a spirit world, but still retain the same personality, the same relation to their past in this world, it has not ended. Next, that we know, when we come to think of it, that even while we are in this present state it is not continuous. About one-third of what we call our life is passed in a state of what is to us, when we pass out of it, unconsciousness. Where are we and what is our state in deep sleep? We are clearly out of our ordinary state of consciousness, but it is an insult to intelligence to suppose that, while we sleep, consciousness is absolutely in abeyance, and we have practically gone out of existence. "Being" involves "consciousness." And it is rather against than in accordance with probability that on sinking to a lower plane of consciousness we should retain conscious memory of the higher plane we have left. It is clear that this is true in the only case which is within our power to investigate, the one change of consciousness which falls within our conscious experience, the change from waking consciousness to dream consciousness, and *vice versa*.

Anyone would, I imagine, admit that waking consciousness is, as to plane, higher than dream consciousness. On leaving waking consciousness and entering dream consciousness we lose all recollection or conscious memory of the state of waking consciousness; while on leaving dream consciousness and entering waking consciousness we are at once aware that we have experienced a change of consciousness and may remember the particular circumstances of our dream. This proves to us that while the lower does not possess conscious recollection or memory of the higher state, the higher does possess it of the lower. Now our deep, dreamless sleep life is as much higher than our waking consciousness as our waking consciousness is higher than our dream consciousness. Hence we see at once that just as the unconsciousness, which in dream we experience, of our truer waking consciousness does not prove that there is no such state of consciousness at all, so our present unconsciousness of the deep sleep state does not prove that it is not a state of consciousness.

It is very interesting to study the analogy which is presented by our alternation between these two states of consciousness, the waking and the dream. Put very briefly the characteristics are as follows:—

1. The most absolute disconnection between the two as far as cause and consequence go. The experience we awake to from dream is in no way determined by the nature of the dream we have just had. The dream becomes on awaking a mere nothing—a thing which never was in what is now our sense of reality. The evil things we may have done therein do not trouble us; we know that "we," as we now know ourselves, never did them, we only thought we did them.

2. The life we wake to is not a new thing, strange and puzzling, but an old thing that we have known long since but lost awhile. A few seconds, at most, and our senses are re-adjusted, and we know all about it, but it is interesting to mark that occasionally we do experience this bewilderment for a few seconds, and that it never lasts longer in normal cases.

3. It is important to emphasise that in awaking we experience a change in degree of consciousness, even in personal character and self-knowledge, but never any change as to our identity. I, the dreamer, and I in waking consciousness, are never confused, always one and the same. The mode of my nature may change. I may find myself in the dream delighting in all sorts of things that would pain and repel me in waking life. But it is simply the mode of consciousness which has changed. Never am "I" another "I" on waking. The spirit is permanent. The mode of manifestation may vary. And "I" am not less than I was in the dream but more. It is only Caliban's, and such gross souls, whose whole delight is fixed upon external objects, that, when they wake, cry to dream again.

Thus, wild as this theory may seem to be, that there lies before us either on this side of phenomenal death, or on the other, an experience of a change of self-apprehension, in which our present, so seemingly real, may become unreal, and we rise to a consciousness of a new plane of being which is no new one but an old one which was temporarily broken by the episode of this present consciousness—wild as it may seem to be, it is yet absolutely in harmony with an experience which we go through almost every day on waking from dream. I admit of course, that the power of this analogy is not to demonstrate my theory, but merely to remove presumptions against it which might arise in the mind which should take a cursory and hasty view of the matter. Let us now see what can be said more positively in support of it.

This, I think, may be said: Our spiritual evolution could not be carried to the degree foreshadowed in Holy Scripture if our present consciousness were permanent. This is so large a subject that I cannot do more than touch upon its surface. I will, therefore, only offer a few points to your notice and leave the many others I cannot touch upon to the thoughtful among my hearers to work out for themselves.

1. Man is to be drawn into "oneness" with God. "Be ye holy for I am holy." "Ye shall be perfect as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." "That they may all be one as Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee, that they may be perfected into One." "That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

2. And, what is much the same thing in another way of putting it, sin is to be forgiven. "Ye know He was manifested to take away our sin."

3. The way for man to this higher life in God is through what is always spoken of as loss or death. "He that will save his soul shall lose it, and he that will lose his life for My sake shall save it." "As in Adam all die even so in Christ shall all be made alive." And here we must comment in passing. Any change of such a nature as from death to life, or from life to death, would seem to the consciousness to be a dying. The change actually before us, as seen from God's point of view, is a passing from death unto life, a being "made alive." Which of us can be sure that we have experienced this consciously? But if we have not, then assuredly it is yet before us, and though seen from the other side, the side of the higher life, it is a change from death to life, just as certain is it that seen (as we yet must see it) from this side, the side of that which though actually death seems to us to be life, it must seem like death. So said St. Paul to his converts, "Death worketh in us, but life in you"; that is, "we, further advanced than you in the understanding of all mysteries and all knowledge—we perceive that this present state is death, and is working out for us a death to itself whereby we shall attain to that which, being the death of death, is life. But you, thinking that this state you now experience is life, are naturally anxious not to die; and your idea of religion is to save you from dying so that you may continue to live, while ours is to save us, by dying, from death, so that we may begin to truly live."

4. Once again, the change before us is expressed often in the Scripture as a "birth." "Ye must be born from above." Now birth into a new state is the correlative side of death out of an old state. The terms "birth" and "death" are the two sides of the same act or experience.

5. Add to these St. Paul's bold statement about himself, looked at in the view of either his sins or his righteousness, in which he speaks of what he calls the "I" and the "not I." He says in Rom. vii., "I want to do right but I am dragged by the power of sin in me into doing wrong; it is not I that do it but sin that dwelleth in me." So speaking in another

place of his good works, "I laboured," he says, "more abundantly than they all; yet not I but the grace of God that was given me." Here is a clear denial of the truth of the self-consciousness in which, in this state, he found himself.

6. Along with this take St. John's saying about that in us which, being "born of God, doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him and he cannot sin because he is born of God." But that which is born of God must be my true being, my true self. For St. John says "Beloved, we are the sons of God," and St. Paul says, "Because ye are sons God hath sent forth the spirit of His Son into your hearts." Obviously it would be impossible to send the spirit of His Son into any one who, *ipso facto*, was not a son. Well, then, my true self and being, being born of God, does not, cannot, sin. Is this true of my present being? Surely we all feel that it is not. Therefore I (like the son in the parable) have yet to *come to myself*, and to do this implies and involves a change of consciousness.

Now I would urge, take all these considerations which I have so hurriedly brought before you, and integrate them all into your theory of life, and you will find yourself unable to stop short of the whole length of the view I am advocating, viz., that there lies yet before us to experience a change which is more than a change of place, of external surroundings, but is a change of consciousness, a consciousness of coming to be, not something altogether new, but something which, while I am in this old consciousness, must seem to me to be new. Even as St. Paul said, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creation. Old things have passed away, behold all things have become new." So in the Revelation of St. John, "Behold I make all things new." There is not only a new earth (that we should have expected) but a new heaven. But this newness is not absolute newness, only relative; just as the life we wake to from dream is new from the point of view of the dream, but old, real and familiar, older and more familiar far than the dream consciousness, when we wake from the dream.

And here, speaking of the new heaven, I am led, naturally to recur to a point that came in, in passing, in an earlier part of my paper. I mean—what, in view of this theory, becomes of the fact which is, I suppose, so commonly experienced by us, that some communicating spirits deny that they have experienced any such change as we are speaking of, or that they ever will experience it? My theory about this is as follows:—There are, says Scripture, two deaths—bodily death and soul death—but no third. Nowhere does Scripture speak of the death of Spirit. "Spirit," the abstract term, I mean, not "spirits," the concrete. Now this soul death is by no means, necessarily, connected with, or one with, bodily death: and just as ignorance that the body must die in no way would keep us from dying, so ignorance of soul death will not affect in the least the actuality of the fact.

Regarding this state of consciousness, in its relation to the one yet before us, as a dream in its relation to waking like, it is (I would urge) quite possible that the dream may extend on both sides of bodily death. A friend of mine once told me that he dreamed of dying, and did not awake at the moment of death, but dreamed on into the future life. This fact at once seemed to me to offer an analogy to what has, or rather has not, taken place in the case of those communicating spirits who, after bodily death, seem to be still in the same plane of consciousness as before it; and I venture to believe it to be a more rational theory than that of our Eastern Theosophists, who speak of Spooks and hollow phantasms of temporarily persistent consciousness that lingers like a mist in a valley, or the sound in an echo, but will soon disappear and pass away.

These spirits, I would urge, just as in their waking life among us they were, with us, upon a dream earth, so now they have passed through a dream death, and into a dream heaven. And before everyone of them lies assuredly an awakening in which both their life and their death, and their consequent spiritual existence, will seem to them to be incidents in a dream which has broken. They are lost to us, because the power of the dream is on us too. When we dream that a friend dies, we dream that we lose him; and if we should dream that we ourselves died, we should dream that we passed to a new state out of normal *rappor*t with the state we had left behind. Therefore it is that Scripture speaks of a new Heaven as well as a new earth. For we have not passed from death unto life until we have passed out of the

power of what we call sin, and know ourselves not only now to be, but always to have been, holy and sinless before our Father.

For I ask, and I press the consideration very earnestly, Is it not absurd to speak of being children of the Father; filled with all His fulness; pronounced by Him to be very good and in a transcendent way partakers of His nature and one with Him in Being, and joy of Being, if He is One who has no evil past to look back upon, and we all have such an evil past? We make too much of these time-elements. Time exists not on these transcendent planes, and if we ever had done a sin we should ever be in the power and self-consciousness of that sin. I urge that the forgiveness of sins is unmeaning and valueless unless it be interpreted to mean taking away sin; making one not a whitewashed sinner trying to pretend that he is holy and pure, with a whole batch of past-done sins in his memory, but one who has awakened from a dream of sin, and knows that he never did the things he seemed to himself to be doing; that sin is one of these self-elements which need to be eliminated. If I am born of God I do not commit sin and I have Scripture warrant for the belief. The *I* that seems to sin is no more *I* than the *I* of my dreams, that murders and steals, and does unutterable *tacenda*, is the *I* that wakes and knows it was but a dream.

This is so vast and exhaustless a subject that one is tempted to go on and on, so much does there remain to be said upon it. I must ask my audience kindly to remember that the object of this paper is to suggest rather than to conclude; also that if I were to answer by anticipation all that could be said on the other side, the discussion which is so important a part of these meetings would be rather stifled than stimulated. One question I must ask and endeavour to reply to. What, in the view of this theory, becomes of the spirit communications, the re-entry into relations of conscious love and affection and help between those who have passed through phenomenal death and those who are yet here in this outer consciousness? The stoutest maintainer of the theory I have suggested to-night could say nothing whatever against them. There is no more reason why friends in different planes of consciousness should not communicate, if they can, than why friends on this plane of consciousness should not communicate; and if they are able to tell us any facts of that phenomenal world, which in any way are helpful to us in this phenomenal world, there is no reason whatever why they should not be listened to.

The great fact which is witnessed to by Spiritualistic phenomena is not the fact of immortality, nor that herein can be revealed to us the conditions of our own future and eternal existence. For if the fact of immortality is not self-proved nothing can prove it, and the state of being into which we pass at death is not necessarily or even probably a state in which we shall continue eternally. But what it does witness to is the smallness of the change which we call death, how little it may affect our character and our perceptions, seeing that it is a state which is within this same state of outer consciousness, as is proved by the fact that in it we are the same as we were before, in the same plane of consciousness with the same past, and with much the same character and disposition.

Nothing is gained by trying to make any phenomenon prove more than it is adequate to prove. It is logically demonstrable that our phenomena are not adequate to prove either immortality or the permanence and eternity of the state to whose condition they witness. For myself, I believe they rather disprove this latter, by reason of the fact that those who communicate are as a very general rule those who have passed on during the immediate, rather than during the distant, past. But it is equally logically sure that they do prove that death is a very slight and inconsequential change, that after undergoing it we are much as we were before. Certain truths, to which before we were blind, as far as direct cognition went, are now open to our view; but the same friends fill our hearts, and the old sins still disturb our conscience, and (to add the climax) God is still without us; we are no more drawn into full realised union with Him than we were here below.

But I put it to those who have had great experience whether sometimes it is not the case that one who has communicated with us permanently ceases to communicate. One

instance, at least, of this has come within my own knowledge, and I should be interested to know if others have not also observed it. When it happens we know pretty well what it implies; even that some spirit has awakened from the phenomenal state in which he was pressed down under the power of time and space, where sin had dominion over him and sorrow and tears came in its train; where nothing was permanent, but all shifting and changing; where knowledge had to be won through arduous toil; where sight was very dim, and doubt and unbelief held sway. He has awakened from all this and behold it was a dream!

But some will cry, How monstrous is this theory! Are we, then, to believe that all here is illusion? Are those whom we know and love illusions, from which we shall one day wake to regard them as if they never had been?

I know all that such feel. The difficulty here is that I myself, the speaker, and you my hearers, are all together, as a fact, now in and under the dominion of this lower consciousness, which is, *ex hypothesi*, while it lasts, real; nay, the only reality to us. We want to know all about the unknown before we enter it; to have proof of what we believe. We are not yet willing to lose all in order to gain all. It is not my word, but the word of Christ, that if anyone does not forsake friends, possessions, all that he hath, he cannot be a true disciple, and have revealed to him the higher truths. We must be willing to enter into the obscure night of sense—to use the term of an old writer—so strong in faith in the Father that we do not care to make terms and dictate what we are prepared to give up and what we are not. How rare is this spirit nowadays in professing believers in the Father and His love.

At the same time I am sure for myself that in the Father's order there can be no loss, only infinite gain. I am so sure of this that I do not care to see how it will be so.

But, nevertheless, I think I *can* see how there will be no loss. For this friend, whom I fear I may lose—who and what is he, and what is my knowledge of him? I know him phenomenally, and he me likewise. I shall lose him phenomenally, and he me likewise. But he can no more go out of existence than I can. If he were nothing, I could not know him, even phenomenally. He is, as to his true being, as much in the Father as I am, and when we lose each other as to the flesh we shall gain each other as to the spirit.

Here time and consideration for your patience compel me to leave the subject without having even touched upon that interesting side of it which approaches it from the theory of dimensions. Those who desire to gain an insight into this side of the matter should read Howard Hinton's "New Era of Thought" (published by Swan Sonnenschein). All I will say in conclusion is that I am persuaded that the more we study and understand the true ground and root of the teaching of Jesus and of the Apostles, the more shall we be persuaded that the old view is far too human and commonplace to fit in with the spirit of what we shall there find. No one can doubt (at least I cannot) that it is therein witnessed that a change lies before us, which is not the change of phenomenal death, but is sometimes called the second death, a change which involves the loss of all that we have; a ceasing to know anyone or anything after the flesh; a change which will cut us off from what we call our past, but which is only a mere dream episode in the eternity of existence. And losing an episode we shall gain a whole reality of existence, just as losing the dream we wake not only to the day now present, but to all our many past days.

This view is no discovery of my own, but one which has been held by discerning minds in all past ages. It is clearly expressed in the writings of Christian mystics. Shakespeare with his usual penetrative insight saw it. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep." And while almost everywhere clearly and necessarily implied and involved, it is often clearly expressed in Holy Scripture. "When I wake up after Thy likeness I shall be satisfied with it," and "Like as a dream when one awaketh, Thou, O Lord, shalt cause their image to disappear from the city." So also in the fine language of St. Paul is the same thought involved. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Madame Greck.

SIR,—Knowing well from experience how difficult it is for earnest Spiritualists and anxious inquirers to find access to suitable mediums, I am persuaded many of your readers will be glad to know that a widowed English born lady has recently arrived in England from Moscow, with highly developed mediumistic gifts, who is constrained to use those gifts for the benefit of others, and in aid of a somewhat slender income. I have myself enjoyed the privilege of having several sittings with Madame Greck, which have been highly satisfactory, instructive, and beneficial to me. A little Indian spirit communicates through her, and gives a great deal of interesting and often very surprising information respecting the spiritual and material surroundings of visitors, and when treated with confidence takes much pains to acquire truthful particulars respecting departed friends, sometimes bringing them into communication or describing them minutely. She goes to any place, however distant, with which she can be put *en rapport*, and describes the present circumstances there, and she tells of many pleasing matters with the sunny brightness of a child. An experienced spirit doctor, of great repute in London not many years back, takes control and makes a medical clairvoyant examination if desired: he also magnetises through the medium, prescribing homœopathic medicines and treatment. Although, perhaps, somewhat stern and abrupt, he is most kind and considerate, and I can testify to having received great and lasting benefit from his magnetism and advice. Several other spirits come and converse.

The medium is a naturalised Russian subject, her late husband, Colonel Greck, having been chief engineer for Moscow of the Russian Government. Madame Greck will be found accessible to any really earnest inquirer approaching her with such introduction or references as are needful for her protection.

THOMAS GRANT.

Shirley House, Maidstone.
November 3rd, 1890.

Mr. Newton Crosland and "A Catholic Priest."

SIR,—In view of the possibility that "A Catholic Priest," to whose letter, reproduced by you from the "Times," Mr. Newton Crosland takes exception, may not be a reader of "LIGHT," and able, therefore, to answer for himself, and as, also, "The Perfect Way" is concerned, I beg permission to make reply on the point in dispute.

This is the question of pollution by bloodshed. "A Catholic Priest" does not deny—as Mr. N. Crosland represents him as doing—that "sacrifices by the shedding of blood were part of the religious ceremonies practised by the ancient Egyptians and Hebrews" and others. He affirms only that from the most ancient times such sacrifices have been held to be unsuitable to the worship of God; the explanation being, that while there were always priests who insisted on offering them, there were always prophets who denounced them, and it is to the latter that "A Catholic Priest" refers, showing thereby that, despite his vocation, he himself sides with the prophets, and is, so far, what the true priest ought to be, prophet and priest conjoined, at once administrator and expositor of Divine things,—functions to the divorce between which religion owes all its perversions and inversions.

This is a point on which the Bible, when intelligently read, is very explicit, the later prophets being especially emphatic in their utterances. Thus, for instance, Isaiah:—"To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord. . . I delight not in the blood of bullocks, of lambs, or of goats. When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hands, to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations. . . When ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear; your hands are full of blood." (ch. i.) And Jeremiah denies yet more explicitly the so-called Divine institution of such sacrifices, saying on the part of the Lord:—"I spake not unto your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning burnt offerings and sacrifices. . . But they have set their abominations in the house which is called by my name, to pollute it." (ch. vii.) And the prophets generally breathe aspirations towards a condition of things in which there shall be no

bloodshed, whether for sacrifice or for food, but "he that killeth an ox shall be as if he slew a man," and "they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain."

The corresponding passages in "The Perfect Way," referred to by "A Catholic Priest" in support of his argument, are manifold. The whole of Lecture IV. is devoted to an exposition of the spiritual character of the doctrine of the Atonement; and Part II. of it gives instances of facts of the kind for which Mr. N. Crosland asks,—facts which abound in the annals of sorcery, and are to be found even in those of Modern Spiritualism. For there are circles in Russia in which it is the practice to place on the table a bowl of freshly drawn blood, to enable the communicating entities to manifest the more vividly; and these have been known, further West than Russia, to demand blood for the same purpose.

But "The Perfect Way" gives the explanation also of the process whereby religion became degraded by bloodshed, showing it to be due to the materialisation of teaching in itself spiritual, and the consequent literal acceptance of what was mystical, and substitution of the material symbol for the spiritual verity; the first Appendix being especially luminous on this subject, as your readers will see by the extract enclosed, should you be able—as I trust you may—to find space for it.

I will only remark further (1) that the "Times" correspondent is far from being the only Catholic priest who has recognised in "The Perfect Way" the longed-for solution of the mysteries of the faith, the publication of French translations of it and its companion books having been undertaken in response to urgent requests from Catholic priests in France; and (2) that Mr. Newton Crosland's letter is but a fresh justification of my recent assertion that many of your correspondents would have been saved the trouble of writing had they first made themselves duly acquainted with "The Perfect Way."

This is the extract to which I have referred. May others find it as luminous and helpful as did its original recipients.

"For it is not to be supposed that the two sacrifices offered to God by the sons of Adam, were real sacrifices, any more than it is to be supposed that the Apple which caused the Doom of Mankind, was a real Apple. It ought to be known, indeed, for the right Understanding of the Mystical Books, that in their esoteric Sense they deal, not with material Things, but with spiritual Realities; and that as Adam is not a Man, nor Eve a Woman, nor the Tree a Plant in its true Signification, so also are not the Beasts named in the same Books real Beasts, but that the Mystic Intention of them is implied. When, therefore, it is written that Abel took of the Firstlings of his Flock to offer unto the Lord, it is signified that he offered that which a Lamb implies, and which is the holiest and highest of spiritual Gifts. Nor is Abel himself a real Person, but the Type and spiritual Presentation of the Race of the Prophets; of whom, also, Moses was a Member, together with the Patriarchs. Were the Prophets, then, Shedders of Blood? (God forbid; they dealt not with Things material, but with spiritual Significations. Their Lambs without Spot, their white Doves, their Goats, their Rams, and other sacred Creatures, are so many Signs and Symbols of the various Graces and Gifts which a Mystic People should offer to Heaven. Without such Sacrifices is no Remission of Sin. But when the Mystic Sense was lost, then Carnage followed, the Prophets ceased out of the Land, and the Priests bore rule over the People. Then, when again the Voice of the Prophets arose, they were constrained to speak plainly, and declared in a Tongue foreign to their Method that the Sacrifices of God are not the Flesh of Bulls or the Blood of Goats, but holy Vows and Sacred Thanksgivings, their Mystical Counterparts. As God is a Spirit, so also are His Sacrifices Spiritual. What Folly, what Ignorance, to offer material Flesh and Drink to pure Power and essential Being! Surely in vain have the Prophets spoken, and in vain have the Christs been manifested!

"To make an Idol, is to materialise spiritual Mysteries. The Priests, then, were Idolaters, who, coming after Moses, and committing to Writing those things which he by Word of Mouth had delivered unto Israel, replaced the true Things signified, by their material Symbols, and shed innocent Blood on the pure Altars of the Lord."

EDWARD MAITLAND.

THE seat of knowledge is in the head, of wisdom in the heart. We are sure to judge wrong if we do not feel right.—HAZLITT.

THERE are calm souls that never worry about anything, and nobody ever worries about them, I hope; but love—real love, would leave any heaven to save some poor little lost earth.—DR. PARKER.

SOCIETY WORK.

ENDYONIC SOCIETY, CLAPHAM JUNCTION, 6, LAVENDER-HILL.—On Sunday next, at 7.0 p.m., Mr. A. M. Rodger will give an address on "Spiritualism." All friends and inquirers welcome.—U. W. GODDARD.

LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY, SEYMOUR CLUB, 4, BRYANSTON-PLACE, BRYANSTON-SQUARE.—Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mr. Towns will give psychometric readings. As Mr. Towns is known to be very successful in this department, we hope that many of your readers will attend. There will be the usual musical service.—A. F. TINDALL, A. Mus., T. C. L., President.

CARDIFF PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Our morning class was held on Sunday last as usual, when Mr. J. McDonald gave some interesting clairvoyant descriptions. In the evening the same gentleman delivered an able address upon "Spiritualism and its Uses, and How it Differs from other Systems of Religion." Lyceum as usual, 3 p.m. Next Sunday evening Mr. Daley will occupy our platform.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday morning last a very pleasant interchange of thoughts took place amongst the members present. In the evening an explanatory address was given by the guides of Mr. J. A. Butcher upon "The Spirit Realm; What we Know of It." Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., Mr. J. T. Campbell, F.T.S., on "Theosophy v. Spiritualism"; at 7 p.m., Mr. R. J. Lees, on "Shipwrecked Lives."—J. VEITCH, Sec., 19, The Crescent, Southampton-street, S.E.

MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, W.—On Sunday morning last, at 11, with Mr. Vango, medium, we had a good attendance, and several persons were treated. At the Lyceum we had the usual programme, the marching and calisthenics being well executed; a reading from "Intuition" was given by the conductor. At the evening service Mr. Hopcroft delivered addresses on subjects chosen by the audience. Next Sunday, at 11 a.m., Mr. Vango, healing and clairvoyance; at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. Vango, clairvoyance. Social meeting on Monday, at 8 p.m.; Thursday at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell; Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Spring.—C. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

PECKHAM SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.—A concert will be given on Tuesday, November 25th, by the President and the Peckham Society of Spiritualists in aid of the benevolent and library funds. The need of a lending library is acutely felt, and we are determined to succeed in our endeavour, to place in the hands of investigators matter for thought and study. The help of all interested in Spiritualism will be appreciated. Hanover Hall accommodates 400 persons, and is three minutes' walk from Rye-lane Station and High-street. The artistes gladly offer their services, and will do their level best to afford a pleasant evening. Tickets, 1s., 6d., and 3d., to be obtained from "LIGHT" Office and of Mr. Veitch, 19, Crescent, Southampton-street, S.E.—J. T. AUDY.

KENSINGTON AND NOTTING HILL SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—We shall be glad to hear of any available hall in or near this district, as the one we anticipated has been refused us. Spiritualists here should unite and determine to open one for Sunday and week-night services and lectures. We wish to remind members and friends that a debate will be held at the Hammersmith Club, Grove House, The Grove, W., on Tuesday evening next, between Messrs. C. J. Hunt and W. O. Drake. Subject: "Materialism v. Spiritualism." Admission free. We hope there will be a good muster of our sympathisers. There will be a few reserved seats. Doors open at 7.30 p.m. Chair taken at 8 o'clock. Friends will do well to bring and distribute some of the literature of our cause.—PERCY SMYTH, Hon. Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, CHEPSTOW HALL, 1, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—The two evenings' debate between Pastor "Antipas" and Mr. Lees, at the Nazarene Tabernacle, was well attended, and on Sunday evening last our hall was crowded to hear an address by Mr. Lees. Many strangers were present, and our members mustered strongly. On Friday next healing at 7.30 p.m. On Sunday next Mr. J. Humphries will speak on Spiritual Symbols at 11.15 a.m., and a Spiritualistic séance will be held at 6.30 p.m. On Tuesday we hold a social gathering in aid of our building fund, and on Sunday, November 23rd, Mrs. Yeeles has promised to attend with the same object at both services. Members are expressly requested to attend on Sunday evening next at 6.30 p.m.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., 36, Kemerton-road, Camberwell.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—On Sunday last Mr. Drake gave a very interesting address on "The Brotherhood of Man," and the application of this part of our creed to our life in this sphere. Next Sunday Mr. Veitch will speak on "The Bible and the Intermediate State."—Geo. E. GUNN, Hon. Sec.

GLASGOW.—On Sunday morning last Mr. J. J. Morse gave an admirable trance address on "Salvation, Sacred and Secular." In the evening he gave answers to questions submitted by the audience. Mr. Morse also attended the Lyceum, and gave a few practical hints on the conducting of Lyceums. On Monday he addressed the meeting, giving "Twenty-one years' experience" of his connection with Spiritualism. On Thursday, November 6th, Mr. Griffin conducted the experimental meeting, and gave

an inspirational address on "The Spirit of Intuition," and he also gave psychometrical readings, which were acknowledged to be perfectly correct. On Saturday, the 8th inst., a soiree was held to welcome Mr. J. J. Morse, when songs, recitations, and speeches were rendered with good effect.—J. GRIFFIN, Sec.

OBITUARY.

Miss Bewley, of Leyton, passed peacefully to the higher side of life on Saturday, the 8th inst. She had held the office of secretary to the Stratford Society of Spiritualists ever since its formation, and in that capacity had efficiently fulfilled the duties devolving on her, and had attained the leading position, which, from her superior education, social status, and genial disposition, she was so pre-eminently qualified to fill. Always working (not only since the existence of the Stratford Society, but for a long period prior to its formation) with hands and head and heart, she had been enabled to accomplish much for the cause which she rightly deemed of such essential and vital importance. The encomiums which have been passed on her by those friends who had the best opportunity of forming a correct opinion of her character could only be briefly summarised by saying "She possessed the qualities of an 'Angel of Light'" and everyone feels he could pray, "When I am called hence, let my departure be like that of the righteous and may my last moment be like hers." The friends tender their sincere condolence and genuine sympathy to her sister, (Miss F. Bewley) in her bereavement, and let it be recorded that in spirit they offer their heartfelt congratulations to the spirit of her "who has so recently ascended."—STEADFAST.

THE REVENANT.

I thank her, for she touched the spring of tears,
Though with a careless hand!
Oh Lovo! I thought the drift of desert years
Had choked thy grave with sand!

Sweet Love! true love! dead passion! broken spell!
How silent is the heart,
When all that once seemed indestructible
Is past, and has no part,

No trace, no recognition, in the throng
Of present, trifling things!
When Time has mastered grief, though grief is strong,
And weak the soul its wings.

Let reason sleep! this unexpected sob
Bursts from delicious pain—
This pulse within had ceased so long to throb,
'Tis sweet to feel again!

A. J. PENNY. (Written in 1854.)

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 CORRESPONDENTS.—Please excuse individual replies. There is no marked change to record, and no relapse.

J. M. W.—We use what you send as soon as space allows.

M. W. G.—Best thanks; excellent matter to be used in due course.

A. W. G.—If you are a reader of "LIGHT" you will see that we repeatedly say that we know no available person who fulfils the conditions you require.

IN consequence of the pressure on space this week many articles and letters are delayed till next issue.

OPPORTUNITIES.—Do not forget that the present becomes the past. Do not cause the gift of memory to be otherwise than a blessing; there is no more awful punishment than memory when it must look back upon the lost opportunities of one's life. Even as a statue, with the fountain water trickling through its hand into the basin beneath, so do we let slip opportunities. Then must come regret, mourning, as the smoke of these lost opportunities rises before our memory, and so we must watch it rising up and up, even as Abraham looked back and saw the smoke of Sodom rising up to Heaven, ascending for ever and for ever.—LORD CHESTERFIELD.