

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

No. 537.—VOL. XI. [Registered as a Newspaper.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1891.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

Mr. Crookes has extracted and put into pamphlet form, from the "Journal of the Proceedings of the Institution of Electrical Engineers," the fascinating address which he delivered as President of that body on January 15th ult. It was noticed at the time in the leading columns of "LIGHT" (January 24th), and I have no other duty now than to express my own sense of the value and importance to the student of Spiritualism of these profound and brilliant researches. It would be impertinent for a layman to endeavour to appraise the scientific value of what Mr. Crookes is doing. He can dimly see its importance, can admire the beauty of the experiments and the patient skill of the trained intellect that directs them, but he is not competent to criticise or to estimate details. No such objections, however, can be alleged in the case of Sir William Thomson, President of the Royal Society, a physicist of world-wide fame. In proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Crookes "for the admirable address we have been listening to with such intense interest, and the beautiful experiments with which he has illustrated it . . . researches which have led up to this grand development of physical science," Sir William Thomson spoke of the radiometer as "one of the greatest discoveries that has ever been made in physical science," and added these remarkable words, "the future historian of science, when he comes to write of the advance of knowledge and of thought in scientific matters which the nineteenth century has produced, will, I think, place—not second to Faraday, not second to Joule, but following both and crowning both—the discoverer of the radiometer and the passage of electricity 'from plenum to vacuum.'" I call these words remarkable, as they must have been most gratifying to Mr. Crookes, coming from such a source. For as Mr. Preece, in seconding the vote, remarked, "Sir William Thomson mentioned Faraday and Joule, and said Crookes would stand beside these. No doubt he will: but another name will stand there too, the name of Sir William Thomson."

There is a letter in another column on the question which has never failed to raise a grin on the self-satisfied face of the sceptic, What clothes do Ghosts wear? We are asked triumphantly if we sincerely think that great-coats have "spirits," if we believe that there is such a thing as the ghost of a coat and pair of trousers, of a chimney-pot hat and a pair of boots. But the matter is not so simple. The double in "Lily's" account is clothed in that spirit-drapery familiar to us in spirit-photographs. When Miss Eva Fay

was tested in Mr. Crookes' laboratory by being "tied by a current of electricity," the hand which passed out a book to Serjeant Cox through the door that led from the laboratory in which Miss Fay was to the adjoining room in which the observers sat was attached to an arm which was covered with the sleeve of Miss Fay's dress. There was a duplication of dress as well as of hand. Yet the galvanometer testified that the medium had not moved from her place. When the "double" of certain persons has been observed it has usually been clothed as the person was—"in his habit as he lived," like the ghost of Hamlet's father. This is manifest from the fact that the observer has usually no doubt that he has seen the "real person," and recognise not only face and figure but gait and dress. The whole subject is one of interest, and all shreds of experience should be collected—none is too trivial—collected and compared before we can venture on any theory. As a contribution to this collection, in which I hope the readers of "LIGHT" will assist, I quote the following experience of Julian Hawthorne's, from the Boston (U.S.A.) "Sunday Herald" of March 29th ult. I have not ventured to make more than a few unimportant abbreviations. Thus Mr Hawthorne tells his story:—

My wife and I were staying at the country house of some friends of ours. At four o'clock on a certain Sunday afternoon in July I was sitting in the drawing-room by an open window. I had been sitting there ever since we finished luncheon, at two o'clock, absorbed in a volume of Emerson's "Conduct of Life." The only other persons in the house were my wife and the two grown up daughters of our hosts. The latter had gone out driving, and the servants had a holiday.

The drawing-room where I sat was on the western side of the house and on the ground floor. Beneath my window was a broad flower bed. On the opposite side of the room was a door leading into the entrance hall; the staircase to the upper floor descended close to the outside of this door, on the left as you went out. The door was wide open, and I was obviously conscious of the voices of the young ladies upstairs, talking together in one of the upper rooms.

The upstairs arrangement was as follows: The bedroom occupied by my wife and myself was directly over the drawing-room. On the other side of the passage was the bedroom of the young ladies of the house. The doors of the two rooms were opposite each other. My wife and the two girls were sitting in the latter's room and the doors of both rooms were open.

As I sat reading, I heard a light step and the rustle of a dress descending the stairs. "It is not my wife's step," thought I, "it is one of the girls." Half-way down the stairs she paused an instant and spoke. What she said I could not distinguish, but I recognised the voice as Lily's (we will say), and, sure enough, the next moment Lily came into the room.

She came in, humming to herself, and evidently supposing the room to be empty. She had got to the middle of the floor before she caught sight of me in the window seat. She gave a slight, startled exclamation, and stopped, staring at me.

"What's the matter?" said I.

"How did you get here?" returned Lily, short of breath, and seeming much disturbed.

"I've been here ever since lunch," I replied, "right in this window."

She paused a moment, and then said, "I just met you as I was coming down the stairs. You were going up. You brushed right by me. Why, I spoke to you! You didn't answer, though; you just went right on up."

When I saw that she was in earnest, and was becoming momentarily more agitated, I came to the only rational conclusion possible, namely, that some unauthorised person had got into the house. This person had met her on the stairs; she had supposed it must be myself, and he had profited by her mistake. It was true that the staircase was quite light, there

being a window on the landing above, as well as the house door below; and that four o'clock of a Sunday afternoon was an odd time for a burglar to enter a house visibly occupied by wide-awake people. Nevertheless, Lily had seen somebody, and it was high time to find out who he was, and what he was after.

Accordingly, I laid down my book, and went upstairs, with Lily bobbing behind me, but when I reached the upper passage, or hall, a new surprise awaited me. My wife and the other daughter of the home were still sitting in the bedroom; and when they saw me in the hall, they, too, uttered simultaneously an exclamation of astonishment. They, too, demanded to know how I came there. In reply to my questions, they said that they had just heard someone go into the bedroom opposite—my wife's and mine. Were they sure it was I? They had not the slightest doubt on the subject. They had seen my face, my dress and my gait. It was I, and no one else. How, then, could I be in two places at once?

It was my conviction that no such self-duplication was possible. But since the mysterious person, whoever he was, had entered our room, and had not come out again; and since there was no means of exit from that room except by that door, I was satisfied that the person in question was there; and I followed him in the full expectation of finding myself immediately engaged in a hand to hand conflict with either a burglar, a tramp, or a lunatic. The room was not large, and I took in every part of it with a glance. There was no living thing in it. There was nobody under the bed, nor in the closet. The windows were shut, but I opened one of them and looked out. If anybody had jumped down, he must (after shutting the window behind him) have jumped into the middle of the flower bed just outside the drawing-room window at which I had been seated. But no traces of such a leap were to be seen.

Here, then, was a well authenticated case of "double." Had the apparition been seen by Lily only, it would have passed as a simple, but unusually successful, instance of hallucination. But it had been seen, a moment after, and quite indisputably, by two other persons, who never entertained so much as a passing doubt as to its identity until I appeared in flesh and blood. They saw the apparition at the instant that Lily, having passed it and addressed it on the stairs, had come into the drawing-room and beheld me, *in propria personâ*, seated, reading Emerson, in the window.

How to account for this? Was Lily's spiritual sight opened? If so, is it not singular that the spiritual sight of the other two ladies should have been opened at the same time? And how came the spirit of a living and healthy man to be stalking about in that manner? I was not in a trance—I was not even asleep or sleepy. I was absorbed in my book, and whatever mental or spiritual faculties I possessed were thereto directed. By what right did I become thus divorced from myself?

I have never found out about this, and no one I have asked has been able to enlighten me. Since then my double has been seen twice, once in New York and once in England, and there have been rumours not fully confirmed of its appearance at other times and places. I am totally destitute of the mediumistic faculty. There is nothing abnormal about me, physically or mentally. I have never felt the worse for the detachment of this shadow, nor has it heralded any misfortune to me or mine. There is no moral to the story, therefore. But that does not make it any the less inexplicable.

In the course of the same article Mr. Julian Hawthorne narrates a story which has often met my notice. He thinks that it has some bearing on narratives such as that which I have just quoted, and I agree with him. He thinks that auto-hypnotism does not explain all satisfactorily, nor does collective hypnotism of the observers. There can, however, be no doubt that what they imagined that they saw the camera did not record. I have before alluded to the story, which is to be found, without the aid thrown on its explanation by the camera, in "Isis Unveiled" and elsewhere. I quote Mr. Hawthorne's version as being clearly and exactly stated:—

Three young American artists found themselves together in India the other day, and went to see the performance of an Indian juggler. There is no limit to what these men seem able to do. This juggler's tools were simple. He was all but naked, and he had a strip of carpet. He stood in an open, level place out of doors, surrounded by a crowd of some 200 people. He spread out his carpet on the ground and made incantations over it. It began to move and act as if something were underneath, and presently out crawled a boy. The juggler now appeared to have a piece of rope in his hand, he coiled and swung it upward, it caught in empty space and hung dangling down to within a couple of feet of the ground. The boy climbed up the rope, and, at a certain height, disappeared. The juggler called up to him, and a dialogue ensued between him and the invisible boy. The invisible boy became saucy, the juggler angry. At length the juggler climbed the rope with a knife between his teeth, and vanished like the boy, leaving nothing but the rope dangling down from the infinite. But, in a moment, down out of the air fell one of the boy's legs, cut off close to the body, then the other

leg, the arms, the body, and finally the head. Next reappeared the murderous juggler, descending hand under hand. He laid the body and the several limbs in position, made more incantations, covered the body with the carpet, the carpet gradually flattened out, and at the same moment the boy, alive and well, appeared pushing his way through the crowd from the outside.

Many have seen, more have heard of this marvel; it is impossible, of course, and yet all the audiences see it. Then the American artists went a step further. Two of them made rapid sketches of the performance, at successive stages; the other kept his Kodak camera diligently at work, and took a dozen or more instantaneous negatives. They retired to compare results. The two sketches had substantially the same results. Then the photographer developed his negatives. They showed the audience craning their heads forward in attitudes of curiosity, awe, and horror; staring upward, staring downward, according to the locality of the action. They showed the juggler gesticulating, haranguing, pointing here and there; but they showed no boy, no rope, no knife, no humping up of the carpet, no climbing, no vanishing, no butchered limbs—nothing, in a word, but the naked juggler and the bit of carpet. That was the account the camera gave of the transaction. What, then, are we to say of all the things the audience saw and the two artists sketched? The obvious explanation would be, everybody was hypnotised. But is that explanation final and satisfactory?

One more instance of the "double" Mr. Hawthorne gives:—

An old and dear friend of mine was sitting one night in his study, with the door open into an adjoining room. A student-lamp was on the table beside him; the other room had no light in it save what came through the door. By-and-bye he became aware that someone was pacing up and down in the further room. No one could have got there except by passing through the study, and no one had passed. As the figure appeared and reappeared, crossing the space revealed by the open door my friend noticed something familiar in his gait, in the downward pose of the head, in the hands thrust deep into the pockets; and then, as the man turned, he caught sight of his face. It was his own! The figure was his own double. After watching him for several minutes, my friend arose cautiously and went into the other room, lamp in hand. Nobody was there.

In two of these cases the liberated spirit was a perfect duplication of the living man, clothes and all. "Lily" was clad in spirit-ropes. Such photographs as I have seen represent the spirit in some sort of drapery, often very voluminous and diaphanous, sometimes coarse and thick. It would be obvious to suggest that the "double" with clothes was a subjective image projected in some way not yet known to us, and manifested to the consciousness of a sensitive so that he sees it as it were in a clairvoyant manner. But the evidence goes to show that such "doubles" are seen by persons who are not known to be "sensitive," and, as in Mr. Hawthorne's case, they are presentations of persons who are not consciously possessed of psychical powers. It is very desirable that all known cases should be gathered together. Can the readers of "LIGHT" aid in such a collection and enrich it by unpublished facts, carefully verified? I am more and more impressed with the great importance of fixing by record fugitive facts that would be otherwise lost in oblivion. Such soon pass out of memory and are lost. Amid the cry for new phenomena, which I sympathise with, but am powerless to gratify, I hope that the need for careful attention, in the light of our present knowledge, to what is already recorded will not be lost sight of.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

WE have received a number of journals, periodicals, and newspapers of which we make such use as we can. Our space does not permit of full notice in all cases, and some are not concerned with the subjects to which we are devoted. None the less, we welcome all information that correspondents send.

"Inaugural Address of Professor William Crookes, F.R.S., President of the Institution of Electrical Engineers." Delivered January 15th, 1891: entitled "Electricity in Transitu: from Plenum to Vacuum," an excerpt from Part 91, Vol. XX., of the journal of the institution. [Noticed on delivery in "LIGHT," No. 525, p. 42.]

"The Strand Magazine," April. Price 6d.

"Love, the Key." By CHILOSA. (Dodd, Eyton and Co., 65, Chancery-lane, E.C.) Price one shilling.

"The Key." No. 1. Price one penny. (Alan Montgomery, 128, Priory-road, Kilburn, N.W.) [The proprietor-editor-printer-publisher apologises for the most curious piece of typography we have ever seen. He says that he "sets the type and prints the journal on a press of his own invention and make." Certainly the result is not encouraging, but improvement is promised.]

JOSEPH JEFFERSON ON THE RETURN OF DEPARTED FRIENDS.

The "Religio-Philosophical Journal" enables us to give the following story from Jefferson's Autobiography. It is worth preserving, as not the only indication of Jefferson's belief:—

Mr. Jefferson tells, among his experiences in Australia, the story of a night spent out on the plains with a shepherd, who was a graduate of Eton and had once been a successful lawyer. After the death of his wife and child he had become despondent and taken to drink. As a last refuge from temptation he had adopted a lonely desert life where his sheep and a remarkably intelligent collie dog named Jack were for most of the year his sole companions. As the two men sat smoking together outside the hut in the bright moonlight, the latter suddenly turned to Jefferson with the question, "Are you superstitious?" "Well, I think I am a little," he replied; "most people are if they would own it." "I didn't use to be," the shepherd said with a sigh, "but since I've lived here I seem to have become so, and it's all Jack's fault." The dog not looking up, beat his tail on the ground gently as if to say, "Yes, blame it all on me: it's all my fault." "I have never seen anything ghostly or mysterious, but I think Jack does sometimes. When we're alone, and God knows that's often enough, he'll start up and look around slowly as if his eyes were following something in the hut; at these times he will give a low strange kind of moan, and, putting his tail between his legs, seem to be frightened, peering up into my face with an inquiring stare as if he said, 'Don't you see it, too?'" The dog during this recital kept slowly beating time with his tail as if endorsing every word his master said. "After noticing this with the dog," said the shepherd, "I called to mind the strange look I used to see in the beautiful face of my baby when she was only six months old. The little thing would sometimes stare at vacancy, and then smile sweetly, and turn its head around as if it were following something—just as that dog does. What is your opinion of this sort of thing? Do you think the spirits of those we loved in life can return and stand beside us?" I told him, writes Jefferson, that his question was a difficult one to answer; that different people held different opinions on these mysterious matters, and the chances were that nobody had hit it quite right yet. "Well," said he, "if they can come, I know who it is the dog sees when we're alone." The shepherd insisted upon Jefferson's occupying his cot while he stretched himself out on the dry grass outside, where the actor had him in full view in the bright moonlight, while he lay apparently asleep in the shadows of that unlighted hut. But the scene so worked upon him that he could not sleep, and about midnight he saw the shepherd pacing restlessly outside—then presently saw him crawl stealthily to where was hanging Jefferson's coat, in the pocket of which was a flask of liquor, from which, previous to his telling his story, he had been invited to drink, but he declined. As he drew forth the flask "he seemed bewildered," says Jefferson, "as if some strange emotion had seized upon him, and then fell upon the grass as if in prayer. Suddenly he seemed to rouse himself, and instead of drinking the liquor, placed the flask untouched back in the pocket of the coat, then stretching himself on the floor with an apparent air of comfort and satisfaction went off to sleep." On the following morning he seemed refreshed "and had lost the nervous wearied look that was noticeable the evening before. After our meal he spoke freely of the night's proceedings to me. I told him I had seen all that had taken place. 'I thought, perhaps, it might be so,' said he. 'The old craving came upon me again, so strong, too, but if I ever prayed for strength it was then. Well, at that moment there was a hand laid on my head; a calmness came over me that I had not felt for years; and when I returned the flask to your pocket I knew then, as I know now, that another drop of liquor will never pass my lips; and as God is my judge I believe it was the angel hand of my dead wife that rested on my feverish head. It's all over now, thank Heaven, and I can leave this lonely place and return to the world again with safety.'" Jefferson started to ride for the home station; the shepherd walked some distance by the side of his horse, and at last they shook hands and parted. "I looked back after a time," says

the actor, "and in the distance saw his tall figure against the sky, waving his old straw hat to me, while the faithful dog by his side was looking up into his face, and wagging that expressive tail."

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

NOTES BY "EDINA."

Recently a well-known prominent member of the same profession as myself died here somewhat unexpectedly. He was not personally known to me, and none of my family had ever seen him. An obituary note appeared about the deceased in the "Scotsman," and having learned the date fixed for his funeral, it occurred to me that a very good test of identity might be made if he were to appear and speak to my daughter, or better still, write a message by her hand. I accordingly followed a practice resorted to by me with much success during the past six months, viz., wrote a short letter to my daughter's spirit-guardian and left it in the note book, in which all his numerous messages are written. This note was to the effect that there had passed over at a certain house in a certain street in the City a gentleman, whom I named, and whose interment was to take place on a certain day and hour, that it would be a great favour to myself, beside aiding the interests of Spiritualistic investigation, if this person could communicate with me through my daughter in some way. Next day the reply came, written, of course, through my daughter, but in the peculiar sprawling hand of the control *which never varies*, telling me that perhaps power would be got by-and-bye for the deceased to comply with my desire. Weeks passed and the whole subject had been practically forgotten by me, or was at least dormant, when two days ago (March 31st), when we were sitting at luncheon, with the sun shining brightly into the room, my daughter said to me, "There is a gentleman bowing to you on the other side of the table." Her description of his figure and face and of a pair of slate-coloured trousers he wore did not enable me to judge who it was, and I asked his name. The reply was "Mr. —," and that he was "buried in the Dean Cemetery some weeks ago." He also made a remark about his financial arrangements, which at once established identity in my mind, but which, for obvious reasons, I cannot make public. This was our first visit from the "other side" of the late professional gentleman with whom I had wished to open up communication. The slate-coloured trousers were, I at once recollected, a portion of his attire when I had last seen him in life. I asked if our visitor would write to me, and the reply was in the affirmative. So soon as a message comes the substance of it will be given to you, if at all possible.

Determined to probe the question of identity to the foundation, I then remembered that in this year's Royal Scottish Academy there is a portrait of the deceased gentleman, and yesterday (April 1st) I requested my wife and daughter to go and take a turn round the gallery. It was their first visit this season, and I was particular in enjoining on my wife not to show my daughter the catalogue, and, as *neither of them knew the deceased*, if recognition came, it would, therefore, be in the most perfect form. Shortly after entering the gallery my daughter pointed to a portrait, and said, "Mamma, that is Mr. —, the gentleman who was in our dining-room yesterday." Turning up the catalogue, it was found to be the person in question. Identity was, therefore, clearly established. I wait further developments in automatic writing, for which we may look any evening that we choose to sit.

Regarding my daughter's knowledge of the deceased I have to state (1) she never saw him; (2) she may have read of his demise; (3) she possibly knew where he was interred, though I don't think she did; (4) the remark about the funeral arrangements could not have occurred to her, as she knew nothing about them, while, to myself, who knew the gentleman's character when in life, the observation was just such a one as would have fallen from his lips.

ALL we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good shall exist,
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each surviveth for the
melodist,

When eternity confirms the conception of an hour.

—BROWNING.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPIRITUALIST.

[Communicated by James Nicholson, Merryflats, Govan, by Glasgow.]*

In continuation of these Reminiscences I beg to put on record the following cases, for the benefit of the readers of "LIGHT," as well as furnishing matter for thought to psychologists of the future. As in the case of the Whitevale Ghost, so also in the following, the seer was a lady residing in Glasgow. She was, when I knew her, a person of remarkable intelligence, a grand-daughter of Robert Burns; her mother being—as he calls her—his "dear-bought Bess." She possessed not a little of the conversational powers of her ancestor, as well as his sparkling black eyes. Among other noteworthy experiences, she told me that she had seen her deceased husband. The house she then occupied was on a level with the street, so that from the uncurtained window they could see distinctly all who passed.

One morning, shortly after rising, while she and her daughter were standing at the window, she distinctly saw her deceased husband pass in the dress he usually wore in life. Very much startled she turned to her daughter saying, "Did you notice who it was passed the window just now?" "Yes," replied the girl; "it was my father." As if moved by one common impulse, they rushed to the street, but saw no one except a boy in charge of a milk-cart, whom they questioned, but he had seen no one. She told me further that she had recognised every article of dress he had on, even to his black silk stock, which showed a gap at the opening behind, it having been a little over tight; this the daughter, too, had noticed. Moreover, he had turned his face to them as if he wished to be recognised. She told me further that so strongly was she impressed as to the reality of the appearance that she went to the chest in which his clothing was kept to convince herself that someone had not played her a trick; but there they lay, folded as she had left them weeks before.

A friend of mine, now deceased, had a brother who had lived rather a wild life, and, in consequence, fell into ill-health. On his death-bed he felt very much concerned about the safety of his soul, and often expressed his anxiety to his wife. He died and, not long after, my friend told me that his sister-in-law had just been in from Airdrie, in a very excited state to tell him that she had had a visit from her deceased husband's spirit, but only for a few brief moments; and that he had simply said, "Lizzie, it's all right!" She shed many tears as she told him, at which my friend was both surprised and glad, as she was naturally of a light and thoughtless disposition.

What follows is also the experience of a lady friend, in whom I have the utmost confidence, she having been for years the landlady with whom I lodged. And the case is the more interesting from the fact of its recent occurrence, which was only last summer, and its being related to me a night or two after.

Here I may explain that one of her rooms is occupied by a young lady whose parents are both dead, and the two families having been long intimate she became persuaded to take up her abode with the friends of her parents. Now, between the kitchen and the stairhead door there runs a lobby, from which the various apartments open, and as the landlady's chair in the kitchen occupies a position just opposite the lobby, she can see, without rising from her seat, all who go out or in. Well, on this particular occasion—it being broad daylight—she was very much astonished to see her old friend, the girl's deceased father, enter from the stairhead, advance along the lobby, and enter his daughter's apartment, closing the door after him. She at once told her husband—then sitting on the opposite side of the fire—what she had just seen, and immediately he went into the room referred to, but only to find it empty. He looked under the bed and every corner capable of concealing a person, but without finding the least trace of their mysterious visitor, so that his wife only got laughed at as the dupe of her imagination.

Just one other case, in which the spirit-seer is a male, reported to me by his brother. Being then a young man,

* "The Whitevale Ghost," being the first part of these "Reminiscences," was published April 4th.

I was greatly interested in the narrator, who was a man of middle age, the poet of our village, a great reader, and, above all, in my young estimation, he had been engaged in the "Radical Rising at Glasgow in 1820." One day we had been having some talk about Spiritualism, then making no little noise in the United States. He said he had always been a believer in the supernatural, on which account his elder brother often made game of him. But when that brother was on his death-bed, the dying man related the following:—

Nearly twelve months since, he said, while lying awake in bed, and in daylight, a mysterious visitor presented himself; his long, white robe and strange head-dress gave him quite an Oriental aspect. The purport of his visit, the stranger said, was to inform him that in a year he would be, like him, an inhabitant of the spirit world.

My friend queried why he did not mention it at the time. His reply was that he felt ashamed to do so, seeing that he had so ridiculed others when they spoke of such things. The prophetic message proved only too true, for he died at the time indicated.

THE FUTURE OF SPIRITUALISM AND THE CHURCH.

Merle D'Aubigné, in his fascinating history of the Reformation, when dealing with the spiritual experience and internal conflicts of Luther, tells us that in those soul struggles of the great reformer was included the whole of the Reformation. "The different phases of that mighty movement succeeded each other in the soul of him who was to be the instrument for effecting it." So has it been in this later epoch through which we are at present passing, when spiritual science is moving the Church and the world. Its history, marked by diversified phases, has been pre-enacted in the unseen arena of many a troubled mind. There was the sudden bursting in of its strange phenomena with all its intense significance; there were the anxious attempts to reconcile these facts with revered orthodox belief; there was the growing sense (perhaps reluctantly admitted) that now, indeed, the axe was laid at the root of the ecclesiastical tree; there was the consequent unrest which is the penalty of partial knowledge. Now, however, we seem to be ushered into another phase. The destructive, iconoclastic power has well nigh spent itself. Negation means famine to deeply religious natures, so that though doctrinally the Church and the sects stand in ruinous condition, yet organisations show no signs of decay, and the spirit of religion is as vital as ever. The converging point of what formerly looked like parallel lines—parallels of science and religion—is seen dimly from afar. The work of destruction has proceeded far enough; many of our best people are craving for edification—for building up.

If such be so, there are minds which, in the larger light of recently acquired knowledge, will be willing to consider the following questions:—What will become of the Church—that great institution which has played so absorbing a part in European history? In the face of a criticism so destructive that scarcely a single doctrine remains intact, is survival for it possible? Will it ever again become the channel for the stream of spiritual life, and the centre for honest and sincere souls, who, at the same time, refuse to compromise their new convictions? At first thought it seems natural to suppose that evolution will eventually sweep the old Church from the earth. And yet however doubtful its *origines*, dark its history, or illogical its position, it has undoubtedly been the main bed through which the waters of spiritual life have flowed for centuries. In spite of criticisms and defections it continues still to attract the religious mind. It has been the spiritual mother of millions, while around it cluster the tenderest and deepest associations of the nation. No wonder, then, if we ask earnestly, in view of this terrible onslaught of physical and psychical science, what will its future be?

Just a thought or two in reply. The teachings of the science may be briefly summed up in the term evolution. Evolution in its fullest sense reveals to us, perhaps, not only a gradual unfolding and advancement, but a continual accumulation from the wealth of the past, which, mingling with the present, produces new and superior conditions. There is a constant bringing on—an overlapping—of earlier times, not mere displacement, and this wondrous conservation enriches each succeeding race. Such is true not only

of the *macrocosm* around, but of the *microcosm* within us, hence there is sufficient affinitive attachment towards the past in the constitution of man to prevent its oblivion. This doctrine of accumulation is beautifully illustrated in the world of language, where the student knows that he deals not with a single word, but with an embodiment of earlier thought—an inheritance from his forefathers. A single page may become a luxuriant field of suggestion and instruction. So it is with the Church. Its ritual, its ceremonies, its doctrines, its architecture are an inheritance to us of the wisdom and attainments of the ages. Like the Bible and the Prayer-book, it is a visible embodiment of great truths partially apprehended and feebly transmitted. We cannot look around a cathedral or our old parish church without seeing links innumerable connecting us with the distant past and with many a grand occult truth. Recent discoveries are telling us also that these connections are traceable beyond the so-called Apostolic period. The *origines* of the Church are lost "in the dim and dusk of early time." They are roots of a tree burrowing amid the dim histories of India and Egypt, but the great point is that their ramifications, before being lost, are found fast embedded in the soil of nature. After all, it is being shown that there is a *natural* as well as a *spiritual* origin—an earthly as well as a Heavenly basis for the true *ecclesia*. When this last fact is clearly seen, we begin to view the old institution in a new light. The long divorce between religion and science becomes a thing of the past.

Again we get a helpful idea from Church history. We know that that period has been marked by prominent times of transition. Such was the Tractarian movement fifty years ago. That was an effort to revive and recover much that had been dormant during the ascendancy of Protestantism; an attempt to get back to early times. So with the Reformation epoch. Among other things this was also an attempt to get at the *origines*; through both periods Churchmen are continually insisting on the continuity of the Church. And now we are face to face with a new Reformation, when renewed efforts are put forth to seek for the *origines*; and just as the former epochs of change and transition were not regarded as destroying the continuity of the Church, so we suppose the modern reformers will regard the present crisis. If the ordeal of the sixteenth century was merely "a washing of her face" from former errors, possibly the great change through which she is now passing will soon be similarly regarded. Future ecclesiastics will find it an easy task to claim a high antiquity for the Church, and prove her true basis to be on the "solid ground of nature." Through Gnosticism and Neo-Platonism her continuity will be established. Her old doctrines, ritual and order, recovered by the Oxford movement, will be read in a fuller light. History will repeat itself, yet not in the old sense of the letter, but in the more blessed one of the spirit. Such things as baptism (the mystic and practical meaning of which is still retained the ritual) will again forcibly remind us of a death to the flesh and a rising to the spirit. Absolution and Remission will, perhaps, recover something of their old significance of expulsion and healing. Inspiration may become to us once more a real and vital fact. The priestly and prophetic office may be again, as of old, necessarily connected with mediumistic gifts. There may be holy places and sacred oracles in our churches as of yore, and the ancient institution may arise to be as it once was, the channel of spiritual life and the home of spiritual manhood. For all this, and much more, the organisation and resources of the National Church are sufficient. It may not be what we would choose, nor can many break from the old lines without a pang and regret, but present tendencies seem to point to such a future.

S. KEYWORTH.

"The Agnostic Journal" wrongly credits the compilation of testimony from the Bible to some facts and phenomena familiar to Spiritualists to H. H. Brigham, M.D. It is due to R. J. Lees, and occurs in his recent address before the London Spiritualist Alliance.

On Thursday, April 23rd, Mr. A. F. Tindall will produce at Portman Rooms, Baker-street, a new cantata, "England's Champion." The concert is for the benefit of the Musical Co-operative Agency, to assist unknown composers, and is under the patronage of the Duke of Rutland, the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, the members for Marylebone, &c., &c.

THE RADIATION OF LOVE.

(COMMUNICATED.)

What is the perfection of Life? Love! And what is Love? It is the capacity to receive for the sake of giving. God is the Giver of all things. His life is an eternal transition. His spirit permeates all and upholds all. The giving of Himself to the world is the perfect and Divine enrichment and wealth of the universe. His giving of Himself to man is the lifting up of animated clay into deity—"He breathed into man's nostrils the breath of Life, and man became a living soul"—and literally "in Him we live and move and have our being."

All that is mean and selfish sins against love—all pleasure that begins and ends with self sins against love—that is why we are not even to eat and drink (a most private matter, one might suppose) unto *ourselves*, but unto the *Lord*. The grace before meat dignifies the function—it is the confession, it ought to be the realisation, of dependence on a Divine source for the simplest things. This gratitude for common mercies draws us into sympathy with God; and so we eat and drink and take all other pleasures and gifts in love unto the Lord.

Again, fellowship hallows the meat—"Drink ye all of this, saith the Lord"—when we share it with others and are so lifted into communion with them through the common meal, and henceforth we learn in a figure nothing is common or unclean, for so we pass through the material elements to the human affinities, and the most ordinary appetites become sacramental with love.

All here is mediatorial; and love is mediatorial—"No man can see God and live." Where are the radiant spirits whose mission it is to filter the Divine glory into the soul of man? The affinities of love make answer—not only are your appetites mediatorial, but every pure, loving spirit, whether in the body or out of the body, is the messenger of Divine love to men. Canst thou receive him? He will enrich thee. Open thy soul to these influences, as the bud to the dew and sunlight and heat. The gracious look, the kindly hand, the friendly word, and the silences, too, will be more eloquent, for all things are yours. The flashing of thought to thought, the unseen beating of pulse with pulse—and above and beyond these, who shall say what company of spirits (whether in the body we know not, or out of the body we know not) shall radiate love and power, and shall receive you daily, even whilst here on earth, into their shining circle? For "are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister unto such as shall be heirs of salvation?"

We have all Divine destinies; each one of us lives only to become a celestial microcosm, a centre of radiating love to others. Go forth in the Divine strength of such love daily. Be like God (*i.e.*, not in degree, but in kind, *after the manner of*)—"Perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect"—seeing and feeling everywhere Divine correspondences, thrilling with life and aspiring energy, attended by radiant hosts of unspeakable and immortal agencies, an immeasurable company of angels, attracted by your spirit, surrounding you day and night with electric and vitalising currents, walking by your side to do your bidding, going forth conquering and to conquer all that opposes itself to the perfect health, perfect holiness, of your Heavenly Father's realm. This is what Jesus means when He says, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

UNIVERSAL LIFE.

The veriest atoms, even as worlds above,
Are bridal chambers of creative Love,
Quick with the motion that suspends the whole
Of Matter spiral-spinning toward Soul.
A spirit of life rides every tiny grain
Of flower-seed flying through the air, for rain
And wind to feed until its heavenly Sower
Drops it to earth and it takes form—a flower!
And nothing is, but groping turns to Him,
Like babe to bosom, though the sight be dim:
Nothing but what reflects in some faint wise
The image that is God in Angel eyes—
The Infinite One, whose likeness we but see
Glassed in the Infinite of Variety:
Just as the waters fix a fluttering beam,
Caught in this chamber, and, with golden gleam,
Throw on the ceiling, limned in little, one
Pale image of the glory of the Sun!

—GERALD MASSEY (From "A Tale of Eternity").

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

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Light:

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 18th, 1891.

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.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER ON THE
RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

The April number of "Good Words" contains four hort articles on the Resurrection, in which Bishop Thorold develops some opinions on this subject that it may be interesting to Spiritualists to note.

In the first he sets himself to combat the popular notion that the resurrection of the dead is impossible. It is, he says, "an arrogant and unphilosophical notion that physical law includes and limits the knowable, and that anything outside of it, be the evidence of it what it may, is in a sphere of which the human mind must not be expected to take serious notice." The Resurrection is not to be regarded as *a priori* impossible. "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" or rather "should *be willing* to raise the dead." On what ground is such willingness incredible? If God raised Jesus, that is one instance of such willingness: why should it be the only one? Such a resurrection is life and hope for the world: it implies life beyond the grave. If it be not the case that Jesus was raised from the dead there is no redemption for the race. Dr. Thorold, it will be seen, not only regards the resurrection of Jesus as historically proven, but he argues from it to the life beyond the grave for all mankind. He is more precise than most preachers are when he refuses to use the term *immortality*, so often loosely employed by writers. "The familiar expression 'immortal soul' has no place in Holy Scripture, and our Lord seems to identify the promise of resurrection with the continuity of personal and continuous life." "This life of ours on earth is but a short fragment of time. The history of our race in the world is so full of stops and checks, so slow in its process of development, so fraught with terrible anguish, so perplexing with insoluble problems, that it seems incredible that this life could be other than a threshold, a vestibule to the unending æons in front, when hereafter it shall work out its complete destiny." These considerations the Bishop amplifies, and concludes, as so many thinkers before him have concluded, that "things are inextricably mixed," and that their entanglement needs a continuity of existence after the change called death. There are two cogent and irrepressible reasons for suggesting a life to come and the resurrection which summons us to it and equips us for it. "One is Duty: the other is Love."

In all this there is much that the Spiritualist knows. For the resurrection of the body he sees no reason and finds no valid argument: for him the resurrection—if the term is to be employed—is not a revivifying of the worn-out shell that the soul has cast off. Death leaves him spiritually intact, the product of his life here, the same being in continuity of existence hereafter. His body has adapted him to his environment on earth. When he has done with earth he no longer needs the body and lays it aside. That is all. The Bishop errs, if we understand him rightly, when he speaks of "a continuity between the earthly body and the glorified body so as to maintain and manifest the personal identity of the two." He does not seem to have grasped the idea that man's identity is not a question of his body, and that to raise it for the purpose of maintaining personal identity is at once unnecessary and unnatural. For there is a simplicity of adaptation in the operations of nature, and she has no works of supererogation. The man is not the body, any more than he is his clothes. We may know him by these external marks, by the configuration of his face, by the peculiarity of gesture and gait, by some trick of dress which we associate with him, but the real man—the outcome of the acts of his earthly life—is independent of all these, exists without them and, will be recognised as *himself* in spite of their loss. We want no risen body for purposes of identification, though the Bishop might learn with interest how faithfully peculiarities of feature, form, and even dress are reproduced when the arisen spirit returns to earth and takes on once more its old conditions. There is the scar that friends knew, the familiar gesture, the intonation of the voice, the veritable old coat, "his habit as he lived." A resurrection? Yes, indeed! But not of the body that lies mouldering in the grave, and may have undergone any variety of chemical resolutions and recombinations; but a re-presentation of the man as he would be best known by those to whom he seeks to identify himself. It is a purely temporary return to conditions of material existence, and the old trappings that used to adapt him to his surroundings during his earth-life are for the time resumed. That is all. There is no rifling of the tomb, and there will be none, as there is no need for any. The advocates of the doctrine of a physical resurrection have misinterpreted what they use as an argument for their contention. The advanced knowledge which is ours, and which, as being ours by experimental science and not by faith, is the common property of all who can assimilate it, is one of the boons that Spiritualism has conferred upon mankind.

It is right to admit, with thankfulness, that much of the essential truth of this teaching has permeated the beliefs of the Orthodox Church, as expounded by the Bishop of Winchester. It is one of the signs of the times, for which such of us Spiritualists as are not exclusively occupied with the engrossing study of the signs and wonders that attend and attest its developments may well be thankful, that that spirit of Spiritualism is very manifest in operation where one might least expect to find it. The hard lines of dogmatic faith—an inflexible form that often caricatures and conceals a real spiritual truth—are being softened and toned down; the rough places of orthodoxy are not so rough as they used to be; the colours used to paint the future state are not so crude, there is more harmony and beauty in them; they blend better; the pictures of Heaven and hell—the two spiritual states—partake less of the lurid and possess a more chastened beauty. Where man has in darker ages aimed at an unyielding definition of that which only Omniscience can define, man now is engaged in smoothing down the hard lines and obliterating obsolete distinctions. The walls daubed of old with the untempered mortar of a crude belief are being stripped of their stucco, and beneath it there is found a rich harmony

of colour that has long been hidden from our gaze. The world has arrived at one more epoch of reconstruction, and the time has come to reveal old truths and to restate them, imperishable as they are, in terms of modern thought. It is remarkable to notice that this office is being unconsciously discharged by some whose chief note in the past has been an inflexible worship of the old—which is hall-marked with the sign of orthodoxy: a shuddering hatred of the new—which is branded with the sign of heresy: and a general *non possumus* as the all-sufficient answer to objection, aspiration, and argument.

JOTTINGS.

"The Lyceum Banner" (J. J. Morse, 80, Needham-road, Liverpool. Price one penny monthly) is well adapted to the place it fills. Lyceum work is very important.

"The Carrier Dove" has two pages of "Notes and Comments," which department is under the charge of W. N. Slocum. Experience has shown us during many years the value of this method of epitomising news and presenting brief discussions of matters of interest. Our Notes and Jottings have set a useful example.

"The Golden Way" (No. 1), the successor (monthly) of "The Golden Gate" (weekly), edited and published by Mrs. Mattie P. Owen and Mrs. Rose L. Bushnell, has also its Notes by John Wetherbee under the far-fetched title of "Causerie Spirituelle"; as inappropriate an importation of bad French as can be conceived. When good and brief English words are ready to hand why import bastard French terms of the very meaning of which most readers will be ignorant, while those who do understand them will smile?

The first number of the "Golden Way" also has its Editorial Notes, which are readable, but need more careful editing. "The touch of that 'varnished' hand" is too much for our gravity. A. B. Richmond, Hudson Tuttle, W. Enamette Coleman, H. B. Storar, and many that are familiar, and we wish our new contemporary all success. But the recrudescence of the "Sun Angel Order of Light" which so heavily weighted the "Golden Gate," causes us misgivings. "The Ship and its Barnacles" is a wholesome tonic after Sadie.

From the "Theosophist" we learn that Colonel Olcott is commencing his year's rest by an exhausting tour in Burma. Actors, we believe, proverbially go to a theatre for their rest—but they do not play; Colonel Olcott would conserve his energies if he kept them now for the work that is to come. This endless lecturing, travelling, seeing new people, feeling after some common ground, giving, giving, giving, can have but one result.

"Christian Links" is the organ of the Christian Kingdom Society, which is to hold its fifth annual meeting on April 21st, at 8 p.m., at 18, Baker-street, W. The one rule of the Society is "That the members shall *endeavour* in all things to render faithful and loyal obedience to the Spirit of Christ." How variously might that rule be interpreted!

Frazer and Co., 11, Ludgate-square, announce a new threepenny magazine, "The Ludgate Monthly," to appear on May 1st. The editor has the new and neat idea of introducing his food for the mind in the form in which food for the body is set forth at banquets—in *menu* form. Philip May is the *chef*, and Gordon and Gotch, St. Bride-street, E.C., are the purveyors.

"The Strand Magazine" (359, Burleigh-street, Strand, W.C., price 6d.)—with its article by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, "On the Stump for the Pump" (what an amount of wit and humour he gets out of the cow with the iron tail!), its "Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives." (fancy the Attorney-General in running costume, William Terriss at nine with a rabbit, and Henry Pettitt at three in a short frock!); "The State of the Law Courts" (Mr. Justice Stephen and Mr. Justice Jeune in portrait form and "Oysters Two Shillings"!); "Playwrights' Manuscripts" (we are glad to find "copy" worse than our own!); and "Jamrach's" (see the alligator and "force-meat" lunch by

aid of a crowbar)—is marvellously good. The Royal number has been beautifully bound in pale green silk or satin, a very sheeny material, and is a handsome souvenir of Royalty.

"The Christian Commonwealth" (April 2nd) has a serial story, "Zillah," much concerned with Spiritualism: and a correspondent, "Lotty," who is the subject of violent psychical manifestations. The Editor practically advises her to consult a doctor. She should consult "LIGHT."

From the "Better Way":—

The fact that one is a medium and uses his or her mediumship to obtain a livelihood should be no more cause for prosecution or other disabilities than though one saw wood or made dresses for a living; but if a man receives money in advance, promising to saw wood for the same, and it can be shown that he had no intention of doing as he promised, he can be arrested for getting money under false pretences.

I care not how good a medium a man may be, if he perpetrates fraud, or is suspected of so doing, an attempt to punish him for the same is not an attempt to suppress mediumship. The party thus perpetrating fraud injures genuine mediumship more than does the one who tries to punish the fraud, consequently one method of sustaining mediumship is to give fraud no quarter.

John Strange Winter publishes (price 2d. Fitch, 57, Moor-lane, E.C.) "A Story of Yesterday and To-day," reprinted from the Christmas number of "Belgravia." It is intended to awaken sympathy and aid for the poor and populous district of Plaistow, which has no internal resources to draw upon. The same writer is bringing out "Golden Gates," a family weekly magazine (one penny) for which Mrs. George Augustus Sala is to write the Art Notes. The first number contains a complete story by the Editor.

"The Astrologer's Magazine" (W. Foulsham and Co., 4, Pilgrim-street, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 4d.) is of interest to students of the stars. Edison is the great man whose horoscope is cast. "It shows that the old rules are not all reliable." "Genius, a problem for Astrologers" (to be continued) involves questions, the solutions of which are not yet given. Most readers will turn to the "Whitechapel Murder" treated astrologically.

Mr. Hugh Junor Browne sends us a lecture delivered by him on March 5th ult., at Longbrook-street Chapel, Exeter, on "The Doctrines of the Popular Faith Contrasted with the Teachings of Modern Spiritualism." It contains much that is true, and should be useful and acceptable to those who are not afraid to think.

"The British Medical Journal" has an article on "Hypnotism," *apropos* of a case recorded by Dr. Julius Solow, of New York. A summary, succinct enough for quotation, appears in the "St. James's Gazette."

An amateur at a friend's house volunteered to hypnotise another visitor, and after two trials succeeded so well that the subject became extremely excited, lost the power of speech, and then passed into the condition of catalepsy; subsequently he had severe convulsions. He had been hypnotised by being made to look at a diamond ring, and afterwards the sight of anything glittering threw him into a state of violent excitement. The floor of the room in which the physician found him was covered with cushions, as he frequently threw himself from the sofa on to the floor. He performed various odd automatic movements, slept only in snatches, awaking in nightmare, and, in fact, was in a condition to which the French physicians would probably apply the term grave hysteria with maniacal excitement. He was treated with full doses of sedative drugs (chloral, sulphonal, bromides, and morphine), but did not at first show any signs of amendment. After ten days the convulsive attacks were replaced by periods during which he sang persistently; he would sing over song after song, apparently every song he knew, and as long as one song remained unsung nothing would stop him. After about a fortnight of this sort of thing he had an attack of fever, followed by copious perspiration and asthma; a few days later he had another feverish attack, again followed by perspiration; after which he declared himself quite well. From first to last he was seriously ill for three weeks. The case ought to be a warning, both to amateur hypnotisers and to the foolish people who allow themselves to be played upon by

these dangerous showmen. A demand is arising in France, in America, and in other countries that the practice of hypnotism should be placed under legal restrictions. It is a grave matter for consideration whether the Legislature ought not to be asked to interfere in this country also. There are at the present time three or four persons—some of them, we are sorry to believe, qualified medical men performing under assumed names—who travel about the country and hypnotise at public or semi-public performances any persons who are foolish enough to submit themselves to the ordeal. It ought to be understood that hypnotism thus recklessly played with is capable of doing very serious mischief, and it is the duty of the medical profession in every town to warn the public of the serious risks that are being run.

A small monthly paper, published at Geneva, called "Annales de l'Electro-Homéopathie," is very severe on Count Mattéi and his remedies. The Editor is especially wrath with the "Review of Reviews" for publishing what Mr. Stead has done regarding Mattéism. Mr. Stead can take care of himself, and the bitterness of the article under notice leads one to suspect trade rivalry. We do not propose to reproduce the diatribe, but we have given prominence to Count Mattéi's pretensions, and fair-play enjoins that we give equal publicity to the allegations now and here made.

It is asserted in this journal that the Count depends for his works on extraneous help, and is himself unable to write what is published under his name. A man named Clerc, formerly ledger-clerk at the Sauter Central Homœopathic Pharmacy, is indicated as one assistant. His discovery is said to be a mere plagiarism from Belloti, Soleri, and Finella. Further allegations, which we do not reproduce, are categorically made. It may be that the writer has justification for what he publishes. If so, he will not shrink from meeting the challenge to prove his words which is likely to be made. We ourselves decline to give currency to these injurious accusations until they are accompanied by proof. We detest the system of anonymous defamation, and will be no parties to it. None the less, a serious and authoritative contradiction of the assertions of the "Annales de l'Electro-Homéopathie" is called for. At present we can only smile at the vigour of an attack for which the justification is not before us.

Spiritualism, not tempered with telepathic theories, is still kept out of Mudie, but the task of excluding Spiritualism that comes in the guise of fiction seems now to be given up as hopeless. We understand that there is already a brisk demand at the circulating libraries for Mr. Arthur Lillie's novel, "The Cobra Diamond." The newspapers, too, have been friendly. "In Lady Gwendoline we have a fine study of character," says "The Scotsman," "the whole is spirited and interesting. Mr. Lillie has constructed a remarkable story." "Decidedly thrilling," says the "Morning Post," the disasters attending the possession of the magical diamond and the crimes committed by the mysterious agency of Jeswunt Sirdar are weird enough to satisfy the most devout disciple of mystic lore."

Twelve years ago Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S., wrote in the "Nineteenth Century" that "there is a great deal of rubbish in the furniture of all our brains. . . . The more I have examined the workings of my own mind, the less respect I feel for the part played by consciousness. I begin to doubt its use altogether as a helpful supervisor, and to think that my best brainwork is wholly independent of it." An adumbration of "the unconscious self!" But most people do not "examine the workings of their own brain."

ASSEMBLY OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

On Tuesday next Mr. J. Lamont will deliver an address on "Phenomena in America—from Personal Observation." London Spiritualists have not often an opportunity of listening to an address from one so well known in the provinces as Mr. Lamont. We trust that there will be a large attendance.

If a man be gracious to strangers it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

NOTABLE MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRIT-POWER.

BY ROBERT COOPER.

In the course of my earlier investigations of Spiritualism, I had some experiences of a unique character—experiences that do not commonly occur, some of which have not been placed on record. These I propose to make a brief mention of. It is now something like a quarter of a century ago that Dr. Monck came on the scene. He had been brought up as a Spurgeonite, and officiated for a time as a Baptist minister. I attended several of his séances. His mediumship was uncertain. Sometimes phenomena of a very remarkable character would occur, and at other times nothing worthy of note would take place. At one of his seances, which took place in the dark, a small phosphorescent light, about the size and shape of a large marble, appeared at a height above the table. It gradually descended and hovered just over it. In reply to questions, the light appeared to strike the table, producing the well-known spirit-rap. After answering a question in this way, it took up its position about a foot above the table, and remained there till the next question was asked. This went on for about half an hour. At other seances, Dr. Monck had an accordeon which was bound round tightly with string, so tightly that the bellows could not be moved in the slightest degree. Nevertheless, sounds were produced on the instrument as if it were drawn out freely to its fullest extent, but no tune was played.

One evening I called on Mr. Champernowne, Kingston-on-Thames, when a neighbour, Mr. Pilborough, coming in, a seance was held, Mr. Champernowne's nephew, a lad of twelve, being the medium. The most noteworthy feature of the seance was the playing of a concertina. The instrument was placed on the table, and we adjourned to the sofa, holding each other's hands. Some phosphorous having been placed on the concertina, its movements could be distinctly seen. It rose in the air, midway between the table and ceiling, and gave forth a march tune, played in a very vigorous manner. The tune suddenly stopped, and the instrument fell on the table.

At a materialisation seance in Boston, U.S.A., held in the house of a private gentleman, several forms appeared and came amongst us. One of these, a female, came to us as we sat in the middle of the room, having a piece of drapery on her head. She took it off and gave one end to a gentleman to hold, and retained the other end in her own hands. Whilst held in this extended condition, we all, eight in number, got up and stood round it and examined it in a very good light. A lady pronounced it to be an Indian scarf that would cost 100dol. to purchase. It was of beautiful pattern and of soft yet solid texture. After an examination had been duly made, we took our seats, the spirit standing right in front of us. With bare arms, holding one corner in each hand, lengthways, she gathered the scarf together. It seemed to quiver and gradually grow less, and in about a minute entirely disappeared—a wonderful instance of the power of spirit over matter.

I was well acquainted with Mr. Guppy, the husband of Mrs. Guppy who, some twenty years ago, was known as a non-professional medium of remarkable power for physical manifestations. One afternoon I called at their residence in Highbury, and was informed by Mr. Guppy that his wife had gone to spend the evening with some new acquaintances. He proposed that I should accompany him there, as it was probable that "a little bit of a seance" would take place after tea. Accordingly I went with him, and I was then informed that these new friends were strangers to Spiritualism, and had never seen anything of the kind. After tea was over, we adjourned to a back room and sat round a table. We were told by raps to ask for things to be brought. Some asked for fruit and some for flowers. I asked for some turf. The light was extinguished, and I was soon struck on the breast by some heavy object, which turned out to be a large piece of long grass, with a quantity of earth adhering to the roots and worms crawling therein. A considerable quantity more was found lying on the table, besides other things that had been asked for. At the conclusion of the seance the servant was summoned to "clear up the mess," and proceeded to collect it on a large tea tray, but was obliged to come a second time to take the whole away. Before this was done, however, the room was again placed in darkness.

when the operating agency drew aside the curtains and raised the blind, and outside the window, on a level with the window-sill which was about four feet above the ground, a female form was observed, visible by its own luminosity. A lady being frightened, a light was struck and she left the room, as did some others. At my suggestion the light was again put out, and the figure again appeared. I afterwards went into the garden, and found that the window-sill was very narrow, and that there was nothing for anyone to stand on. On another occasion I attended a seance at Mr. Guppy's, when a table was used with a large hole in the centre, drapery encircling the table to form a dark chamber, the room remaining light. As we sat round it, spirit-hands appeared at the aperture, and among other things that came up was a large cherry-bough, with several cherries on it. Mr. Guppy on one occasion had a sun-flower, six feet in height, brought from the garden into the room when all doors were closed.

[Mrs. Guppy's manifestations were very remarkable. Perhaps some of our readers can give some details of them from personal observation. We ourselves saw many and have heard of more.—ED. "LIGHT".]

ANGELS AND MINISTERS OF GRACE.

The Abbé E. Soyer is a person of great penetration. He has discovered the most secret projects of the Evil One. These are to spread three great errors, Pantheism, Materialism, and Rationalism, by the aid of turning tables.

"To-day Satan would recognise that which Christianity has taken from him. By the aid of the Revolution, which is his church, he desires to paganise the world by spreading these three great errors. As of old, he comes with a *cortège* of mysterious practices, shrewdly modified for changed people and changed times. Turning tables, talking tables, writing mediums, evoking mediums, healing mediums, these are to-day the chief phenomena of the Spiritists, and the methods of communication with spirits.

"These phenomena exist. No one can deny it. These are not juggleries, nor the natural results of fluidic forces. These phenomena are produced by real spirits. What are these spirits? They cannot be other than angels good or angels evil—souls holy or souls lost. But souls holy and the good angels are not at the orders of man. Demons alone, according to universal testimony, can be the authors of these phenomena."

But every evil has a remedy. The Abbé proposes to the good folks of Coutances, in Normandy, a solution that will not suggest itself to the readers of "LIGHT." Devils must be opposed by angels, and the angels have a chief. This Chief has a magnificent shrine not far from Coutances.

Between Normandy and Brittany, surrounded by the sea twice in twenty-four hours, is a hill of Gothic arches and frail columns, a dream in delicate stone work. It is called sometimes the "Jerusalem of the West," but in the view of architects the compliment of the comparison is scarcely to the Western city. It is dedicated to St. Michael, the Chief of the Angels. And to remedy the evils of modern Spiritualism, his aid must be sought by more frequent pilgrimages, more frequent offerings, more frequent prayers.

And having got on this topic, the worthy Abbé has composed a very readable book, full of folk-lore and patristic erudition.

St. Michael's Mount, Mont Joie, was famous for its miracles hundreds of years before the appearance of the Romans. These Druidesses gave to the sailors magical arrows to calm stormy seas.

By-and-bye, Christianity took over Mont Joie and its miracles. In the year 708 A.D., a worthy Bishop of Airanches, St. Aubert, saw St. Michael in a vision, who ordered him to build a shrine on the mountains of Joie. The good Bishop remembering the text, "*Probate Spiritus*" ("Try the spirits!"), was bewildered the next morning, but archangels are arbitrary. Again St. Michael arrived, and he touched the skull of the Bishop, making a hole, which eminent physicians attest to this day, for the skull is preserved in one of the churches of Airanches. St. Aubert this time obeyed the archangel, and a shrine was erected.

But a shrine is nothing without *gages*, test relics, tokens. Here again, Mont Joie was highly favoured. For one fine morning a coracle arrived from Ireland bearing

some holy pilgrims. They presented to St. Aubert a tiny sword and a tiny shield, both of brass. The shield was oval and marked with four crosses. These arms had a strange history.

For in Ireland, under King Elga, a contemporary of St. Aubert, a mighty dragon ravaged the country. The Bishop of the diocese collected the faithful, and marched against the horrible monster with crosses and relics, and lances and swords. To their astonishment they found the beast stone dead, and the tiny brass sword and shield lying by his huge carcass. St. Michael appeared and said that these arms were his, and that they were to go as relics to the consecrated hill, where a fine shrine had just been erected in his honour:—

"Though my habitation is in Heaven," said the sublime personage, "I have on earth spots that I specially love. This mountain will bring forth happy fruits. I will visit it constantly."

The worthy Abbé E. Soyer would, perhaps, be astonished to learn that the wicked Spiritualists would go with him in much that he has written about St. Michael. It is perfectly evident that there must be a band of good spirits that supervise mundane affairs. The world could not go on without them; and many of the problems of Spiritualism are insoluble if we throw them over. Why, for instance, at a séance, when a strong medium is present, may not an undeveloped spirit materialise a bone in the windpipe of one of the sitters and kill him straight off? Anthropologists are puzzled with a great problem. How did the fugitive, fruit-eating, grovelling, four-footed ape become the carnivorous, dominant, erect, two-footed man? I believe that if the problem is ever solved the influence of the spirit world will be the chief factor of the answer. Now, if there is a band of good spirits they must have a chief or chiefs. But these probably are not permanent. The same law that subjects them to mundane influence would remove them, by-and-bye, from the aura of the earth as they rise to higher spirit planes. They would then give way to other spirits. The same law of attraction accounts for the spirits that supervise the individual. Of these "guardian angels" the Abbé has much to tell us. St. Jerome was uncertain whether the work of the angel began in the mother's womb or at the moment of birth. Other Fathers of the Church had a less innocent inquiry. They debated whether outside Christendom there were any guardian angels at all. Some of the advantages due to guardian angels are purely material. "We can walk on the asp and the baselisk," says the Abbé, citing Raphael, not the painter, but the archangel. When a soul is in purgatory, as Boudon explains by an anecdote, sometimes the guardian angel goes so far as to rear up from the womb an exemplary spirit, make him a priest, and make him, by-and-bye, say Masses to release the suffering soul. St. Bernard from an experience due, I conceive, to a rational law, found it an admirable plan before interviewing a heretic that he professed to convert to address a prayer to the guardian angel of the heretic. Plainly here the mediumistic power of the saint helping and being helped by the spirit would be more effective. St. Bernard also used to pause in his sermon after repeating "Ave Maria" and address a prayer to each guardian spirit present.

"I have received great favours," he has been heard to say, "from this practice."

From the work, "*Saint Michel et les Saintes Anges*," by the Abbé E. Soyer, we can learn much, and he, perhaps, might learn something from the experience of Spiritualists.

Certainly the English Church in throwing overboard ministering spirits has been most unwise, for it has in consequence adopted a very false picture of the next world. An old ballad, the "Battle of Aughrim," sums it up:—

"Were Ghosts in Heaven, in heaven they there would stay
And if in hell they could not get away."

COLENSO.

It is one of the maxims of Francis de Sales—and good men and women in all lands might well adopt it as their motto—that "A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity."

OUR minds are too limited to take in more than a fractional part of the subjects which come under our notice; all we can do is to make a selection, knowing that we must, in any case, leave out much that is of value.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"Light" for Reading Rooms.

SIR,—With regard to the letter in last issue *re* the above, the South London Spiritualists' Society have this week opened at 311, Camberwell New-road, a Public Reading-room, and we shall be glad to receive any literature or books for the library, and promise that any sent shall be used as suggested.

W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

The Garb of the Liberated Spirit.

SIR,—Seeing in the reports published in "LIGHT" of the appearance of the double of living people, that there is so very rarely any mention of the dress of the double, I am led to trouble you with these few lines, having an intimate friend, to whom I often appear, in broad daylight, and when, as we are both in England, *I must be wide awake.*

But I always appear to her in spirit-ropes; either wholly white, or white with blue, or silver, or gold border; never in my earthly dress; yet my identity is unmistakable.

It would be interesting, therefore, to know if the spiritual garb is the usual one worn by doubles in the earth-life, as it certainly seems the natural garb for the spirit, divested for the time of the flesh.

I might add that I can often—but not always—trace my appearance to my friend to thought of her. As, for instance, on one occasion when she had not written, and I was anxious about her, I appeared to her with a rather reproachful look, which reminded her at once that she had not written, and she did so that afternoon, telling me of my appearance.

April 9th, 1891.

"LILY."

Spirit Light as seen by John Woolman the Quaker.

SIR,—I think your readers will be interested in the following extract from the Life and Journal of John Woolman. "The thirteenth day of second month, in the year 1757, being then in good health, and abroad visiting families, I lodged at a friend's house in Burlington; and going to bed about the time usual with me, I awoke in the night, and my meditations, as I lay, were on the mercy and goodness of the Lord; in a sense whereof my heart was contrite.

"After this, I went to sleep again; and sleeping a short time, I awoke; it was yet dark, and no appearance of day or moonshine; and as I opened mine eyes, I saw a light in my chamber, at the apparent distance of five feet, about nine inches in diameter, of a clear, easy brightness, and near its centre the most radiant. As I lay still without any surprise looking upon it, words were spoken to my inward ear, which filled my whole inward man: They were not the effect of thought, nor any conclusion in relation to the appearance, but as the language of the Holy One spoken in my mind; the words were, "Certain Evidence of Divine Truth"; and were again repeated exactly in the same manner; when the light disappeared."

John Woolman was a "Friend"; he was born in West Jersey, U.S.A., in the year 1720, so that he would be thirty-seven years old at the time this appeared to him.

Rose Cottage, Reigate Hill, Surrey. EMILY SWAN.

April 5th, 1891.

What do Phenomena Mean?

SIR,—I have been a subscriber to "LIGHT" for some time, and always read it with great interest when it reaches me through Turner and Henderson, of Sydney.

I notice the remarkable case you describe in your leader of December 6th last. I saw the materialisations through Mr. G. Spriggs and through Miss E. E. Wood, and I certainly considered they were the forms of the dead, not of the living; but I would draw your attention to the materialisations through Mrs. Fay, and also another medium described in Serjeant Cox's work, "The Mechanism of Man." The author is quite sure that in both cases the form he saw was the double of the medium—the spirit of the quick, not of the dead.

I also beg to call your attention to the conclusion of a lecture on Spiritualism, delivered by Professor Elliot Coues at Chicago, eighteen months since. "Now, gentlemen, I verify all the phenomena of Spiritualism. What are you going to do about it? I have only to say you can do nothing, unless you start with the fact—there is a natural body, also an

astral body, and that the two bodies are sometimes separated from one another, even in life."

I think it would be well worth while making inquiries as to the condition of the mother and daughter at the time the gentleman saw the apparitions.

Yarawa, Moree, N. S. Wales.

A. W. BUCKNELL

February 23rd, 1891.

The "Fourth Dimension" Fallacy.

SIR,—Scientific speculations are usually based on recognised facts, which require explanation, and their value entirely depends upon the amount of corroborative evidence, or the show of probability, which can be produced in their favour; but this theory of "a fourth dimension," as propounded by Zöllner and others, is the "baseless fabric of a dream," without a single fact to support it; and it needs but very little examination to show its utter worthlessness and absurdity. This hazy abstraction seems to have arisen from a strange misconception and misuse of the term "dimension," as applied to matter and space, for it is evident that if a material object exist at all, it must occupy some portion of space. In other words, it must have size, or extension, and the extension is not in one direction only, but in every direction, within its own boundary lines. It is the length of the extension in different directions which we call its dimensions. However, when we speak of the three dimensions of matter, viz., length, breadth, and thickness, we do not imply that matter extends in three directions only, but that three lines of direction at right angles to each other give us all the data necessary for the measurement of mass or bulk; and as these lines contain within their angles all other possible lines of direction, we have found it convenient to specify them as the three dimensions. In every case, then, a dimension is the measure of some line of extension, and as in a solid globe we have every conceivable line of direction, it follows that if there be a fourth, or fortieth, dimension it must be contained within the spherical bounds. Zöllner's "fourth dimension," however, can find no place within the sphere. It has, therefore, no extension, and can only be compared to a mathematical point, having position without magnitude, for certainly it is in an absurd position, and has not the magnitude of an atom of evidence to rest on. It is simply *nothing*, and may be humorously dismissed as "a footless stocking without a leg." It can fit nobody; it can fit nothing, being woven only of "the stuff which dreams are made of."

THOS. R. MASON.

What Dreams Portend?

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Kate Burton," says in a letter in your issue of April 4th, that she can interpret the dreams of others, if told carefully. Would she explain the meaning of the following, which was a *dream*, not a "reverie"?

I thought I saw a near relative of mine, from whom I had been separated for several months past, lying on a couch looking very ill and much emaciated. He, however, welcomed me with a smile, and as I sat by him, he gradually seemed to revive, and to regain his usual appearance. Then suddenly looking across him to the further side of the room, I saw a bed, like the one my friend was accustomed to occupy, and it was covered with beautiful flowers, not made up into any form, or arranged with any design, but just strewn lightly over the bed. Shortly after having had this dream I went to the house of that relative, whom I found in a very delicate state of health, but he afterwards recovered to an unexpected extent, regaining flesh and strength. Six months later, however, he died very suddenly. Was the dream in any way prophetic?

Twice lately I have dreamt of water; the first time it was the sea, which was washing up towards where I was standing. At first I seemed some distance off, but gradually it came nearer and nearer, and seemed almost to surround me—as the rising tide would come round one standing on the shore, within reach of its inroads—but did not wet me. The second time I seemed standing on the banks of a wide river, just below a waterfall, such as the Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, and I watched with delight the dancing wavelets sparkling in the sunshine.

Then again, lately, I saw in my sleep a friend standing at a window, looking out, in what was apparently a night-dress, it being white and of a loose flowing shape. The

face was very distinct, and had the appearance of perfect health—the expression too was happy. So no unpleasant impression was left on the mind, which might otherwise have been the case, through the white garment, which the figure wore. Can your correspondent suggest any interpretation of these dreams?

April 8th, 1891.

G. F. KEMP.

Egyptian Blood Sacrifice.

SIR,—A correspondent writes to ask me if there is any other evidence of blood-sacrifice amongst the Egyptians than that already quoted from the Ritual. If so, will I point it out in "LIGHT." There is plenty. I cited the Rubrical directions given in that sacred book because it is, as I said, like a Supreme Court beyond which there is no appeal. But nothing is commoner in the representations than the ox or the antelope that is offered to the departed. The slaughter of these, as pointed out by Mr. Renouf, is not introduced for its own sake, but really as a "sacrifice."* Bequests were made for the provision, and instructions given for the animals to be offered as oblations to the Manes; oxen, geese, &c., being specified and commanded to be slain for that purpose. In some of the scenes the King is portrayed in the act of slaying the victim, and presenting the flesh and blood. Indeed, so recognised and common was the rite of blood-sacrifice that a special order of priests, called the Suteniu, was ordained and devoted to perform this particular service, as the Divine ministers of blood-sacrifice! The title of Suten (plural Suteniu) denotes one who slaughters an animal for sacrifice. Brugsch derives it from Suten to slaughter. And these Suteniu were the priests who slew the animals, not as butchers, but as ministers of the gods and spirits to whom the blood was offered as a typical sustenance, because the blood was the life.

Thus the Ritual commands blood-sacrifice; the priest Nebsemi and the speaker in the Ritual declare they have duly made the blood offerings; there was a class of priests appointed and paid to perform the ceremony, and the pictures on the walls of the temples and tombs remain as witnesses to the facts.

There is also a well-known historic document outside of the Ritual, sometimes called the Poem of Pentaur. It is engraved in hieroglyphics on one of the outer walls at Karnak and on the northern face of the Pylon of the temple at Luxor. It has been translated by M. de Rougé and by Professor E. L. Lushington.† The subject is a battle fought by Rameses II., against the Kheta. In the midst of the fight the King suddenly finds himself surrounded by the enemy. He prays for succour to his father Amen-Ra, and reminds him that he has already sacrificed to him "30,000 bullocks with perfumes and herbs of a sweet savour," which shows that in his time the Suteniu were not out of employment. Indeed, there were reasons why they should not have been, seeing that 12,000 mouths were dependent on one temple alone for food and sustenance in the time of his successor, if not in his.

Never was dogmatic assertion more unfortunate, or show of authority more vain, or position more false, or defence more fatal than these of Mr. Oxley concerning blood-sacrifice in Egypt.

GERALD MASSEY.

Spiritualistic Impostors.

SIR,—Spiritualism has not suffered so much from the opposition of sceptics as it has from the frauds that have been perpetrated in its name. In this locality we have been endeavouring for years to exterminate these pests, and have succeeded so well that the atmosphere is now tolerably pure. We do not wish, however, to drive out fraudulent mediums that they may set up their tents elsewhere; we desire that, when once thoroughly exposed, they should be incapable of mischief at any other point.

In regard to Mr. John Wetherbee, whose article appeared in "LIGHT" of March 7th, I will now say no more than this, that it is his infirmity to appear as the special champion of every impostor whose tricks have been completely exposed. Excluded, on this account, from the columns of the "Banner of Light," the Boston organ of Spiritualism, he now seeks to air his wild fancies in far-away journals, to whose readers his peculiar reputation is unknown. A few

instances must be given, that his statements may be taken at their proper value.

Of C. H. Bridge, a pretended medium, Mr. Wetherbee said in print, "The striking feature of this young man's séances is their palpable, manifest honesty." Not long after this, Mr. Bridge, in a large public meeting in this city, amused his audience by exposing himself, describing the manner in which he performed his tricks. In private he now delights to entertain a company by telling just how he practised deception. He has told the writer that in all his career as a feigned medium he found no more credulous victim than Mr. Wetherbee.

One Mrs. Cowan, with her husband and confederates, had a popular and profitable career in this city, till exposures overtook them. On one evening she was detected with two confederates in her cabinet. The party then fled from the city, and have not been heard of since. After they had decamped, the owner of the tenement they had occupied made an examination of the premises, aided by carpenters. It was discovered that a small part of the floor, where the cabinet had stood, had been removed, and a trap-door substituted, covered by carpeting. In an adjoining room a similar operation had been performed. But still another became necessary. A brick wall dividing the shops beneath the floor on which the séances were held must be pierced; through this wall, during the occupancy of the Cowans, a hole nearly two feet in diameter had been made. It will thus be seen in what way the alleged "spirits," in materialised form, appeared and disappeared without suspicion on the part of the uninitiated.

Of this medium Mr. Wetherbee writes as follows:—"Very interesting materialising séances have been given by Mrs. Cowan; she is one of the best mediums for materialisation of forms we have, and her arrangements are so good that they can be called test conditions." But the dear man could not then have known of "the hole in the wall." A young woman, confederate of Mrs. Cowan, and found with her at the time of the exposure, confessed in one of our daily papers that she had personated to Mr. Wetherbee his daughter Gracie, while Mrs. Cowan had appeared in another character, that of his niece Flossie. A son of Mr. Wetherbee was personated by a brother of Mr. Cowan, also caught in the cabinet. It is understood that these three "spirits" have appeared to Mr. Wetherbee in all the materialising cabinets of Boston and vicinity; and he never fails to tell of the "fraud-proof conditions" under which they appeared.

In his article in "LIGHT" before referred to, Mr. Wetherbee attempts to repair the shattered reputation of Mrs. Fairchild. He appeals to one Wolf, of Cincinnati, to whom have appeared certain French potentates, by means of the mediumship of Mrs. Fairchild. Among these was the famous Napoleon Bonaparte, and at another time, the Empress Josephine. The former "sat at my table, conversed with me, tasted my wines, and passed judgment on their merits." How gracious the Emperor has become since he passed to the spirit life! But if "spirits" can drink good wine, who would not be materialised under such "conditions"? Mr. Wetherbee, however, has some doubt of the identity of these persons, but is satisfied they are spirits. Is he convinced they are spirits only because they are not the persons they claim to be? Such seems to be his logic.

Mr. Wetherbee proceeds to relate the incidents of a séance he once had with Mrs. Fairchild, into the details of which I have not the space to follow him. One statement must be obscure to the readers of this journal. He tells you that one spirit said to him that "Colby would come to his senses some day." The explanation is that Colby is the editor of the "Banner of Light," who, after Mrs. Fairchild had been fully exposed, excluded her advertisement from the columns of his paper.

Mr. Wetherbee relates that a spirit appeared who called himself an old friend. Mr. Wetherbee says he was "not exactly a *facsimile*" of his friend, but that, for some reason, he gave "him the benefit of the doubt." Let me say to the readers of "LIGHT" that genuine and honest Spiritualists here do not ask the reality of its phenomena should be established by means of "the benefit of a doubt." They insist on undoubted proof.

Of Mrs. Fairchild I would not say another word, but that it seems necessary that sincere Spiritualists be guarded

* Hibbert Lectures, p. 130.

† "Records of the Past," Vol. II., pp. 65, 69, 70.

against imposture. Her first exposure here was brought about by the fairness and wit of Mrs. Torrey, secretary of the Ladies' Spiritualist Aid Society. Mrs. Fairchild is too large and heavy in form to personate spirits; but at her séances she stood beside the cabinet on guard. At one of these séances a form appeared, and Mrs. Torrey was told it was for her, and its name was Lena. She knew no such person; but on invitation she went up and spoke to the spirit. She took hold of the spirit's arm, and instead of the soft flesh of a maiden, she encountered a mass of well-developed muscle. Her suspicions now being excited, she at once embraced the spirit, and found in her arms a stalwart youth of about seventeen years of age.

He gave her a stinging blow on the head, broke away, and made his escape from the room, leaving in her hands a portion of the robe he wore, made of an old lace curtain. He was at once followed by another youth from the cabinet, and the two rushed upstairs, and several gentlemen who pursued saw them disappear in a room, the door of which they bolted. These boys, who had been masquerading as the spirits of maidens, were the sons of Mrs. Fairchild, and she was now fairly beside herself with rage. She insulted Mrs. Torrey as the "she-devil who had done all the mischief." This scene was witnessed by at least twenty persons, who vouched for the facts here briefly given, and published in two leading dailies in the city. After this exposure, Mrs. Fairchild went westward, was repeatedly exposed, and now only two persons, Wolf and Wetherbee, are left on this side of the Atlantic to endorse her.

Mr. Wetherbee's defence of her in "LIGHT" raises the suspicion that Mrs. Fairchild, now powerless for evil in this land, contemplates trying her fortunes across the water; and it appeared to the writer that in this case he could do Spiritualism no better service than to forestall such an attempt.

Nothing becomes a man so much as a tender regard for woman, and chivalrous defence of her reputation; but when a woman uses deceit to play upon the sacred affections of human nature, she deserves nothing but exposure and pity.

Boston, U.S.A.

JOHN CURTIS.

[We afford space for this criticism on facts presented to our readers and signed as authentic; but we have no intention of troubling our readers with any personalities which do not concern us and them.—ED. "LIGHT."]

SPECIAL NOTICE.

It having been repeatedly requested that all communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor of "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to any other address, it is now respectfully intimated that letters otherwise addressed will not be forwarded. Foreign correspondents are specially desired to note this request. It does not, of course, apply to proof sent from the printer and marked to be returned to 13, Whitefriars-street, E.C. So much expense and delay is caused by neglect to read the standing notices to correspondents that it is hoped attention may be paid to the plain directions therein laid down.

SEVERAL contributions are unavoidably held over this week.

A. M.—Thank you for your contribution.

A. M. G.—We shall file for use at the right time. Thanks.

E. T. W.—We are obliged; but the discussion of the question would lead us into matters that we have no space for. "Literal belief" is very open to variety of interpretation.

D. B.—Planchette is very uncertain. Sometimes good results are got. We know of no place where you can get information as to experiments. The toy is to be had at 15, Southampton-row, W.C.

J. McD., Glasgow.—Declined with thanks as too abstruse for our columns. To be useful at all, such topics must be handled with great clearness, and we confess that your dissertation is too much for our comprehension.

NIZIDA.—Many thanks. We will keep an eye on your proof. Sorry to hear of your continued ill-health. The season has been most severe. We do not know personally either of the persons named; but personal knowledge is not necessary. Send on copy with stamps for return; that is the best plan.

"Banner of Light," Boston, U.S.A., and all exchanges.—Will you please use correct address? We have left Craven-street for years, and to address there is to cause vexatious delay and expense. Also, do not use Editor's supposed private address (unusually incorrect), but only "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, London, W.C.—and do not omit "Adelphi"—there are other Duke-streets.

SOCIETY WORK.

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

No notice received later than the first post on Tuesday is secure of admission.

CHRISTO THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.—On Thursday, April 23rd, at 4.15 p.m., Mrs. Mary Boole will lecture on "Modern Logic in Reference to Biologic Studies," in the drawing-room of St. Nicholas Club, 81A, Queen Victoria-street, E.C. Meetings every Thursday: open to all.

24, HARCOURT-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—Mr. Everitt delivered an instructive address on "Form Manifestations," showing their reality as risen human beings and relating experiences with various mediums. The whole address was calculated to advance the spirit of inquiry. Replies were given to several questioners. Sunday, at 11, open; at 7, "Eclectic Buddhism," by Propagandist. Thursday, 7.45, Mrs. Wilkins. Saturday, 7.45, Mrs. Treadwell.—C. WHITE, Hon. Secretary.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM, S.E.—Mr. R. J. Lees's guides gave a powerful inspirational discourse; he seemed fully under control of spirit. We experienced an evening not to be soon forgotten; attendance large and appreciative. Sunday next, morning, open; evening, Mrs. Stanley will give an address. Monday, 8.15 p.m., discussion. Friday, healing. Sunday afternoon, on Peckham Rye, at 3.15 p.m., near bandstand, Mr. Lees will resume his meetings. The subject of the series will be "God and His Gospel to Man."—J. T. AUDY, President.

KING'S CROSS SOCIETY, 182, CALEDONIAN-ROAD, N.—At last Sunday's meeting in the morning Mr. S. T. Rodger read a paper on "The One Thing Needful," and an interesting discussion followed. In the evening Miss Tod delivered a discourse on "The Phenomena of Spiritualism," and at the close a unanimous vote of thanks was passed to her for her very able address. Next Sunday morning, at 182, Caledonian-road, Mr. Sells will speak on a "Creed for Spiritualists"; discussion to follow. In the evening at 6.45 p.m., Mr. Bowen, a trance speaker, will occupy our platform.—A. M. R.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—Sunday service, good meeting. Mr. Francis gave an interesting address on "Ancient Religions." Mr. Jones, of Salford, recounted his experiences in the North, which were much appreciated by the audience. Mrs. Mason's controls gave successful clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Dr. Young, of Finsbury Park, will lecture on "What do we know of the Life beyond Death?" Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Mason. Thursdays, at 8 p.m., developing circle. Lyceum well attended; many visitors, who contributed 6s. for manuals for the children. Worker sadly needed. Conductors, Mr. Mason and Miss L. Cope.—J. H. B.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E. (a few doors from the "Green").—The opening service was held on Sunday last. Mrs. Stanley and other friends were present. The hall was tastefully adorned with flowers, and the friends assembled heartily joined in the spiritual exercises of the day. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., we shall hold an "In Memoriam" service for Willie Long, who passed to the higher life on Sunday night, aged four years and ten months, after a week of terrible pain and suffering. The mortal remains will be laid in Forest Hill Cemetery, Honor Oak, on Saturday, April 18th, at 3.30 p.m. Mrs. Stanley will conduct the service at the grave side. Friends attending the service on Sunday are invited to bring flowers. A public reception will be held every Wednesday evening at 8.30, and healing (free) on Thursdays, while the reading-room will be open on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., 8, Orchard-row, Camberwell New-road.

PALMISTRY IN EXCELSIS.—When a young girl, Lady Burton had (so she tells us) her horoscope cast by a gipsy woman named Hagar Burton, who wrote her predictions in Roman, and asked her to present the document to the man she accepted as her husband. It contained the following passage:—"You will bear the name of our tribe, and be right proud of it. You will be as we are, but far greater than we. Your life will be all wandering, change, and adventure. One soul in two bodies; in life or death never long apart." "All that Hagar Burton foretold," says Lady Burton, "came true, and I pray it may be so to the end—namely, 'never long apart' in life or death."

FOR I go about doing nothing else than preaching to young and old among you that it is not the duty of man to take care of the body or of riches as much as the soul; and telling you that virtue is not acquired from riches, but that men derive riches and every other blessing, private and public, from the soul.—PLATO.