

# Light.

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

Mr. Ernest Hart, as I have already said, has been discoursing at Toynbee Hall on Hypnotism, "illustrated by experiments." There is not in his remarks anything new, and much that is not quite true. If it were not that there is a risk of the pronouncements of a man who has the ear of the public being accepted as true it would not be worth while to recur to what Mr. Hart says. But there is risk that his *obiter dicta* may be fastened on, and, perhaps, misinterpreted. Mr. Hart purported to show "by experimental demonstration," conducted, it seems, on "a cock and some barn door fowls and rabbits," that "position alone sufficed to produce rapid hypnotism and hypnotic sleep, and that mental impression had the like effect." There was, in his opinion, no transference of any influence from the mesmeriser to the mesmerised subject. What occurred was entirely subjective, and the curative effects for a whole century were worthless. On the other hand (I am quoting from the report in the "Times"), the effects of hypnotic practices, even in skilled hands, had often been excessively injurious, and in the hands of any but skilled and conscientious physicians it was "a demoralising, dangerous, and mentally destructive process." Now, a man does not need to be a doctor in order to be conscientious. Nor is it out of place to say that there is some prejudice against hypnotism on the part of those whom Mr. Hart represents which might be held to disqualify them from pronouncing an unbiassed opinion. As a matter of fact, leaving disputed points alone, I shall probably be right in saying that hypnotism requires careful handling.

I am not prepared to say that no one but a qualified medical practitioner should meddle with it, for I think that some who would be included in that title are, perhaps, less qualified than others, whom I know, to treat the matter carefully. But I do think that stage tricks with hypnotism are as objectionable as Egyptian Hall tricks that purport to deal with Spiritualism. There is a difference, no doubt, between them. The hypnotic business is real: the other is purely illusory. But it cannot be contended that either one or other is profitable. We know too little about hypnotism and its results to turn it into a stage show. So far Mr. Hart is right, as I understand what he said. But when he alleges that what is admittedly a field of psychological inquiry, which is instructive, should be left alone because it is debased by being treated as a stage-show, he is not judging dispassionately. There is no special peculiarity in a physician that qualifies him to undertake the work that Mr. Hart claims as the exclusive privilege of physicians. Perhaps it may be thought that Mr. Hart supplies the best answer to his own claim.

At any rate, it is important that a great subject of inquiry should not be "preserved," like hares and game, for the few, nor degraded for the amusement of the many.

Mr. Hart's concluding words are thus reported. I again quote from the "Times":—

Sometimes in this as in other things we are tempted to ask, "Does the world make any progress? or are we still moving on the same planes and in the same grooves of ignorance and superstition, knavery, folly, and self-deception?" I think we may find comfort, however, in the historical review. It is true that we have still with us the Spiritists, the stage hypnotists, the living magnets, the Mahatmas, the bewildered psychical researchers, and the ghost seers. But they are only the stunted remnants, the vestigial and atrophied traces indicating the later stages of ages of development in which we have outgrown the period when such follies and fallacies were the almost universal heritage of mankind, when they led to burnings, drownings, torture, and wholesale misery, when the cataleptics and the hypnotics were counted by thousands at a time, and sometimes by hundreds of thousands, when imposture was wide-spread and high-placed, when philosophers were the dupes of their own self-deception, and when the mischiefs of hypnotic suggestion were extended over large districts and sapped the reason and ruined the lives of thousands. There are still performances and still publications which, in their follies and their capacities for mischief, rival some of those of the darkest periods of ignorance and superstition, but they are now curiosities and eccentricities, and provoke laughter and amusement where formerly they would have led to insanity and persecution.

Yes; one is tempted to ask whether the world makes any progress. Mr. Hart supplies the "illustration." If any evidence is needed that some part of the world does not make any progress, and perhaps cannot, for one must not be too hard on what is obviously meant to be an instructive discourse, it would be amply supplied by Mr. Hart's own words. Instead of standing before the door ajar, which inquiring minds wish to penetrate, it would be well for Mr. Hart and his friends to help to hold it open.

Dr. Wyld gives, as he is eminently qualified, a careful and cautious account of the "Lady Magnet." It will be in the memory of the readers of "LIGHT" that Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace sent an account of this lady's powers to "LIGHT" long before she came to this country. Dr. Wyld's letter tells us what he can judge from a visit to the Alhambra. But the experiences of a committee-man on the stage are to be discounted. Maskelyne, at the Egyptian Hall, and Mrs. Abbott, at the Alhambra, are equally open to Hamlet's criticism: "Thou comest in such questionable shape that I will question thee." I believe that Mr. Maskelyne, like his neighbours, the Christy Minstrels, "never performs out of London," i.e., off his own stage: but Mrs. Abbott, I am informed, does show her powers under circumstances where exact observation is possible. There she has the advantage of Mr. Maskelyne. But until she has placed herself at the absolute disposal of half a dozen men and women, who have some knowledge of stage tricks, and also of mediumship, and can discriminate between the two, I do not think that I can say anything about Mrs. Abbott. She may be all she claims, but also she may not.

And then, to lift the thing off the stage on, perhaps, a higher plane. I have a letter from Mr. Hunt, who is so good as to ask me to address his Association. It would have given me great pleasure so to do, but I am not even able to address my own friends. I am sorry to be ill; but I am. Now, will those who believe—or, perhaps, I should say, who know, as I do—put their back into the work? Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and whether it is done well depends on the energy of the doer. And then we have to depend on the energy of the recipient. That is variable, and we have to reckon with the variability. But the really important thing for us all to remember is that persons who deal with variable matter must not lay down the law.

### THE NATURE AND VALUE OF HUMAN TESTIMONY.

BY HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

Experience teaches many things, and all men are his scholars;  
Yet he is a strange tutor, unteaching that which he hath taught!  
—TUPPER'S "Proverbial Philosophy."

Lexicographers define evidence to be, "that which evinces or proves; the ground or reason of knowledge." In all courts of human inquiry, the evidence is of two kinds. Either that of our senses, or the related experience of our fellow-men; and their relative value cannot be measured by any mathematical rules or calculations. The probabilities or improbabilities of the happening of an alleged event can only be accurately estimated by a full knowledge of all the conditions necessary to produce it, and these conditions can only be proven by the narrated testimony of competent witnesses. The negative testimony of inexperience has no weight against the positive evidence of experience. The evidence of witnesses who have not seen avails naught against that of those who have seen. That which was once improbable from a want of knowledge is now often the common experience of mankind. Many of the supposed impossibilities of centuries ago are now positive facts, within the knowledge even of childhood; while many of the theories and alleged basic facts of ancient learning are the sport and derision of modern science. The crystalline spheres of Ptolemy—although adopted by Plato, Aristotle, Hipparchus, and all the eminent philosophers of ancient times—have now been dissolved in the subtle ether that fills all stellar space. The arterial air-tubes of Hippocrates have become the conduits of the out-flowing blood, as laden with nutriment, it is forced from the heart to the extremities of the body—to return through the veins burdened with dead remains of living organisms. From a level plain of boundless extent, our world has been transformed into a revolving globe, suspended in space, and driven around its orbit by a force of infinite power and intelligence, while the "lesser lights," once thought to be subservient to our earth, are now known to be the suns of other systems, compared with which ours dwindles into insignificance.

The learning of the world is but the accumulated testimony of our fellow-men who have been taught by the evidence of their senses that the improbable often happens, and that the impossibilities of the past are the frequent occurrences of the present. All visible phenomena can only be recognised by the senses, and proven by those who have observed them. And it is fallacious to attempt to disprove them by those who have not witnessed them because it is contrary to their experience, and it is a fallacy to assert that human testimony is inadequate or insufficient to prove an occurrence that is not known to have ever happened before. Constant experience cannot possibly be stronger evidence than frequent experience, and no man can justly say to his fellow, "You cannot have seen a certain phenomenon, because my experience denies its possibility."

Mr. Starkie, the great lawyer and author on evidence, in his reply to Hume, says: "If the testimony of others is to be rejected, however unlikely they were to deceive or be deceived, on the mere ground of inexperience of the fact testified, the same argument might be urged even to the extravagance of excluding the authority of a man's own senses; for it might be said that it is more probable that he should have laboured under some mental delusion than that a fact should have happened contrary to the constant experience of the course of nature."

If the negative evidence of inexperience could prevail against the positive testimony of experience, the text books of science would be no proof to the mind of the student, and the progress of knowledge would be confined to the limited sphere of personal observation; no new fact could be positively established, unless witnessed by all mankind. Giles B. Stebbins in his admirable little book, "After Dogmatic Theology, What?" says: "A reasonable scepticism is wise, and we must prove all things as best we can; but poor and narrow-minded creatures indeed should we be, if we limited our belief as a theory of things to what we have seen or touched. The world grows rich by a reasonable acceptance of the testimony and ideas of its true and gifted men and women, and we want no high priest, either of science or theology, to cry out against such acceptance."

In our search after knowledge, we must depend on the testimony of our fellow-men. The mysteries locked in the ice-bound seas of the North, the secrets of darkest Africa are known only by the testimony of the navigator and explorer while the votaries of science alone have testified to but a few of the secrets hidden in nature's unexplored domain. We are all witnesses among our fellow-men, as to what we have seen and heard as we tread the various pathways of life, and no one will discredit the testimony of his fellows, save those whose consciousness of their own moral obliquity leads them to doubt the truthfulness of all mankind. It is only the blind who cannot see the colours of the flowers, and the deaf alone that cannot appreciate the harmony of music.

On August 10th last, while at Onset Bay, Mass., I visited a slate-writing medium, Mrs. Gillet. I had taken with me from home an old set of small paper book-slates, five and a-half inches in length by three inches in width. They were well worn, and had been in my possession a number of years. I was determined to so conduct the experiment as to be beyond the possibility of fraud or the substitution of slates. I had with me eight new small-sized school-slates. I found the medium a pleasant conversationalist and a lady in every sense of the word; she was an entire stranger to me. I told her that I desired a picture on my book-slates if it was possible to obtain one under such conditions as to absolutely preclude the possibility of deception, and therefore would not permit the slates to pass out of my possession for one moment. She cheerfully acquiesced to my conditions. I placed a strong rubber band around the book-slates, placed them between two of the school-slates, bound them together with a rubber band, and laid them on a table by my side. I had previously written three interrogatories, which I placed between the other slates also, binding them together in pairs. The slates had all been washed perfectly clean—were new—there had never been any writing on either of them, except the book-slates, which, as I said, I had used for memoranda for years. Observe, there was no pencil placed between either of the slates. I am as certain of this as I can be of any physical fact that ever came under my observation. This was in broad daylight, the doors and windows of the room being open. At no time during the experiment was the medium within reach of the slates, which lay on the table before me. In a few moments the medium pointed to two of the slates saying, "They are writing on those slates now." I remarked, "I guess not, for I do not hear anything." She replied, "My controls never use a pencil, and, therefore, you cannot hear them, but I can."

In a few moments she told me to open the first pair at my left. I did so, and on the lower slates were two communications, written apparently with a slate pencil. One communication was a pertinent answer to the interrogatory I had inclosed between them. The other was from a person who was not addressed in either interrogatory, and signed with his full name. The medium could not have known that such a person ever lived. One sentence of the communication read as follows:—

We are with you to-day, and will try to give you a picture on your slates to show to others, &c.

I opened the next pair; there was a communication written on the lower slate, a pertinent answer to the interrogatory I had placed between them, also signed with a full name. I opened the next pair, and there were two communications written thereon, one in blue, the other in red. The one in blue was signed J. H. B., to whom I had not addressed an interrogatory. But from after developed facts,

too lengthy to be related here, it had in it remarkable intrinsic evidence of its truth and genuineness. The communication in red was signed "Guide." With eager curiosity I next opened the slates which inclosed the book slates, removed the band from them, and, to my surprise, on the first slate was written in blue, "I live." Between the next two leaves of the slates was a portrait, the features marked or drawn in a peculiar manner. It was the portrait of a stranger to me. That afternoon I showed it to Dr. H. B. Storer, president of the Onset Bay Association, who instantly exclaimed, "Why! that is Ed. Wheeler! it's a good likeness." (Ed. Wheeler was a medium who died some years ago.) The portrait was afterwards shown to a number of persons who immediately recognised it. The manner in which the picture is executed is as if a pencil had been rubbed over the surface of a wet slate, which, when dry, would form a white back-ground, on which the likeness was traced in a very curious manner. The whole time occupied in the experiments did not exceed fifteen minutes, from the time the slates were closed until I opened them.

I have thus briefly related a single instance among the many I have witnessed on the border-land of the unknown, and I also know that science cannot explain it by any known laws of nature. If there is a spirit world, the explanation is so plain that he who runs may read, and it proves that the dearest faith of the Christian is verified by facts, and that hope does more than to tell a flattering tale. The Apostle Paul wrote, "Although the outer man perishes, the inner man is renewed day by day," and being so renewed the memories of the past cannot die, but will live on and on while time shall last, and with powers and forces untrammelled by the perishing body, the soul may be in constant communication with those it loved on earth. This is the glorious religion of Spiritualism, this its teachings to its votaries, its promises of the future; and blind indeed are those who cannot see the brightness of the heaven-born rays of this rising star in the firmament of man's hope and faith in immortality.—"The Better Way."

#### SHE RETURNED.

"Yes, I believe in the return of the dead sometimes," said a prominent grain merchant of Minneapolis a few days ago to a group of friends when, the conversation turning on this topic, the question had been addressed to him. "Indeed, I know they do, and I don't mind telling you why I am so positive. I lost when in my eighteenth year my twin sister, to whom I was tenderly devoted and who loved me, I believe, as fondly. When she was dying her gentle heart was still sensible of my sorrow; and, turning to me, she said almost with her last breath: 'We will not be parted, dear, except by a bridge so narrow that I cannot but think I may sometimes be permitted to cross.' She never spoke again, but I treasured up her speech in my heart, and for years looked and hoped for some manifestation of her presence. Time passing, however, without this, I gradually lost faith in the ability of spirits to return to earth, for I felt certain that Laura would have given me some token of her continued love for me had it been in her power. I had married and was the father of a beautiful little girl of four years, when this, the pet and joy of my eyes, was taken ill, seriously so. And one night as I was seated in my study alone, endeavouring to reconcile myself to the loss I felt sure I was about to sustain, I am afraid I was rebellious beyond reason, or, at any rate, I knew I was heartbroken, as from where I sat wrestling with my tears I could hear the moaning of my child and the subdued voices and movements of the watchers.

"But as I wept, with my face buried in my hands, I became aware of a faint yet penetrating fragrance in the air, unlike any I had ever known, and so subtle that I could not at once locate it. I raised my head and at my elbow saw a cloud, or scarcely anything so palpable, but rather a mist or a suggestion of a shadow, which had neither shape nor limit at first, but which as I gazed at it sank or became a figure of a woman. Growing more and more distinct, it bent over me, when I found myself gazing up into the face of my long-dead sister, and in her arms, clasped tenderly to her bosom, I saw my little girl, her namesake. Now, whether I heard her say it or whether I read it in her pitying countenance, I cannot say. I was only conscious of her tender question: 'Cannot you trust her with me, brother?' and of my own tearful assent. Then she was gone like an image from a mirror, and

I heard from the room where my child lay my wife's cry that little Laura was dead, and then I fainted. Many to whom I have related this story have endeavoured to convince me that my overwrought brain conjured up this phantom, pointing to my swoon as evidence that I was not myself, but I know that I certainly saw my sister, dead nearly fifteen years, on that night."—"Detroit Sun."

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### The Unity Law.

SIR,—The obvious reply to Mrs. Boole and "J. W. A." is that they are thinking on an entirely different plane from my own. I think the gist of both my letters, "Two and Two make Five" and "Black is White," was that what is paradoxical and absurd on the physical plane has a sort of sense and order of its own on the spiritual plane.

As I like to give a straightforward answer to a straightforward question, I must reply to "G. W. A.'s" remarks that I did not say that  $a + b = c$ , and that he will discover what I meant in saying that  $x$  is not  $x$  and not  $x$  is  $x$  by pondering over the Kabbalah. LEO.

##### "The Review of Reviews."

SIR,—Surely one of the most instructive articles in the "Review of Reviews"—the Christmas number—is that of "Madame B. and her Three Souls," two of them, perhaps, the only available ones for photography, so well effected by Mr. Myers, where we see a portrait of the same person in the second photograph as in the first, but transfigured, the sun confounding the would-be sceptic. Have we, indeed, in "The Three Leonies," as described by Mr. Stead, a typical expression of body quality, soul quality, and spirituality? And are we not here, also, led to surmise: that the unconscious personality may be superior to the conscious personality in intellect, but much inferior to it in virtue? And may not this account, in some measure, for the phantasms of dreamland being generally so little to be depended upon?

And now, we may reasonably ask: Does this duplex personality, shown by photography, help us in understanding those frequent allusions to the soul as wanting in moral sense, pointed out by the Lord Jesus, and given in the Greek text, but not in the English translations? such as when He speaks of "finding and losing the (*psyche*) or soul" (Matt. x. 39), or of "saving and losing the soul" (Luke ix. 24), or of "loving and hating the soul" (John xii. 25), all always translated "life" instead of "soul," although the term "soul" is put in a foot-note in the New Version. Valpy says: "*Psyche* is here, by a metonymy, put for life." But if so, why? It looks as if when striving to grasp the soul it materialised in the translators' hands, and so they put "life" for "soul," not only in the cases mentioned, but elsewhere; as we should do if we put homely, quiet Leonie No. I, for errant, ecstatic Leonie No. II., who takes pleasure in vexing her prototype, Leonie No. I.

Nevertheless, the translators show that they have appreciated the quality of the soul, because when they meet with the Greek adjective *psychikos*, they translate it not "psychical," but "sensual," as in Jude xix: "Sensual, not having the spirit," still, however, giving it an essentially material meaning.

But Mr. Stead tells us of the third Leonie, whom he calls, "The Lordly Leonie," who strikes terror into Leonie II. when she misbehaves. Surely Leonie No. I. should call Leonie No. III. to her aid, if she has not already found out that the Kingdom of God is within her.

Mr. Stead further remarks: "We have not merely inferential but direct evidence that the imaginary voice of Leonie III." (why "imaginary"? it was heard by the soul), "which terrified Leonie II., proceeded from a profounder stratum of consciousness in the same individual." Surely this Leonie III. is typical of a still profounder and higher spirituality beyond her.

It is interesting, however, to learn through Mr. Stead that in the case of one Felida: "Her second state is altogether superior to her first." MIRROR.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VICOMTE DE LAPFLAND.—We do not know at this moment any person of sixty-seven to seventy-nine years old with whom you would wish to correspond, and, with every desire to help you, feel unable.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"  
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## Light:

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26th, 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.

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## SUB-CONSCIOUSNESS, OR WHAT?

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

Abridged from "The Christian Register."

Professor J. H. Hyslop, of Columbia College, recently, in an article in the "Independent," called attention to psychological experiences by Professor William James, of Harvard University, Professor Henry Sidgwick, of Cambridge, England, and others, and said, "Psychology is on the threshold of the profoundest mysteries it has ever discovered or ever dreamed of." This remark expresses the opinion of a number of careful thinkers and investigators whose attention has been given to the study of psychical phenomena—a subject of increasing interest, especially in this country and in England and France. The hypnotic condition in its different stages, clairvoyance, and telepathy, or mind-reading, have been made the subject of systematic investigation, and the rigid scrutiny to which the phenomena have been subjected has done much to sift the wheat from the chaff, and to establish beyond doubt that there is a residuum of truth in claims which until recently could scarcely gain the attention of minds of recognised ability and reputation.

Among the phenomena which puzzle the doctors and philosophers is automatic writing—writing without the conscious effort of the person whose hand forms the letters, and to a large extent independent of the person's own thought. To this phenomenon my attention was drawn nearly two years ago by my own personal experience, and from that time until the present it has been to me a subject of curiosity and wonder and of careful study and experiment. I have never been a believer in modern Spiritualism, nor had more than the ordinary interest in its alleged phenomena or in its literature, have never consulted a medium, attended a "séance" or "circle," heard a "rap," or witnessed any of the so-called "manifestations." In my case, therefore, automatic writing has not had for its conditions any preconceptions or surroundings such as are popularly supposed to be necessary to the phenomenon. I have never been in a trance or hypnotic condition, nor ever witnessed anything in the way of mesmerism. Some years ago, however, I did experiment, in company with some non-Spiritualists (several of whom were members of orthodox churches), with planchette, when I obtained, to my surprise, writing of a somewhat remarkable character, but, on the whole, so unsatisfactory that in a few months I dropped the experiments.

This automatic writing occurs when I am as normal and in as full possession of my mental powers as I am while writing this article. My hand holding a pen or pencil is moved without the least effort on my part, the handwriting

differs from my own, and the writing is done with a rapidity which I never could command. The thoughts expressed are not mine: they are frequently at variance with opinions I have long held, and I do not know what a sentence or a word will be until it is completed. In some cases, a series of statements of a personal character has been written which I disbelieved at the time, and of the truth of which I was convinced only weeks afterwards on hearing the facts from persons who knew nothing of my experiences. In some instances, the autographs signed to communications have corresponded so closely with the real autograph of the person purporting to write that the friends of the person deceased, on comparing the writing and knowing I had never seen the handwriting of the person when alive, have been surprised and confounded.

I cannot command the writing. Frequently when I ask for it, I either get nothing in reply or a short sentence, such as "Want power," "Conditions are unfavourable," "Gone"; and, when I do get communications, I cannot get them from those I desire to hear from. The presence of my husband, who has no power of automatic writing or other "mediumistic gifts," is necessary to connect writing. Over and over again, when alone, I have tried to get writing, but have never been able to get more than two or three words, disconnected and incoherent. Once or twice a name has been written in such a fashion that I could read it only by holding it before a mirror: to write one word in that way is utterly beyond my own power. Again, with the pen in my left hand, occasional sentences have been written upside down. My own penmanship is most commonplace, and I am not able to vary it; yet often the writing is far superior to my own. We have not from the first invited more than a half-dozen of our personal friends, none of them Spiritualists, to witness this writing, and never more than two at one time. On such occasions the writing was laboured, fragmentary, and unsatisfactory.

The communicating intelligences insist that they are "spirits." Neither my own opinions nor those of my husband seem to have any influence in determining what is written, and our most cherished theories are frequently criticised in strong but courteous language. Sometimes statements have been written which were found afterwards to be incorrect or partially so. Rhymes are frequently dashed off rapidly in reply to our questions or suggestions.

From a large mass of manuscripts containing our questions and the answers given through automatic writing, I wish here to give some samples characteristic of the sort of communications received, yet hardly know how to select from such abundant material, and choose somewhat at random. I begin with a short sitting:—

Q. "Will our invisible friends write for us to-night?"

A. "We are ready to answer such inquiries as your common-sense suggests should be asked, when you remember the limitations of our different conditions."

Q. "Will you give your name?"

A. "It cannot be reasonably argued that a name emphasises ideas. The one object of importance in our plane is the supremacy of ideals to mere superficial appearances."

Q. "Will you give us from your standpoint of knowledge a definition of three words—'body,' 'soul,' and 'spirit'?"  
First, 'body.'"

A. "'Body,' as we understand the word, means a temporary condition of what you name 'matter,' necessary to development of soul."

Q. "What, then, is 'soul'?"

A. "'Soul' is the *ego*—the individualisation of an atom of the great unity, spirit."

Q. "And how do you define 'spirit'?"

A. "'Spirit' is the all of being—inexplicable to those in the body: you must come up higher to understand."

Q. "What do you mean by the 'atoms of unity'? How can there be such, when each atom is in itself a whole—a unity?"

A. "Puribus numeris."

An extremely appropriate answer: "One formed of many." Without giving them in the order in which they were written, I will transcribe some of the answers to questions which naturally suggest themselves when answers are claimed to be given from the spirit world:—

Q. "On your plane do you arrive at certainty in regard to immortality?"

A. "We here are as ignorant as you are as to the ultimate of existence. Immortality is still an undetermined issue. One life at a time seems as pertinent with us as with you."

Q. "Is not every spirit on your plane assured of continued existence?"

A. "Continued existence does not necessarily mean immortality to all mankind. When the change you call death occurs, there is but a step taken towards the change which annihilates as well as strengthens."

Q. "Does the form of man change with change of planes?"

A. "Cannot you understand that your ideas of form are limited by your sense perceptions, and you could not understand the correct answer to your question?"

Q. "Do you on your plane have immunity from the griefs and ills which we here are obliged to endure?"

A. "Life here, while akin to and an evolutionary outcome of the life which you are now passing through, is on a wholly different subjectivity. There are evils and what may be termed troubles with us; but they are far from the unbearableness of the sorrows earth-souls are necessarily called upon to endure. Our deepest griefs come from our sympathy with your evanescent troubles."

Q. "Why are incorrect, false, or no answers at all given to some of our questions?"

A. "Brother, wisdom is not unmixed with us any more than with you. Undeveloped souls will continue here to exhibit their shortcomings as they do when with you; nor are such anarchistic spirits to be repressed at once here any more easily than when in the flesh. We can only pity and teach."

Q. "Who is it gives so good an answer?"

A. "One whose life was devoted to teaching—one who sympathises, but whose name does not matter."

Q. "Do class distinctions exist on your plane?"

A. "Classes here are high or low according to the strength of moral worth, and also superior lovingness of all. Your companionship with mortals is based on their congeniality in some way with your moral and intellectual nature. So also with your companionship with souls on our plane."

Q. "Are the standards of merit on your plane identical with or similar to ours here?"

A. "Souls are classed here according to their withstanding of the strongest temptations to which they were subjected on your plane. There are those here guilty of great crimes according to earthly codes who yet take precedence of some who had no temptation to sin."

The rhymes we obtained were nearly all in the same metre, generally given unexpectedly in reply to some question asked by us, but sometimes given at my request as a good-night word at the close of a sitting. They were always written rapidly, and but rarely was any word erased or hesitation over choosing a word shown. Once, when I had rather insisted upon getting a rhymed thought from this source, the following was written without pause:—

"Poets are not forced to sing  
Charming songs to please:  
Still to you we choose to bring  
Rhymes like summer breeze.  
Shall not we, who poets are,  
Answer you, who fain would be  
Counted midst our skies a star,  
That stars spin in their courses free?"

At another time, when, after some serious writing had been given, I pleaded for a verse of some kind, some little hesitation was shown; then one was begun a little impatiently, shown by jerky, rapid writing—

"Should we whose thought is mortal's aid  
Submit to rhythmic furors played  
By"—

then stopped and wrote "Good-night." Whereupon I asked to be forgiven for my importunity. Immediately, without division into lines, this was written—

"We are not in rhyming mood:  
Please let that be understood.  
Rhymes are babes' diversions you  
Should never ask us to pursue."

Once, when the name "W. C. Bryant" was written, I doubtfully asked for some evidence that this was the poet. The following was quickly written—

"Woods and mountains, fields and pale Morn,  
Witnesses were of beauteous wonders, borne  
Into my questing soul when still enthralled  
Within the prisoned sphere which matter walled."

Very many unique and unexpected communications have been received of which I can here give but one or two short samples. Once, after several incoherent words had been essayed, "Woman wants to say a word" was written in a clear, bold hand. "I am always glad to hear from any woman," I answered. "Who is it will now write?"

A. "Catherine." I named all the Catherines who occurred to my mind, but no response was made. Finally, "Saint" was written.

Q. "Is it Saint Catherine? If so, will you not give some expression of your ideas in regard to our sex?"

A. "Woman's highest work means self-abnegation." I protested against this as savouring too much of former masculine ideas, and asked, "Why should women more than men be self-sacrificing?"

A. "Please remember that I, as a virgin worker, did not study man's requirements."

Q. "But what do you consider the very highest thing for all humanity?"

A. "Love." This written in large letters.

Q. "What is your definition of love?"

A. "Love is joy in universal uplifting and soul-progress."

At another time, following a communication of a wholly different tenor, came this:—

Q. "Who will now communicate with us?"

A. "Southern woman—Sally."

Q. "Sally what?"

A. "Sally—bondswoman and slave—wants to say that all are equal here."

Nothing previously said, read, or thought by us could have suggested this.

Q. "In what Southern State did you live, when in our form?"

A. "Louisiana."

Q. "What draws you here now?"

A. "Your love for the down-trodden."

Q. "Have you any special message to give?"

A. "Yes; women of our colour are to be brought up to the natural level of all women. Those are born who will see this possible."

Q. "If you were a slave, how comes it that you were interested in the woman question, as that is an advanced idea?"

A. "Was allowed special privileges, as all pleasing girls were, when sensual men were masters."

Q. "When did you die?"

A. "Torn to pieces by bloodhounds seven years before Louisiana seceded."

The words "Torn to pieces" were written as if representative of the act, in large, ragged-looking letters. I shuddered as I read what was written, and expressed my horror, as well as my doubt, of the truthfulness of the story. Immediately came this:—

A. "Southerners would not allow that such horrors were; but slavery knew bloody stories."

Q. "What is your reason for coming now to me with this dreadful relation?"

A. "Ghosts are spiritual. You should know all sides of spirit life."

Very frequent have been the hints given as to the varying conditions necessary to get *en rapport* with the communicating intelligence; and from many pages of such hints I select a few as specimens of the reasonableness of the whole.

Q. "Are you always in such direct communication with our plane, that you are aware of all that occurs among us?"

A. "All our knowledge of mortal doings is given us from communion with the minds of the mortal individuals with whom we can get into *rapport*."

Q. "How do you know when to come to us?"

A. "Placed as we are, we wait with spiritual vision your hours of leisure when we can come into *rapport* with you."

Q. "What are the essential qualities necessary in those in our sphere to bring us into *rapport* with those on your plane, so that communication can be held between the two?"

A. "That depends on, first, what moral, intellectual or aspirational spiritual plane you are banded with."

Q. "Well—you who are now answering us—what is necessary in us to make such communication possible?"

A. "Philosophical inquiry, research, and investigation."

Q. "Do you among yourselves pursue the philosophical study of such questions as awakened your interest while in our state, or have you no further need of such studies?"

A. "Sympathetic longings draw toward each other such spirits as have common wish to know the reasons for much that seems mysterious to us—both from your point of view and ours, more advanced. So we meet together and formulate methods to bring us as near as possible with the thinkers on your side, and also to stimulate the scientific study of being among ourselves."

Q. "What is your chief desire in regard to us and your communications?"

A. "Show you that your ephemeral state of existence, with all the little troubles which seem so terrible to you, are but transitory and yet necessary to spiritual development. Every hour of sorrow will in some future stage of being blossom into flowers of many happy experiences."

Q. "Would it be helpful to ask —, who is said to be an honest medium, to be present at one of these sittings with us?"

A. "Wait. It is always best to test even mediumistic persons, since their control and yours may be on very different planes and belong to altogether different spheres. You don't, on your plane, wish to take into your confidence everyone who professes to think and believe as they think you do."

When we asked the names of those writing certain messages, we were informed over and over again that names were of little account with them. Once we asked one to identify himself by writing the date of his birth and death, when this was written:—

A. "Could with some search recall; but, my friend, on our side of static being, we are not accustomed to the names and dates. We are bounded by motives and desires, so we are constantly misunderstood."

Yet, in spite of these frequent protests against individual names, many of the communications purport to come from departed thinkers whose names are widely known—such as Wordsworth, Emerson, the Brownings, &c. When taken to task for such assumptions, we were informed that many spirits who "embodied cleverness in creations of their fancy adopt names suited to their ideas," and that kindred souls took the name of some representative thinker known to us to convey to us some idea of the spiritual plane on which they moved. One signing the name "Thomas Aquinas," when asked what characteristic thought could be written, gave this:—

A. "Bourgeoned with happy thoughts, we have not words wherewith to utter them in your bounded language."

When we expressed doubt as to the individuality of the writer, this was added: "Saintly souls are ever at one with the pure aspirations of the most modest spiritual thinker. Kindred souls shall ever be in true sympathy; and on your plane—oh, so limited!—much has to be taken on trust, for, with all your earthly wisdom, you are forced to concede that faith is an absolute necessity. By-and-bye, you will understand why."

The singular thing in this communication is the use of the word "bourgeoned"—a word which to my conscious knowledge I had never seen before, and which, when written, I doubted there being such a word. However, on consulting the dictionary, I found that "bourgeon" meant to "shoot into branches," to blossom. I could then see the appropriateness of its use.

What is the source of these communications which I have reason to believe are being received by hundreds of persons in both this country and Europe who until lately disbelieved in the possibility of such occurrences? We naturally look for the cause in ourselves before going out of ourselves to explain any phenomena in which the activity of any part of the body is in a concomitant condition. Is there a sub-conscious or subliminal self that supplies the thought expressed in these messages and directs the hand to write them? Does this sub-conscious self have methods of acquiring knowledge unknown to the superficial consciousness? Is telepathy one of these? Are the phenomena of what are called multiple personality—phenomena which are real beyond any doubt—but so many different personal manifestations of the deeper self? Until these and other cognate questions are answered, large numbers of men and women will continue to see in such phenomena the agency of invisible beings. I believe with Professor Hyslop that "psychology is on the threshold of the profoundest mysteries it has ever discovered or ever dreamed of." And in this connection automatic writing is, as Alfred Binet says, "a most important phenomenon, and is worth the trouble of being carefully studied."

## THE REDEMPTION OF SPIRITUALISM.

Address delivered by Mr. R. J. Lees to the members and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance, on the evening of December 15th:—

There is a passage in one of Judge Edmonds' letters which I think is exceedingly pathetic, and may well serve me as a starting point in the matter to which I wish to direct your attention. It is alike retrospective and prophetic. The staunch old pioneer had been running his eye over the vicissitudes of the six years since his conversion—those years in which he suffered all that any man could suffer for a cause, save death; then he surveys the present, continues his gaze into the future, and concludes thus: "Tolerated, rather than welcomed, among my fellows, at an advanced age, and with infirm health, compelled to begin the world again; and, oh! amid what discouragements! with the subject so dear to me, tainted with man's folly and fraud; destined to see fools run mad with it, and rogues perverting it to nefarious purposes; meeting in its daily walks much that is calculated to discourage and dishearten; and beholding how the world, for whom this glorious truth comes, turns from it and reviles it,—I have never for one moment faltered from that hour in my belief."

More than thirty years have passed since these words were written, and we are able to say to-night that the prophetic vision of the venerable and honoured seer has been fully realised; since the taint of folly and fraud has not yet been effectually effaced from our escutcheon, neither have we been able entirely to rid ourselves of the company of that portion of humanity who proverbially rush with thoughtless steps where wiser intelligences would almost fear to tread.

Yet I would not for one moment lead you to think that I take by any means a pessimistic view of our present position and future prospects. If we have not achieved all that was possible, we have, at least, been sufficiently successful to thank God and take courage. Whether it be admitted or not, it is none the less a fact that Spiritualism has power to compel attention in science, art, literature, and theology. The cry of "humbag" which greeted the pioneers of the movement with a ceaseless monotony, is now dead; the "devil" theory is discarded since it missed fire and proved that much abused individual to be not by any means so black as he had been painted, if in the nineteenth century he could turn his hand to the godlike labour of binding up the brokenhearted; and we are warranted in saying that the world is prepared to admit that there is "something in it." When the history of this century is written the claim which our President made in a recent number of "LIGHT" will be admitted, not only in the limited sense in which he so modestly makes it—that "Spiritualism has prepared the way which made the labours of the Society for Psychical Research and Mr. Stead's ghost number possible"—but that its equally powerful influence has reached to other and apparently independent matters, and has had not a little to do with the revolutions and reformations which in the future will shed a halo of glory over our day and generation.

The legitimate position of Spiritualism is in the van of human progress—moral, social, and religious; and that it will ultimately reach such a point is beyond all question, for, as William Cullen Bryant has sung:—

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies among her worshippers."

But the question for us to consider is, how soon shall this cause which we have espoused enter upon its rightful inheritance? The present is the manufactory of the future; we are now making the history of this movement, and our activity or otherwise will be conspicuously apparent to the eyes of the generations who will come after us. Past experience, present surroundings, and the tongue of every prophet alike appeal to us to be "up and doing"; to

"Act, act in the living present;  
Heart within and God o'erhead";

in order that we may clear our cause of the aspersions which have been cast upon it. Many of them, I admit, are malicious and unfounded, but there is a percentage which unfortunately is only too true, the which if we are wise we shall without delay take in hand and do our best to remedy.

All reforms to ensure success must have a personal and practical beginning, and in this most vital point we as Spiritualists are not by any means what we ought to be, and herein lies our weakness. I am perfectly willing to admit that we have been diligent in the study of the phenomena, and many of us have patiently read and studied the philosophy of our subject. If an opponent arises to traduce or misrepresent us, we are quite strong enough to give blow for blow and carry away the laurels in a logical argument; but Spiritualism is more than argument, more than phenomena, more than philosophy: it is life. If our intercourse with the friends beyond us does not develop and quicken our spiritual life it fails in the very purpose for which it is ordained, and it would be better far for us to know nothing of it than to so misuse the opportunity which has been given to us. Please do not misunderstand my meaning. I have no wish to link the name of Spiritualism with any theological sect or form of belief. The true Spiritualist may equally belong to any of the various denominations, or he may not believe in one at all, but if he is to be all that he ought to be he will recognise the fact that, since he has advantages of intercourse which the majority of men do not at present enjoy, by virtue of that communion men have a right to expect that his life shall be more intensely real and in accordance with the professions he makes to the world. The Church holds certain articles of faith, and believes that by conforming thereto man will be saved; we know that present motive has more to do with our condition on entering the next phase of life, and that every action is registered and bears its silent witness for or against us, either to acquit or condemn. We know, from the lips of those who have solved the mystery, many of the conditions with which they are surrounded; we have their advice and counsel at our disposal—nay, more, we have their proffered assistance to help us to avert the mistakes which they see in their own career; from them we know more of the law which governs life, are made conversant with the inevitable retribution which follows in the path of the wrong-doer, and have boundless studies and investigations open to us as to what we are and shall be. But do we prize all this as one would think we should? I fear not. We have certainly inscribed upon our banner our belief in "the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man," but we are by no means unique in this respect, and though we have had more than forty years in which to emphasise the fact that we have adopted this responsibility, for my part I fail to see where we have made it more of a living reality than the thousand and one others who emblazoned it upon their shield before us.

The first thing, then, necessary to our success is a more practical assimilation of our profession to our individual daily life. Let us never forget that like attracts like, and the character of our attendant spirits is very largely determined by ourselves. Tell me the general character of the messages you receive through any medium, and I will tell you pretty accurately what the real character of the medium is. The spirit world begins its work with us just where it finds us; our departed friends reach down to us with the view of lifting us out of our present selves into the men and women it is possible for us to become. But if we refuse to help them by helping ourselves, the responsibility lies upon our own shoulders, and we cannot wonder if they of necessity cease a useless and unassisted effort, and leave us to those lower intelligences for whom our condition has the stronger affinity. It is impossible that we can maintain a stationary spiritual condition when brought into such close contact with influences which are so energetic as we are accustomed to meet. Every séance has its beneficial or contrary effect upon us; it is an opportunity improved or lost, producing an effect upon our spiritual character which will have to be taken into account and balanced by-and-bye. Neither is this responsibility confined to our séances, but the door of communication once being opened, I am not by any means sure that we possess the power to close it. We are made conscious of the fact that we are "compassed about by a great crowd of witnesses," who are cognisant of not only every act, but also of every thought. This is the greatest incentive to our being real and true in everything we do or say. We all know the story of the prisoner who was driven mad by the eye of his guard being continually upon him, but Spiritualism makes us aware of the unceasing watchfulness of our spirit friends—a knowledge which should exercise the most powerful influence upon our character and conduct. Yet I am afraid we are not

practical enough to admit this. I have seen numbers of Spiritualists positively astounded by the reminder, through a medium, of some transaction of which no mortal eye has been a witness, and the satisfaction of the test has been sealed by the admission that "it is simply marvellous." But why so? If spirit communion is a practical reality, there is nothing at all wonderful in such things. The spirit is not by any means limited in his knowledge to what transpires in the presence of the medium, and the continual drawing aside of the curtain of privacy from our lives has a far greater purpose than gratifying the curiosity by a startling and unexpected test. It is the spirits' method of making known to the world that a dispensation is dawning when "that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops." It was more than the King of Syria could believe, that his secret counsels could be known and frustrated by Elijah, who was away in the camp of the enemy, but it was no such mystery to the Israelites. Thus should it be with us. Leaving the wonder, and the panic, and the confusion to those who are not so favoured as we have been, let us learn the lesson which our friends would teach us by these experiences—that the spirit-world demands from us lives in consonance with our professions, and that the outward presentment of ourselves shall be the faithful manifestation of the motive which operates within.

The next thing we have to do is to build a vestibule to the séance room in which inquirers may become acquainted with our methods, conditions, history, and philosophy before they are introduced to the experimental and practical phase of the subject. There was a time when it must needs be that a man must rush into the séance before he could know anything of the subject, but that was in the initial stage of the movement, when the onus of proof lay altogether on the phenomena and the powers behind. But matters have changed, and much that the spirit-world was compelled to do in the beginning can be done equally well, perhaps even better, by ourselves to-day. We are in a position to give all necessary instruction and prepare the inquirer for that practical demonstration of a future life for which he is searching, and we are responsible for the due observance of that order which it is only fitting should be observed when we meet for what ought to be the most hallowed communion on earth. No man, or woman either, has any right to enter a séance in these days without a clear and definite conception of the conditions to be observed, an intelligent idea of the methods of communication, and an earnest desire to learn the truth, which will lead him to assist rather than retard the manifestations, considerably reduce the difficulties against which our friends have to contend, and prevent entirely those disgraceful scenes which are now by no means infrequent, and bring the subject into disrepute. If any man is earnest in his inquiry, he will be content to take advice from those who know better than himself how best to proceed, and though ocular demonstration may be delayed for a short time, he will be well rewarded by the grasp of the subject he will obtain from a course of reading or conversations of an initiatory nature. Those who demand to see first, and promise to read afterwards, will never make brilliant acquisitions to our cause, and, so far as I am concerned, they are by no means desirable persons for me to spend my time upon in seeking to convert them. Spiritualism is an intellectual study, and it must be entered upon in a systematic manner if it is to grow into the power it may and ought to become. Past experience shows us how few care to read and study the question when once introduced to the demonstration, and therefore we are bound, if we have the welfare of the cause at heart, to insist on the future exclusion from séances of those persons who will introduce the inharmonious elements of ignorance, ridicule, and vulgar curiosity. In our churches and chapels, where men and women meet for contemplation of that future life, every person recognises the desirability of reverent and orderly demeanour; how much more so should it be with us who not only meet for contemplation but to listen to the voices of those who have entered upon that state. If the church by virtue of its associations is considered a holy place, are we not right in claiming the séance, by the same law of association, to be the holy of holies, and defend its sacredness accordingly? We have been too anxious to convert the world, but it is time we learned the lesson that the race is not always to the swift, for we know by painful experience that there still exists a class of people who, like the parabolic brutes, will trample pearls

under foot and then turn and rend their would-be benefactors.

I am well aware that by taking such a course we should deal, to a great extent, a death-blow to professional mediumship, but I am more interested in the purity and nobility of Spiritualism than in the maintenance of professional mediums, especially as I am not yet convinced that spirit communion would cease if the whole class were extinct, and I think it is very questionable whether the good they have done to the cause has not been more than counterbalanced by the evil they have brought upon it.

Another great task which we have to face in the near future is the reformation of societies as at present constituted. The public meetings and séances of these societies have been, and are at present, a fertile source of the calumnies and misrepresentations which are levelled against us. The strength of a chain is in its weakest link, and the universal standard of Spiritualism is measured by the public utterances and demonstrations of the incompetent and undeveloped mediums who are allowed to occupy many of these platforms. A few persons sit down for a few nights, see phenomena they cannot explain, receive a series of messages more or less intelligent, and then avow themselves Spiritualists, secure a room, invite the public, and begin to show their fellow-men how ridiculous it is possible for a man to make himself; and a month or so later, having attracted the attention of half a dozen other cranks or notoriety hunters, a society is formed which poses as a responsible body to propagate any idea they choose; and Spiritualism has to bear the blame of it. They probably have no intelligent speaker among them, but there is no lack of persons available for the platform, who are accepted without any inquiry into conduct or fitness, if they possess the slightest mediumistic tendency; and there results a performance which is disgusting to a reverent worshipper, an insult to common-sense, and a valuable argument to our traducers. Wild and extravagant statements, which any fifth standard schoolboy would laugh at, are put forward under the authority of the greatest names the world has ever known, and clairvoyant and psychometric descriptions follow amid an excitement which defies all the requisite conditions for success, until the advertised service degenerates into a burlesque and the stranger retires with a firm conviction that Spiritualism is better left alone. Speak to any of the leaders as to the disastrous effects which are liable to follow, and you will hear something like this excuse: "Well, you know, she is very young at present, and has only been developing about a month. She did her best, I am certain; she will be all right by-and-bye." Perhaps so. I would not by any means blame the medium, but I blame those who allow such persons to stand on the platform of any society, where their best efforts can do no more than make a laughing-stock of a cause they profess to have at heart. It is not enough that a person does his best; we have a right to demand when a statement of Spiritualism is made to strangers that it shall be made by one—whether embodied or disembodied—who is competent to make it without bringing discredit upon a cause in which millions of others are equally interested with ourselves. If we have something in advance of those who are outside our pale, let it be evident in the superiority of our mode of expounding our claim, and let us very carefully eliminate whatever will be injurious to our contention. I am well aware that if my idea had been carried out there would have been very few societies in England to-day, but at the same time I also am convinced that Spiritualism would have been stronger for the lack of the notoriety that such advertisement gives. It is a reprehensible step—and one which every Spiritualist has a right to protest against—for any man or body of men to open a hall for the advancement of the cause without first making an adequate arrangement to competently fill the platform; much better would it be to let those who have learned the truth remain in their old position and quietly work among their friends as they have opportunity.

But societies do exist; their platforms are open, and if competent exponents of our claims are not forthcoming they will be occupied by others; therefore the question arises whether those who have the ability are serving the work faithfully by withholding the help they have it in their power to give. I give every man credit for honesty in this movement until it is proved otherwise, and I know that many well-meaning persons who have an interest in these societies

deplore the state of things I have referred to, but their only alternative is to close their doors, or become the laughing-stock of their local tormentors, for which they have neither disposition nor courage. A little help from those who have hitherto stood aloof would, I believe, not only have a beneficial effect upon organisations, but it would show to the world that Spiritualism has another and more attractive side, and soon remove many of the groundless objections which have force against us at the present time. Such a course may not be very congenial to some; it may clash with preconceived ideas; but I ask, is it always congenial to the spirit friends to minister to us; are we not sometimes a trial to them? Yet we appreciate their labour and their ministry. They stoop to conquer, and in this work in which we have engaged we must do as they have done with us—begin where we find our work to lie; if it is down, lift it up; if it is stained, cleanse it; if it is ignorant, educate it; and so fulfil the law of love, and show practically that we believe in the brotherhood of man.

Very much could be done to remedy these evils if the papers devoted to the cause would persistently refuse to report meetings and séances of the sensational and melodramatic kind; but alas! some Editors appear to be blind to the pernicious influences they uphold. In a recent paper I had my attention called to the fact that a column of space was occupied in reporting a séance in which a medium professed to have been controlled by the spirit of a parrot, a sheep, and a donkey, and the Editor added a long note asking for additional similar experiences, as they were intensely interesting. With such a demand, what can we expect? Shall we get a Christmas number advising us of the arrival of a flock of spirit geese and turkeys which have taken possession of the editorial organism to give to the world a protest against the annual slaughter of their kind? Our American friends have bravely fought this question, and the literature which they send forth to the world, for the most part, is leading, as it has a right to do, onward and upward, towards the realisation of the ideal of Spiritualism. The cause with them has been duly recognised, and we in England have to follow in their footsteps wherever their example is worthy of imitation in order that we may hand on to our successors the truth as we have received it, free from all unnecessary blemish and stain.

How can we do it? Let me reply that while every reformation must necessarily begin with one man, the devotion and self-sacrifice of a dozen men soon kindle the enthusiasm of a host. Let us be real, and through good and evil report pursue our work for its own sake, moved by the same impulse which inspires those who are above us in their ministry to earth. Truth must win the day, and though our fellows in their ignorance laugh at us and call us fools, their hearts are yearning for that which we know is within their reach—

"The touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still."

There are multitudes of friends on the other side who are watching our labours, equally anxious to reach the loved ones still behind. Ignorance, doubt, and superstition bar the way, and in mistaken zeal to remove the barrier this glorious gospel which has been committed to our charge has been grievously wounded in the house of its friends. Who will help to heal this sore, who, in answer to the appeal of earth's children who are groping for the light, in answer to the cry from beyond of those who seek to set a lamp of truth in the dark corridor of the tomb—who will answer to the cry, "Come and help us"? Labourers are needed—sorely needed—in this harvest field, in which there are inestimable prizes to be won in the gratitude of men and the glad "well done" of the angel hosts and God.

#### A TALISMAN.

There is no talisman in stone or metal,  
No virtue hidden deep in leaf or petal,  
Averting evil in material life,  
No amulet, heli's influence controlling,  
Which sin through matter ever more is doling,  
But the crossed banner of our mortal strife!

We are as sons of God with pow'r to scatter  
The evils that assail our souls through matter,  
Doth not the spirit reign as matter dies?  
Yea, through *one* Talisman the soul supernal  
While yet in thrall fights up to life eternal,  
Armed with the cross that matter crucifies!

—KATE BURTON.

*Handwritten:* vol 14 p 100 3392-9