

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by the Editor.

Readers will have noticed a new departure in the last issue. For the first time a portrait has appeared in illustration of a narrative in the text. The record of seances held at the house of the late Dr. Stanhope Spear, commenced in our last number, received additional interest from the reproduction of an excellent portrait of my friend. He saw very much of Spiritualism under exceptional conditions. At the time when he began his investigation his mental attitude towards the transcendental — of Spiritualism we were all equally ignorant — was that of a scientific Materialist. His scalpel had not found the soul, and there was not in his mind any niche into which the conventionalities and commonplaces of religious faith would fit. Though a member of the Church of England, and a curious reader of such books on the fulfilment of prophecy as came in his way, he was above all a man of science, pinned down to what he knew as "facts," a Materialist in his philosophy, to the very extreme a Phenomenalist in his Spiritualism. The physical phenomena had a great attraction for his mind. He never tired of eliciting all forms of objective phenomena: and I do not doubt that it was attributable to this dominant desire of a very positive mind that we had so much repetition of elementary phenomena which we, the other sitters, did not want, once we had observed and noted them. One would have thought that an acute and cultivated mind, which had interest enough in looking into futurity to read the lucubrations of Dr. Cumming, would have been more than interested in coming into contact with denizens of that land to which he was bound, and would have deposed the Seer of Crown Court in favour of those who were presumably better informed, and in whose integrity and knowledge he had absolute trust. But it was not so. His interest was confined to the phenomena. He delighted to bring down spirit to the plane of matter, and to keep it playing psychological tricks. They amused and delighted him; but of the philosophy and higher developments of which these spirits were the exponents he seemed unable to get anything like a firm grasp. With the very marked limitations of his mind he was, I have no doubt, a useful member of a very exceptional group, who rapidly passed beyond what interested him. His testimony to what, after all, chiefly interests an inquisitive world is all the more valuable for the purposes of their conviction. For there are many to whom possible developments on the plane of spirit must begin on the plane of matter, and of this large body my friend was one. Moreover, his was an unyielding will, more apt to impose itself on those who came to teach us than to receive instruction in a teachable spirit of humility.

He knew what he wanted, and he would have that or nothing. If this dogmatic attitude was a hindrance in our circle — and it was so unquestionably — it also had its advantages. I believe that the remarkably clear and sharply defined phenomena which were so profusely shown to us were attributable to the presence, in his case, of a very dominant will and in my own of a very precise and accurate habit of thought and mind. The phenomena were produced with the precision and regularity of a series of experiments at the Royal Institution. I attribute that exceptional quality in their presentation to the causes I have indicated.



"THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND."

"The Touch of a Vanished Hand" is a reproduction of a well-known picture by Gabriel Max, the celebrated Viennese artist. Needless to say, Professor Max is a Spiritist. I see that the artistic part of Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden's new and improved volume of the "Sphinx" is to be under the direction of Professor Gabriel Max. If it be the painter of this striking picture, there can be no doubt that the editor has secured most valuable co-operation: but I was under the impression that Herr Max had been removed from this sphere of action some years ago. I hope, for our own sakes, I was in error, and that we may have from him more such pictures as this and another which I propose to give in sequence to this.

In another column will be found some account of the improvements which Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden proposes to introduce into his magazine, the "Sphinx." That this notice may not escape the attention of my readers, I will shortly

announce that the next number (which will not appear till February)—the printers' strike and other hindrances intervening—will be published hereafter by C. A. Schwetschke and Sohn, Brunswick. The year will be from March to February, instead of from January to December. The magazine will be increased in size, and will have one or two illustrated supplements, the price remaining the same—six shillings a year—but there will be three volumes in the year instead of two. Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden is honourably known for the excellence of his magazine, which, in this improved form, will more than maintain the high character which it has already achieved.

As a contrast to the above I turn to some amusing nonsense in a German newspaper, which I will not advertise, sent to me by a correspondent. The "Banner of Light," it seems, is a "medium of communication between the Spiritists of the whole world." It is, however, "far exceeded by another newspaper called 'The Celestial City,' which appears in New York—Sole Spiritual Organ, which receives and publishes direct telegrams from the spirits of the departed." A glance at its columns reveals a staff of *collaborateurs*, whose very names must inspire the highest awe or—the broadest grin. One Will Shakespeare, "from the fourth sphere," humbly alludes to a sin of his youth, and sues for opportunity to confess. "Titus Andronicus,"

air where these illustrious shades are supposed to roost—if the term may be applied—or to be held in solution previous to precipitation—if that be more appropriate. If the editor has a particular question that Goethe or Julius Caesar or Machiavelli may be best supposed to answer he rings them up; they hold a consultation and reply by means of the Morse code, which, of course, they have all learnt. It is very simple, like all great ideas, and the staff is beyond the need of vulgar remuneration. *Quid* that these polyglot shades require a medium, however, and that they find him in the person of a quondam telegraph operator, who sits in the cellar and materialises their communications. This is what the German non-Spiritist paper gravely, and without the slight touch of humour which I have imported, presents to its readers as a glimpse of Spiritism!

A friend sends me a good case of dream-vision, subsequently verified. The dreamer thought she was looking down from a height on a passing funeral of a little child. The coffin was covered with white velvet, and on it were laid four white wreaths. It was accompanied by a band of music, and what she took to be a large body of hospital nurses in their usual uniform. A large crowd followed. My friend felt nervous, as her grandchild was ailing at the time, and under medical treatment. Two days after the dreamer rushed into my friend's room, breathless with haste, crying, "Come quick! My dream!" On going to the room on the opposite side of the house she looked down on a perfect realisation of the dream. A Salvationist funeral of a little child was passing. The white coffin, with the four wreaths on the top, was carried by bearers, and round the coffin and behind were the Hallelujah lasses, with their black dresses and white scarves, looking not unlike a large body of hospital nurses. The band followed, playing as they passed. It was a perfect case of second sight. The dreamer is well known to me; and my friend is Mrs. Stanhope Speer.

What is inspiration? A recent declaration by some eminent divines, among whom Dean Goulburn's is a prominent name, has set me thinking. Verbal Inspiration of the Bible, but for this notable declaration, I should have imagined to be in the same category with Eternal Punishment, consigned to the limbo of errors current in darker ages. It is instructive to notice, by-the-way, that this same Dean Goulburn published in 1866 a book of sermons on "The Acts of the Deacons," in which occurs an argument intended to show that the highest degree of inspiration does not preclude error and inaccuracy in matters of history. Referring to Stephen's speech (Acts vii.) the author points out some of these historical errors, *e.g.*, Jacob's having been buried at Sychem instead of Macpelah, in ground bought, not by Abraham, but by himself. Having excused this by the dangerous admission that in a rapid summary the speaker very naturally blends the two incidents into one, *so as to give the appearance of historical accuracy*, Dr. Goulburn goes on:—

These features of the address, while they do not in the slightest degree affect the argument, or detract from its conclusiveness, serve to show two important points—one, that even the highest form of inspiration is not dictation; that the human mind (with its ordinary faculties of memory, imagination, and reasoning) is called into play, and not merely the pen or the organs of speech; and the other, that the highest form of inspiration consists with such apparent inconsistencies as do not in the least affect the ideas which have to be conveyed, or the great scope of the passage. "The Kingdom of God," says the Apostle, "is not in word, but in power." And we may say the same of inspiration. It does not reside in the mere outward expression, but in the idea expressed, which, being God's idea, not man's, must be forcible, must be eloquent, must be cogent, when by the Holy Spirit's power it is brought into contact with the human mind.

These questions of the limits and limitations of inspiration concern closely the matter of automatic writing. For

it appears, was not written by him, but by one Lorraine, who had lent him the MS. of the play and shortly afterwards died. Shakespeare takes shame to himself for having annexed the "copy" and stolen the writer's fame. The same number has "wires" from Messrs. Goethe, Schiller, Washington, and from a composite knave who has the audacity to call his multiplex personality Homer. Among other members of the staff, once not unknown to fame, we find Socrates and General Grant, Schopenhauer and Napoleon Bonaparte, Abraham Lincoln and Buddha, Horace Greely and Frederick the Great. (It will be observed that I have not attempted any classification of the gentlemen on the staff of "The Celestial City.") My readers will like to know that the arrangements for the convenience of contributors is as simple as it is effective. From the editor's desk, on which is a telegraphic instrument, a number of wires lead up to the roof and so to the outer

of course, inspiration is of various orders and degrees, and my hand may have given form to the inspiration conveyed to me by a spirit, when for many years I automatically wrote I knew not what, as my hand was moved by an unseen intelligence, just as really as these gentlemen consider that Scripture was written by direct inspiration of the Supreme.

As is usual there is much inclination amongst critics to dwell on the form that inspired matter takes. For myself I prefer to dwell upon its spirit. If that be good I am not much concerned to trouble about the form. That, I take it, would vary with different mediums, according to idiosyncrasy and development. We must go for our real evidential test to the spirit. And here I fancy most Spiritualists would be more influenced adversely by, say, the assumption of a great name by an inferior intelligence, or the palming off as his own that which we know belongs to another, than by awkward caligraphy or by failure to copy the well-known signature of the assumed name. Be this as it may, we may use the term inspiration in reference to such communications, and our real business is to find out, if we can, where the communications come from. Mr. Hodgson, in the current number of the "Arena," is disposed, as his Society has always been, to fall back on the submerged personality, and trots out the Leonie dynasty once more. We are a bundle of multiplex personalities with marked inclination to describe our more recondite selves as spirits of the departed. Too thin! It is neither reasonable nor serious to apply such a theory to the accumulated cases which Spiritualism supplies. It is a mere trifling with serious facts. Others go to the theory of personating spirits. They tell us that this world of ours is full of posture-mongers, vain and feeble folk who are always posing and pretending to be what they are not. These histrionic spooks, they say, make up as the Shakespeares, Homers, and *hoc genus omne*, and naturally talk nonsense. They have cast themselves for too difficult a part and cannot play it. Only that we have been so agape at any communication being at all possible, we should not have wasted a second thought over such stuff. This is all very well, but it is good only so far as it goes. It does not cover the ground, like many a kindred theory. There is, perhaps, no single explanation that will. If there be, we have not yet found it: it is, in my opinion, more likely that the sources of error are various. Occultists tell us that they can command these unknown beings, can control these untubulated forces. If they can, the beings so commanded are of a lower order than themselves, and no one who has come into relation with the high intelligences, whose mission leads them to this lower world, will desire to exchange the rôle of pupil for that of master.

A trifer in the "St. James's Gazette" has caught the Aristotelian manner in a way to make one smile. At the risk of Aristotle not being a familiar article of mental diet to all my readers, I give some fragments from "a palimpsest, the upper surface of which contained one of Alexander the Great's servants' washing bills." There is in it a subtle suggestion of the average idea of the ghostly and spiritual entertained alike by the uninstructed philosopher and the uninstructed who are *not* philosophers.

Now of spooks we say there are two sorts—those which are seen and those which are not seen. Of the latter enough, perhaps, has been said; for that which does not appear is as if it did not exist, as Hegesistratus of Miletus said of the virtue of his wife. But of those which appear we may say again that there are two sorts—namely, those who are dead before they are spooks and those who are spooks before they are dead. Let us speak of the last first; for that is the natural order—or, at least, that which is adopted in our works.

But it is necessary to ask why a man becomes a spook—whether, we mean, for the sake of virtue, or of sport, or for what other reason. The Platonists attribute it to a natural propensity; but it is the better view that it is, as it were, a

failure and weakness of nature. For it is an unworthy thing to be a spook, and spooks do that which is unworthy—as, for example, the spook who put on stays, and, being discovered, was delivered to the magistrates and suffered punishment. . . . Others say that every man may be a spook, and that against his will, for that it is not a matter within a man's control; but this is to look at the dark side of things, as Alcibiades said when congratulated on his father's excellent health.

There are those who search for spooks, being, as it were, spook-hunters, like the dogs who search for truffles. Whether, indeed, there are spooks or no, they care not; for if there are none they invent them, and display them to the populace on receiving a reward; but "no spoms, no spooks," as it is written over the door of the house where these men abide.

There is a further question whether a spook can die or suffer death at the hands of others. On the one side, it is said that a spook is already dead; but, as we have seen, some men are spooks before they are dead. On the other hand, a spook has a sort of life; and it follows that he has a sort of death, but what sort remains uncertain. On the whole, we may say, summing up the matter, that a spook is neither alive nor dead, but something between the two, just as, comparing what we know with what is more uncertain, one who is betrothed is neither married nor unmarried.

But before we enter on an investigation of the nature of spooks it is necessary to remember that in the opinion of many they do not exist at all; which, indeed, if it were true, we might have considered earlier in our writings. But that is not our manner, as those who study our works will remember. For, as Agathon said of his income, you must spend it first, and then consider whether you have it; and not, in the spirit of a shopkeeper.

But enough of spooks in this place.

The fooling is very pretty: and the moral is prettier still.

CONVERSAZIONE OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

The members and friends of the Alliance will meet at the Banqueting Hall, St. James's Hall (Regent street entrance), on Wednesday evening next. See advertisement on our first page.

ERRATUM.

The foot-note to E Westlake's letter. "The Dickens Messages," in last week's "LIGHT," p. 35, col. 1, should read thus:—

The words enclosed between straight lines—thus | |—are the original version in the "Gentleman's Magazine." The variations from these words in "Edina's" message, purporting to be given by Charles Dickens, are in parenthesis—thus (). Words or phrases omitted by "Edina" are in brackets—thus [].

A HANDBOOK TO THEOSOPHY.*

There is nothing in this little book to differentiate it from its predecessors. Mrs. Besant writes a short preface in which she describes it as "a mere summary which the busy man and woman may quickly grasp"; and avows her belief that "Theosophy and Theosophy alone can really and permanently satisfy the cravings of the intellect and the emotions." There we do not follow her. The philosophy, science, and religion which, according to Mrs. Besant, are embodied in Theosophy, *i. e.*, in the teachings of the Theosophical Society, are hardly such as to justify her claims on their behalf. Nor do we think that in them "the restlessness of the human intellect will find its rest: the yearnings of the human intellect will find their satisfaction." There is much that requires to be said and done with the very foundations of the system before the superstructure raised upon that very insecure basis can find general acceptance. The evolutionary process, from the days of the formation in New York of the Society which afterwards became the Theosophical Society, has been marked by many and rapid changes. Its latest developments are well set forth in the present handbook, but Madame Blavatsky's "Key" remains incomparably the best guide to the inquirer. The book under notice has been hastily revised for the press, *e. g.*, "The sketch of the more important ideas as to the constitution of the Universe are necessarily very brief."

DEATH is the veil which those who live call life:
They sleep, and it is lifted.—SHELLEY.

* "What is Theosophy? A Handbook for Enquirers into the Wisdom-Religion." By WALTER R. OLD. (Hay Nisbet & Co. Price 1s.

"URANIA."*

"I was seventeen years old: her name was Urania." There is the epigrammatic account that the imaginative poet-astronomer gives of his early fascination by the Heavenly Muse. She was embodied in a statue that graced a clock in the study of the illustrious Le Verrier, at the Paris Observatory. The young Pygmalion was consumed with love of this divine figure. The responsive flame glowed in Urania Galatea's bronze bosom. She became instinct with a glorious life: she stepped from her pedestal. "Come," she said, "come up into the sky. Come and see."

With this pretty fable as introduction, and Urania for guide, we are transported to space, and gaze down on the rapidly vanishing earth. On: past the hilly landscapes of the Moon, with Mercury and Venus on either side of the Sun, the Earth equalling Venus in appearance and brilliancy; Jupiter, with his four enormous moons; Saturn, with his huge ring and eight satellites; Uranus, all held in vacancy by attraction of the Sun. On: till our solar system gave place to others, and our Sun had dwindled to the size of a tiny star apparently in the constellation Centaur, and we pass the solar system of Gamma Andromedæ with its three suns—blue, green, and orange yellow—shedding on their worlds a brilliant, scintillating light which makes the landscape sapphire blue, slightly touched with the emerald light of the more distant green sun on one side. And so on and on, till after traversing system after system, passing through space transcending human measurement, Urania paused, still "on the threshold of the Infinite, as we were when on earth. We have not advanced one step. Never, never any end."

There is no room to dwell on the various kinds of landscape and life on these varied worlds which the fertile imagination of the author hints to us as we pass through space. Nor is there room to do more than name his idea that all this infinite expanse of worlds is one aspect of the various training schools of the immortal principle, the Soul as known to us in one of its phases of being on our earth. "The day will come when the study of the conditions of life in the various provinces of the universe will be astronomy's essential aim and chief charm." The Earth is but a city in a celestial country, and man a citizen of heaven. Astronomy will pass from the mere plan of the physical universe to the mystery of the vital organisations that inhabit these countless worlds. Nay, more, "disclosing the plan on which the physical universe is constructed, she will show that the moral universe is constructed on the very same basis, that the two worlds form but one world, and that mind governs matter." What she does for space she will do for time; all ages are parts of one gigantic whole, through which thinking monads live for ever. "Astronomical philosophy will be the religion of lofty minds." What nobler aspiration, more exalting and exalted, can be conceived! Then we may hope to grasp some of the possibilities of the immortal soul, somewhat of its development, a fleeting glimpse of its final destiny. That is a religion worth the name; how noble, those may faintly realise who will turn from its soaring heights to that which passes current for it on this earth of ours! Yes, there is indeed much to be done; but there is Eternity in which to do it.

The lives and loves of George Spero and the fair Norwegian Iclea must not detain us: though the chapters that detail them are full of incidental instruction as to the growth of those souls which "are the seeds of planetary humanities." Killed, so far as earth life counts, by a fall from a balloon, the lovers are incarnated in Mars, he the woman now, she the man, in this new state so near to and

so like the old that was past. For life on Mars is nearer in kind to life on this planet. This Reincarnation, revealed in hypnotic trances, set thought in motion. Was it possible to reach these two friends? Was interstellar communication possible? Telepathy seemed to point the way. This gives our author opportunity to tell many a story familiar to our readers of telepathic impact of mind on mind, and to show his acquaintance with those ponderous volumes "Phantasms of the Living." Evidently an accomplished fact on earth, was such communication possible beyond the earth sphere?

Here is M. Flammarion's chance. A solitary rambler, a July day, a nap at the foot of a clump of oak trees, and *heï presto!* the wandering soul is in Mars, conversing with its inhabitants and gazing with emotion on the beautiful evening star, the Earth. What a pity, he meditated, that the dwellers on that lovely star have no way to soar beyond it. They find the Earth too wide, so divide themselves up into flocks, and spend their time showing one another. War is their favourite occupation. Aside from that they spend their existence in adoring matter. The comments of two Martians who join him are not complimentary. Your Earth is an absolute failure, because you are a generation of butchers. You eat: there is your fall, and you kill in order to eat: with you the law of life is the law of death. Here no one thinks of killing even a bird.

Are there then many Martians who have been incarnated on Earth as you—George and Iclea Spero, for to them he is talking—have been?

No: among the inhabitants of your planet the greater part is either ignorant, sceptical, or indifferent, and is unprepared for the spiritual life. They are attached to the Earth, and their attachment lasts for a long time. It is the eating that does it all. You reek of blood; your stomachs are coarse, glutted with foulness; how can you hope to be spiritual as we are? Many souls sleep completely. The aspiring ones come here or to Venus, a world also analogous to Earth. Some rise to the starry regions: all the way is open, for there is no such thing as space. Aspiration determines destiny.

But we must refer the interested reader to M. Flammarion's fascinating pages. Surely of all men he has made scientific use of his imagination to the purpose of evolving the loftiest conceptions of the soul's eternal progress, from the glimpses that astronomy has revealed here to his inquiring eye. The scientific testament which closes the book contains thoughts most impressive and far-reaching. "Man makes his own destiny: he rises or falls in accordance with his works. A primordial and absolute law governs creation—the Law of Progress. Everything rises in the Infinite: Sins are falls. Nature is a perpetual future. Progress is law: progression is eternal. The soul's destiny is to free itself from matter. It then enters on the spiritual life, eternally pure. The supreme aim of all is the perpetual approach to absolute perfection and divine happiness."

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

"The Science of Homeopathy." By W. B. PICKEN. (Homeopathic Publishing Company, 12, Warwick-lane, E.C.) Price 6d. [In the direction of reconciliation between orthodox medicine and homeopathy. An able argument.]

It will be seen by reference to advertisement that the Rev. J. Page Hopps will conduct a religious service and set forth the aims and hopes of "Our Father's Church" at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer-street, near Regent-circus on Sunday, January 31st, at 6.45 p.m. Seats free. Voluntary offerings for expenses.

TRUTH is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—MILTON.

* "Urania," a Romance by CAMILLE FLAMMARION. Translated by AUGUSTA R. STETSON. (Chatto and Windus.) Price 5s.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

THE CASE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

NOTE BY "EDINA."

It does not surprise me in the least to learn that the "story of a leveret" has been found published in Cowper's works. Probably the story of "Abraham Lincoln" has also been published before, and may yet be identified by some of your readers. The material question for discussion, however, is the identity of the communicator. My daughter knew none of the stories in question, and could not compose or condense them—her intelligence does not extend that length. Even if she had read all, or any of them, her memory could never have served to the extent of permitting her to rewrite them. Then, as I have said, they were penned in obscure light, with her back to the gas. Frequently have I looked over her shoulder and been unable to read more than a word or two of the messages she writes. She has written in total darkness more than once, and the messages were always coherent and correctly done. Further, if reproduction was intended, why the gaps and variations from the text? This view must, I think, be dismissed as untenable, and I turn to the question of personation.

To-day (January 14th) I again interrogated the medium as to whether she had ever seen a photograph of Dickens before the one purchased by me in Princes-street was shown to her. The reply was distinctly "No," with this qualification that she might at some period of her life have seen his likeness in one of the younger children's scrapbooks, but she cannot remember ever having done so. Her immediately younger sister, who is much with her, says that again and again she has asked the medium to begin reading Dickens's works, and the reply has always been that they "are too long and too dry for her." All knowledge or interest in the Dickens literature must therefore here be discarded. Then, again, it must be kept in view that her spiritual control, "Professor Sandringham," has been an observant spectator of the production of these messages throughout, and has, for reasons of health, put a stop to them for a season, as the communicator himself and also the control have both written to us messages to that effect. Now, our daughter's control has throughout been both good and (to speak humanly) "perfectly straight," and we therefore consider he would not permit either imposture or personation on the part of any communicator using the medium's hand—at all events while he was present.

Then, there is the beautiful and touching poem on the death of our child, which is certainly the work of a high order of intelligence and of a most devout spirit. Why should a personage who conceived and penned such a piece of poetry descend to the level of a literary impostor for no conceivable end, and take the trouble to pose as Dickens, to write abridged versions of his Christmas stories, going back as far as the year 1852, or to copy old stories of tame leverets written by another author? No: I cannot quite admit personation to be proved in view of all the surrounding circumstances.

What explanation or theory have we then to offer regarding the inception or purpose of these messages? Well, since forwarding them to you for consideration a possible or at least plausible one has occurred to us, and it is now given you *valent quantum*. These messages, we say, were written by the communicator, *not* for the pitiless dissection of a committee of scientific experts, or for the matter of that for the cultivated and critical circle who peruse the columns of "LIGHT"; but were penned for the instruction and amusement of a deaf person, whose capacity is limited, and whose taste for reading is simple to a degree. In that view the whole series of messages are not the work of Dickens, the novelist, but simply an effort of his spiritual intelligence to instruct and amuse an afflicted young lady. At the time they were written the communicator did not know or expect that these messages would find their way into the columns of "LIGHT," and consequently he suited his communications to the intellect and literary capacity of the medium, for whose benefit alone they were written. This is our theory as to the messages, and the end the communicator had in view in penning them, and as such it is modestly submitted for consideration. The same remark applies *a fortiori* to the somewhat puerile message from Dr. Living-

stone (published in "LIGHT"), but as it is my intention, with your kind permission, shortly to deal with that case also, no more may be said regarding it at present.

In conclusion, permit me to say the medium's "inner vision" has never yet misled her as to identification, and she is quite positive that the original of the Dickens photograph has both been seen by her and has spoken to her in this house. We therefore cannot doubt her assertion. As to the authorship of the messages we can only theorise and discuss probabilities, and our theory is now put forward with some confidence as a plausible one. Let us hope the communicator will return and give us some additional light. Should he do so, full details will be sent you.

A notable instance of the medium's inner vision occurred this evening. She states that this morning after breakfast she was sitting alone, and accidentally she looked into a breakfast cup on the table. She saw in it the face of a very old man wearing a priest's robe, and having a skull cap on his head, and over him were written in black letters the words, "Cardinal Manning." The "person" she saw in the cup bowed twice to her very gravely and then faded from view. She had seen in the newspapers that the Cardinal was ill, but at that time (10.30) his death was unknown here. In the afternoon she saw and identified his likeness in the evening paper as that of the person she had seen in the cup within three hours after the distinguished ecclesiastic had breathed his last. Of Cardinal Manning she knew nothing but his name, but she was able to see him as "on the other side" within a very brief space after his departure. Many more instances occur to me, but the one given must suffice for the present.

THE "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

The January number opens with a good portrait of the new Duke of Devonshire. The whole magazine is, as usual, profusely illustrated: among the portraits the most attractive are those of the ill-fated Duke of Clarence with his *fiancée*; the Bulgarian notables, chief among them M. Stambuloff, the virtual Dictator: and Mark Twain (Mr. S. L. Clemens). The character sketch is one that Mr. Stead is thoroughly qualified to write—Alexander III., Czar of all the Russians. The portrait shows a big man of massive build, with a good head, and a firm but kindly expression. It is the face of a strong man who moves slowly, but is not easy to dislodge from ground that he has taken up. Naturally, being what he is and where he is, he takes short views, but the impression of him as a weakling, cowed by ever-present risk of his life, is probably as far as possible from the truth. "Doing his daily work, cheerful and unperturbed," is the verdict that Mr. Stead gives. "He stands erect and joyous: cheerful without bravado, with the simple, open face of a man who has preserved amid all the affairs of State the heart of a little child." The whole number is as good if not quite so interesting as we usually find this key to the periodical literature of the month.

FINDING THE CHRIST.

I stood where robèd priests did chant
In mystic notes a solemn prayer;
Where swelled majestic organ tones,
And fragrant incense filled the air;
Where the resplendent altar shone
In light than earthly light more fair.

I slowly bowed and tried to pray;
My soul refused her part to bear;
"Where is my God? Thou hidden art";
An angel answered my despair;
Enter the temple of thy Heart
And worship thy Creator there.

I went within the inmost court,
Within the silence of my heart,
And there I found the Christ within,
Who ne'er will from the true depart;
And then I learnt the Truth within,
And Thee, Who Love and Wisdom art.

Then shone from out the holy shrine
A light divine unknown before;
The symbols fair, the burning lights,
The music, incense, chant of yore,
Gave out their teachings holy, bright,
As ever shone from ancient lore.

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

Light :

EDITED BY W. STANTON - MOSES.

["M. A. (OXON.)"]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23rd, 1892.

O 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 PITY OF IT!"

"THE Angel of Death is abroad in the land : I almost seem to hear the beating of his wings." It would seem to us incongruous that no word of sympathetic reference should be made to the great loss that we all deplore. The pest that has scourged us so fiercely has laid the whip where it will be most widely felt. In the opening days of a life which, in its full fruition, would have placed its possessor on the proudest throne that this world knows, the Prince of Wales's eldest son has been removed with accidents of singular and surpassing pathos. That must be a mind very destitute of one of the highest gifts, imagination, which is not touched by the tearful spectacle that we are all contemplating. A mother, scarce free from the burden of acute anxiety for one son, bereft of another while danger was yet scarce realised. A gracious lady, whose widespread sympathies with suffering and distress endeared her to the nation over which she seemed called upon one day to reign as Consort of its King, bereft of her promised spouse, widowed ere yet the marriage blessing was pronounced. These sorrows, on which none may intrude even with the best intentioned sympathy, to say nothing of the woes of other mourners, may well bring tears to eyes unused to weep.

The universal sorrow : the saddened crowds that thronged around the bulletins, till hope was quenched in knowledge of the end : the resolutions of profoundest sympathy into which the chemistry of the great Alchemist has transmuted the acclaim of congratulation : these are welcome indications of that unity of feeling in the great heart of the nation which is the surest guarantee of strength. This consolation we may pluck from the universal sorrow : in the sympathy of all is the measure of the unity and community of feeling which underlies the noisy differences which lie on the surface of our lives. One touch of nature makes us all kin.

The poet has given utterance in the language of imagination to feelings that find worthy expression in his verse. In the *Times* (January 15th) Alfred Austin writes:—

ALBERT VICTOR,

DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.

Born January 8th, 1864. Died January 14th, 1892.

Dead ! And no warrior soul outworn,
Aweary of the strife,
But He, alas ! we have to mourn,
A neophyte of Life :
Youngest of England's ancient Line,
Hope of a people's heart ; your promised King, and mine.

Now change the purple for the pall !
The bridal for the bier !
He, the beloved, besought of all,
Lies mute, ungazing, here.
Dust unto dust, the young, the proud ; —
A coffin for his crown, his majesty a shroud !

Yet weep not only for the dead :
Mighty and mean must die ;
The loftiest, like the lowliest, head
Is but a passer-by.
Death keeps no favours for the great :
Peasant and Prince alike live but in fee from Fate.

But Love, the boon of lord and clown,
Love had he made his own,
Love, jewelled beyond any crown,
Loftier than any throne :
Had found a maiden fond and fair,
Who, trembling on his breast, wept her glad weakness there,

Now muffled by the marriage-bell !
The nuptial wreath be rent !
Palace and tower must toll the knell
Of his dark timentment.
The flowers, we twined to blush and bloom
Around the bridal bed, must pale about his tomb.

Alas for Her ! the graced, the good,
For ever doomed to wear
The mockery of widowhood
About her maiden hair.
Scarce had she time to reach and clasp
The gifts of Love, but they were ashes in her grasp.

Glory of pomp, and glow of power,
'Tis nothing to forego ;
Grandeur is but a doubtful dower,
Rank oft but radiant woe.
But to lose Love, just seen, just known,
To mingle, Two-in-One, and then to mourn—alone !

O, if She could exchange her lot,
And now were free to choose,
With one who in some whitewashed cot
Over her baby coos,
And tend the humblest hearth that burns,
To whose awaiting smile the cherished one returns !

We weep with her. We weep with You,
No less, loved, widowed Queen,
Who nurse a loss for ever new,
A wound for ever green.
Your brow august is crowned with care,
So take Her to Your breast, and hush her anguish there.

And you, Sir, who for long, lone years
Have stood beside the Throne,
And now would stem a Mother's tears,
Forgetful of your own,
For you we mourn, we mourn for her.
All of us at your side, by His sad sepulchre.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

COINCIDENCES.

The following are going the round of the newspapers, *apropos* of the sad death of the young Duke of Clarence:—

It is a singular fact that of five Dukes of Clarence of different creations, not one has transmitted the title to an heir. The first Duke of the name was Lionel Plantagenet, third son of King Edward III., who was created Duke of Clarence in 1362. It was through his daughter Philippa, who married Edmund, Earl of March, that the House of York derived its claim to the Throne. The Duke having died in 1368 without male heir, his title became extinct. Thomas Plantagenet, second son of King Henry IV., was the second Duke of Clarence. He died without children in 1421. The most famous of all the Clarences, perhaps, was that unfortunate Prince George, brother of King Edward IV., who is traditionally said to have been drowned in a butt of his favourite Malmsey wine, and who has been rendered famous by Shakespeare through the description of "Clarence's Dream," which is likely to remain popular for all time in school-book extracts and books of recitations. This, the third Duke, was attainted for high treason in 1477, and his dukedom became forfeited. The last Duke of Clarence before the Prince of Wales's eldest son, was King William IV., who, it is well-known, left no heir.

MR. ALGERNON ASHTON writes:—The figures fourteen and twenty-eight seem, indeed, to be peculiarly ominous and fatal for our Royal family ! The Duke of Clarence died on January 14th, 1892, aged twenty-eight ; the Duke of Albany's death occurred on March 28th, 1884 ; while the Princess Alice and Prince Albert both happened to die on December 14th, the former in 1878, and the latter in 1861. These are strange coincidences which well deserve to be recorded.

RECORDS OF PRIVATE SEANCES FROM NOTES TAKEN
AT THE TIME OF EACH SITTING.

No. II.

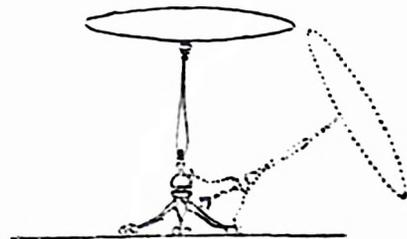
FROM THE RECORDS OF S.M.

My records begin on April 2nd, 1872. Such particulars from them as bear on the narrative above printed I append. My first séance with Lottie Fowler is already recorded in my "Spirit Identity" Appendix V., p. 124. The first of the sittings held by Dr. S. and myself with Herne and Williams took place on May 30th, 1872, at their rooms, 61, Lamb's Conduit-street. We sat at a very heavy oaken table, first in the light, then in darkness, without result; and adjourned to June 5th. Herne did not enter an appearance, and we left, feeling very suspicious, to meet once more on June 8th. Herne again failed to appear, and we commenced a sitting with Williams. Presently Herne came in, but no results were obtained. I had gathered from my reading that some persons stopped manifestations by absorbing the force, especially if they were undeveloped mediums. I proposed, therefore, that I should leave the room. I did so, and manifestations soon occurred. The table moved, some chairs tilted and were brought up nearer to the circle. The movements were very palpable when I returned after ten minutes' absence. I took my place at the table and all was quiet. I went away again and they recommenced. Herne's chair was lifted, and he was thrown to the floor with a loud clatter. I returned, and we determined to sit in the dark. Still no results, and at last we stood up. A clear, distinct tapping was heard over the mantel on the wall. I asked if my presence stopped manifestations. Three clear raps, louder than any we had had, eager, it seemed, to make the cause of failure plain. "Must I go?" Yes. "Can you not try to do something in my presence?" Yes. We sat down and faint taps came. I put the question through Williams—the previous ones had been put through Herne, for the Spirits apparently could not hear me— "Have I any mediumistic power?" Yes. (Very decided raps.) "Has Dr. S.?" No. More raps, and I tried to question for myself, this time successfully. Was there a friend of mine present? Yes. Any message? Yes. Through alphabet was spelt out "Do not be so sad. She will soon be better." There it ceased, and though I asked often I could get no more. I was in anxiety as to the serious illness of a close friend, who did soon after recover.

But it was after the raps had ceased that the most extraordinary manifestation of force took place. Herne had been twitching and jerking as was usual with him when any phenomena were about to occur. As we sat with joined hands round the table these mysterious twitchings were communicated to me. I felt them first in my face, then I quivered all over, and finally my right arm was seized about the middle of the forearm—I distinctly felt the grasp, soft but very firm, of a hand—and my hand was dashed violently up and down, beating on the table with a loud noise. My jerking was communicated to Herne and Williams; Dr. S. alone was unaffected. It was the most tremendous exhibition of "unconscious muscular action" I have ever witnessed. It left the ball of the thumb and the hand generally so sore and bruised that I could hardly hold a pen or use my hand for some days. I felt as if power was taken from me, and the mediums remarked that power was being taken for some manifestation. So it was. Herne was raised in the air and lifted bodily on to the middle of the table, his chair leaning from the mantel-shelf on to the table where he had been sitting. At the same time a chair, or chairs, fell in the room near, or at my left side: one was placed on my knees, quite gently, with a soft gliding motion and a gentle touch or pressure as though to draw my attention. My hand was painful and we closed the séance. I threw open the folding doors and went into the next room. Whilst there Dr. S.'s hat was

thrown from the far end of the room where no one was; it hit Williams on the head and fell heavily to the floor. As we left the room (on the first floor—Williams first, Dr. S. next, then myself and Herne close to me) I turned about half-way down the stairs to speak to Herne. The door of the room in which we had been sitting was open; no one was there, we had all left. The door was clear in my line of vision, and I saw a chair sailing out of the open door, about two feet or two and a-half feet from the floor, and coming towards us. It floated on, with the same gliding movement that I have before remarked on, and fell close to my feet. I returned to the room we had left, and made an examination, but discovered nothing suspicious. I was young then as an investigator, and could hardly believe that some trick was not being played. I discovered none, and know now that my suspicions were unfounded. The occurrence, coupled with the treatment of my hand, made a great impression on me. In my notes, made immediately on reaching home, I find this passage: "So ended a séance which must be held to establish beyond doubt to those present the existence of an unseen power capable of achieving great results. Psychic Force may have shaken my arm. Then Psychic Force is beyond my power to resist. But what about the Intelligence? Psychic Force will not answer questions, will not account for what I have heard (other sittings were in my mind as well as this) any more than it will for what I have seen. 'Unconscious cerebration,' 'unconscious muscular action,' &c., are all alike clumsy, insufficient methods of explaining what we cannot understand."

From June 12th to the end of the month Mrs. S. and I tried some private sittings with two cousins of hers, Mrs. C. and Miss A. C. We sat at a small table in subdued light. It was at these sittings that we first heard a curious, dull thud, hollow-sounding and muffled, coming apparently from the very centre of the table. It sounded as if in the wood, and not as if made by percussion on the surface. We tried in vain to imitate it. It was usually single, and replied only to questions that could be answered with a negative; very rarely the affirmative three raps were so given. Ordinary answers were given by clear, sharp taps of quite a different character—more like the sharply-defined ticking of a large clock. During these seances I was aware of violent throbbing in the hands and tingling in the arms. Once my hand began to shake, but I suppressed this tendency by a strong effort of will, mindful of former ills. The table tilted freely, and after a time I removed my own hands from its surface and asked the other sitters to do the same. I then made passes over it without contact, concentrating my will to make it tilt in a desired direction. It followed my hands as iron follows a magnet, and inclined until its side nearly touched the floor. I pushed my chair back to give it room. Seeing it so near the floor, and at such an impossible angle, I cried, "Are you going to



throw it down?" The thud came at once: "No." I made reverse passes and it was at once raised to its normal position. I asked that it should move again, tilting towards me. It did so at command, and I fixed it by holding my hands with the fingers pointing at its surface. It remained in this impossible position as long as I held my hands pointing to it, at a distance of some six inches from its upper surface. The angle as shown in my record was such as is depicted in the above illustration.

These private seances did not yield any more advanced results, and were abandoned in favour of other developments. On subsequent occasions I have tried making magnetic passes over a good-sized square table with perfect results. I have held it in a position similar to that shown above by the same means. I have also caused a large dining table capable of seating eight people, and very heavily made, to move and tilt in obedience to the movement of my hands without contact. A remarkable case which occurred in his dining-room (36, Russell-square) is recorded by the late Serjeant Cox :—

On Tuesday, June 2nd, 1873, a personal friend, a gentleman of high social position, a graduate of Oxford,* came to my residence in Russell-square to dress for a dinner party to which we were invited. He had previously exhibited considerable power as a Psychic. Having half an hour to spare we went into the dining-room. It was just six o'clock and of course broad daylight. I was opening letters; he was reading the "Times." My dining-table is of mahogany, very heavy, old-fashioned, six feet wide, nine feet long. It stands on a Turkey carpet, which much increases the difficulty of moving it. A subsequent trial showed that the united efforts of two strong men standing were required to move it one inch. There was no cloth upon it, and the light fell full under it. No person was in the room but my friend and myself. Suddenly, as we were sitting thus, frequent and loud rattings came upon the table. My friend was then sitting holding the newspaper with both hands, one arm resting on the table, the other on the back of a chair, and turned sidewise from the table, so that his legs and feet were not under the table but at the side of it. Presently the solid table quivered as if with an ague fit. Then it swayed to and fro so violently as almost to dislocate the big pillar-like legs, of which there are eight. Then it moved forward about three inches. I looked under it to be sure that it was not touched; but still it moved and still the blows were loud upon it.

This sudden access of the Force at such a time and in such a place, with none present but myself and my friend, and with no thought then of invoking it, caused the utmost astonishment in both of us. My friend said that nothing like it had ever before occurred to him. I then suggested that it would be an invaluable opportunity, with so great a power in action, to make trial of *motion without contact*, the presence of two persons only, the daylight, the place, the size and weight of the table, making the experiment a crucial one. Accordingly we stood upright, he on one side of the table, I on the other side of it. We stood two feet from it and held our hands eight inches above it. In one minute it rocked violently. Then it moved over the carpet a distance of seven inches. Then it rose three inches from the floor on the side on which my friend was standing. Then it rose equally on my side. Finally my friend held his hands four inches over the end of the table, and asked that it would rise and touch his hand three times. It did so; and then, in accordance with the like request, it rose to my hand held at the other end to the same height above it, and in the same manner.

Of the seances during the month of July, I should not consider it necessary to give a detailed account were it not that they throw light on the experience that I gained before the time when our private seances commenced, and such startling developments so rapidly ensued. The chief seances were on July 3rd, 13th, 17th, 20th, and 27th. A brief summary will suffice.

July 3rd. Dr. S. and myself. Williams medium. I faced Williams. Dr. S. between us, a chair in the corner at Dr. S.'s right; another at his left by the door: on the table a small hand-bell, guitar, and speaking-tube. After sitting in darkness holding hands for about half an hour, Dr. S. announced three distinct pressures on his forehead with the guitar: the same immediately on my head. I observed now, and subsequently, that the pressure was greater than would be caused by the normal weight of the guitar. The guitar floated about, rested on my arms,

and finally settled on the table: simultaneously Dr. S. cried out that a chair was resting on his hand: at the same moment I felt the pressure of a leg of the chair on my left arm. The chair had evidently been raised above the table and had descended upon it, not glided on to it, as is the case sometimes. We discovered afterwards that it was the chair in the corner between Dr. S. and Williams. It now commenced some remarkable antics. It careered round the table, touching us in turn, and resting upon our hands and arms. Once it struck Dr. S. rather sharply, and caused a small abrasion on the side of the nose, from which a drop of blood was trickling when we struck a light. I omit divers manifestations with guitar and chair, which latter was finally raised gently from the table and placed in an upright position on the table between Dr. S. and myself, the case bottom on a level with my forehead. The little bell was then taken from a position close to my left hand, was floated up my arm, ringing loudly the while, and was finally placed on the seat of the chair on a level with my face. The guitar was then floated about outside the circle, and was placed on Dr. S.'s knees with a soft gliding motion, the strings being gently plucked. The speaking tube was placed on his head, and finally on his lap. When we struck a light he was discovered with a guitar in his arms, the tube upon it, a chair close to him with a bell upon it, while, to complete the picture, a blood-red streak adorned the left side of his nose. During the whole time—an hour and a half—strict test conditions were observed: and it may be noted that, at my request, distinct and loud raps were made on the guitar as it rested on Dr. S.'s lap, quite out of the reach of either myself or Williams. We closed the sitting at the request of Katie King, who spoke to me in her hoarse whisper, while Williams was speaking to Dr. S. During the sitting I noticed bright spots of light on walls and ceiling, and the atmosphere seemed to be filled with floating masses of luminous vapour, which on one occasion took the form of a shadowy hand playing the guitar: on another, hovered over the corner from which the chair was taken, and was clearly seen moving about the table when physical phenomena were being produced. This is my first record of an appearance which subsequently became very familiar to me. Perhaps it was the incipient development of the clairvoyant faculty which was afterwards so strong with me that I could predict a coming manifestation by observing clairvoyantly these luminous clouds grouping themselves at a particular spot. My sight never deceived me: a rap would follow on the part of the table I indicated, or some small *apport* would fall there, or scent would be cast down: the indication was always fulfilled. On this occasion, too, I first became aware of a luminous figure of indistinct outline that took up a position at my right hand, remaining there on guard till the time came for good-night before breaking up. I had the consciousness of proximity to a person that one has in the neighbourhood of anyone during darkness. I found that this was the figure of my guardian, and it was always present with me from this time. In my record written at the time I say, "I am as sure as I am of anything that this was no delusion." After the sitting I was sleepy, heavy, and full of yawning. On the occasions when I was the object of violent manifestations, my own power being drawn out, I was usually light and free from heaviness. On the morning following, after heavy sleep, I woke with a headache which haunted me all day long.

"OUR FATHER'S CHURCH."—On Sunday evening, January 31st, there will be a gathering of friends and inquirers at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer-street (near Regent-circus), at a quarter to seven o'clock, when John Page Hopps will conduct a religious service and set forth the aims and hopes of "Our Father's Church." A cordial welcome is offered to all; every seat free. Voluntary offerings at the doors to defray expenses—[ADVT.]

* Serjeant Cox is referring to me.—S.M.

† *L.c.* in degree: I was used to manifestations similar in kind.—S.M.

OUR GERMAN EXCHANGES.

THE "SPHINX."

The "Sphinx" having now completed its twelfth volume the editor proposes to enlarge its programme in the future. He considers that the "supersensuous" position taken by the "Sphinx" is now sufficiently established historically and experimentally by collections of facts, and proposes henceforward to extend its sphere—first, by application of its principles to all branches of social life, to art, and all present-day questions; secondly, by endeavouring to extend its influence beyond the pale of university circles among a larger public, to which end poetry and art are to lend their aid. There will also be space set aside in each number for questions and answers on matters of general interest and free discussion invited.

Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden appeals to all sympathisers for help in carrying out this programme, and offers to send sample numbers and prospectuses post-free for distribution in likely quarters. The magazine is on a broad basis, tolerant of difference of opinion, its motto being: "There is no law higher than Truth."

The same number (December, 1891) notices Mr. Stead's "Real Ghost Stories," though objecting to the title as too sensational.

There are also seven prophetic dreams, accurately fulfilled within a very short time. The dreamer is a young locksmith, aged twenty-one. A very interesting article is the concluding one of a series on "Somnambulism among the Ancients," by Carl Kiesewetter; especially noticeable are the extracts from Aristides' Speech in Honour of Esculapius. Of the Vision of Prazanzu, Montezuma's sister, in which she foresaw the coming of the Spaniards and her subsequent baptism, the writer says: "That the Aztec, Prazanzin, in the year 1500, cannot have spoken the above words is self-evident; but perhaps later as a Christian she related her experience in such wise, for clearly a fact lies at the bottom of the story." Why cannot she have so spoken? we would ask. Is the writer by any chance a member of the Society for Psychical Research that he would limit fact within the boundaries of his own theories?

It may be well to give a fuller account of what the editor of the "Sphinx" proposes. The following is a paragraph to which he draws special attention, and which we, therefore, reproduce in full:—

WHAT WE WANT.

"There is no law higher than Truth! We desire to collect all the scattered hosts beneath this motto of our "Ideal-Naturalism" on the ground of nature. Truth is for us the essence both of Wisdom and Beauty.

We are bound to no dogmas and symbols, in which the Truth has at any time or place been clothed; nor do we attach great importance to the several laws and notions, bearing the impress of special times and civilisations. We fight above all for this Truth, that an original, continuously acting, essence lies at the bottom of every individual. Holding fast this metaphysical belief of all peoples and all times, we strive at the same time after the raising of the ethical and æsthetic consciousness.

Everything which is criticised or set forth in our magazine shall as far as possible be regarded from the point of view of the highest ideal; and this is, Perfecting in the True, the Good, and the Beautiful on the basis of Nature. That this is a stage in evolution that every individuality one day must reach—a truth, the recognition of which is wanting to the old idealism and the new realism—is the foundation-stone of the 'Ideal-Naturalism' of all upward struggling and striving after Perfection."

THE "NEUE SPIRITUALISTISCHE BLÄTTER."

If Spiritualists in England have to complain of unfair treatment from the Press, their brethren in Germany are not more fortunate. The "Neue Spiritualistische Blätter" (for December 17th) publishes a letter from Herr Pritsch, which he had sent to the Berlin "Tageblatt," in which he vindicates the genuineness of the mediumship of Frau Töpfer, recently supposed to be "exposed," stating that those present at the seance who own that they came with the express desire to "expose" the medium, refused to comply with his request, which the medium herself seconded, that test conditions be imposed, and the medium so bound that movement should be impossible. He then challenges the editors to a personal investigation, leaving it to them to

appoint the place and take what precautions against deception they will.

The "Tageblatt" did not insert the letter and no notice was taken of it for two days. On being again appealed to, the paper condescended to a short statement on which everything of importance was left out, notably the challenge, unless we except the following veiled reference: "While we take notice of the first part of the explanation without any comment, we have for the second part nothing further to say than that we should not dream of attempting to shake this touchingly firm conviction, since there is no arguing with Spiritists." The crowning insult was returning the letter with the usual printed form of thanks for MSS., "of which we can make no use."

The public, seeing no contradiction on the part of Spiritists, naturally concludes that there was none to be made. This, says the "Neue Spiritualistische Blätter," is no battle of the intellect with intellectual weapons; this is suppression. We say the same.

The same paper, "Neue Spiritualistische Blätter," takes from the "New York Herald" (June 1st, 1891), an account of an extraordinary trance. It has also an interesting leading article on the morality of taking the life of animals, which presents some problems our Buddhist friends might find it difficult to solve.

The "Neue Spiritualistische Blätter" (December 24th) reports a prosecution of Spiritists at Königgrätz, on October 24th, taken from the "Bohemia" of November 5th. The defendants, Joseph Hanka, factory hand, Katharina Hanka, his wife, Anna Tomaschik, working woman, and Franziska Schreiber, factory hand, all of Königshof, were accused of "Religions-störung" (upsetting of religion), in that they as Spiritists—Anna Tomaschik and Katharina Hanka at séances and prayers as mediums, Joseph Hanka and Franziska Schreiber on other occasions—had used slanderous expressions against the Catholic Church, such as "that it was not necessary to go to church, that it was better to come to them; that was the right place, and that only their (Spiritist) teaching was the truth. Besides which, the workman Johann Havel, of Königshof, appeared before the court to answer a charge of cheating, by causing a witness to give false testimony, he having tried to induce one Anna Picha to swear that she had never paid anything to Hanka, as the director of the whole Spiritist society. The court, which was open to the public, was densely crowded. Dr. Kloucek, of Jicia, defended the prisoners. More than twenty witnesses were called, chiefly Spiritists and mediums. The accused denied entirely the expressions attributed to them, pleading that if they had really used such words it was unconsciously as mediums. The account they gave of themselves astonished all the audience: how that it was the spirits who taught them to know God, that they could not help themselves, but must do what the spirits commanded, and that such was the will of God. Praying, preaching, and quoting the spirits was all they did. This society, numbering more than thirty members, held séances in the evenings, and late in the night, regularly twice a week, and especially on the 27th of each month, by advice of their chief counsellor, a certain Just of Trantenan, on which day the spirits were supposed to come in greater numbers and to be more powerful. When the society assemble they shake hands with one another, saying "Praised be Jesus Christ!" and sit down; then begins the prayer, and, soon after it ceases, the medium—generally Anna Tomaschik, or Katharina Hanka—begins, unconsciously to herself, to preach. This lasts about half an hour, during which the medium tells those present what their relations in the other world say to them, &c. At the end the medium takes two glasses of water, covers them with a cloth, blesses them with her hands, and sprinkles everyone with the thus consecrated water, whereby they are purified. The seance ends with a prayer.

The most interesting evidence was that of the witnesses, Ignatz Sturma and Franz Langer; they related that the medium Heinrich Zelinka, accompanied by Joseph Hanka, appeared by day at the door of Hanka's house, when Hanka, who led Zelinka through the house, gave him out to be the spirit of St. Wenzel. Zelinka, a medium, introduced himself as St. Wenzel, admonished Franz Langer, made various movements with his hands, and as Hanka was leading him down the steps, they met Ignaz Sturma, to whom Hanka also introduced Zelinka as the Saint Wenzel. Thereupon Sturma called out, "Wife, bring me a broom. I'll teach

him to play at being the holy St. Wenzel. Why, it's Zelinka!" Meanwhile Franz Langer took a can of water, poured it over Zelinka, and beat him to such a degree that, when Zelinka came to himself again, he was beaten quite blue. At the close of the trial the doctors belonging to the court were called, who partly confirmed that people became unconscious as mediums, and are therefore unable to judge of their actions. With the exception of one expression, of Franziska Schreiber's, the incriminating expressions were not sufficiently supported by testimony, so that the town prosecutor withdrew the charge against Katharina Hanka, and lessened those against Joseph Hanka, Anne Tomaschik, and Franziska Schreiber. The court pronounced judgment that all, with the exception of Franziska Schreiber, were acquitted.

Schreiber was condemned to fourteen days' imprisonment for "bringing Church ordinances into contempt."

C. J. C.

THE SPIRIT OF CHARLES M. FOSTER.*

One day as I was sitting quietly in my room I was surprised at seeing a shade which approached me and asked permission to become my guide. Having never had anything to do with Spiritists or mediums, I received this spirit rather ungraciously. He informed me that his name was Charles M. Foster, to which I replied that I did not know him.

Some days afterwards, being in the company of a gentleman who had for a long time been a Spiritist, I asked him if he knew anything of a Charles M. Foster. "Certainly," he answered; "he was a most powerful medium."

Later on I was at the Spiritist meeting at Lake Pleasant, and there the same spirit appeared to me again and said to me, "I wish to materialise before you as soon as I have the opportunity, and that will occur in the month of April." I had never been present at any Spiritualistic phenomena, and therefore judged, in my ignorance, that they were impossible, so gave no further consideration to the subject.

Having heard of the séances of Mrs. Cadwell, I decided to attend one out of curiosity. I was a complete stranger to all those in her room, even by name, and had determined to take notes of all the frauds I expected to appear before my eyes, when to my utter astonishment a tall man of imposing appearance advanced from the cabinet, giving his name, Charles M. Foster. I at once exclaimed, "If you are really the person whose name you give, you must have something to say to me."

"I have," he replied, holding out his hand to me, "I want to inform you that I shall be your faithful and true guide as long as your incarnation lasts."

Another day when this spirit again manifested himself to me, I told him the doubts I entertained as to his identity. "Very well," he answered, "look at your arm." I raised the sleeve of my dress and was surprised to see written on it in red letters the name of Charles M. Foster. I did not then know that such marks were characteristic of his mediumship.

Another day on my return from a séance with Mrs. Cadwell, I asked him why he announced himself to me when alone by the simple words "Charles is here," but always in public as Charles M. Foster, remarking that I preferred the first way of making himself known.

Some days after, at a séance with the same medium, almost before the spirit stood outside the cabinet, I heard a voice saying, "Charles is here." I had told no one of the request I had made to Foster.

On Thursday in the month of June, this same spirit took possession of my hand, and wrote these words: "Take courage, my dear, your terrestrial companion will soon be with us in the world of spirits."

I did not then believe such a thing was possible, for my husband was in perfect health. The following Sunday Foster wrote again: "Prepare; the time approaches." The Tuesday after my husband was drowned whilst out rowing in a boat.

This sorrow reduced me to such a state of misery that I feared I should lose my reason; between crying and praying I implored the waters to restore to me my lost one.

On the Saturday my faithful guide wrote: "The body is found; in a few hours you will know everything." It was then nine o'clock in the morning, and at half-past twelve a public official brought me this message: "The body was found this morning at nine o'clock."

MOLLIER RENOUF.

* "Annali dello Spiritismo." (November, 1890.) Translated from "Le Messager," Liege.

WHY I AM A SPIRITUALIST.

A person who knew me long and well said: "I don't see how you can be a Spiritualist; you seem to be very clear-headed on everything else." I told him why I was and why I should always be one. This old friend knew nothing about Spiritualism, only that it was unpopular, a superstition, and that it was a waste of time for an intelligent business man to give any attention to it. I told him, briefly, why I was one, and I told it earnestly, and I am sure I interested him, if I did not convert him. Many people having written more or less in detail why they had become Spiritualists, my conversation with this old friend suggested that there might be others who would like to know my reasons for being one, so I will try to tell them.

When I was quite a young man I became a Baptist. I lived near Dr. Sharp's church and drifted into it, became a member and stayed so for ten years; my zeal soon waned and for the last five of my Baptist years I lost my interest and was only nominally one. I did not find my fellow-members any better than those who made no profession, but my employer was a Baptist, so I stuck from policy. An incident worth relating, if there was room in this article, troubled my conscience, and I stepped out; was the first one who ever got out of the Baptist church without being turned out, and for the next ten years I was a free thinker, read books that were anti-religious, believed on materialistic principles that death was the end. I think I learned more in this decade than I ever did before; was intellectually wiser, and if I am any more cultured than I was it is due to reading the writings of infidelity and of science, which is generally materialistic. I was not happy in my "know-nothing belief"; not so happy as I was when I believed the Bible was the Word of God, and in a resurrection day. It was a case, however, "where ignorance was bliss," but I had known the mind, to follow the condition of the body, would weaken in sickness and in old age. I saw plainly the mind was the product of the organisation, and there could be no conscious hereafter when it was dissolved. I was sorry I had been born; would have stayed out of the mortal coil if I had had my choice. Accidentally I attended the funeral services of a friend; a mild, rational clergyman officiated; his remarks and his prayer were sensible and appropriate, and they touched my heart. I had never heard such a prayer in my life; one that seemed proper to address to an Almighty Being, putting all the prayers I had heard in old times quite in the shade. I felt that I was in the presence of a rational and scholarly man, and what he said devotionally, and the way he said it, suited me. Of course I, not being in any sense evangelical, considered it a waste of wind, but still I was better for listening to it. This was about 1849 or 1850. I asked some one near me who the minister was, and to my surprise learned it was Theodore Parker, the heretic. I lingered a while to watch him, and perhaps speak to him, for he had interested me. He took my arm and we walked and talked all the way down town to the post office; we had made an impression on each other. I pointed up to my sign on my office, and he said he would call and see me some day, and he did so the same week, and we were particular friends for ten years, until he died. I went to hear him at Melodeon and at Music Hall, and became a wiser and a better man for hearing his sermons. I only wished I could feel as he did about a future life; his views of God as immanent in matter, or the universe, seemed to be a rational idea, so different from the God of the Bible, or the evangelical churches. I considered him the most wonderful man I had ever seen. He took a rational view of Jesus, considered Him a brother man, not in any significant sense divine, and thought there might be others to come who might be equal, or even superior. What I most needed was a belief in a future life. He seemed to have no doubt himself; if he had any, it was of the reality of this life, and none at all of the other. He felt himself that he was immortal. I used to wish I did, but I was not so constituted; but I enjoyed his preaching and his prayers, and I loved the man.

When my only daughter, aged six, died in the last days of 1856, I felt that it was the end of her. My wife and I both felt that it was not right, or an intelligent act; there were other old maids and useless people that would not be missed if death took them; we felt it to be an injustice and were not reconciled, and our hearts rebelled. It so happened that my wife came in contact with a Spiritualist who advised

her to see a medium, which she did, and who described a little girl that called her mother; and when she told me of it the description was very good, but I could easily see that any adroit woman could gather the facts from the mother or guess them pretty correctly. I thought in my heart that it was silly, but it seemed to interest her, so I made no objection. After following this up for a spell, she wanted me to go to see what I thought of it. I was sure I would explode it if I did, and I did not want to explode it if it interested her, and besides I would be ashamed to go as I would to a fortune teller, considering it all about the same thing.

I sat one day alone thinking of it in my library and wondering if my little girl was alive and invisible; it seemed an absurd idea, and if she was she would be here in my home more likely than at a medium's who was a stranger. There lay the old family Bible, printed in 1851, on a table, and I remembered some of the old familiar ancestral faces who used to amuse my childhood with its features, and I rather talked to myself, for my wife was out, and probably at some medium's, and I said audibly: "If you really do communicate with mother, send me this message, and if you can't do so, get some of the other familiar faces to do so." I did not expect this experiment to be successful, and would have been ashamed to have any one suppose I was seriously trying it, and I don't think I was serious in doing it. The message I asked for was a peculiar one, a chamber expression that she would remember, but would be hardly proper to put in print, so I will call the message *E pluribus Unum*. I not only said it audibly, but wrote it, and put it on my desk. When my wife returned some two or three hours later she had had a sitting at a medium's and she gave me a slip of paper, saying: "Our little Hattie sent this message to you," which was exactly what I asked for, when I was alone, and no living soul knew I had asked for it, or written it as I have stated, and I must say I was more than astonished; I was thunderstruck! It took me so by surprise.

The fact was this: She had gone to Mrs. Lord's and found her absent on a visit to Judge Edmond's in New York. She said to the door maid: "Do you know of any good medium?" and was directed to a Mrs. Hayden, who lived in Hayward-place, and she went there, found her a rapping medium, and had a sitting with her; several tests were given her and finally the name Hattie was spelled out. She said: "Hattie, have you any message to send to your father?" There came three raps, meaning yes; so, as the letters of the alphabet were called, she put down these indicated, which were: e p l u r i b u s u n u m, undivided into words, and as the rapping stopped the message was finished, and she said: It consists of letters that don't spell anything, and the medium, looking at it, said so also, and told her to try again; but at a second glimpse my wife understood it, and thought it was like me, and I would like such a message; so she said that would answer and put the paper into her wallet to give to me. The whole thing seemed to be an intelligent act, and could not have been anything but a departed spirit, which had been in my library and heard or read my request and answered it.

I went at once, made an appointment with that medium, giving my name as Johnson, and had a sitting, asking of the spirit what my name was, and the raps spelled out:—"Wetherbee," and I got as good a test of matters as I ever had; it was as good as the message that my wife brought me, and could not have been anything but what it claimed to be—a departed spirit. One fact and one alone, as Robert Dale Owen said, establishes it, and that is an intelligence that is present and active, and is not the intelligence of any of the embodied persons present? These being such facts made me a Spiritualist. I could not help being one after this, if I had never had another message; it was conclusive, and it seemed to me that it would be to any one. It in both cases was intelligence that was present and active, and nobody's intelligence but the spirit; for, in regard to the first, I was alone at home and the medium was a mile off, and neither she nor my wife knew that I had asked for such a message or any message. I have never had its equal since, and it almost seems as if it was a special effort of the Spirit-world to open my eyes, for which I am very thankful. I have had thirty-five years of experience since, but that did not make me a Spiritualist; it may have kept me in the traces, but still the first I had was so satisfactory that I

don't think that I should have ever back-slid, for my first experience was a settler.

I have always thought "M. A. (Oxon.)" (the Editor of LIGHT) answered a question, very often asked, very wisely, and as it may be asked of me, so I will quote it, as also mine, as a finish to this article:—

"What are your reasons for believing that the phenomena are the work of spirits?" My *first* reason is, said he, that the intelligence that communicates says they are. My *second* is that I never came across an intelligent force, and I never knew anybody who did. Force is that which is used by intelligence and the intelligence is what I call and what calls itself a spirit.

Boston, Mass.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"Korephanity."

SIR,—The title "Korephanity," of the book recently named in "LIGHT" as having been received from America, is taken from the Greek *Korē*, a maiden, one of the names of Persephone, who was a symbol of the Soul, and in that capacity is referred to under the name of *Korē* in the Hermetic treatise, *Korē Kosmou*, or the Virgin of the World, being there the world-soul.

The book obviously represents an attempt to formulate a new religion, somewhat on the lines of T. L. Harris and L. Oliphant, those of the supremacy of the feminine principle in man. In which case it is but another of the many attempts of the spirits of the lower astral to make capital out of the idea which promises to dominate the incoming dispensation; that, namely, of the promotion of woman and the soul to a recognition transcending any yet accorded to them. Such influences, of course, can recognise a true idea only to invert and travesty it.

E. M.

Shakespeare and Dickens as Mediums.

SIR,—Shakespeare, in his "Sonnets," writing of one of his rivals (Gerald Massey believes him to have been Marlowe) surmises that he was:

"By spirits taught to write above a mortal pitch."

And Shakespeare, writing probably of his own experience, though personated by Henry V. (in "Henry V.," Act I. Scene 1), writes of:

His body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made.

Now Henry V., history tells us, was no "sudden scholar," but was highly educated by a stern father, perhaps too highly, for when he got his liberty he was as wild as a bird escaped from its cage. But Shakespeare, the uneducated young butcher, did become a "sudden scholar." Moreover, Ben Johnson tells us: " whatsoever Shakespeare wrote, in his play, he never blotted out a line." He was evidently a medium, I believe, like the excellent modern Florentine medium, Gino Fanciullacci, who wrote a long poem, highly commended as a work of power, in the triplet rhyme of Dante, every word of which was dictated to him clair-audiently. He acknowledged this in the title-page of his book (for he is above all things an honourable man), and for that cause, Signor Fromeschini, the astronomer of the Pantheon of Paris, tells us it did not receive the attention it so richly deserved; but that if he had withheld that honest declaration, "his fortune would have been fixed as a grand poet."

In writing his plays, Shakespeare never blotted out a line. But Shakespeare's will, by no means a spiritual production, is full of erasures.

Now, I could give plenty of proofs from "Forster's Life of Dickens," from Dr. Crowell, author of "The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," and from Mr. Fields, Dickens' American publisher, that Dickens, while here, was a medium; that here

"His body was a paradise
To envelope and contain . . . spirits."

But where is his body now, that once "contained spirits" of such teaching power? Is he now left to his own resources? Does his old love of story-telling still continue? Does he in some measure lack the old help his body once had? And is it so, that except when his feelings are deeply affected by some personal sorrows of, or sympathies with, a

beloved or respected medium, when he is still eloquent as of yore, he finds it congenial to his old love of story-telling and pleasing others, but necessary also to borrow old touching tales that he finds in earthly books? In this case, this spirit may be that of Dickens after all. But surely, if Spiritualism were not so replete with wonders, we should look at this power of a soul to seek far off libraries or tombstones, borrowing from them and guiding the hands of mediums to recite from them, as an important thing, even though it might be a person's own double who does it.

T. W.

A Dream.

The following verses embody a real experience. On the night of January 1st, 1892, a mother in England was all night long in her troubled dreams with her son, who is married and lives in America. Waking from these dreams she received a cheerful letter from him, telling of the birth of his first child. On January 14th she received a letter written in much grief to say that the baby had died on the night of January 1st. Her household had been informed of the dreams on January 2nd, and a note made of them in her diary:—

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The night was still and the dark was deep,
When I came to you in a troubled sleep;
Sometimes lost you in mist and rain,
Sometimes found you in grief and pain,
Wandering, wandering to and fro,
With sense of loss and with weight of woe.
Did the devils wake, and the angels weep,
When I came to you o'er the plains of sleep?

My soul came back with a shock and start;
Your letter came to my heavy heart;
It told of wife and of baby son,
Pain was over and darkness done.
God's Heaven had opened to cleave earth's night,
The tiny fingers to hold His light;
I prayed: "May he grow up good and grand,
And teach us things we shall understand!"

That night of desolate wandering sleep,
God took your baby away to keep.
On the brow so cold, with the cross still wet,
You wept in a passion of all regret.
He stands serene past the edge of night,
His hands uplifted still hold our light;
Your baby has grown up great and grand,
To teach us things we shall understand!

M. L. HANKIN.

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SIR,—Seeing in your last issue a notice of Spurgeon's preaching in his sleep, I am minded to send you one of my experiences, which is very similar, though different in the nature of the phenomenon, the words I used being remembered by me in waking condition.

One week I had to preach in the forenoon next Sunday, but in vain I sat at my desk—nothing would come. So it went on till Saturday night, when I lay down in despair. I slept soundly and deeply that night, and in the morning woke with every detail of the dream I had indelibly imprinted on my memory. At once I thought of my sermon to be and the sermon that had been, and it became one very speedily. The dream was this. I dreamt that I was in Athens staying with a Greek priest. Having an illness which confined him to bed he asked me to celebrate the Divine Liturgy, and also to address his people in a sermon. I did so, and preached to the people as was given to me at the moment. After service I dined in the priest's house, and in the evening a fire broke out in a theatre next to the residence of the priest. The priest rushed out of bed in his terror, lest his own house should be burned. One of his servants took advantage of the confusion to disappear with a quantity of jewellery, which the priest kept concealed under his bed. I was required the next morning to go to the court and give evidence against the thief. While giving evidence some kind of explosive was fired into the court, and I awoke with the noise, and saw my cat jumping from the top of the wardrobe, having thrown down a small box in her search for mice. The sermon and every detail were fresh in my memory, and as I said, I very soon made my discourse of the dream-sermon. When I came down from the pulpit I remember I was greeted with various criticisms in the vestry from my brethren. "Extraordinary," "He is always mystical," "Unlike the sermons one hears," "Are you a Mason?" &c., &c. The last remark was provoked by its being in part an exposition of the mystical significations of Numbers, Chaps. XII. and XIII. especially. I have that sermon by me somewhere. Experiences of this kind have been frequent with me. I. O.

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14, ORCHARD ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—On Sunday last we had a good meeting. Mr. Asbury lectured upon "Spiritualism, Ancient and Modern," showing the shortcomings of orthodox theology as compared with the proofs of spirit communion. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., séance. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., séance, Mrs. Mason. Saturday, at 8 p.m., select circle. Mrs. Ashton Bingham will gladly welcome investigators and Spiritualists at her séances every Thursday, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Mason, medium.—J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

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THE SPIRITUALISTS' CORRESPONDING SOCIETY will assist inquirers. Copies of "LIGHT," leaflets on Spiritualism, and list of members sent on receipt of stamped envelope.—Address, J. Allen, 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex, or W. C. Robson, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor Park Branch of above will hold the following meetings at 14, Berkley-terrace:—Sunday, 11.30 a.m., for students and inquirers. Thursday, 11.30 a.m., inquirers' meeting. Friday, 8.15 p.m., for Spiritualists only, "The Study of Mediumship," and at 1, Winifred-road, White Post-lane. Tuesday, 8.15 p.m., experimental séance.—J. A., Hon. Sec.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, E.—Spiritual services every Sunday, at 7 p.m.; Wednesday, at 7.30 p.m.; meeting for inquirers and members at 7, at Belgrave-terrace, Union-road, Leytonstone-road, Stratford. Sunday, January 24th, speaker, Mr. Wallis. Mrs. Keeves Record was unable to be present last Sunday through illness. Mr. Lombard in his farewell address gave an outline of his life, and some spiritual experiences with Mrs. Hearn as medium, which convinced him of the truth of spirit communion. Messrs. Burns, Breesley, and Steadfast spoke in kindly terms, conveying the best wishes of the society for the future happiness of Mrs. Keeves Record and Mr. Lombard.—J. A.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E. (NEAR THE GREEN).—We enter upon our sixth year of work on Sunday next, when the anniversary services will be held at 6.30 p.m. Many speakers and mediums will participate, and solos and musical selections will vary the speeches. The anniversary tea festival will be held on Tuesday evening next, at 7 p.m., to be followed by an entertainment. Tickets 9d. each. Last Sunday evening an address on "Death" proved of all-absorbing interest to a good assembly, which included a fair proportion of strangers, who evidently relished the replies to questions relative to the philosophy of death. On Thursday evenings a meeting for inquirers, at 8.30 p.m.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A NUMBER of contributions and letters are crowded out this week by pressure on our space.

A. M. (San Francisco).—Thank you. Filed for future use. We are obliged to you for such information as may eventually be serviceable.

W. S.—Thanks. You do not give the name of the paper from which you translate. We will refer to its contents, but cannot print it as it stands.

CHRISTO-THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.—On January 21st, Miss Julia Wedgwood, on "The Temptation of Christ." On January 28th, Mr. A. E. Waite, on "The Catholic Doctrine of Theosophy and Mysticism." Meetings at 33, Bloomsbury square, at 4 p.m. Open free: no introduction required.

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WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—Mr. J. Dales in his usual forcible manner gave an excellent address on Sunday, taking for his text 2 Romans chapter vii. He pointed out the admitted fact that spiritual influence affects human beings in many vital ways, and he urged therefore the necessity for conscientious moral behaviour, especially in our duties and responsibilities as parents. A fairly good audience appreciated the sound arguments and logical deductions of the speaker. Sunday next at 7 p.m., Mr. Butcher. Wednesday, at 8.15, Mr. Veitch, "Psychometry."—J. T. AUDY.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET.—Mr. W. O. Drake, in the absence of our friend Mr. Towns, who is ill, gave a very good address on Sunday, showing how the Churches, as well as the Materialistic world, had been benefited by the facts and teachings of modern Spiritualism. Sunday next, at 11, Mr. T. B. Dale, "Mind, What is it?" At 7 p.m. an address by Mr. J. Burns, editor of the "Medium." Tuesday, discussion on "Astrology." Thursday, Mrs. Perrin. Saturday, Mrs. Treadwell; last three evenings at 7.45.—C. I. H.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' CORRESPONDING SOCIETY will assist inquirers. Copies of "LIGHT," leaflets on Spiritualism, and list of members sent on receipt of stamped envelope.—Address J. Allen, 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex, or W. C. Robson, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor Park Branch of above will hold the following meetings at 14, Berkley-terrace:—Sunday, 11.30 a.m., for students and inquirers. Thursday, 11.30 a.m., inquirers' meeting. Friday, 8.15 p.m., for Spiritualists only, "The Study of Mediumship," and at 1, Winifred-road, White Post-lane. Tuesday, 8.15 p.m., experimental séance.—J. A., Hon. Sec.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, E.—Spiritual services every Sunday, at 7 p.m.; Wednesday, at 7.30 p.m.; meeting for inquirers and members at 7, at Belgrave-terrace, Union-road, Leytonstone-road, Stratford. Sunday, January 24th, speaker, Mr. Wallis. Mrs. Keeves Record was unable to be present last Sunday through illness. Mr. Lumbard in his farewell address gave an outline of his life, and some spiritual experiences with Mrs. Hearn as medium, which convinced him of the truth of spirit communion. Messrs. Burns, Breesley, and Steadfast spoke in kindly terms, conveying the best wishes of the society for the future happiness of Mrs. Keeves Record and Mr. Lumbard.—J. A.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E. (NEAR THE GREEN).—We enter upon our sixth year of work on Sunday next, when the anniversary services will be held at 6.30 p.m. Many speakers and mediums will participate, and solos and musical selections will vary the speeches. The anniversary tea festival will be held on Tuesday evening next, at 7 p.m., to be followed by an entertainment. Tickets 9d. each. Last Sunday evening an address on "Death" proved of all-absorbing interest to a good assembly, which included a fair proportion of strangers, who evidently relished the replies to questions relative to the philosophy of death. On Thursday evenings a meeting for inquirers, at 8.30 p.m.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A NUMBER of contributions and letters are crowded out this week by pressure on our space.

A. M. (San Francisco).—Thank you. Filed for future use. We are obliged to you for such information as may eventually be serviceable.

W. S.—Thanks. You do not give the name of the paper from which you translate. We will refer to its contents, but cannot print it as it stands.

CHRISTO-THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.—On January 21st, Miss Julia Wedgwood, on "The Temptation of Christ." On January 28th, Mr. A. E. Waite, on "The Catholic Doctrine of Theosophy and Mysticism." Meetings at 33, Bloomsbury-square, at 4 p.m. Open free: no introduction required.