

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTICE.

In addition to the ailments from which I have so long suffered, I have met with a severe accident, owing to a drop of an embrocation with which I was being rubbed flying into my eye, which prevents my either reading or writing. The doctor imperatively orders rest to the eyes, which I am afraid I must take. I should not trouble my readers with these details, except to account for my failure to answer letters. I am not allowed to use my eyes at all.—["M. A. (Oxon.)"]

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by the Editor.

"THE NEW REVIEW"

Has an important article by Signor Crispi on "The Temporal Power of the Pope," which politicians will profit by reading. Stepniak writes on the Dynamite Scare: sign of the times. Why should there be any dynamite scare! For, if there were no seething discontent there would be no dynamite. These people are dealing with effects and not with causes. There are more letters of Carlyle and of his wife. Mr. Greenwood wants a new party. He thinks that "all the steady Liberalism, all the sober Conservatism of the country is being thrust aside. Its common-sense goes to the wall. It is under no leadership, no organisation." A sweeping statement. It means only the approach of the dissolution. Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. Leonard Courtney discourse charmingly on Literature and the Drama.

"THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE."

Mrs. Hardinge Britten has started a new monthly magazine devoted to our subjects, and announces her intention of enlarging it in the future, so as to enable her to give a better account of Spiritualism than her present space admits. The current number contains an article on "The Cui Bono of Modern Spiritualism," and various extracts from the second volume of "Ghostland."

"ILLUSTRATIONS."

Mr. Heath sends me the last copy of what is described as a magazine for the times. Its name is justified by the frequent pictures that adorn its pages, chief among which is a singularly powerful portrait of the late Cecil Gordon Lawson: an instance this of the way in which genius is recognised, when the recognition is of no value to it. He lived unrecognised, and now he is compared with the great masters.

Mr. Pearson, Editor of "Pearson's Weekly," has written to me with the following proposition that if the readers of LIGHT will subscribe £8 2s. to the "Fresh Air Band," referred to in "LIGHT," April 23rd, as the summer

goes on he will announce that some particular day's treat to 200 children is the one that the readers of "LIGHT" have provided. Subscriptions may be sent to our office to the care of Mr. Godfrey. I will gladly head the subscription list with a guinea. I believe in giving the poor children of London a chance of making acquaintance with nature and fresh air.

From the "Arena," in an article by the Rev. Minot J. Savage, I quote this:—

The events now to be narrated occurred in the year 1864, and in a town not forty miles from Boston. The persons chiefly concerned are these:—A Mrs. C., who had been three times married; a son, a young man, child of the first marriage (I shall speak of him by his first name, Charles); two sons by the second marriage, William and Joshua, aged respectively sixteen and thirteen; and Mrs. D., the one who played the principal part, and who tells the principal story. All these, together with the other witnesses, are still living, with the exception of the two boys, William and Joshua, around whose fate the story revolves.

On March 25th, 1864, Mrs. C. went into Boston for the day. Her son William had been at work in a wholesale drug house in Boston, but for some time preceding this date had been engaged with a similar firm in Portland, Me., during the refitting of the Boston store, which had been burned. On this day, while his mother was absent, he came back from Portland, and was to return to his former position on the following Monday. This day, March 25th, was a Friday. He reached home about two o'clock p.m. Not finding his mother, he, with his brother Joshua, started for the station, expecting to meet her as she came out on the five o'clock train. But the mother was delayed, and did not reach home till two hours later. She was met by a friend of the boys, who told her that William had got home from Portland. But when she reached the house the boys were not there. The last trace that was ever found of them alive was the fact that they had started for the station to meet their mother on the arrival of the five o'clock train.

At first the mother consoled herself by thinking that they must have met some friends, and had been detained by them. But when bedtime came and they did not return, she became very anxious, and passed a sleepless night. At this time her husband, the step-father to the boys, was in the army, and she had to rely on her own resources.

The next morning she and the elder son, Charles, began to make inquiries. They not only searched the town, but drove to neighbouring towns, searching every place to which it seemed at all likely that they might have gone. Recruiting camps were visited, as it was thought possible that curiosity might have led them on some such expedition. But about five p.m. (this being Saturday) they returned, and reported to the neighbours that no trace had been found. The neighbours then offered their services, and started out in various directions, as their own ideas might guide them. But all efforts proved in vain. Then they came to the mother, and asked if she had anything else to suggest. She replied that, if her husband were at home, she should have the pond searched, for she felt sure that they must be somewhere where they could not get home, or they would not have stayed away so long.

But everybody thought it most unlikely that they were in the pond, and this for two reasons. In the first place, they were timid about being on the water; and in the second place, being in March, it was too cold for them to think of

any such thing as swimming or rowing. On Sunday evening, however, to satisfy the mother, and in order that nothing might be left untried, they began to search the pond, and kept on until the darkness compelled them to postpone their labours. On Monday morning early, the engine and church bells were rung, and the citizens were called together to organise a systematic search of the pond. Grappling irons were used, and cannon were fired over all the places where it seemed possible that the bodies might be. Still no trace was discovered.

Such was the situation of affairs when, at about ten o'clock in the forenoon, Mrs. D., one of the neighbours, called on Mrs. C., the mother of the boys, to show her sympathy and ask if there was anything she could do. By this time every known resource had been exhausted. So, as a last resort, the mother asked Mrs. D. if she would not go to Boston and consult a medium. It is important here to note that she was not a Spiritualist, but was a believer in Evangelical Christianity, and had never had anything to do with Spiritualism. She turned to this as a last desperate resource, because in despair of help from any other quarter.

It must also be noted that Mrs. D. had no faith in it, and had never consulted a medium in all her life. So, although she had offered her services as being willing to do anything she could, she tried to beg off from this, as being both a disagreeable and hopeless errand. But as Mrs. C. urged it so strongly, and said she wished her, and no one else, to go, she at last and most reluctantly consented.

She reached Boston at twelve o'clock noon. Meantime, and with more efficient grappling irons, the search of the pond was continued, but with no results. On arriving in town and not knowing which way to turn, since she was not acquainted with a single medium, she went (as some one had advised her to do) to the office of the "Banner of Light," the Spiritualist paper. They directed her to a place near Court-street. The medium here was engaged, and could not see her. But the man who answered the door sent her to another one in Dix-place. This one also was engaged, and could not see her. But here they told her to go to a Mrs. Y. on Washington-street near Common-street. By this time it was about three o'clock. A sitter was just leaving, and Mrs. Y. said she was too tired to give any more sittings that day. But when she found that her visitor was from out of town, and that the next day would be too late, she said that if she would wait long enough for her to take a little rest she would see what she could do. Nothing was said that could give her the slightest clue. Indeed, nothing could be said, for no one had a clue, and it was a clue they all were in search of. It is important here to note another thing. Up to this time Mrs. Y., the medium, had never been in the town where the boys resided.

When the medium came again into the room, she walked directly to the fireplace and stood with her back to Mrs. D. Then, before either of them had spoken a word, by way of preliminary, she said, "They went east before they went west." The railroad station is east from the house in which they lived, and the pond is west. Then she added, "They saw the fire, and so went to the water." It was afterwards found that some men were burning brush near the lake. So knowing it would be some time before the next train, it is supposed that, boylike, they were attracted by the fire, and went to see what was going on. The medium then went on to speak of a boathouse with a hole in its side. This was not mind reading, because Mrs. D. knew nothing of there being any boathouse or boat. She continued and described a boat,—"a narrow boat, painted black." Then she cried out, "Oh, dear, it was never intended that more than one person should get into it at a time!" She told how the boys went through the hole in the side of the boathouse, found the boat, got into it, and pulled out on to the water. She said they had gone but a very little way before the younger brother fell overboard; then the older one, in trying to save him, also fell into the water. Then she added, "The place where they are is muddy, and they could not come to the surface. Why," said she, "it is not the main lake where they are, but the shallow part which connects with the main lake, and they are so near the shore that if it were not this time of the year [March] you could almost walk in and pick them up." She spoke of the citizens' interest in seeking for them, but said, "They will not find them; they go too far from the shore. They [the bodies] are on the left of the boathouse, a few feet from the land."

Mrs. D. then said, "If they are in the water, they will be found before I can reach home."

The medium replied, "No, they will not be found before you get there; you will have to go and tell them where I say they are and then they will be found within five minutes after you reach the lake." Then she made Mrs. D. promise to go with them to the lake, and added, "They are very near together. After finding one you will quickly find the other."

In spite of all that Mrs. Y. had said, Mrs. D. was still as incredulous as before. But she had undertaken to see it through, and so started for home. She arrived at five o'clock. By this time it was known on what sort of errand she had gone to Boston, and a crowd of the curious and interested was at the station. As she stepped on to the platform a gentleman asked, "What did the medium tell you?" She replied with the question, "Haven't you found them yet?" When they said they had not, she delivered her message. Immediately they took a carriage and started for the lake. As they came in sight of the place, Mrs. D. recognised the boathouse, with the hole in the side, as the medium had described it. The "narrow boat painted black" had also been found drifting in another part of the lake. So by this time Mrs. D. began to wonder if the rest might not be true. But no one in the crowd seemed to have any confidence in the medium's statements. They felt that they had thoroughly searched the pond, and that the matter was settled. But they went on, and prepared to follow Mrs. D.'s directions.

She stood on the shore while two boats put off in which were men with their grappling irons. In one boat was the elder brother, or half-brother, of the missing boys. He was holding one of the grappling irons; and after only three or four strokes of the oars, he exclaimed, "I have hold of something!" The boat was stopped, and he at once brought to the surface the body of the older boy, William. In a few minutes more and close to the same place the body of the other boy, Joshua, was found. The place was shallow and muddy, as the medium had said; and held by the mud the bodies had not risen to the surface, as otherwise they might have done. The bodies were now placed together in a carriage, and before six o'clock they were in their mother's house.

At the close of the Boston interview, Mrs. D. asked the medium from what source she got her claimed information, and she said, "The boys' father told me." The boys' father was the second husband of Mrs. C., and had been "dead" for several years, while the mother was then living with her third husband.

Here, then, is the story. I have in my possession the account as given by Mrs. D., who is still living and is a personal acquaintance. I have the account of her daughter, who well remembers it all. I have also the account of Mrs. C., the mother; of Mr. C., the father-in-law; of the elder brother, Charles; of the sister of Mrs. D.; of the lady who was at that time post-mistress of the town; of a man who came into Boston after grappling irons with which to search the lake; and also of two or three other persons whose names, if given, would be recognised as connected with one of the distinguished men in American history.

One other item is of sufficient interest to make it worth mentioning. The father-in-law of the boys tells that one day, after his return from the army, the medium, Mrs. Y., visited the town for the first time in her life, and came to his house. She wished to visit the place where the bodies of the boys were found. When within a short distance of the lake she asked him to fall back. She then became entranced; and picking up a stone she stood with her eyes closed and back to the water. Then she threw the stone over her head, and landed it in the precise place from which the bodies were taken.

Mr. C., as well as his wife, was an Evangelical in his creed, and had never had anything to do with mediums.

Of the truth of these occurrences, as thus related, there can be no rational doubt. As an explanation, telepathy is excluded, for nobody living was aware of the facts. Clairvoyance seems to be excluded, for Mrs. D. did not tell the medium where she was from nor what she wanted to find out, and clairvoyance requires that the mind should be directed or sent on some definite errand to some particular place. What, then, is left? Will the reader decide?

It seems to me that for a time we get on very well as body and soul men—or body and mind, if you like it better; but sooner or later comes the craving for something higher, which something I take it is the spirit life.—EDNA LYALL.

THE ERRADIATION OF SPIRITS.

II.

The word "erradiation" came first in this way:—A lady, who had no knowledge of or belief in Spiritualism, was advised to trust no human teacher, but to sit with a pencil held loosely in her fingers. She soon found herself writing, automatically, messages in plain English, from her dead friends to herself, and also from mine to me. Soon afterwards the pencil wrote an offer, that if she would entirely sacrifice this new (and to her delightful) power, she would receive another and more useful power, and be employed in an "erradiatory mission." She consented to receive no more messages from her personal friends, and to devote herself to any work which the guides should make us see to be good; adding them, however, that we would do nothing, at any spirit's bidding, unless convinced of its rightness.

For some time after this, the pencil wrote little except strange words, to which we could attach no meaning; but whenever we complained of this, it wrote, in English, some such sentence as: "Wait; you will soon see." And gradually the unknown words were translated for us, one by one. I mention this for the encouragement of any beginner who may become discouraged or alarmed by finding herself writing what seems to her nonsense; her guides may be intending to teach her some new phraseology. Our guides seem—if one may venture to use such an expression—disappointed that so few mediums have the patience necessary for learning accurately a new and shorthand vocabulary by waiting for strict definitions. But they seem far more distressed at the manner in which mediums (those strong enough not to be misled) repel erring spirits sent to them to be cured of some evil mania. When the pencil has written false or wicked things, we have afterwards been told that the writing had been done by erring spirits who had been sent to us in hopes that we would not repel them (so turning them off to weaker mediums), but hear what they had to say and teach them better. Indeed, our guides have told us that their chief reason for wishing us to use the automatic pencil is because erring spirits, being very eager to communicate with the earth, are attracted to any medium whom they see writing; and are thus brought within the circle of her influence, so that she can, if she will, erradiate them.

We are often warned to ask no questions except such as are absolutely necessary in order to understand what we have to do. We were told that the power to erradiate erring spirits depends on the total suppression of all curiosity about the Unseen World itself. Our guides say that they have been seeking mediums for this "erradiatory mission"; but some are too "erradiantly feeble" (*i.e.*, have not faith enough to invite and encourage evil-suggesting spirits); others are led away from the business of erradiation by the desire to learn about the Unseen, or to receive messages from their departed friends.

For nearly a year after the automatic writing began, rebukes of me were constantly written (to the surprise and dismay of the poor pencil-holder, who had come to me as to a teacher, to inquire into the first elements of belief in the Unseen). The pencil constantly wrote: "Mary errs"; "Mary is misled." We used to sit talking of serious subjects, my pupil holding a pencil loosely. Sometimes when I mentioned some deceased author, specially attractive to me, the pencil would write: "He errs; he is" (mentioning some bad quality); "try to erradiate him"; and this rather especially when the author spoken of was one of whom the pencil-holder knew nothing, except from my praises. The pencil contradicted and scolded both of us impartially; and I have known it, when she has been earnestly giving me some advice, write the exactly opposite advice. (So much for the theory that automatic writing is a mere reflection of the writer's thoughts.) About the time that she began writing, a friend of hers did so also; and was ordered (per pencil) to communicate with us and assist in our "erradiatory mission."

MARY EVEREST BOOLE.

REASON AND FAITH.—Reason and Faith! When these two words shall have become one, the enigma of the world will be solved. In waiting, what is to be done? At the moment I write the sky is beautiful, nature breathes forth fresh breezes, full of life, the world rolls on melodiously, and amid all these harmonies something of sadness and alarm also circulates; the soul of man, who troubles himself with all this order that he cannot comprehend.—MAURICE DE GUERIN.

NOTES FROM MY SPIRITUAL DIARY.

BY F. J. THEOBALD.

PART XVII.

[One evening during a private seance held at a friend's house, with Mrs. Bliss as medium, amongst other controls, one spirit, after giving a beautiful little address to the circle, came to me, and said that he wished to write through my hand, on the following morning. The hour arrived, but I was quite unable to give the proper conditions for a seance. Knowing that as a rule our spirit friends are very punctual, and supposing he was present, I spoke to him and said I hoped he would try to come again soon. He did so in a few days.]

In "LIGHT" for 1883, p. 491, under the heading, "Spiritualism in the Orthodox Camp," N. M. is especially referred to. This will explain his own reference to "Unconscious Mediumship," and also the means by which the always necessary rapport was established by which N. M. could come to me.]

DEAR FRIEND,—I was drawn to you when you were so drawn to me, as you read my biography. Ah! I followed that, and felt that my good, loving friends made me out far, far better than I was! Indeed, I was what you called me, an "unconscious medium," and at heart a Spiritualist, although in those days I had no sympathy with the movement itself. I saw the public repulsive side. I had no idea of the sacred hours spent in many and many a quiet home—stead, in communion with the unseen, such as we mutually held the other evening. Ah! dear friend; how many circles do I go to (not making myself known at many) but it is one grand delight of my life to watch the spiritual progression on your earth.

It is a bitter mystery to see the utter wretchedness in the hovels of the poor; and on and upwards to those in higher positions, but still hard set for the cash needful to meet the many necessities of a large family. But the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Yes; He rules the spirit-land and the universe. He will in the end vanquish evil and bring forth fruits of righteousness. I wish those friends who formed the circle, and knew of my promise to write by you, to have these words. Bid them walk on in the Paths of Holiness. This brings that Peace that passeth understanding, and which alone can light up the Valley of the Shadow in which so many, oh! so many, have frequently to dwell. Live out, so far as is possible, the Christ-Spirit. Take Him as your Example, your 'Type. To numbers it must be helpful to join the "Christian Kingdom Society" movement, because it must bring about a sphere which will help each individual to keep always before his, or her, eyes, the need of continual watchfulness; it will help them to rest upon the Arms of the God, Who alone can sustain, support, help, strengthen, and guide them. He, the God-in-Christ, is All-Sufficient. In His Power alone can you pass through the evils of the world unscathed. Seek for Purification! so as by fire! the fire of God's Spirit, which cleanses from all sin.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I have learnt much since I came here; much about the deep mystical union which exists between each Child, and his Creator and God. I see the link between them is strong. I see there is an interior power of Christ, which in each one must be encouraged and expanded, by its reaching forth to meet the Christ-Spirit now descending in strong force through the spheres. Lo! He cometh! He cometh! Go ye out to meet Him!

How much Hidden Wisdom lies in the words of Scripture, when interpreted in the light thrown upon all by this influx of Spiritualism. Oh! What waves upon waves of thought roll in upon me as I contemplate God's Power and His mysterious Workings on His earth. How intimate are the Two Worlds! How much I have had to learn since I came. How much I lost, by resisting Spiritualism when on earth, for now I see that, in spite of the scum and refuse which rise to the top—to the superficial observer this but conceals the vast Arcana of Wisdom—which is the result more and more of this out-pouring.

DEAR F. J. T.—I must not use you more. You see I would not use you at all, on Friday, and now in my eagerness I am using you too much.

God bless your little circle! May He keep it pure, as He alone can, and may His glorious blessing rest upon you each and all. This is the earnest prayer of legions of Christ-Spirits who look upon your small circle as the means for the spread of the Christian Kingdom Society. In the name of the legion I sign my name,
N. M.

[Some days passed before this spirit, whom I will call N. M., came again. Then on taking pencil the following was rapidly written:—]

Yes; we are truly legion. More and more do we find to do, for the Advent of the Lord closes in upon us and upon

you all. The Battle of Armageddon is at its height! The light between the varied spheres is strong. But God Omnipotent reigneth, as the Absolute Ruler of the Spirit World. Fear not. Evil is being vanquished. Only seek more and more in prayer. Only by prayer can the arms be upheld, and the glorious time hastened when all shall know the God-in-Christ. We can scarcely control; the power is so great. I, N. M., do long to give to the world, by your little circle, some of the grand teachings I have gained since I came to my spirit-home.

N. M. DESCRIBES HIS ARRIVAL IN THE SPIRIT LAND

Oh! how glorious was the exchange. How grandly did the vista of the spirit home open up to my astonished eyes, when first I awoke from my spirit sleep, for so I rested some time on my arrival. Such a relief to find that I was able to realize the reality of things.

I had had a misty idea of "the mansions" in the spirit-land. I had heard of what I called the "Spiritualists' heaven," and it infinitely offended me! But I found it that, and far more! But it is no more in my power, than in that of any other spirit, to convey the interior Spirituality that belongs to this home. And as I have to use—like others—the brain power of the medium, and the words I can get through her organism, I find I am in full sympathy with the difficulty, "the glass darkly," through which alone you can see. You catch glimpses, when clairvoyant; the seer sees marvels. The trance addresses still can only be given in the earth language.

THE HIGHEST GOOD.

In fact, whilst the intercourse between the two Worlds grows upon all, the fact remains, that in no adequate way can we teach, or you learn, the real spiritual truths which still await all who seek the highest good. That Highest good is the At-One-ness with God-in-Christ.

The time is drawing near for this to be accomplished. But only when the tabernacle of clay is cast aside can the innermost spirit life spring up, as you have been told about, dear F. J. T., and until this spirit-germ comes up, in place of the physical body, and *only* by the casting off of that earthly coil can the closest communion with the Heavenly Spheres be gained.* Thus must it ever be "through glass darkly." Thus alone can we repeat the truth, that "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither can it enter into the heart of man to conceive that which God has prepared for those who enter into His Home.

THE UNDEVELOPED SPHERE.

* Still let me say again that all this refers to what I will call "Heaven." For the "undeveloped sphere, i.e., the first entered by the vast majority of human beings, is but little better than your earth. It is a great truth that each one brings his own surroundings, and the change to a higher state can only come by each one individually, voluntarily throwing aside evil and turning towards all good. In this way each must "work out his own salvation." In this way alone can, or rather does, God bring out the good in each individual.

[Here the power suddenly failed, but hurriedly was written:—]

Leave off: not finished yet."

N. M.

[A week or more passed. Then one evening I felt that I was to take pencil for writing and fully expected N. M. would continue the foregoing communication; instead of which was written:—]

DEAREST F.,—We, your own group, will come now. We have bid your dear spirit friend, N. M., to let us come, as you are not quite strong enough for other influences than your own circle. Besides, we wish to say a few words.

[Then came a communication of a private character, and for ourselves alone. It was not for some little time that N. M. came again, and in a very rapid, impulsive way, wrote:—]

Quite true, dear F. J. T., I do want to say a great deal; but whether I shall be permitted to use you remains to be proved. I will do my best, but it is only by your loved ones' permission that I can come. It's quite right! Only by careful, loving, and prayerful spirits can the mediums be safely guarded.

It was a very beautiful meeting last evening. I was there part of the time. Influences, though varied, were true, honest, even if not what some call high. This much I know now, that in spirit-life, training of the spirit goes on, just as it would have done had it remained in the body. True is the simile, so far as it goes, that "as a tree falls, so shall it lie." Yes; so does it "lie," but only until there is a voluntary effort on the part of the spirit to rise and be doing.

LOW SPHERES.

In some cases—alas! in many—spirits will but take up their lives on a low plane, and still go on living as they have been living. The liar will still lie; the filthy will be filthy

* See "LIGHT" for 1891, p. 531. The Spirit Messages upon the Fourth Dimension.

still; the undeveloped low spirit will grovel in its own mire, like the hog.

Happily, that spark of life which is Divine must at length turn towards light the Light of the Father's Love. In some most spiritual ways, which I do not know how to put into your language, there is a vast difference wrought, and in some cases a distinct advantage gained, by the fact of getting out of the earth body. Whilst in the body undoubted things are *not* what they *seem*, and a great allowance always should be made for the wretchedly ignorant people who know not of Christ. It is within them it lies all around. But they are blind, blind! they are deaf, deaf! But when these poor creatures are emancipated, let me say they have at least a fuller view of things around. Then they can soon see things as they are; all hypocrisy is at once put down. No deception can long be carried on between spirit and spirit. Then do the ministering, missionary angels go amongst them and teach them of God the Father. Thus are they taught, as no one can teach on earth.

[Here in reply to a rapid mental query as to the length of time such training took, it was written:—]

Yes, in some cases, ages pass before higher spheres are most gradually gained, but then comes "light." Then, indeed, are these poor wails called "out of darkness into His Most Glorious Light!" And oftentimes when I have met some grand, glorious spirit, most especially earnest to spread abroad the Christ-spirit, and bring to the perfection of spirit-life all around, I find that that very One has risen from the lowest depths of sin and misery.

Thus does not the mystery of evil in a measure explain itself?

No! I dare not go into or attempt in your earth language to enter upon this mystery.

[Power suddenly failed, and with difficulty was written:—]

No more now. N. M. writes. Not finished yet!

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

It was not at all my intention to send N. M.'s messages to "LIGHT" in my "Notes," at least until they were finished. But one morning I had such a strong impression that I was to copy and post them off *directly* that I did so. The next day on receiving and as usual reading "LIGHT" as soon as it reached me, I found in the Editor's "Notes" reference was made to the great mystery of crime, the great unwisdom of the Death Penalty for murder, &c., at the same time suggesting whether or no there were cases in which freedom from the body might mean release from obsession and even a means of recovering a higher condition of spirit life.

The writer then added, "We should be glad to know whether any of our readers have received communications throwing any light on this obscure matter?"

As N. M.'s message here given does bear upon the subject, it seemed to me as I read it, that this was the reason my spirit friends had so imperatively over-ruled my own intentions. They wished the reply, so far as it goes, to be sent at once.

F. J. T.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY IN GERMANY.

Spirit photographs have now for the first time been obtained in Germany through the mediumship of Frau Minna Dommler. The first successful attempt was made when, under spirit direction, no artificial light was used, and the medium was entranced on a given day by daylight, while the others formed a circle round the table on which the photographic apparatus stood. By the first attempt on January 11th a sort of cloud was seen on the first plate at the right hand of the medium, and nothing on the second plate. On the second on January 16th an intense light on the left of the medium on the first plate, and the misty form of a figure on the second. On the third on January 21st an outstretched arm on the first plate, and on the second a clearly defined female form which the Dommler family recognised as their cousin.

The spirits said that they worked upon the plates before the photograph was actually taken, and so Mr. Hotz, as an experiment, developed two of the plates, intended for the next attempt, without having previously exposed them to the light, and obtained on both a curiously formed light. This light must have been produced in a transcendental way, as no daylight acted on the plates, and is therefore of great scientific interest.

U. J. C.

DIVINE truth has always existed, and will always exist. Bigots may ignore it, and travel in darkness, but they cannot destroy it.

SOME NOTES ON A CONTEMPORARY.

The "Religio-Philosophical Journal" that has just come to hand is full of matter. It quotes with evident approval some paragraphs from our "Notes by the Way," upon the proposed restrictions of the right to hypnotise to the medical profession. It has what we can only regard as an unnecessarily bitter article on the "Theosophist Convention at Chicago," the tone of which is surely unworthy of the "Journal"; but perhaps this is the way they word these things in America. Lastly, it has a very trenchant reply to a letter which we shall take the liberty of reproducing, and all, as it (the reply) is admirably conceived and cleverly written.—[ACTING ED. OF "LIGHT."]:—

DEAR SIR,—Having been a reader of your esteemed paper for some time, I was at the time somewhat concerned as regards a notice and touch to the so-called Spiritualists in January 23rd, 1892; also in February 6th last. Glad to know you have been able to satisfy yourself that this slate-writing coming from the spirits is done by a simple trick, as this is practised all over the world by the so-called Spiritualists. I want to learn this trick. It will be worth at least fifty dollars to me to learn it, and I am willing to deposit that amount in any of the five banks in this city, to be drawn by you when you teach me how to do this trick, namely, to write between two slates that are screwed together and sealed over, then bound with twine. This is just the thing I want to learn. Will you kindly write and send in enclosed addressed envelope, and greatly oblige yours respectfully,
Springfield, Ohio, April 18th. J. F. B.

Our time is too valuable to spend in writing letters to Smart Alecks and correspondents of the class to which this man evidently belongs. Hence this public reply which, with modifications to adapt it to their respective intellects and attitudes, will fit a number of infantile minds occupying nature bodies and distributed in various parts of the country.

We cannot undertake to comply with this correspondent's request, for several reasons. First, because teaching tricks is not our vocation; and second, if it were we have no assurance that this man has either the brain to direct the necessary movements or the hand dexterous enough to execute them; and third, we have already given directions in these columns how to do the trick, directions which if comprehended and patiently practised will soon make anyone with aptitude an expert. Only last week a gentleman from Montreal, well known to us by reputation as a writer and successful business man, called at our office and in the course of conversation told us that from the description of the method given in "The Journal" he had readily learned to perform the trick and had given a successful public display of writing on slates thus prepared. So successful, indeed, that two observers sitting behind him had not detected his movements.

For ten shillings we can furnish our correspondent with a book entitled "Revelations of a Medium," a study of which will enable him or any man of mediocre ability to pass as a "splendid medium" with all that class to which by nature and circumstance he apparently belongs.

If the first part of the letter published above has any meaning, of which we are by no means sure, it indicates a conspiring struggle on the part of the writer to be sarcastic. Though he makes a dismal failure in this, he is successful in portraying the calibre of intellect arrayed against us. Intellect—if it can be thus designated—which finds a reservoir in certain printed "organs" wherein to discharge the bile generated in those uncanny circles where thieves and lechers pick their victims; and which is also brewed in the recesses of jealous and envious minds whose stupendous conceit and venality are only surpassed by their malice towards those who have won public confidence by unswerving adherence to truth and honour.

Times without number have we detailed our own experiences and those of others in the observation of genuine independent slate-writing. Only lately the striking and convincing testimony of Professor Cones and Mr. Coleman has appeared in "The Journal." The head and front of our offending is that we decline to stand in with the fakirs, their confederates and dupes. Only a little less heinous is our determination to carefully sift evidence, our insistence upon scientific methods of investigation as to the phenomena, and

our uncompromising attitude in support of the ethics and philosophy of Spiritualism in their purity, untarnished by the vagaries of cranks or the sophistries of those who in the name of liberty seek unbridled license.

ROBERT BROWNING AND SPIRITUALISM.

As likely to interest our readers we extract the following from Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie's article in the May number of "Harper's." Mr. and Mrs. Browning took very opposite sides on the question of Spiritualism. Browning's ideas on the subject were expressed in "Sludge the Medium," but Mrs. Browning took the contrary side. Here is Mrs. Ritchie's story:

Almost the first time I ever really recall Mr. Browning, he and my father and Mrs. Browning were discussing Spiritualism in a very human and material fashion, each holding to their own point of view, and my sister and I sat by listening and silent. My father was always immensely interested by the stories thus told, though he certainly did not believe in them. Mrs. Browning believed, and Mr. Browning was always irritated beyond patience by the subject. I can remember her voice, a sort of faint minor chord, as she, lisping the "r" a little, uttered her remonstrating "Robert!" and his loud dominant baritone sweeping away every possible plea she and my father could make. And then came my father's deliberate notes, which seemed to fall a little sadly—his voice always sounded a little sad—upon the rising waves of the discussion. I think this must have been just before we all went to Rome: it was in the morning, in some foreign city. I can see Mr. and Mrs. Browning, with their faces turned towards the window, and my father with his back to it, and all of us assembled in a little high-up room. Mr. Browning was dressed in a brown rough suit, and his hair was black hair then; and she, as far as I can remember, was, as usual, in soft-falling flounces of black silk, and with her heavy curls drooping, and a thin gold chain hanging round her neck.

"THE CONQUEROR'S DREAM."

We have received from the author a copy of this little volume, published some years ago. It contains "The Conqueror's Dream," "The Palm Groves," "The Soldiers' Cemetery," "The Warbler and the Bird Collector," "The Eyrie on the Sea Cliff," and "The Heights of Khandalla."

There is a good deal of reading between the lines to be done in perusing these poems. Most of them are written with a strong didactic purpose, and on the whole there is little in them with which we are disposed to disagree.

The poem in blank verse from which the book takes its title is one of greatest interest and value. It is a story of a young warrior who forced his way to the highest position by his own personal effort, only to find when he attained it that he had gained it through bloodshed and violence, and that it gave him the task, from which he could by no means free himself, of ruling a people struggling madly with one another for wealth, who would submit to and reverence him only while he ruled them with iron hand, but if for a moment he relaxed his force or sought to surrender his task, would tear him in their hate and rage.

From a poetical point of view we like best "The Palm Groves" and "The Eyrie on the Sea Cliff," which are both in the metre of "Hiawatha." The author has caught very happily the rhythm of the metre, and these poems are distinctly pretty. "The Warbler and the Bird Collector," in which he attempts rhyme, is scarcely so successful. Only two out of the four lines of the verse rhyme, which is to the sensitive ear an unpardonable sin. But on the whole we sincerely congratulate Dr. Sharp on his volume.

OFTEN reproof and criticism that might be most salutary if couched in a few cogent words are rendered simply irritating and repulsive by the verbosity which seems to like to linger upon the shortcomings of another. We need that sensitiveness by which we can detect the unspoken feeling of others and forestall the first symptoms of weariness. This and the self-denial which accompanies it are among the best marks of that kindly and generous spirit which is the essence of all true courtesy.

* "The Conqueror's Dream and Other Poems." By WILLIAM SHARP, M.D. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
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Light:

EDITED BY W. STANTON-MOSES.

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

SATURDAY, MAY 14th, 1892.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 9, 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, 9, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

A REPLY CONCERNING RE-INCARNATION.

The reason why I have not before this replied to several kindly criticisms upon my views about Re-incarnation has been absence from home. In the present article I shall be able only to deal with Dr. Hübbe Schleiden's letter.

The main idea expressed in this letter seems to be that Re-incarnation alone can explain and justify the evils that we find in life.

Now let me first say that my position has never been that I am quite sure that Re-incarnation, however expressed, is false as a theory, but always and only that I am not quite sure that it is true. I do not see how direct evidence of its truth can be possible from the conditions of the case; I cannot accept what does not commend itself to my reason and perception on any external authority whatsoever; and I am penetrated by the persuasion that Re-incarnation suggests as many difficulties as it solves. Also, and most important of all, it seems to me that, as a theory, what I have called "Progressive Experience" involves all that is useful and probable in Re-incarnation without committing me to acceptance of refinements of detail, about which at present, in the absence of definite perception, I can only say "I do not know." But to urge this is not to condemn Re-incarnation as certainly erroneous. I know as yet too little to be justified in asserting that. Certain things I feel *must* be true. Evolution along a path whose end (if it have an end at all) is far beyond my present horizon: Order; that this universe is one, and has one purpose, and is moved and ordered by one power; and that the ultimate perfecting of all is not a question of weak individual will that may mistake and cause irredeemable and eternal loss, these I am obliged to predicate as necessarily true (for me). And it seems to me further that these contain all that I need to know so as to be able to understand life and benefit by its experience. Beyond these and upon those details of which Eastern Theosophy is so full, I decline to take up any other than an interested and inquiring attitude; when asked to accept formulated dogmas I must reply I know too little as yet to be justified in absolutely committing myself.

This brings me to Dr. Hübbe Schleiden's questions. Can such things as the "cruel and unjust inequalities of birth in talents, disposition of characters, wealth, education," be accounted for by a theory which does not go quite so far as Re-incarnation?

When I protest that to me these phenomena are unexplained and never have been, difficulties that needed to be explained at all, I shall probably be regarded by many as being myself a difficulty which needs a good deal of explaining. But the one principle which has ever been so fixed in my mind that I have never been able even to imagine a doubt of it has been, that it does not follow that what seems difficult or evil to me really is so; because I am as yet so undeveloped, so ignorant and blind, that it is impossible to suppose that I can fully understand this great Universe. Even now I protest I cannot understand the mental condition of the man who feels "unless I can find a perfectly clear and straightforward explanation of these things which seem evil to my present apprehension, I shall feel bound to believe that they are evil." In a very real sense I might say of myself that I do not believe in evil. I know that to me with my present limitations many things look like that opposite of good, which we call evil. This simply means that I must choose which it is easier to doubt, whether I rightly see and rightly understand all that is to be seen and understood, or whether the Universe be without tendency, order, and method. To me it is indubitably sure that I only possess limited observing faculties, and that the Universe is an Order. Therefore I cannot be perturbed at what I seem to see, for I know it is a distortion of what is there. It is only the limitation of my faculties that so much as suggests to me that there is any dark problem; and can my blindness and ignorance endow evil with real being and actuality? Surely not! if it be true that two negative premises prove nothing. At the same time my mind is of such a paradoxical nature that while quite sure that all is right I recognise that part of this "all" is my strong incentive to seek to bring about, in the world of the apparent, the truest and divinest state of things that I can conceive. And I do this with joy and confidence because I know that because I am in the Order, and the Order is in me, I cannot do harm. I may not succeed in what I definitely try to accomplish. It is not necessary that I should. It is only necessary that the Order should prevail; and *my failure* certainly does not imply *the failure of the Order* of which I am only an insignificant part. Nature's "No" is just as useful an answer as her "Yes"; and it is possible to learn from failures as well as from successes. To me it seems demonstrable that, if both failure and success help a man to truth, the two things cannot be held to prove that one Order does not prevail, but very much rather that it does.

In saying all this, I am, of course, simply trying to lay bare my own mind to the readers of this paper. I know that many minds differ from mine, and I do not for one moment wish to suggest that I must be right and all others wrong. I think the cause of truth is best served by each one striving to let the working of his own mind be seen, rather than by trying to win a victory over his opponents, or develop an argument in which what is apparent depth may be really want of orderly method and sequence.

But this general principle is not all that can be brought forward upon this matter. I want to know who is to decide what sort of experience is good and what is evil. Why is one man a saint and one a murderer? Some would say the former is an older spirit, has been through more "incarnations" than the latter. I should say, through more "experiences," because Re-incarnation, as a term, is identified with the dogmatic detail that all these experiences have been gone through on this particular earth, and I decline to commit myself to this detail, which is of not the slightest consequence to the general principle. Indeed, one of the chief considerations that gives me what I will frankly acknowledge to be a sort of prejudice against Re-incarnation is that it is always brought forward as the only way in which the justice of present circum-

stances can be vindicated. This seems to me to involve the following position—Things are as they seem. We are capable of judging actions and conditions, and being quite sure that our estimate is sound and exhaustive; that is, what we have left out of consideration no single element which ought to have been included. What we can see and estimate is all that is there, and there are no conditions whatever below the plane of our present powers of perception which if cognised might give a quite different complexion to the case.

And further, it seems to me to involve, when asserted in connection with the doctrine of Karma, that evil, suffering, is ever and only a consequent, and not a cause: a punishment for past sins, and not an experience tending to bring truth to conscious realisation, and to work opening of faculty and perception. And still further, that the evil of consequences was evoked by sin. First man sinned, and then the evil of consequences was called into being by that sin to be its just punishment. But, I must ask, of what was the first sin itself a consequence? Karma is a beautifully logical theory when once you have got it at work; but to me the great difficulty is how did it originate? From two and upwards the numbers may be evolved by adding + 1, but one itself is not evolved at all, you must grant it to begin with. So with Karma. A misfortune in this life may be a consequence of a sin in the previous life; but carry this back unconsciously and you must come in thought to a first life that had no previous one. There must have been sin in it, because the process of sin and consequence was, *ex hypothesi*, begun. Now, how did that first sin arise? There can be but one answer when the case is put thus, and we have not to go to the Theosophists for it. All the old theologies give it unhesitatingly. It was in the first man's freewill. There was no reason for his sinning, but he did sin. It was a unique act, out of the order. Ever since sin has arisen from that cause; just as ever since the first act of creation life has always been propagated from life. But on these lines I fail to see what Theosophy of the Eastern school helps us out of the old difficulty, or that it differs practically from the old Theology of which it is so very scornful. Volumes have been, and I presume will be, written on this problem. I do not for a moment suppose that I am capable of finally solving it. I only urge that side of it which it is given to me to see so strongly, probably because it is an essential one, and must be represented. I am equally willing to admit that the side of the Theosophists is also a side of the truth. I am quite sure that anyone who does not start out with that perception with which I begin will not feel that I have satisfactorily answered Dr. Hildebrandt's question. There are two evils, evil of act, and evil of experience: the one we call sin, the other suffering. Which of the two is the cause and which the consequence? If you make evil of act the cause you will predicate Free Will to account of its Being, and then make it the dynamic of the existence of the other. If you make evil of experience the cause you must either be a Dualist and predicate an evil as well as a good cause, or you must—as Esoteric Christianity in my apprehension of it does—make two planes; that of the real and that of the apparent, and make the lower plane consist in a limitation of faculty whereby evil seems to arise, while in the unlimited faculty it never is, and you must make the limitation of faculty arise in the will of God, Who wills it because only in this way can man be made conscious of the blessedness of being Divine. *i.e.*, by being enabled, through thus being, for a time, subject to an inferior consciousness, to experience what sin would be if it could be, and thereby know by contrast the supreme delight of holiness.

G. W. A.

Decease of Mrs. Dawson Rogers.

We deeply regret to record the decease—on Monday last, at Church End, Finchley, N.—of an old and most consistent Spiritualist, one who had lived a long life and had done much in connection with her husband—the founder of this paper—to advance our cause. Mrs. Dawson Rogers had suffered much through a long and painful illness, which she bore with exemplary patience, and from which she had for a long time prayed to be released. An internal tumour was the cause of death, after a life of seventy-five years.

No one who knew Mrs. Rogers could fail to appreciate the kindness and sincerity of her character. No one who knew what she suffered can mourn for her release. The mourning is for those who are left behind. The severance of a life-long tie, such as that which subsists between husband and wife, can never be without acute pain. Though we Spiritualists have triumphed over Death, there is a sting in it still which will last as long as human nature does. The sympathies of all our readers will be with Mr. Dawson Rogers and his family in their bereavement.

Resolutions of condolence with Mr. Dawson Rogers and family were passed on Tuesday evening at a meeting of the Council of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and at a subsequent Social Meeting of the members and friends of the Alliance.

THE CROSS ON THE FERNER.*

A SPIRITUALISTIC NOVEL BY CARL DU PREL.

A novel with a purpose is usually a failure; the medicine is too often apparent through the jam, and for our part we prefer to take our instruction and amusement separately. Dr. du Prel has been far more fortunate than most authors turned novelist for the nonce, and it is with great skill that he has constructed a story, illustrating nearly every phase of occultism, Eastern and Western. This never interrupts the narration by being forcibly dragged in, or *tiré par les cheveux*, but itself constitutes the sole interest of the story, which is well sustained to the dramatic end, and if the book is rather long for English taste, it is never the Spiritualistic or hypnotic part that we wish to curtail.

We will not spoil the interest by telling the story, and space does not allow us to give extracts, or we would quote the vivid description of the Egyptian boy seeing in the ink-mirror the scene of the future finding of Alfred's lost son. Perhaps the interest reaches its highest point in the scene where Morhof shuts himself up in the tower to endeavour to summon the spirit of Moidele in visible form. It is before the time of modern Spiritualism, and he has only the dark lore of the mediæval necromancers to guide him, but he is presently surprised by startling phenomena, familiar enough now to every Spiritualist.

The second volume takes us nearly twenty years later, and brings us to the discoveries of Braid, and hypnotism in its relation to crime.

The philosophic element is, of course, not wanting, *e.g.*, the fine passage on p. 169, Vol. I., on the right relation of the senses and the brain to the soul; and another, pp. 301-302, on Brahmanism.

From Dr. du Prel's thorough knowledge of the subject, and from the references to authorities given in the appendix, this book ought to be of great value in promoting a knowledge of Spiritualism among the general public, who may take up the book merely as a pastime. C. J. C.

DR. MOMERIE ON "CHURCH AND SCIENCE."—It may be remembered that last year Dr. Momerie inaugurated a series of lectures upon the mischievous effects of Ecclesiasticism. In the introductory discourse—entitled "The Corruption of the Church"—he announced his intention of working out the subject in detail, in connection with science, art, social life, and so on. The second lecture of the series will be delivered at Princes' Hall, on May 30th. The subject is "Church and Science." The business arrangements are—as before—in the hands of Messrs. Capper and Newton.

* "Das Kreuz am Ferner; Ein Hypnotisch-Spiritischer Roman. Von KARL DU PREL. (Stuttgart: 1891. Verlag der Cotta'schen Buchhandlung Nachfolger.)

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

No. XIV.

FROM THE RECORDS OF MRS. S.

Our circle met as usual on the evening of the 20th. We sat in subdued firelight. The table was moved and raps made on it, medium's chair, and backgammon board, on which my feet were resting. Presently we heard a very clear rap on the table. On asking who it was we were told by alphabet it was one of the band communicating. We asked for the name. It was rapped out. The medium said, "Are you the spirit of my old friend, Mr. C.?" "Yes." "Do you belong to the band?" "Yes." "Is your wife with you?" "Yes." "Which section of the band do you belong to?" "The first band of seven, and I am the guardian spirit to keep you from the evil influences of earth." "Who is the other guardian?" "Margaret." This was Mr. C.'s wife. The medium said how much pleasure it gave him to feel that friends who had always been kind to him when on earth were near him still, keeping watch over him. He then said, "Well, old friend, we have often talked together of the other world. Is it like what you thought?" "No." "Are you as happy as you expected?" "Yes." "Happier?" "No." "Have you other work to do besides your guardianship over me?" "Yes." "Can you give us any information with regard to the other world?" Message was then rapped out, "Keep pure and good." The raps then ceased, and the medium, partly in trance, said several times, "Someone is touching me." Imperator then controlled, and in a weak voice said, "Friends." We remarked to Imperator that he had come to us when we were in trying circumstances (alluding to the seance at the Cooks'). "Is the danger to that medium over?" "No; they do not know the danger; none can know till they have proved it." "If you had not released her from that evil spirit what would have been the consequences?" "It would have remained in her altogether, affecting both her health and mind." "Do we run the same risk sitting in our own circle so frequently?" "No." "Do we in sitting in mixed circles?" "We should warn you of any danger." Imperator then said, "The light which now gilds the tops of the mountains has not yet reached the valleys; the mists of superstition intercept the beams of that Divine light which crests the mountain tops. Time is coming, far nearer than you think, when you shall have the open communication with those who have left you and yourselves. Our work is plain; yours is involved in the mists that your ignorance and folly have created. The time that God wills is retarded by man's ignorance, superstition, and prejudice. *Our* part is to work in obedience to the Divine command; *yours* to receive (as best you may) the revelation from on high. Ours to give; *yours* to work with us. Many discouragements, but final victory. Leagued against us are the spirits of evil, met together to retard everything that is good, and simulating the reality; but their devices shall fail, fail, fail! They cannot stand the light. Patience, perseverance, and truth, and in the end you will prevail." I remarked how willing we were to be guided by Imperator's wishes and advice. "Yes; wait quiet, patient, persevering, and desirous to receive the truth; as time goes on that which seems now so dark, so trying, so uncertain, shall be cleared, and the communion between the world of matter and the world of spirit shall be realised. A little while and ye shall have an earnest of the future. Ye have it now, but ye know it not. A little while and the darkest shall be turned to light." We then inquired whether Imperator knew of the spirit photographs that we had had, and whether it was to him we owed thanks for them. "Yes. I have been able to put myself into communication with your friends. The spirit of the baby is that of Dr. S.'s sister, who passed away, she tells me, fifty years ago, in February." This doubtless referred to her birth, as she was born in that month. The other figure represents her mother. "Why does Catherine come as an infant, having been in spirit-life so long?" "Spirits always manifest as they were when they left the earth. The medium is tired and the control weak. We are glad, very glad to meet you. On a future occasion we wish to continue the subject of spirit control and how it influences you." After the seance was over Dr. S. informed us that while the raps were given by Mr. C. he put his hand under the table and felt a materialised hand.

February 21st. We sat for a short time. Usual manifestations occurred of movement of the table and rapping, but as the power seemed weak we did not continue long.

February 22nd. We commenced this evening sitting in the study, but the firelight being too bright we removed into the dining-room. We set the musical clock going, and Rector soon manifested by shaking the room, table, and our chairs. He answered questions in the same manner. It was like a heavy man's foot pressed against the floor. The spirit known to us as J. N. L. came, making clear, loud raps in the middle of the table, and through the alphabet requested our prayers for her progress. When we promised to do so she responded with most jubilant knocks, and rapped out "Thank you." We heard another sound which we had not recognised. Imperator controlled at great length. After saying "Good evening, friends," he remarked: "You are in a fresh room this evening." We told him the reason, and he answered it was better, if possible, to keep to the same room. We then inquired whether we might form an occasional circle in this room for manifestations, admitting three or four others to the circle. He said we might try, if we continued to keep our own room and circle intact, as it had been formed for teachings of a higher nature. He also said he would give us his most cordial assistance, but if he did not personally manifest through the medium we must not think it was from unwillingness on his part, but on account of his jealous care over the medium, and wish to keep him from all disturbing influences. He then said: "There is a little spirit here trying to manifest, but she cannot yet do so, although she is nearly always with you. I have allowed her to come this evening during the control. She tells me she is a little sister of Dr. S.'s, and has been attached to the medium since he knew you. She says she was born February 25th, 1821, passed into spirit-life the end of September. She has returned to the earth for her earthly education. It is a misfortune for children to pass away without their earth-sphere experience. She is kind and gentle, and is much interested in your little girl. She has gained great benefit from association with you all, and in return follows out the great law of nature in giving you back all the love, interest, and watchful care she can." We then inquired whether any particular musical spirits controlled our son Imperator said many spirits controlled him, as such genius as he possessed came from direct spirit influence.

Sunday, February 23rd. At seven o'clock we held a seance in the billiard-room by firelight. The little manifesting spirit, known as Dickey, rapped on medium's chair and the table, and answered many questions. He by alphabet told us to darken the room. After we had put out the firelight J. N. L. came and thanked us for having prayed for her. Said in answer to our questions that she knew we had done so, and our prayers had already done her good. When we asked what we should pray for, by raps she answered, "Purity and progress." We then heard Imperator's velvet thud on the table. Through the alphabet he rapped out, "Wait, and we will give you powerful manifestations." We waited for a few minutes; all shivered. The medium was then withdrawn suddenly from the table, thrown down, and his chair lifted on to the table, and many other things were thrown on the table. A carved ivory ring was brought from under a glass shade in the drawing-room; also a photograph from the same room; also a little chamois horn from the hall. Many different sounds were heard in the room. One spirit knocked and said it came from a friend of Dr. S.'s, but would not give name. We then broke off for tea. Rector shook the room during our meal. We then returned to the seance-room. Raps came immediately. A large, heavy round table was lifted several times from the floor, and we seemed in the midst of strange sounds. Imperator then said: "The control to-night must not be kept long, as much power has been used for physical manifestations, but we should like to say to you that what you have seen to-night is but the beginning of greater marvels. Man's unbelief alone retards the work, and prevents much that could be done. Soon ye shall have the open vision. We are preparing men's minds for it, and in time floods of light will be let in upon science, and it and religion will be reconciled. Join with us, friends, in praying for that time, and work with us in the good work with patience. It is God's time, but the unbelief of man retards God's purpose." Imperator said: "The control is becoming weak. We wish you, friends, God speed." After this very clear raps came under my hands. On asking who it was, "A. W., the spirit who brought you the cross." She answered many questions.

THE RELATIONSHIP OF THE PHENOMENA TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY MYRA F. PAINE.

(FROM "THE BETTER WAY.")

It is an old saying which is every day proven true that experience is the best teacher, though sometimes a dear lesson taught through suffering usually sink deep and make a lasting impression. The human soul is so constituted that the experiences of another are of no benefit to it. Each must be unfolded into the realms of wisdom by the same road and through similar courses of thought and reasoning. It seems that all efforts to save another from falling over the stumbling-blocks over which we have tripped, fallen, and perhaps risen bruised and bleeding are of no avail, and are usually misunderstood and attributed to jealousy, or egotism, or some other unworthy motive. Observation and experience have taught me that this is a fact, and have set me to endeavouring to find out a reason therefor, and I find in the above proposition; that the road to progress, through the law of evolution is, the same road for every soul, and obstacles of a similar nature ever have, and ever will have, to be overcome.

That is the reason why young people never think it worth while to pay attention to the words of advice or lessons of experience from older people. We know that many times they would be saved trouble and sorrow if they would but listen and be guided by those who have passed over the road. But they are sure they know more than their elders, and so they turn a deaf ear and walk into the same brush and brambles, and stumble over the same rocks and quicksands, that have been in the pathway of their predecessors; and when old age overtakes them they are but a slight improvement on the generation preceding. In no department of life do we see this more clearly exemplified than in the religious growth of the race.

In no department has the race clung so persistently to the old as in this line. The unacknowledged but persistent truth of eternal life has been felt by the human soul from its first outward expression, but fear, which is the companion of every new effort or upward step, has been as an unyielding shackles, binding the mind, and keeping the intellect and reasoning faculties in swaddling clothes. Yet in spite of all this, if we will look over this generation backward, for the short span of one hundred or even fifty years, we are able to see a great change in the religious sentiment of the race. Nowhere do we hear the same ideas expressed on religious subjects that were the current stock-in-trade fifty years ago.

Through the efforts of a few brave souls, with more zeal and courage than their contemporaries, the shackles have been struck off the human mind, and free-thought has taken the place of superstitious fear and subordination. Confucius, Apollonius, Galileo, Bruno, Servetus, Voltaire, Paine, Parker, and Ingersoll have each one in his turn struck blows with telling effect, until—when we ask to-day who broke the chains and let the captive free—we may say, not one, but all of these. It took many a blow, but as the constant dropping of water will wear away the rock, so will the constant blows upon the wedge of new thought wear away the old superstitions.

When Andrew Jackson Davis gave to the world his new revelations, he added another name to the list of liberators, and hand in hand with him came the Fox girls and the raps at Hydesville, the first proof along the line of anything approximating to immortality or any knowledge of life beyond this. Following quickly on the lines of these demonstrations came the moving of ponderable bodies without human contact, showing to the seekers of knowledge that there was a relationship between matter, which can be seen and handled, and an unseen force which is so far superior to it as to be able to move it without mortal assistance. Various phenomena, demonstrating this spiritual power over matter, have been constantly unfolding, noticeably for the last forty years, and, being able to give positive proof of continuity of life, have satisfied the growing minds of the race as nothing else has ever done.

But the individualised workers in the realms of spirit-life, who have the unfolding of this planet and its inhabitants in charge, and have succeeded in attracting the attention of the race through these ocular demonstrations to the truth of the continuity of life, which had become a doubtful subject, are warning us continually that these demonstrations bear the

same relation to true wisdom that the alphabet does to the higher education of the mental faculties. Necessary and constantly useful, as an alphabetical foundation, on which to build a true philosophy of life; simply a means to an end, but by no means that end.

What would we think of a teacher who would keep a child, day after day and month after month, going over and over its alphabet, because it understood that thoroughly and could say it easily, discouraging its attempts to go beyond with the assurance that it knew all that was necessary for a child to know; that when it reached manhood would be time enough to attempt to solve the mysteries of algebra, or chemistry, or philosophy; that it took one life-time of alphabet to prepare the brain for the comprehension of those mysteries?

But when the alphabet of Spiritualism is under discussion, many of its teachers and a large percentage of its adherents will be found still going over the alphabet, and spending far more time and strength and money in enlargement—drumming up new recruits for its class—than in graduating those already proficient into a grade higher, where the same effort put forth will open up new fields and enlarged opportunities far more interesting than the ones they have left behind. There is just as much danger of becoming phenomena-bound as there is creed-bound. There is a close relationship between the lowest round of the ladder and the highest, but it is only necessary to stand on the lowest long enough to gather the forces for the next step, and with the highest ever in view, naught but steady climbing will enable anyone to reach it.

Disguise or whitewash it as you please, the truth remains that many of the alphabetical demonstrations of spirit power can be so closely imitated by clever legerdemain as to make it very doubtful which is genuine and which is spurious; and until the race has unfolded on to a higher plane than has yet been reached there will be plenty of people willing to prostitute even their God-given spiritual gifts upon the altar of mammon to meet the demands of wonder-seekers, playing upon the credulity of honest, earnest, truthful souls, who, being honest themselves, cannot comprehend the opposite, especially in matters which to them are as sacred as are these manifestations of continued life and love beyond the grave.

This condition being true, and fully understood by wisdom-spirits, they are constantly telling us that one demonstration of spirit power is as good as a thousand, and we should only stay in the primary department of spiritual education long enough to be convinced of its truths, and then seek its higher lessons and leave others to learn the alphabet in the same way we did. Onward, onward is the watchword ever signalled from the hilltops of truth. And yet with deaf ears to the warnings of spirits and mortals each soul persistently travels over the road of experience and sheds bitter tears when it finds itself deceived. Thus has it ever been—shall it be so always?

ELECTRICAL WONDERS.

The following paragraph from the account in an evening paper of the conversazione of the Royal Society at Burlington House, and of the experiments shown in particular by Professor Crookes, may interest our readers:—

Professor Crookes, whose researches in high-tension electricity in vacua are so widely known, gave some marvellous experiments with modifications of his own apparatus after the lines of the young American, Tesla, who a short time since lectured before the Royal Institution and the Society of Electricians. The discharges of a Leyden jar are sent by Mr. Crookes through the primary wire of an induction coil. The wave length of the jar radiation is three hundred metres, the frequency of alternation one million in a second, and electro-motive force about one hundred thousand volts. The physiological action of this high-frequency current is, however, so feeble that when Professor Crookes passed it through his hand to that of another person, luminous streams passed from all his fingers to the hand he touched, without inconvenience to either party.

I saw a beautiful angel wandering up and down the earth. He touched the aged, and they became young. He touched the poor, and they became rich. He touched the sorrowful, and their faces became radiant with joy. I said, "Who is this beautiful being wandering up and down the earth?" They told me his name was Death.

THE LUMINOUS N.

We quote the following interesting story from the "Banner of Light":—

M. Bodisco, a Russian nobleman, holding the high position of Chamberlain to his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, has for many years been engaged in the study of Spiritual phenomena. The attractive volume from which we take this report presents to the world the results of his private researches. That he is an investigator whose testimony is entitled to full acceptance, is proved by the exceptional integrity of his character, his intellectual gifts, which have caused him to be selected by his Government for many diplomatic services requiring great skill, delicacy, and prudence, and the caution which he used in making his experiments. These were conducted without the assistance of a professional medium, and were surrounded with every possible precaution against error. For three years he hesitated about publishing his report; but, convinced of the supreme importance of those demonstrations of spirit-power, he at last has given his story to the world. The accession of such a person as he to the ranks of competent observers has been hailed with great enthusiasm both in France and Germany.

We will let M. Bodisco tell his story of this extraordinary phenomenon:—

At a Spiritual seance held on the 29th of November, 1889, a sealed envelope containing direct writing upon the paper which was found within it, announcing the fact that a fluidic letter would soon be seen upon a public monument, was placed in my hand by some invisible agent. The letter did in fact appear, and thousands saw it. This event created so much excitement in the city, St. Petersburg, that I think it my duty to give a detailed account of it, and of all the preceding circumstances.

If I am not in error, this is the first time that a phenomenon due to spirit-power was ever produced in full sight of the public. I give the fact, and beg the reader, without prejudice, to draw his own conclusion.

Twelve persons of the highest social position and of unquestionable integrity assisted at this seance, and signed a paper in testimony of the fact that they had personally nothing to do with the production of the extraordinary manifestations of this evening, and that as to the genuineness of these demonstrations no doubt could be entertained.

At the commencement of the seance the pencil rose from the table without the aid of any human hand, and wrote the following phrase: "Bodisco shall have his reward." Immediately after this I felt distinctly the pressure of the hand of a materialised spirit, and a sealed envelope was placed in mine. When it was opened it was found to contain a paper on which was written, in the Russian language, this direction: "On a dark, moonless night, take your stand near the Winter Palace, by the parade ground, and opposite the Alexander column, and you will see upon the column a luminous N."

In spite of the railleries of my friends, and their assertions that such a demonstration was simply impossible, and to give to this direction another thought would be ridiculous, I resolved to test the matter privately, for my own satisfaction. Consequently on the evening of December 2nd, 1889, I went alone to the column, but although I remained there for a long time, looking in every direction for the promised letter, not the slightest trace of it appeared.

On December 7th, at eleven o'clock in the evening, I happened to be crossing the Place Alexander. I was accompanied by several of my friends. Before we reached the column, I felt myself seized with a strong desire that the promised phenomenon might be produced, now that so many witnesses were at hand. Scarcely had we arrived at the designated place when, to my astonishment, I saw the glowing proof of spirit-power; for there, in the open air, upon the public park, on the granite shaft, at such a height that no human hand could have prepared it in advance without the permission of the authorities, shone the predicted luminous N.

Giving the order to stop the carriage in which I was, I got out. A white, vaporous form retreated from me as I approached it, to the column. My attention had been called to this ethereal form by one of my companions, who on account of his religious scruples, was hostile to my studies

in Spiritualism; this fact proves that I was not the victim of an hallucination. I immediately called the attention of the officer who was on guard at the palace, to this letter. He assured me that although he had regularly been on duty in this place for many years, never before had he seen the letter. "Do not forget," I said to him, "to report this event to-morrow to your chief."

All who were in my company descended from the carriages in order to examine the letter more closely, and we finally left the place, unable to connect this apparition with any physical cause.

The same night at two o'clock, a large company went in carriages at my invitation to the place. All were disappointed to laugh at my alleged folly, but what was their astonishment to see not only the luminous N, but also a broad band of light encircling the column and binding the letter to a great blaze of light which appeared on the opposite side of the column; this had not been seen by anyone at eleven o'clock that evening.

The officer who had relieved the guard of the earlier part of the night also declared that this was the first time that the letter had been seen.

The next day I went to the colonel of the Grenadiers under whose charge are all the public monuments, and placed in his hands an account of this event. I desired that there might be in the public archives a document relating to this strange affair. The colonel told me that his men had made to him a similar report, and added: "I have been in command here for many years, and never before have I heard the letter N spoken of as appearing upon any monument entrusted to my care."

Every night for three weeks this letter appeared, and the whole city witnessed it. Its light gradually diminished, and at last disappeared, and the incident which had created so much excitement was ended.

FLORENCE MARRYAT AT MARYLEBONE.

On Sunday evening last the Marylebone Society of Spiritualists, who meet at 86, High-street, Marylebone, were privileged to hear Miss Florence Marryat deliver a discourse entitled "There is no Death." The hall was crowded to its utmost limit, and the audience were held spell-bound for nearly two hours by the eloquence of the gifted speaker. Miss Marryat excused herself before commencing her address on the ground of having suffered recently from nervous prostration, but the vigorous delivery and clear enunciation of her fluent periods betrayed none of that weakness for which she pleaded excuse. Suitably concerning herself with the subject of Spiritualism, illustrated by some of the many incidents found in the Old and New Testaments, she showed that to a true Spiritualist death had no terrors, and while setting forth in eloquent terms her keen sympathy with those who had suffered, or were suffering through bereavement, she assured them that communication need not necessarily have ceased nor need even hope of intercourse be abandoned, and in support of such assurance, related many striking personal experience.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

"Per lo Spiritismo." By PROFESSOR ANGELO BROFFERIO (Milan.)

"Nouvelle Révélation: La Vie." (Paris: Libraire des Sciences Psychologiques.)

We have received a specimen of the Hindoo "Logograph" (literally the "Word Writer") from the "Logograph" Company, 37, Castle-arcade, Cardiff. It is said to be a modification of an apparatus supposed to be secretly used by Oriental adepts, and will be found of great interest to the curious as well as a study to the thinking mind, as illustrative, by practical demonstration, of the hitherto unrecognised and still mysterious force, variously termed Magnetism, Mesmerism, and Hypnotism. The price is 4s. 6d., or delivered, carefully packed, to any address in the United Kingdom, 5s. We have not been able to experiment with the instrument, but it seems well adapted to its purpose.

As there can always be found in this world plenty of things to find fault with, so there can always be found an untold number of blessings. Never stop to worry because some people are better off than you are; rather keep your hearts full of thankfulness because you are so much better off than are thousands of other human beings.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

[The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents, and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.]

Mathematical Psychology.

SIR,—I fear I cannot withdraw my objection to the use of mathematical symbols where they are likely to be misleading. Mrs. Boole's own assertion that the formula $x + \text{not } x = 1$ is not the equation of any general mathematical subject—that is, it is not true of number, form, space, or any subject usually called mathematical—is, I submit, sufficient proof that the equation ought not to be used of things which are not mathematical. I can quite conceive that the late distinguished mathematician, Dr. Boole, attached a certain meaning to the formula, but then I have also no doubt that Dr. Boole—though I have not his great work before me—had made his thinking machine into some sort of a "mathematical" subject before he applied the equation; it could not be otherwise. I confess that I have never understood the curious fascination there is for the non-mathematical mind in the use of mathematical symbols. This equation is not a mathematical equation because it is applied to things non-mathematical; then why use the mathematical form?

I have read the two chapters of Isaiah referred to by Mrs. Boole with some attention, and I fail to see how they throw any light whatever on the matter. In his enthusiasm for the tribal god for whom he speaks, Isaiah does not see that the image + the chips is not the same unity as the block of wood before the carving, unless we are to suppose that every lump of wood or stone has in it potentially a Venus of Milo or an Apollo Belvidere, which I submit is not the case. Isaiah was very angry, undoubtedly, but in his jealousy for the god who said, "I make peace, and create evil," he forgot the artistic side of the question. Such an $x + \text{not } x = 1$ is not true of a block of wood. Perhaps though I have not quite understood, for I see that Mrs. Boole says also that "the image or concept as realised in wood + the chips discarded in evolving that concept, formed originally a unity." Is it the image + chips = 1, or the concept of the image + chips = 1? Isaiah objected to graven images, probably rightly, but he did not see that the graven image the moment it was finished was something more than the wood it was before the carving. But according to Mrs. Boole the block of stone + Apollo Belvidere = 1. I confess that is all I can understand by the assertion that "man's brain is being used abnormally when he thinks any thought inconsistent with remembering the essential unity of image + chips," and if that be the outcome of the so-called unity law, I do most distinctly object. The assertion that "one creative agency makes all these things" rests only on the assumption of the truth of the equation—a striking instance of the danger of its use.

π.

Spiritualists' Opinions.

SIR,—I am greatly obliged to Mr. George Harpur for his valuable information: that the Vulgate translates the Greek word *Kolasis* in Matt. xxv. 46, as *Supplicium*. The Latin Dictionary informs us that the first meaning of that word signifies "an act of supplication addressed to the gods"; hence "a sacrifice"; hence "punishment, torture"; while Mr. Harpur tells us that the Syriac, a much older version, translates *Kolasis* unhesitatingly as "torture." And this rendering has since been taken up as a labour of love by their followers. But I think we may surmise that if Jesus had meant "torture," he would have said so, and would have used the word *Basanos* or *Basanismos* instead, both of which words mean "torture" plain and simple. Furthermore, though I do not doubt that the writers of the new version understand Greek, I can imagine, also, the strain that would have been put upon them in breaking through precedent, and bringing upon themselves anathema, *anathema*, by giving *Kolasis* its primal signification. Mr. Harpur considers that the Lord's meaning refers to nations, and should be read as comprehending the whole passage from the thirtieth verse. He quotes Isaiah, who says: "The nations and kingdoms that will not serve thee shall perish." I am in accord with him; "to perish" is a thoroughly scriptural phrase; and to me it appears plain that what Isaiah said of nations, Jesus says here of individuals, that they too shall perish, like branches cut from a tree. Other-

wise, what is to become of the twin text, John xv. 6: "If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned"? The sticks wither, and consequently die, so are fit only to be burned up. On the other hand Jesus, speaking of individuals who are more fortunate, says: "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish." (John x. 28.) And this double doctrine of life and death of the soul is just what Jesus teaches everywhere else in, say thirty or forty texts. It is Bible teaching, this life and death of the soul, from the days of King Solomon, who said: "In the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death." (Prov. xii. 28.) This doctrine of the future alternatives of life and death was taught by the prophets and by the Apostles, where, to give only one instance from each, we read about "Saving his soul alive" (Ezekiel xviii. 27), and "Saving a soul from death" (James v. 20), not a body, but a soul.

Nevertheless, I am of opinion that the vast majority of Christians have been led to believe that the Lord Jesus taught the immortality *per se* of every soul of man, with the alternative of eternal joy for one class, and eternal torment for the other. I think, moreover, that Spiritualists, as a body, also believe in the immortality of the human soul *per se*, and some even think that they can prove it by demonstration. Spiritualists believe also in the fair, hopeful, unselfish doctrine of eternal progress for all; marred, of course, by haltings on the way; for they know, none better, that there are plenty of ill-conditioned spirits on the other side as well as here. Well, in the tremendous problem of eternity, this appears a grand and noble belief to the natural heart, unselfish and pure; such a believer, when eternity is the question, scorns to ask for himself what he would deny to his brothers and sisters, any of them. He thinks it would be mean and heartless and presumptuous to do so. He thinks that, since God made us and not we ourselves, all should have even chances in the long run, for he knows they do not get them in one short life here. It is natural and lovely and right and honest for the unperverted to hope that all may be well in the end for all; and to hope to be shown in the end that life is worth living for all. I am writing about eternal life, a tremendous problem. But then, assuming eternal progress for all, Spiritualists are greatly divided as regards the method of progress. Some believe it is attained by an alternation of material and spirit life in and around the different planets of the universe. Others believe that, after our material life on this small planet, all future progress will be accomplished in what is called spirit or fluidic life, and they do not regard planets as purgatorial places of expiation for perchance faults of the soul in fluidic life. They hope never again to assume material life or to put foot again on planets, though some other planets may be of far higher order than our own; never more, except, perhaps, in rare cases, for a few minutes at a time. These two parties are in general accord on most other subjects, and call themselves Spiritists and Spiritualists. Both, however, are generic names for attaining one great object, progress. I do not allude to the Theosophists, who have but little in common with the other two.

But men would not be human if they did not differ. The Apocalypse, again, is unadulterated Spiritualism from the beginning to the end; ours are only newer phases of the same thing, with increments of knowledge. And here I will make a confession. In reading Kardec's "Heaven and Hell" (Kardec is the head of the Spiritist belief on the Continent and South America), I was so shocked with some of the spiritual castigations and terrors there described as occurring in fluidic life, that, although they did not profess to be of everlasting duration, they were so awful and ghastly, by description, that I was glad to fall back upon tender mercies, and on an old-fashioned prayer which I had learned in my youth: "That God would keep us from all sin and wickedness, and from our ghostly enemy, and from everlasting death." For this last supplication, implied as the climax of future punishment, I regarded as a beneficent and preferential alternative to the chances of being a partaker in these awful tortures described in the book called "Heaven and Hell" as the destiny of some souls in future fluidic life, though they were not to be eternal.

T. W.

STEPHEN SOMERSET is about to bring out a story to be called "The Earlsford Mystery."

SOCIETY WORK.

80, HIGH-STREET, MARLBORNE.—Meetings—Sunday next, at 11 a.m.; evening, at 7 p.m., Mr. W. Whitley, on "Facts Connected with Spiritual Subjects"; Thursday, seance, Mrs. Spring; Saturday, seance, Mrs. Hawkins. For Mr. H. Hunt's lectures and seances, see future announcements.—C. I. H.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH, 14, ORCHARD-ROAD.—Mrs. Mason's seance on the 4th inst. was well attended, and some clairvoyant descriptions were recognised. Last Sunday the guides of our friend, Mrs. Whitaker, gave a beautiful address to a crowded audience, quoting Scripture to prove the truth of Spirit return. Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mr. Cable, of Pendleton, psychometry. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Mason, seance.—J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

KING'S CROSS SOCIETY, 184, COPENHAGEN-STREET, N.—On Sunday last Mr. Horatio Hunt lectured to a large meeting and afterwards gave demonstrations of clairvoyance and psychometry. A few more sitters are wanted for Mr. Hunt's seance, next Sunday, at 10.45 a.m. In the evening, at 6.45, a lecture will be given by Mr. Horatio Hunt. On May 22nd, at 6.45 p.m., Arif Effendi, editor of "East and West," will lecture in Oriental costume upon "The Religions of the East." Admission free.—T. R., Sec.

STRAFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, E.—Service every Sunday, at 7 p.m. Speaker for next Sunday Mr. J. Allen. On Saturday, May 14th, at 7.30 p.m., Mr. James Veitch will deliver a lecture on Psychometry, with delineations and how to develop this gift. Admission free. A collection at the close in aid of the library fund. The half-yearly meeting of members to receive the secretary's report and the election of committee will also be held on Sunday, May 15th, at 8.30 p.m. All members are requested to attend.—J. A.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., seance; 3 p.m., Lyceum; 7 p.m., Mrs. Bliss, address and clairvoyance. Wednesday, public seance. Thursday, discussion. On Thursday last the debate between Mr. W. E. Long (affirmative) and Mr. Morrison (negative) on "Does the Bible Confirm Modern Spiritualism?" was concluded. This debate has brought together good audiences, and those who have listened to the two sides of the question have a great deal of mental food to digest. On Sunday Mrs. Stanley gave an excellent address on "Charity."—W. G. COOTE, Assist. Sec.

PECKHAM SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET.—Mr. Burnard on Sunday morning gave a new version of "Belshazzar's great Feast." In the evening Mr. Humphreys gave a very interesting account of a few convincing tests he had received of spirit return. A compact was entered into with a sister that whichever should first pass away would, if it were possible, communicate with the other. The sister departed, and he received such proofs of her identity in subsequent communications as could not be doubted. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., "Phenomena of Life"; evening, Mr. R. J. Lees; Monday, discussion; Thursday, at 8 p.m., healing.—J. T. AUDY.

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, hon. sec., 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex; or W. C. Robson, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor Park branch will hold the following meetings at 14, Berkley-terrace: On Sunday, at 11.30 a.m., for students and inquirers; on Friday, at 8.15 p.m., for Spiritualists only, the study of mediumship; also, at 1, Winifred-road, White Post-lane, on Tuesday, at 8.15 p.m., experimental seance.—J. A.

WANDSWORTH SPIRITUAL HALL, 132, ST. JOHN'S HILL, CLAPHAM JUNCTION.—Mrs. Ashton Bingham opened the Wandsworth Spiritual Hall on Wednesday, May 4th, with a short speech, asking God's blessing on her work. Amongst those present were Mrs. Whitaker, Mr. Donaldson, and many other friends to the cause. Several musical friends gave their services, and Master Sam Ryan, quite a youthful artist, sang "Home, Sweet Home" in excellent style. Miss Lydia Davis, R.A.M., presided at the piano. On Sunday a successful seance was held. There will be a meeting on Sunday next, at 7 p.m.; Thursday, Mrs. Whitaker and Mrs. Bingham; Saturday, seance, Mrs. Mason; Monday, Mrs. Bingham's reception.—E. A. B.

PECKHAM RYE.—Mr. R. J. Lees as usual held his meeting on Sunday afternoon, the subject being "Miracles." In treating it he showed from Biblical evidence that an appeal to the miraculous was no conclusive proof of the Divine origin of the miracle-worker, and held that miracles, so-called, were either deceptions or manifestations of a law not commonly understood. He contended that whatever wonderful or apparently miraculous deeds had been done in the past, the same laws were still in existence, and were just as capable of being demonstrated as at any time in the past. At the opening of the meeting, Mr. Lees laid down the rule, as on a previous occasion, that at the end of his lecture he should answer questions, or allow any opponent to criticise the position he had taken up, but that if he was interrupted

in his discourse he should decline either to answer questions or admit debate. This condition on a previous Sunday had been accepted and acted upon, but at this meeting interruptions were incessant, and two or three ugly remarks were made to break up the meeting, testing not only Mr. Lees severely, but the muscular power of his friends. However, he got through his lecture, the peroration being greeted with acclamation. With the entire accord of his friends he answered the cry now set up for discussion, retiring, leaving his opponents to digest his discourse in any way they liked.—J. C.

PEACE.

O sweet unto the weary—sweet is rest.
We two who arguel fiercely—side by side!
A spell has fallen on the parting guest.
At noon to-day two hearts were sundered wide,
At eve sweet silence doth reunion hide!
A moth doth woo the Phloxes, dewy wet,
As fireless flames wherein he may abide,
His downy wing each blossom doth beset,
Like love that can the noon-day ire forget.
A calm has settled o'er our hot dispute,
The soft breath of the stocks and mignonette
Than we two disputants is not more mute!
Thus in tranquillity we plight our troth,
The setting sun beholding not our wrath.

—KATE BUXTON

AN OLD MAN'S PHOTOGRAPH.

So like; the look of presence almost pains;
The happiness it pictures seems so near
That accents from those breathless lips to hear
Poor cheated fancy for a moment strains.

O mute companion! those pathetic eyes
Look out into my quiet room all day;
But do not heed me while so long I stay,
Scanning thy features, till the slow tears rise.

'Tis distance now, but soon it must be death
That makes thee cold and silent to thy friend;
But even then this stamp of life shall lend
To vacancy a being without breath.

And then, when all is suffered and is done,
This look of strong submissive thought shall break
The gloom of selfish sorrow:—for thy sake
God shall be thanked that thy long race is run.

Ah! first thanksgivings that life holds thee now;
That thy hoar hairs earth's sunbeams brighten still,
That thy last days bring pleasure with their ill,
And soft oblivions smooth the anxious brow.

—A. J. PENNY.

"BEYOND THESE VOICES."

Ah! wise old seer of ancient days,
You told us of those distant lights,
By us unseen—whose steadfast rays,
Beyond our careful days and nights,
Vibrate with quiverings too intense
To be perceived by mortal sense.

These hold no commerce with the state
Of our disastrous neighbouring stars,
Who make our fortune, mar our fate,
Decree our peace, declare our wars,
Drawing us in our woe and dearth
Through the straight bitterness of earth.

But still across the stress and strife,
When most unfit, when all undone,
Strange pulsings from some higher life
In swift reverberations run,
New joy and pity, love and dole,
Stir all the fountains of the soul.

But this is all,—no light has come
From the far regions where they shine,
But heart-throbs infinite yet dumb;
Love, pity, which we call divine,
Draw us distracted and afar
To heights where the Eternal are.

This is enough, the perfect light,
Will reach us if we give it way,
If we hold steadfast to the right,
And love each other night and day:
Only the Master holds the plan,
He can complete what He began!

—M. L. HANKIN.

Those who are bound by their animal desires have no conception of real freedom. The spirit is crucified within them.