

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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"M.A. (OXON.)"

A LAST "NOTE BY THE WAY."

As time goes on, remembrance brings back out of the recesses of memory many facts connected with our departed friend, Stainton Moses. All who were in the habit of reading "LIGHT," before continued illness had somewhat diminished his powers, will recollect the vigour, and at times brilliancy, of his "Notes by the Way." They were the most interesting, and often the most valuable, part of the paper. Few, however, knew how those Notes were made. As one who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship for twenty years, and for the greater part of that time was in daily communication with him, I can testify to the eager intelligence which would allow nothing to escape it. Newspapers, books, letters, men, all were made to pour their information into that reservoir of vigorous and intelligent selection, from which there always poured eventually a stream of unsuspected spiritual interest.

He was no recluse; to him the world was a thing to be reckoned with, even to enjoy. Though no one was more alive to the necessity of occasional retirement from the turmoil about him, yet he had an intense dislike to all forms of forced asceticism. To be in the world, but not of it, was his constant formula. His constant desire was to show that Spiritualism was not the property of a set of special cranks, meeting in odd corners, but was a great fact in which the whole world had a supreme interest. His correspondence at this time was with almost every part of the globe, and both great and small personages—and some were very great personages indeed—were in the habit of writing to him or consulting him on every kind of subject pertaining to the spiritual life. It was no uncommon thing for him to be invited to the most exclusive houses, that people might have the satisfaction of meeting him.

He was never a proselytiser; one never heard him utter a wish for the propagation of a belief in Spiritualism. All and every possible form of information was given to all and every person or community which asked for it: but the working out of a man's own salvation was a prime article of his faith. Nevertheless, to the thoughtless inquirer who questioned him out of mere careless curiosity he was merciless. But though he never encouraged any form of propaganda, he never hesitated to assert his opinions when necessary. And it is well to remember that, as late as ten years ago, to avow a belief in the unseen was to write yourself down at least "an ass" in almost all "cultured" society. Since then science itself has gone so close to the border of the infinite that the scoff is not so ready as it was. It acknowledges possibilities undreamt of by Dr. Carpenter.

But if he was merciless to the flippant questioner, he was even more merciless to every form of falsehood and fraud

among Spiritualists themselves. The public dark seance with its manifold opportunities for trickery was to him an abomination. No man was ever more earnest than Stainton Moses in hunting down and exposing the chicanery which the uninformed outsider still believes to be an essential part of the machinery of Spiritualism. That at first the philosophic side of the matter did not appeal to him as much as the experimental was because he was more of the Luther than of the Melancthon in the Reformation which he helped to lead. Yet latterly he was never tired of insisting on the importance of finding a meaning for the facts which he held to have been experimentally proved.

He has passed on. We do not wish for him the pitiful rest of the orthodox. We know he has not gone into the oblivion of the materialist. He has passed on into a state with different conditions from this, but where we cannot believe his activity will cease.

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He is gone from our view. The shock with which the news of Monday, the 5th, came upon his most intimate friends will be felt in no slight degree by every habitual reader of "LIGHT," indeed, by everyone interested in the cause he represented all the world over. No more will its progress be marked and promoted by the genial and vigorous, often trenchant and incisive, commentary which for many years has formed one of the chief attractions of the paper he established in interest and reputation. The coincidence of the almost simultaneous withdrawal from the scene of two such effective personalities in the same sphere and in the same direction, as Colonel Bundy in America and Stainton Moses in England, cannot fail to be remarked. Perhaps it is the privilege of those who work with strenuous devotion towards spiritual ends—and the enlargement of our consciousness of nature which "Spiritualism" implies may assuredly be so regarded—to be exempted from the law of mere animal survival, or, of what is hardly better, mere self-repetition, as soon as the true significance of their lives has been expressed, and their work substantially finished. Dr. Elliott Coues, in what our friend described ("LIGHT," August 27th) as "one of the most touching memoirs I have ever recorded," says of Colonel Bundy that it is too soon to venture any estimation of the full results of his life and works. "It takes time for the fruits of nature to mature." But they *do* mature, and therefore our sense of bereavement must not make us recall, with too gloomy an anticipation, that other foreboding sentence of Dr. Coues: "What Spiritualism in England would be without Stainton Moses—which the fates forefend!—that is the same cause now in America without John C. Bundy." And if we cannot yet estimate the full public value of these two lives, much of it we can already definitely and positively assign. Stainton Moses had not such an Augean stable to cleanse as had Bundy in America. But he found Spiritualism—this is not the moment to carp at terms—at its most degraded level in public estimation, and he has left it with a "flowing tide." And in this progress he was conspicuously, I believe chiefly, instrumental. He was just what was wanted, an eminently and peculiarly representative personality in exact contradiction to the type which prejudice associated with an unpopular belief, and at the same time able and resolute to command attention to a truer view of the subject. Himself a "medium" of an originally sceptical—even antipathetic—turn of mind, and critical in even the very crises of his own phenomenal experience; of high character, education, and

culture, in a responsible academic position, and with a rare literary facility and force of style, he combined with these advantages a native dislike of cranks, and pretenders, and humbugs of every kind, and even of emotional dispositions which he was perhaps too ready to call hysterical. Yet he was himself one of the most warm-hearted of men, and would have been impulsive, but for a carefully cultivated self-control, often exhibited on trying occasions. For so keen a combatant he was singularly free from bitterness, and malice was not in his composition. Perhaps his most prominent virtue was truth, an unflinching sincerity of mind equally manifest in his private relations as in his dealing with the many topics which came within his survey. He had a constant desire to be free from prejudice himself as much as he disliked it in others. And he was resolutely opposed to any sectarian narrowing of the basis of Spiritualism. One of the earliest members of the Theosophical Society, he took for a time a warm interest in its development, but never got over the distrust excited by an attempt to persuade him that "Imperator" was a Mahatma. In his disinclination to abstract speculation, and to all hypothetical transcendentalism, he was a true child of his age. Huxley was one of his favourite writers, and he had a more genuine sympathy with science than have most of those who defer, as he never did, to the mere authority of scientific men outside what they positively know. He was the very antithesis of the conventionally represented "Spiritist," and he rallied the growing numbers of those of like experience and belief to whom that type was similarly obnoxious. Through "LIGHT," of late years under his full editorial management, he did much, very much, to redeem Spiritualism in this country from the disesteem of public ignorance. However perplexed for an explanation, the crassest prejudice has recoiled from ever suggesting a doubt of the truth and honesty of Stainton Moses. But only his friends knew how much there was in his character that went to the making of his influence. Individuality is not describable. Analysis of qualities can no more reveal the man than chemical analysis can reveal life. The power of any man is not so much in the peculiar capacities of his mind as in the vitality which brings them into action, a force which is not simply intellectual, but is rather the spirit, the man himself, energising through those forms. In the presence of this force we feel an assurance of the naturally imperishable, and those who evince it in rare measure utter themselves to the world, and thus influence the world, as ordinary persons cannot. We speak, then, of force of character and of strong individuality, and whether history takes note of such depends merely on the sphere of influence. For no generation fully knows the most significant and eventually fruitful work that is done in it. And time, which will prove the work, seldom can also discriminate the relative importance of the workers. Nor is that necessary. We may avoid all danger of exaggeration in speaking of our departed friend. To us, at least, he was notable as he was dear; an animating power through sympathy, conviction, worthy representation of a cause, and virtue added to it; in a word, through all the forces of his manly and upright character. And we may believe that he so continues, though how or in what mode we know not yet.

September 6th, 1892.

C.C.M.

"Edina" writes:—

I desire in a few words to record my unfeigned regret at the demise of Mr. Stainton Moses, whom it has been my honour and privilege to know for the past three years. My first introduction to the Editor of "LIGHT" came from a valued friend of his and mine, who resides in the United States. I was then an inquirer into the subject of Spiritualism, and his counsel to me was wise, generous, and sympathetic. In our case it was at once productive of the happiest results, and on informing him of our success he asked me to record our experiences in the columns of "LIGHT" as an encouragement to others. Since that time the Editor of this Journal was our trusted confidant and adviser regarding all the phenomena connected with our daughter's mediumship. During the voluminous correspondence we had, and at several meetings with him during his last visit to Scotland, it was matter of great thankfulness to us to have been permitted to see and know so much of this gifted man, whose belief in the truth of Spiritualism was so clear and unwavering, and whose mind was so open to receive new light on what is still a very occult and mysterious subject.

Labouring, as I do, under a deep sense of personal loss, I cannot help penning these few simple lines as a humble tribute to his memory.

Mrs. Speer writes in regard to Mr. Stainton Moses:—

It is not quite correct to say that he was ever a Materialist. When I first knew him he held the doctrines of the Church of England, and loved her beautiful liturgies. His sermons were full of faith in the Unseen, but his beliefs were orthodox, and I should say he was a spiritual man always, though not a Spiritualist until the last fifteen years of his life.

The word "Materialist" may be too strong, but I hardly think Mr. Stainton Moses would have differentiated the orthodox beliefs from the beliefs of the Materialist. That he was always a spiritual man I have not the slightest doubt.

COLONEL BUNDY.

It is sadly appropriate that a short sketch of the formost man among American Spiritualists, who departed a short time before Stainton Moses, should be given to the readers of "LIGHT." The following is a little abridgement from the account of Sara A. Underwood in the "Religio-Philosophical Journal":—

John Curtis Bundy, late Editor and publisher of "The Journal," was born at St. Charles, Kane Co., Ill., about thirty-five miles from the city of which he, a native son of Illinois, was ever loyally proud and whence on August 6th he was born into the higher life.

He was ushered into earth-life on February 16th, 1841, the eldest son of Asahel and Betsy Bundy. As a youth he, though genial tempered, was quite serious-minded and of studious habits. After leaving the common school of St. Charles he was sent at thirteen years of age for better instruction to the Brimmer school in Boston, Mass. Later he attended Phillips Academy at Andover, Mass., to prepare to enter Yale College, but his health gave way, and he returned to his Western home. It was while at Andover that he formed an acquaintance with the eminent writer of psychical stories, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, for whom he ever cherished an ardent admiration.

Although at the breaking out of the war of the rebellion, but a youth barely twenty years of age, yet filled with patriotic ardour he at once offered his services in behalf of the Union.

Soon after his enlistment he was given the rank of Second Lieutenant in Dodson's Independent Cavalry Company. Later he was promoted to a Lieut.-Colonelship. His military ardour, however, was greater than his physical strength, and in 1863 he was forced to leave the army in order to recuperate his health.

While yet in the service on August 19th, 1862, he married Miss Mary E. Jones, of St. Charles.

Soon after his retirement from army life Mr. Bundy took up the study of law, which he gave up to assist his wife's father, Mr. S. S. Jones, the founder of "The Religio-Philosophical Journal," in the conduct of this paper.

Mr. Bundy was brought up in the Methodist faith, but desirous always of finding the truth, and with a mind open to conviction, he began very early that life of investigation and probing for facts for which he was conspicuous, and his search after proof of continued existence was rewarded by evidences which were to his mind indubitable that personality survives the dissolution of the physical form, and that which men name death is but a re-birth into a higher phase of existence. Among the most convincing proofs of this he considered some that were given to him soon after the transition of his only and idolised son, but these were too sacred to be spoken of.

In 1877 when by the death of his father-in-law, Mr. Bundy, assisted by Mrs. Bundy, was called upon to take charge of "The Journal," he was well fitted both by conviction and experience to carry on the work of spiritual enlightenment and of scientific investigation demonstrative of psychical truths, to which he was thus called, and as Professor Coues says, to him it is mainly due that here in America at the World's Columbian Exposition there will be presented through that Psychical Congress of which Mr. Bundy was chairman, a dignified presentation of the scientific proofs for belief in immortal life by cultured and scholarly

scientific Spiritualists, aided by the investigators of the Societies for Psychological Research. This in itself is something worthy of being born into this life for. Of the good work done for Spiritualism by Mr. Bundy since he took charge of the paper the files of "The Journal" give ample evidence, and we leave those to speak for him in any future history of Spiritualism in this and in all countries.

When Mr. Bundy returned from the National Editorial Convention held in San Francisco in May, where he had been sent as a delegate from the Chicago Press Club, he was far from well, but he kept about until seven weeks before his transition, when he entered his office for the last time Saturday, June 18th, saying he was going to St. Charles with Mrs. Bundy for a little visit, but would be back on Monday. A week or two later Mr. and Mrs. Bundy were anticipating a trip to Ann Arbor, Mich., to be present at the graduation of their daughter from Michigan University. After that event it had been arranged that they all should take a brief trip to Europe to give the daughter a taste of the world's pleasure after her years of study. But alas! every bright anticipation was doomed to non-fulfilment. On the same evening that he went to St. Charles Mr. Bundy was taken suddenly ill with pleurisy. After ten days of illness at St. Charles it was deemed best to bring him to his own home in Chicago where he could be attended by his long-time friend and trusted family physician, Dr. J. R. Boynton. Everything that skill and love could suggest was done to save him, but the fiat had gone forth, and seven weeks to a day from the first attack of decided pain he passed away from earthly cares.

The following lines were written by our recently deceased friend, Colonel Bundy. They appeared in "LIGHT," in 1887, but they breathe so sweet and noble a spirit that they will well bear reproduction in our pages:—

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold—
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a heart
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine.
To profit by affliction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
Reap truth from contradiction
And fulfil each great design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do. —J. C. BUNDY.

MEMORIAL SERVICE TO MR. W. STANTON MOSES.

The friends at Winchester Hall, 33, High-street, Peckham, have arranged that the service on Sunday evening next, September 18th, shall partake of the nature of a memorial service to the late Mr. W. Stanton Moses, President of the London Spiritualist Alliance and Editor of "LIGHT." Service will commence at 7 p.m., and the address will be delivered by Mr. Robert James Lees. A bus from Oxford-circus and trams from all the bridges pass the door.

"A MESSAGE TO EARTH."

One would not willingly carp at any attempt at advancing men on their way to a better understanding of themselves and their hopes, but whenever the word "esoteric" comes in, one cannot help fearing that some danger lurks ahead. This book is no exception. It purports to be published "in conjunction with the writings recognised by the Esoteric Christian Union as appertaining to the 'New Gospel of Interpretation.'" It also asserts itself to be a re-utterance of Christ's words. Though there is nothing to say so—for the book plunges at once *in medias res*—we are to suppose that the information is obtained by automatic writing. The book is in the form of question and answers.

This is an extract:—

Prayer is the ladder by which the soul steadily ascends through matter to its end, which is God. We can trace its cry in the dumb efforts of material and animal evolution to attain to a higher expression through the further and further development of consciousness.

That which science calls "Natural Selection," "Selection of Species," "Descent of Man," is no other than the mighty prayer or uprising of the universe towards its source, its continuous expression of *certitude* that *God is*, and that He is the Supreme Consciousness from which it has issued forth, its mighty effort to ascend to this Consciousness individuated and purified by its contact with matter. Have you never observed the common fact that man's deep sorrow finds expression in prayer, while his happiness and prosperity fail to do so? Have you never reasoned why this is, nor yet seen in it evidence that man's soul *will* re-assert its divine birth, *will* re-commence its up climbing, whenever it is set free from sense-suppression in sudden check of earth's desires?

Intense prayer bears the same relation to the spiritual universe as does pain to the animal kingdom. For is not physical pain the cry of the animal that all is not well, the effort of nature to regain its equilibrium by a powerful manifestation of feeling to animal consciousness? And is not prayer the soul's cry that all is not well, the effort of the spiritual nature to regain its equilibrium in God by a powerful manifestation of feeling to the Universal Consciousness?

Now all this depends very much upon what is meant by "prayer." Are those parts of worship known as "praying" to be called prayer, for they are apparently quite consistent with both happiness and prosperity? Is the cry for help, when a man's wife or child is dying, to be called prayer? Or is the earnest wish for betterment alone to be so named? One would suppose the latter to be the case, but the author, or, shall we say, the communicating spirit, does not say so. We get the vagueness common to all "esoteric" teaching.

The intelligent communicator possibly might put the following into a form with some meaning, but no one else could. What is meant by Nature refusing a vacuum, and being *therefore* filled as with God?—

Seek not yet the meaning of all things. As you are ready so will we teach you, and show you clearly, step by step, how ye grow unto Truth. The dawn rises, but ye could not bear the full light of the sun. There is no miracle in Nature, and *all* is Nature. *God* is Nature, man is Nature, and all between and around them is Nature. Nature refuses a vacuum, and all is filled with God, God manifest to man, God unmanifest to man, but still God throughout time and eternity, throughout space and that which is not space.

In a passage later on God is defined as the "life which transcends matter." "Ye cannot love God; that is, love the life which transcends matter, yet cling to the material things of earth." Now, if this definition be introduced into the foregoing paragraph, the result is somewhat remarkable. In one page "faith" is defined as a something that can be got by "sight," and in another we are told "Your souls will surely grow by faith, which shall to you become *sight*," which is not the same thing.

With regard to the intellect we get this:—

It is not an organ of the permanent individual in man. It is material in its essence, and does not correspond with that which is spiritual.

Possibly so, but then (p. 47) we are told that the material universe is an emanation of the spiritual universe.

It is impossible that a book which is obviously made up from "Spirit Teachings," and perhaps some similar book or books, should not contain good things, and the good things are present, but there is no reasoned order, and one cannot help thinking that the writer was not quite sure of his meaning. Perhaps it is as well to avoid the "esoteric" at first.

OCCULTISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

The following extract from "La Science des Mages," by M. Papus, a well-known French occultist, presents with some intelligibility the difference that exists between Occultism and Spiritualism, as that difference is understood by the professed occultist. The extract, too, is instructive from another point of view. It shows clearly how the *Spiritism* of France differs from the *Spiritualism* of England. To bring this out more vividly the word *Spiritism* has been translated throughout as *Spiritualism*. Obviously, however, the two things are not the same:—

Occultism does not deny, has never denied, the possibility of communicating with the dead, but it refuses to admit that a large number of these communications are real. As a matter of fact, most of them are the results of self-suggestion or of transcendental hypnotism, actions into which the influence of the medium and those present alone enter.

Occultism, however, furnishes a complicated theory for these occurrences, a theory abstract, from some points of view, for some intellects, capable, nevertheless, of satisfying a mind accustomed to rigorous reasoning, but not simple enough for the majority of people. Therefore we advise all our readers who are not yet familiar with these questions, to study first the Spiritualistic theory and to practise Spiritualism by using every medium they can get hold of.

If this same Spiritualism seems to them to be the complete expression of the truth; if this doctrine which is essentially one of consolation is sufficient for their aspirations, let them carefully avoid going beyond it. In fact, Spiritualism teaches the ternary constitution of man; the state of the spirit on the astral plane is very well described by the doctrine of *erraticité*, the law of re-incarnation with all its consequences is well brought out, and a member of the ancient Hermetic university of Egypt would recognise in this simple and consoling doctrine the preliminaries of every initiation.

Contemporary philosophy, it is true, vainly seeks, in Spiritualism, a theology, a cosmogony, or even an original metaphysic, but Spiritualism affects so intense a love of experiment and such a contempt for all scientific metaphysics, that philosophy has nothing to say to it.

Therefore, we repeat, begin with Spiritualism, and, if this doctrine fully answers to your aspirations, stop there. We are not sectaries, pretending to have the exclusive possession of absolute truth; we are independent investigators, and all sincere conviction is entitled to our respect.

If, however, the constant action of the "spirits" in the production of these phenomena does not seem so evident as you supposed; if you observe close analogies between the communications that are obtained and the mental characteristics of the medium; if your studies, carried on according to the principles of Positivism, lead you to study the connection between hypnotism and the Spiritualistic facts that you observe, then go on to Occultism, make yourself master of the theories which Occultism advances for the explanation of these still obscure occurrences.

The study and explanation of the "astral" constitute but an indefinitely small portion of the domain of Occultism; we have seen that. . . . An occultist who does not understand Spiritualism and the phenomena of Spiritualism would assuredly be an exception among us. It is only by commencing with Spiritualism that later on an explanation can be arrived at of the complications and apparent difficulties which Occultism offers to beginners. Some have asserted that occultists are the enemies of Spiritualists. Why? Occultism is much more abstract, much more complicated in its explanations, than Spiritualism. And we are persuaded that it is only necessary for us to understand each other, and that time will eventually bring us all into agreement.

GOETHE states that one day he saw the exact counterpart of himself coming towards him.

WHAT A MAHATMA IS.

The following from the "Agnostic Journal" may possibly solve a difficulty which a good many people have felt. On the whole, though, it is a little disappointing. As the portrait of a Mahatma was in Madame Blavatsky's possession, the solution is somewhat obscure:—

Now, an entity that is passing through the occult training in its successive births, gradually has loss and loss (in each incarnation) of the lower Manas, until there arrives a time when its whole Manas, being of an entirely elevated character, is centred in the individuality, when such a person may be said to have become a Mahatma. At the time of his physical death all the lower four principles perish without any suffering, for these are in fact to him like a piece of wearing apparel which he puts on and off at will. The real Mahatma is, then, not his physical body, but that highest Manas which is inseparably linked to the Atma and its vehicle, the sixth principle—a union effected by him in a comparatively very short period by passing through the process of self-evolution laid down by occult philosophy.

When, therefore, people express a desire "to actually see a Mahatma," they really do not seem to understand what it is they ask for. How can they, with their physical eyes, hope to see that which *transcends* that sight? Is it the body, a mere shell or mask, that they crave to hunt after? And, supposing they see the body of a Mahatma, how can they know that behind that mask is concealed the exalted entity? By what standard are they to judge whether the Maya before them reflects the image of a true Mahatma or not? And who will say that the physical is not a Maya? Higher things can be perceived only by a sense pertaining to those higher things; whoever, therefore, wants to see the real Mahatma must use his *intellectual* sight. He must so elevate his Manas that its perception will be clear, and all mists created by Maya be dispelled. His vision will then be bright, and he will see the Mahatma wherever he may be; for, being merged with the sixth and seventh principles, which know no distance, the Mahatma may be said to be everywhere.

HEAVEN.

Can we imagine our poor sectarian distinctions and barriers and denunciations in what we call "Heaven"? Indeed, if we indulge the hope that in the life to come we shall remember what we thought here, it is worth while asking ourselves how we shall regard some of the ideas that now seem to have such sway. If the angels can be amused (and I hope they are, and know not what there is to prevent them) it must surely amuse them to think of the old quarrels about words and creeds, and especially of the old imagining that Heaven would be peopled only from these favoured churches on earth. But perhaps they are too sorry for us to be amused; and think of us as we think of men who are condemned to work for life in the mines, and who come at last to judge of all things by the light of their own poor lamps.

How it must astonish a real Calvinist—I mean a human being with all the spiritual limitations of Calvinism—to find himself surrounded in the Heavenly world (when he gets there) by men and women whose portion he believed would be the outer darkness! I like to picture to myself the meeting between Cyril and Hypatia; or the meeting between Servetus and Calvin; or the meeting between John Wesley and Theodore Parker. I suppose they all have to make the best of it when they find that the great God is not a partisan—that the Creator of us all loves us all—that the Father is not as partial as some men believed Him to be. But of this we may be sure, that if any of the children do not fall in with the Heavenly Father's way, He will not send any of their brothers or sisters away, to please them. So John Calvin will have to make it up with Servetus, or go on wandering in the dark until he does. But, indeed, it is our joy to believe there will be no difficulty in this, but that the tides of divine charity will so quickly flow into all hearts that half the bliss of Heaven will consist in reconciling the enmities of earth.—J. PAGE HOPPS in "The Coming Day."

THE very selfishness of a selfish man would make him unselfish, did he but understand the law which governs such things.

SOME MAGAZINES.

The "occult" still continues to permeate journalistic literature. In the "New Review" for September there is an article by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick entitled "Experiments in Thought Transference." There is perhaps nothing very new or striking in the paper, but it is characteristic of the hour that the paper should be there at all. The concluding paragraph of Mrs. Sidgwick's article is worthy of remark. She says:—

If it be true, as I believe, that communication can take place between mind and mind otherwise than through the senses, it is a fact of great scientific importance, however it may be explained and however it may be co-ordinated with the established results of scientific inquiry.

The "Arena" has a paper by the Rev. Minot J. Savage on "Psychical Research: More Remarkable Cases." One of these remarkable cases may be quoted, as it bears on the obscure question of *psychometry*:—

On a certain morning I visited a psychometrist. Several experiments were made. I will relate only one, as a good specimen of what has occurred in my presence more than once. The lady was not entranced or, so far as I could see, in any other than her normal condition. I handed her a letter which I had recently received. She took it, and held it in her right hand, pressing it close, so as to come into as vital contact with it as possible. I had taken it out of its envelope, so that she might touch it more effectively, but it was not unfolded even so much as to give her an opportunity to see even the name. It was written by a man whom she had never seen, and of whom she had never heard. After holding it a moment, she said, "This man is either a minister or a lawyer; I cannot tell which. He is a man of a good deal more than usual intellectual power. And yet he has never met with any success in life as one would have expected, considering his natural ability. Something has happened to thwart him and interfere with his success. At the present time he is suffering with severe illness and mental depression. He has pain here" (putting her hand to the back of her head, at the base of the brain).

She said much more, describing the man as well as I could have done it myself. But I will quote no more, for I wish to let a few salient points stand in clear outline. These points I will number, for the sake of clearness:—

1. She tells me he is a man, though she has not even glanced at the letter.

2. She says he is either a minister or a lawyer; she cannot tell which. No wonder, for he was both; that is, he had preached for some years, then he had left the pulpit, studied law, and at this time was not actively engaged in either profession.

3. She speaks of his great natural ability. This was true in a most marked degree.

4. But he had not succeeded as one would have expected. This again was strikingly true. Certain things had happened—which I do not feel at liberty to publish—which had broken off his career in the middle and made his short life seem abortive.

The "Idler" also has taken to narrating psychical experiences. This comes in one of a series of articles called "Novel Notes," by the Editor:—

"For my part," remarked MacShaugnassy, "I can believe in the ability of our spirit friends to give the quaint entertainments credited to them much easier than I can in their desire to do so."

"You mean," added Jephson, "that you cannot understand why a spirit, not compelled as we are by the exigencies of society, should care to spend its evenings carrying on a laboured and childish conversation with a room full of abnormally uninteresting people."

"That is precisely what I cannot understand," MacShaugnassy agreed.

"Nor I, either," said Jephson. "But I was thinking of something very different altogether. Suppose a man died with the dearest wish of his heart unfulfilled, do you believe that his spirit might have power to return to earth and complete the interrupted work?"

"Well," answered MacShaugnassy, "if one admits the possibility of spirits retaining any interest in the affairs of this world at all, it is certainly more reasonable to imagine them engaged upon a task such as you suggest, than to believe that they occupy themselves with the performance of mere drawing-room tricks. But what are you leading up to?"

"Why to this," replied Jephson.

And then follows as gruesome a story as anyone could wish for.

"HOW IT FEELS TO DIE."

The two following letters, addressed to the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette," show that the fatuous nonsense written by the "well-known correspondent" about so solemn a thing as Death, has not found absolute favour with the readers of that journal:—

SIR,—As you have inserted several criticisms on this correspondent's letter, perhaps you will allow me to point out that when a hole is made in thick ice the water does not rise to the level of the upper surface, but remains at that of the lower surface and the new ice forms there. This is an inaccuracy on the writer's part. But there is more than that; for, in my opinion, it was an impossibility for him, on rising under the ice, to "butt and bump his head against it," with the view of breaking it. To do that required that his feet should have a fulcrum, in order to give him the necessary leverage, and that the water would not supply. In my belief the letter was not meant to be taken seriously, but even a jester should be accurate in such matters.

ONE WHO HAS NOT TRIED IT.

SIR,—I should like to ask your "late" correspondent—as I suppose one must entitle a gentleman who is so sure of his own decease—one simple, ancient, question. It is—where does a poker end? Some say at the last molecule of steel: others at the first atom of air. If he will answer that, I shall then be able to say whether it is possible to assert that you have been dead when it has been afterwards ascertained that your life was not extinct.

HAROLD SPENDER.

THE DREAM OF THE DIOSCURI.*

In a dream I found myself in the depths of a vast forest, the silence whereof seemed to be that of ages. No wing of bird clove the air above the brooding trees, no sound of beast echoed through the silence; no wind stirred the heavy leaves of the serried masses of ancient oaks. Hill rolled on beyond hill, covered with dense wood, the foliage of which appeared to clothe the distant hillsides as with moss rather than with leaves, so uniform, so unbroken was the forest.

In the centre of this solitude I beheld, seated upon a cromlech stone—prostrate, and covered with hoary lichens—a man clothed in a long white garment. Now his face was as the face of a Lion—and now as the face of a Lamb—in so far as the spirit of these creatures seemed alternately to shine forth. Though his features were the features of age, yet had the countenance of this man, the clear complexion, the lustrous eyes, and the expression of youth.

A large, ancient book lay open upon the man's lap. Curious and mysterious characters and pictures were to be seen upon its pages, which, one by one, without uttering a word, the man showed to me, in my dream.

I knew that this volume was the Book of Mystery—also the Book of Tradition.

Even as he exhibited the pages of the book, the old man, raising his right hand, pointed towards the depths of the forest, saying, "Behold, they come! The mighty Brothers—the mystic Twins! They who must take part in every conflict in the world since the world began! Even Castor and Pollux—Hengest and Horsa—the Twins called by new names in each succeeding age!"

Whilst he spake, I was aware of a great white light approaching through the depths of the wood—which I then recognised to be the vast Teutonic Forest. The white light approaching, revealed clearly and sharply the huge stems of the ancient oak trees, and cast upwards a weird illumination amongst their curled and twisted branches. I caught a passing glance of a mighty presence—of white wings, and of white horses of colossal size; and of a pair of knights clad in armour of pale gold, their forms youthful and strong and moulded even as the form of the gods. Their face I saw not: neither could I catch sight of their helmets, for they rode so loftily amidst the leafage of the oak trees. But even as it had been an *aura* around the riders, went forth a sense of their mighty strength in the great flashing of the white light which encircled them. The sense of strength was at once a mingled terror and delight to my soul.

Filled with a shuddering of awe, I awoke, and knew that there was war in that land. And it was so.

August, 1865.

A.M.H.W.

* From the papers of the late Mrs. Howitt Watts.

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

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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Light:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17th, 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.

"THE MECHANISM OF GENIUS."

It has before now been urged in the columns of "LIGHT" that all investigations, both psychical and physical, are gradually tending to the same end, namely, the proof of intelligence outside ourselves. The July number of the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" contains an article by Mr. F. W. Myers with the above title which strikingly exemplifies this. It is, perhaps, not exact to call the paper an article, for it is simply a chapter in a series of articles on what Mr. Myers calls *the subliminal consciousness*, but the chapter is so remarkable and important that it may well be considered by itself.

As "LIGHT" is not a professedly scientific journal in the same sense of the word as the "Proceedings," the learned analogies drawn from the solar spectrum must be passed over, and were they given without the transference of the greater part of the article to "LIGHT," it would be difficult to show the train of the writer's thought. This must, therefore, be only a very imperfect sketch.

From a long series of investigations as to the phenomena of clairvoyance, telepathy, and hypnotism, Mr. Myers has come to the conclusion that there is a consciousness which lies below the surface of our ordinary waking life—a consciousness which at times comes into that waking life—but which apparently is not part of that life, but is existent independently of it. This consciousness Mr. Myers calls *subliminal* as distinguished from the ordinary or *supraliminal*. By the "uprush" from the *subliminal* into the *supraliminal* we get that kind of "sport" called genius which is, and has been, the despair of the evolutionist. Everyone will remember how Mr. Russell Wallace, in his book on "Darwinism," showed that no theory of evolution would account for the sporadic appearance of the mathematical faculty for instance, and founded on this failure a claim for the existence of a spiritual existence outside the material.

Mr. Myers begins with the genesis of poetry and music, for here he finds the best illustrations of genius. "It is not from careful poring over the mutual relations of musical notes that the masterpieces of melody have been born. They have come, as they came to Mozart, in an uprush of unsummoned audition, of unpremeditated and self-revealing joy. . . . In the genesis of poetry and of music we have gained a first glimpse into the mechanism of genius."

The argument derived from the calculating boy phenomenon is admirable. That a boy of ten years and four months, like Vito Mangiamiele should find the cube

root of 3,796,116 in half a minute "in his head" would be marvellous even if the boy had been educated, but he was the son of a Sicilian shepherd who was unable to give his son any instruction. How, then, to account for the facts? Mr. Myers finds the solution in the *subliminal consciousness*. To say that Mr. Myers disposes very quickly of the ordinary theories of genius is to assert a truism. Of the Lamarckian, or "ancestral," theory he says, "that even assuming acquired characteristics to be inheritable, there were, as a rule, no such acquired capacities for our prodigies (he is referring to the 'calculating boys') to inherit."

The Darwinian or *protoplasmic* solution, that of the *sport* or *hyc* product occurring in the course of evolution, is rightly represented as being little more than a restatement of the facts. The Platonic, or "preternatural" explanation of Plato, is that which finds favour with Mr. Myers. "The mathematical faculty, for instance (I say with Plato) pre-existed. When Dase (a calculating boy of low intellectual power) solved all those sums in his head, his power of solving them was not a fresh development in his ancestral stock, but depended on the accidental adaptation of his organism to the manifestation of the indwelling computational power. . . . I do not say that Dase himself learned or divined the multiplication table in some unseen world. I only say that Dase and all the rest of us are the spawn or output of some unseen world in which the multiplication table is, so to speak, in the air." Quite so, but this is a distinct assertion of the existence of a spiritual world which is not this. The assertion of the existence of a spiritual world in this general way will soon be found to be insufficient. "Telepathy" apparently covered most of the ground at first, but much more serious developments have come to the front since then. And so it most likely will be here. A mighty ocean of *subliminal* intelligence may explain the genius of music, of poetry, and of mathematics; but is it not straining the theory to its utmost to account for a case in which "the subliminal self has observed what the supraliminal has failed to notice, and has generated a hallucination in order to check the mistaken action to which that inadvertence was leading?"

A lady staying in a Boston hotel was hurrying towards the lift. She was kept from stepping into what she thought was the cage by the figure of a man standing at the door. She stopped short, and then the cage came up; the door of the lift on the lady's corridor had been left open. Had she hurried into the lift she must have been killed, so her *subliminal consciousness* improvised the figure of a man at the door, and she was saved. Is there not another explanation, or is it that the explanation of Mr. Myers is the same with a new name? 7.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

At a meeting of the Council of the Alliance held on Tuesday, September 13th, Mr. E. Dawson Rogers was unanimously elected President in succession to the late Mr. W. Stainton Moses.

THE LATE MR. STAINTON MOSES.

It is proposed shortly to issue a "Stainton Moses" number of "LIGHT." The Editor will be grateful to all who may send him communications as to personal or other recollections of our departed friend which may be valuable. Such communications should be sent to 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, London.

OUR FATHER'S CHURCH.—Members, Friends, and Inquirers are invited to Two Meetings on Sunday, September 25th, at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer-street (near Oxford-circus), at Eleven and Seven. John Page Hopps will speak on the following subjects:—"Why Should We Worship Together?" "The Music in All the Creeds." All seats free. Hymns will be provided. Voluntary offerings at the doors to defray expenses. A brotherly invitation is specially offered to those who feel the need of something more rational and simple, and less conventional, than the ordinary churches. —[ADVT.]

MR. T. EVERITT.

We give this week a portrait of Mr. Thomas Everitt, of Holder's Hill, Hendon—not so good a one as we could have wished, but the best we could get. Mr. Everitt is personally known to a very large circle of friends in all parts of the country, and has for many years been greatly esteemed for his earnest and disinterested devotion to the cause of Spiritualism. Long ago, while resident in London, his house was always freely open to visitors anxious to make acquaintance with Mrs. Everitt's varied mediumistic gifts, and in this way he has hospitably entertained people of every class, amongst them many of



MR. THOMAS EVERITT.

very high social position. Since his removal to Hendon his home has, of course, not been so readily accessible, but he has continued, nevertheless, to extend a hearty welcome to sincere inquirers, and cheerfully placed himself at the service of local societies, whenever convenient, for the purpose of expounding the views which he holds as the result of his many years' experience. This experience has fully satisfied him that the possibility of communion with the departed is a fact which cannot be rationally disputed, and that all the "isms" which are on that point at variance with Spiritualism, are based on mere fancies and vain speculations. A portrait of Mrs. Everitt appeared in our issue of May 7th of the present year.

A GERMAN writer has recently said of the want of mental charity: "All uncharitableness lies like a cloud between us and the face of the Lord, and does not allow us the full joy of communion with Him again until bitter tears of repentance have been shed. Anyone who knows the inner life can out of his own experience recall many proofs of how every unkind word, every uncharitable dealing, every resentment of an injury, came as a disturbing element between him and God." And not only does all uncharitableness lie like a cloud between us and the face of the Lord, but it lies like a cloud and like a dense obstacle between ourselves and the person of whom we allow such thoughts to come. A friendship can be absolutely broken by uncharity of thought, even though it is never expressed in word or deed. Conversely it can be so strengthened, so cemented in closest union of spirit by mental currents of love and good will, that each is carried to new heights and into a purer atmosphere. The issues of life are all in the thought atmosphere; and it is because of this truth that any holding of depressed, despondent or uncharitable feeling is certain to result in disaster and defeat; while to see the conditions of life in the mental image, as noble, beautiful and radiant, is to come into the currents of that abounding energy which creates success and transfigures life.--LILIAN WHITING.

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

No. XXVII.

FROM THE RECORDS OF MRS. S.

December 11th. Circle sat for a short time; also Mr. Percival. Conditions inside as usual; outside a very bad fog. The room soon filled with spirit-light. We heard slight raps, and the large dining-room table quivered. Rector manifested strongly, shaking the room. Imperator controlled for a short time, and told us that nothing more could be accomplished, as the atmospheric conditions were too bad.

December 14th. This evening Mr. and Miss Percival and Miss B. sat with us. Imperator controlled, to tell us the conditions did not admit of a long control, neither could they give us any manifestations with such a dense fog outside.

Shanklin, December 31st. This evening the circle met after a fortnight's cessation. We had left London for a clearer atmosphere, and now used a dining-room opening into the garden for our seance-room, conditions the spirits always seemed to like. Raps were soon heard, and one most peculiar grinding sound. On asking who the spirit was we were told it was Z. "Where did you come from?" "Kensal" was rapped out, and that he had been with the medium since his visit to the cemetery. Asked again for our prayers. The spirit appeared unhappy and unprogressive. G. came, making melancholy musical sounds, wailing as if something displeased him. Through the alphabet he verified what the unhappy spirit had told us, and said he could not help him. The table then became very disturbed, and tilted down to the ground once or twice. It was a very heavy, old-fashioned round table, difficult to move. We asked for the reason of the disturbance, and discovered we were not placed in our proper positions. We changed places, and sat as we had done in London. Dr. Dee then gave a heavy blow on the table. We then heard a new and peculiar sound on the table between me and Mr. S.M. We asked, "Can you communicate?" "Yes"; and on calling the alphabet the name of H. was spelt out. Much sandalwood scent was freely thrown all over the table.

Shanklin, January 1st, 1874. This evening our circle met again under the usual conditions. We heard many different raps and sounds. X. came, making his melancholy noise. Rapping came on the table and medium's chair; also ticking sounds in the air. G. manifested freely, and much cool scented air was blown over us. The peculiar ticking sound then came between the medium and myself. Many spirits seemed trying to manifest. At last we managed to open communications with one, who told us through raps that many spirits from "long beyond" were present, that she was the spirit of my old friend, C. F., who had passed over seventeen years ago. She had come from Bonchurch, where Mr. S.M. had been that afternoon with Dr. S., and had stood by her grave, and talked of her. This had attracted her to them. She said she was happy, and had joined her mother and sisters. I inquired if she had met my father. Answered "No." "How did you hear of his translation?" "Through Miss Kirkland." "Do you often see her?" "Many raps followed this question, giving the idea of pleasure. Other questions were asked and answered, and the alphabet called for. Message rapped out: "I must depart. Adieu." This word the spirit in earth-life always used at the end of her letters. I looked over a bundle of old ones, and found it at the end of each. Catharine then, through the alphabet, rapped out "Break." We found under the table a piece of marked paper with the letters "C.F. passed seventeen years"; signed, "Rector." Upon returning to the room we heard the same sound that was made the previous evening by the spirit calling himself H—i. He solemnly assured us it was himself. Dr. S. said: "Will you give us a sign of your presence?" "We will; wait; join hands." After waiting for a few moments, light was asked for, and we found on the paper we had placed under the table the name of H—i and X Rector.

January 2nd. Soon after meeting this evening a spirit came giving the name of "Henry Sprateley." He told us through the alphabet that he had lived at "Moor Cottage, Maidenhead." Had died there December 24th, 1873, and Imperator had selected him to come and give us proof of identity. The spirit then left, and Mentor came and tilted the table. After that an old friend of Mr. S.M.'s

came and gave his name and birthplace, and answered many questions, since verified. G. then bid us "Good night" on his musical spirit-instrument. After we had lighted up we found paper under the table with the initials of Mr. S.M.'s old friend, "F.S.A. Rector." We wrote the next day to the post-office, also to the Vicar of Maidenhead, making inquiries for the late Henry Sprateley, but received no answer. We heard later on that the Vicar was absent from Maidenhead. A month after the seance had occurred I suddenly thought I would write to the present occupier of "Moor Cottage," asking if a Mr. Henry Sprateley had resided there. By return of post I received an answer from the son, saying he was the present occupier of the house, but that his father, "Henry Sprateley," had lived there until his death, which happened last December 24th, 1873. This was an excellent test, as no one in the circle had ever heard the name of the spirit or cottage, or circumstances of death, until they were given in the circle by the spirit, and verified afterwards by the son, a perfect stranger to all of us.

January 3rd. This evening, after waiting for a short time, X. manifested; also G., and the spirit who appeared to throw a stone on to the table, falling afterwards on the floor with a sharp noise. All the spirits that had manifested in the circle hitherto were known to us immediately, as each came with its own peculiar rap, sound, light, or scent. We inquired of G. who the spirit was that produced the dropping sound, as we had termed it. He called for alphabet and by raps gave the names of three celebrated characters, P., L., and S. Great quantities of lovely scent, both dry and liquid, came to us, smelling like verbena; we were fanned with the perfumed air, and the wet scent was rained on us. Our seance-room at this time was scented like a lovely garden, and it would remain so for days. Musk was smelling so strongly at my left side that I felt sure some had been brought. I moved my hand over the table, and felt a quantity of dry musk which, when the seance was over, I saw, and collected as much as would cover a sixpence. It was very sweet, and retained its perfume as long as it lasted. We heard double raps around us, and knew our friend "Mentor" had returned. He told us to break for a few moments. On returning to the room Mentor quickly controlled Mr. S.M., and showed us a remarkable spirit-light which lasted in our sight for nearly half an hour. It was the size of a small lantern, bright in the middle, and covered with drapery. It came on to the table, rapped, passed over our hands, almost touched my head, illuminated our faces, struck the chandelier over our heads, sailed to the top of the door, then up to the ceiling, rapping for us that we might hear, as well as see, its position. It was dull in colour at first, but gained in brightness while conversing with Mentor, and evincing our intense pleasure and interest in his most beautiful manifestation. He informed us he had returned that evening, and would come again; we had seen during the seance a manifestation that no other circle had ever witnessed. He could make much better lights were the medium quite well. "Tell him when he awakes to bathe his head and face in cold water and go into the fresh air." Mentor then gave us a blessing, bid us "Good night," and said he would pray for us.

January 4th. This evening, soon after sitting down, the room seemed full of masses of floating light, and beautiful scent was wafted over us and thrown in great quantities on the table. A small piece of wood was brought from my bedroom and thrown on to the table. The influence and scent seemed unusually strong all round me, and masses of light stood between me and the medium. We then heard a gentle rapping under my hands. On asking if the spirit wished to communicate, the alphabet was asked for, and then to my astonishment the name of "George E." was rapped out. I said, "Are you really my brother?" "Yes." "Have you manifested before?" "Yes." "Here?" "No." "Where?" "In London." "Through this medium?" "Partly." "Name of other medium?" "Holmes" was spelt out. "Was that your face we saw through Mrs. Holmes?" "Yes," given with many jubilant raps. Dr. S. then asked whether he had a sister in spirit-land. No answer came, but a deeper rap sounded on the table, asking for alphabet. The name of "Augustus" was given. I asked, "Are you my father?" "Yes." "And you manifested at the Holmes'?" "Yes." "Are we right in sitting for these manifestations?" A very emphatic "Yes" followed this. "Who sent you here?" "Imperator." "Do you know who

he is?" "Yes." "Can you give his name?" Raps then ceased, as if the spirit had left for permission. After this a gentle tapping came under my hands, and on calling the alphabet the name of "Emma" was rapped out. I asked, "Are you my mother, or sister?" (as both had the same name). No answer. Then I said, "My sister?" "Yes." "Have you seen our mother?" "Yes." "Our brother William?" "No." Presently my father's rap came again, asking for alphabet. In answer he said he was allowed to give name, "M—" was spelt out. After that the message was given: "God protect and guard you, dear M. I must go." Raps ceased; others came, and my brother G. rapped out, "We have been allowed to return and give proof of our identity for conviction." "Who allowed you?" "Imperator." Raps then ceased,

and G. struck up a joyful sound, called for alphabet, and rapped out, "Cease, and be thankful; great and good spirits have made effort to convince you." I asked, "Is my father one of them?" "Yes" was rapped out most emphatically. "Farewell."

We noticed during these communications that the room was unusually light, large masses floating about and surrounding the circle, and the atmosphere was redolent of the most exquisite perfume; much was sprinkled on the table near the spot where the communications were rapped out. At this time I noticed whenever a fresh spirit communicated for the first time a special manifestation of scent occurred.

MY MOTHER'S HANDS.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me!

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands keep toiling on
That children might be glad.
I almost weep, as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

But oh! beyond this shadow land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I knew full well those dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;
Where crystal streams through endless time
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

"THE MARRIAGE OF THE SOUL."*

This book of poems, which was shortly noticed some time ago, seems to require a fuller recognition. The feeling of dissatisfaction with things as they are is permeating all our modern life. It is not only in the somewhat narrow field of politics that this unrest is evident, not only in the wish for better things in art, not only in the acknowledged insufficiency of scientific theories, but in every phase of our social life there comes in a note of a despair which sometimes trembles into a brighter song of hope. And that hope is not for the return of what has been, but the longing for a new meaning of what is to come. In the very first of these poems, the one entitled "Ewesdale," we meet with this:—

Remembrance may still come to gladden
With visions of loveliness seen,
Though visions that more than half sadden,
Far off in the days that have been.

But the sight that to peace shall restore us
Is one seen by all that draw breath,
For the last is the great sight before us,
The presence majestic of Death.

And, again, in the the concluding stanza of "Trishna":—

No more in Nature's fashion
Drawn back to earth and night,
Swept with the winds of passion,
Missed by sound and sight.

Life is a record hoary,
Lost in forgotten story,
The spark's merged in the glory
Of the Eternal Light.

And in this:—

Lost in the common life of all that live,
By the four walls of self no more confined,
Last, greatest gift that Being has to give,
Clasp we the thought with heart and soul and mind.

In the piece called "The Marriage of the Soul," which gives the title to the complete work, there are many passages of considerable beauty, all pervaded with the same feeling. We give but one:—

Love, it was love, but not for our attaining
On the dim path by feet of mortals trod,
Rather the heart its wider visions gaining,
Touched by an ember from the fire of God.

A FEW POINTS ON HOLY RELICS.

Animal magnetism prevails to a greater or less extent in all beings, and there are metals which will retain great quantities of this magnetism which can be imparted to them on contact. These two facts show at a glance that all cures credited to the holy (so-called) relics which have been and are now held up to the faithful in the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, in New York City, come under common law and are not miracles. A statement made in the New York "Recorder" shows that magnetic force is the cause of these cures. The statement was: "Father Teterian says that the relic has not been here long enough to do any miraculous work." This, in other words, means that the silver case which contains the so-called relic has, as yet, only reached the lips of a few. Cause and effect shows itself here as in all other cases.

The lips are very sensitive, and impart and receive magnetic forces to and from the system. After this case of silver has been touched by the lips of thousands of dupes, each and everyone imparting some magnetism, it becomes highly charged with magnetic forces. Then, when some poor debilitated subjects come along, who are lacking in magnetism or vibratory forces to prevent the inroads of disease, as soon as their lips come in contact with this metal casket they receive some magnetism, greater or less as their condition demands and will draw. Priestcraft has known the peculiar properties of metals, and it is noticeable that in all cases where healing has been done by the relics, &c., the cabinets and caskets which contain them are made of metal. It is the ignorance of these laws that make their dupes bow to their so-called power.

Will mankind never open their eyes and reason for themselves? We hope so. Yes, we see now that this priestcraft is doomed. Just think of it! Priests in Ireland being mobbed by church members! Verily the world moves!—E. L. (From the "Progressive Thinker.")

* "The Marriage of the Soul." By W. SCOTT-ELLIOT. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.)

AN ASSORTMENT OF MASKS.

By MRS. A. J. PENNY.

(Continued from p. 434.)

Again, for quite another cause of perplexing effects, "That societies spiritual and angelic are constituted of such as are of one genus as their species is evident from the affection of similarities" . . . "that societies are such is also evident from experience sometimes granted to me when faces were represented which were changed in a moment of time into many other faces in succession, in which a similar genus of affection shone forth; but was varied continually according to species, which was nothing else than the acting of one society, and of one in succession after another in the society." ["Spiritual Diary," part of 2,103 and 2,104.] And in the following passage we find what may account for the transient interval of a friend's recognition, which so often has caused surprise at a seance, rousing suspicion of fraud from the contrast it offers to any friendly meeting among ourselves. "Souls know not who they were in this life except from others who have an idea of their identity, and then being thereby excited they know it; but the knowledge is presently lost." ["Spiritual Diary," 4,259.]

If all these sources of inspiration revealed by Swedenborg fail to bring home to inquirers the unwisdom of expecting to be able to identify the true performers in any spiritual manifestation, the abstract reasoning of Professor Caird may have more weight. "The spiritual world," he says, "differs from the outward and visible world in this respect, that it cannot be conceived of as made up of individual things independently existing, and only externally related to each other. The lowest terms are not absolute, identical units, but unities which are the integration of divers elements." ["Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion," p. 204.]

"We speedily find that the unity of the spiritual world is a thing which lies beyond the scope of logic, and that instead of reconciling, our rationalising efforts only bring into harsher opposition and discordancy the differences we seek to solve. Nor from the nature of things can it be otherwise. If the sphere of spirituality be that in which nothing exists as a self-identical entity, how is it possible that formal logic, whose fundamental principle is the law of identity should be other than baffled in the desire to grasp them?" [Ibid, p. 210.]

I know that it is usual for our Lord's saying, "if ye will receive it, this is Elias who was for to come" [Matt. xi. 14], to be taken as inferentially sanctioning belief in Reincarnation, but it seems to me quite as presumable that He, cognisant of the laws of spirit life, should thus refer to John the Evangelist as one with Elijah from his being a personified participant of the same spiritual quality; just in the same sense as St. Paul said, "Now he that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit." [1 Cor. vi. 17.] This conception of one spirit identical in all external fractions of internal unanimity, opens a door of escape for many contradictions of thought. It annihilates all errors about one devil, still lurking in tracts of low range, though even in the seventeenth century Boehme had outseen it. "Satan, which seduceth the whole world is this false will of the ownness, viz., the will of hell, a ground of lies and contradictions and gainsayings; an universal spirit of the hellish foundations, and yet it is no created thing or creature, . . . although it hath in like manner devils of such properties and names, which are also princes in their legions; for they have imaged themselves in the hellish property." [Pars 6 and 7 of 11th "Theosophic Questions."] And it gives, as I believe, a much truer idea of the Holy Ghost as a complex unity, than theology presents; and may bring people by degrees to see without any profanity that every human spirit has power to grieve, or gladden, or to "quench" a Holy Spirit who is yet in the strictest sense the Holy Spirit also. "Is that you?" says the child to its mother, touching her fingers in the dark: what its touch reaches is not all of that mother, but all the child needs to be sure of her whole presence: and those fingers execute all the will of her love.

To return to the main line of this essay, when we have pondered on all foregoing reasons for slowness to believe the accounts spirits give of who or what they are, a residuum of hope and comfort remains for many hearts who have experiences and proofs too sacred, and too dear, for any possibility of mistrust. The Society for Psychical Research will have

caught and catalogued any number of intelligent "Phantasms" before I doubt hearts being more likely to get at the truth on this point than heads, however well furnished, in which intuition is so often "entirely suffocated with terrestrial sciences." If for no other reason that *profound love* is the one feeling which neither frivolous nor malignant beings can feign successfully, and blind as love proverbially is said to be, when much of its peace is at stake, I think it will always be found to be very keen-sighted. There can be no doubt that many *have* had the hunger of their hearts appeased by messages coming from the unseen; on this ground I have no direct knowledge, but such as I have gained from those who have, and whose veracity and calmness of judgment are beyond question, leads to the conclusion that such comfort is not often gained in social sciences. They seem to me happiest to whom it comes unsought, so far as any external arrangements go, for there is then much less danger of intervening bias from the mind of "mediates." "If the communion of a joint love and an indissoluble binding together into unity constitute the entire sacred initiation, there will be nothing of human operations, so-called, wrought in with it, to the end that it may be truly divine and transcending every rite known and participated in by men."*

It may be well said, how inconsistent is this idea of consolation coming from the blessed ones released, after all that Swedenborg affirms as to the loss of memory after death! If people forget who they themselves have been, what chance of wives and children, even, being remembered? But he also says that when the Lord pleases everything in the past is in a moment vividly restored to memory. This is not the place to argue about prayer. To those who believe in its power, and I am one of those, some tears, some prayers, some intense yearnings for bliss withdrawn seem quite enough to induce the love of God to console human love, by permitting an interval of recollection, and a flash of unchanged feeling strong enough to reach and reassure it.

The *habitual* communication with holiest friends gone before (with whom it is impossible to associate the thought of "earth-bound" conditions), which is the privilege of some few, can hardly be explained, it appears to me—without resorting again to Swedenborg for a suggestion of how that may be possible. Writing of "those who sustained the place of elevated beings" in the exterior heaven, and who also believed that they were those individuals," he adds, "for the angels in an interior heaven can speak with men through spirits of an exterior heaven, thus mediately: but those spirits sustain the place of such, and can at the same time show what was their character immediately after the death of the body. [Spiritual Diary, 281.] A. J. PENNY.

(To be continued.)

"I WOULD CHOOSE WORK AND NEVER FAILING POWER TO WORK."

If some angel spoke to me to-night,
In awful language of the unknown land,
Bidding me choose from treasure infinite,
From goodly gifts and glories in his hand,
The thing I coveted, what should I take?
Fame's wreath of bays? The fickle world's esteem?
Nay, greenest bays may wave on brows that ache,
And world's applauding passeth as a dream.
Should I choose love to fill my empty heart
With soft, strong sweetness, as in days of old?
Nay, for love's rapture hath an after smart,
And on love's rose the thorns are manifold.
Should I choose life with long succeeding years?
Nay, earth's long life is longer time for tears.
I would choose work and never-failing power
To work without weak hindrance by the way,
Without recurrence of the weary hour
When tired tyrant Nature holds its sway
Over the busy brain and toiling hand.
Ah! if an angel came to me to-night,
Speaking in language of the unknown land,
So would I choose from treasures infinite.
But well I know the blessed gift I crave,
The tireless strength for never-ending task,
Is not for this life. But beyond the grave
It may be I shall find the thing I ask;
For I believe there is a better land
Where will and work and strength go hand in hand.

—"CARRIER DOVE."

"SPIRITUALISM," BY ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

It is a distinct sign of the times that this article *can* appear in so important a work as "Chambers's Encyclopaedia."* Nor is it a less distinct sign that it is contributed by a foremost man of science. Not so long ago the article, if inserted at all, would have been limited to a few contemptuous lines. Here there are seven columns.

This contribution to the "Encyclopaedia" has, moreover, an intrinsic value of its own, in that it presents in a small compass the leading facts connected with Spiritualism. First we are given a succinct account of what is termed "Modern Spiritualism," then a description of the "Nature and Range of the Phenomena," next a paragraph on the "Characteristics of Mediums," and finally references to the value of the phenomena, their teaching and philosophy. As to the phenomena themselves, there is one which may not be known to recent investigators, but which from its importance is quoted in full from Mr. Wallace's article. The particular instance of the phenomena is, it will be seen, given on exceptionally good authority:—

A very marvellous phenomenon exhibited by Mr. Home, and a very few other mediums, is the power of neutralizing the action of fire, both in their own persons and in that of some of the spectators. Lord Lindsay (since 1880 Earl of Crawford) made the following statement before the Dialectical Society: "I have frequently seen Home when in a trance go to the fire and take out large red-hot coals and carry them about in his hands, put them inside his shirt, &c. Eight times I have myself held a red-hot coal in my hands without injury, when it scorched my face on raising my hand. . . . A few weeks ago I was at a seance with eight others. Of these seven held a red-hot coal without pain, and the two others could not bear the approach of it." Lord Adare, Mr. Jencken, and several others saw Mr. Home stir the fire with his hands and then put his face right among the burning coals, moving it about as though bathing it in water. Mrs. S. C. Hall, the Earl of Crawford, and several others saw Mr. Home place a large lump of burning coal on Mr. S. C. Hall's head and draw up his white hair over the red coal. It remained there several minutes. After it was taken away it burned the fingers of some who attempted to touch it. A number of other persons of the highest character have testified to similar occurrences with Mr. Home.

With regard to the characteristics of mediums, Mr. Wallace is very explicit, and he meets at once, and in a few lines, the parrot-cry of universal trickery, for, as he says:—

Each medium exhibits considerable individuality, and rarely, perhaps never, offers an exact reproduction of the phenomena occurring with other mediums. All the phenomena occur sometimes in private houses, to which the medium comes without any apparatus whatever. Every class of phenomena has occurred with unpaid mediums, as well as with those who make mediumship a profession. And many of the most remarkable mediums have submitted to elaborate and careful tests by scientific and intelligent observers with results wholly beyond the powers of professional conjurers.

As to the value of the phenomena, Mr. Wallace puts the case with admirable clearness. He is speaking of the charge of triviality brought against such things as furniture moving, table-turning, and so on:—

These physical phenomena, however low and trivial they may seem, are the most effectual and often the only means of compelling attention to the subject, and this is more particularly the case with those imbued with the teachings of modern science. The moment such persons are really convinced that physical phenomena occur which they have always held and declared to be impossible, they see that there is something more in the matter than imposture or delusion, and further inquiry shows them that this class of facts constitute the mere outskirts of the subject.

With regard to the teaching and philosophy of Spiritualism, Mr. Wallace is equally clear:—

The universal teaching of modern Spiritualism is that the world and the whole material universe exist for the purpose of developing spiritual beings—that death is simply a transition from material existence to the first grade of spirit-life, and that our happiness and the degree of our progress will be wholly dependent upon the use we have made of our faculties and opportunities here . . . that our existence

* Jamblichos "On the Mysteries." Part 4, Sec. 3, in A. Wilder's translation.

* "Chambers's Encyclopaedia." (New edition.)

in this world is really but one of the stages in an endless series.

And then Mr. Wallace concludes with a column of extracts from the "Spirit Teachings" of "M. A. (Oxon.)," perhaps as noble a tribute to the value of this work of Stainton Moses as could well be given.

OUR GERMAN EXCHANGES.

The August number of "Psychische Studien" completes a series of four papers by Gr. C. Wittig, on "Lights by Night and The Legend of the Wild Huntsman," and their purpose is to inquire whether the lights seen at night come by lonely travellers are to be explained by natural causes, as marsh-gas, &c., or are of spiritual origin. The fact that they are most frequent in places which were the scenes of great battles seems to point to the latter explanation. Among the peasants they are held to be "poor souls" in Purgatory. Many interesting experiences of the author's mother and grandmother are related, but their value is lessened from a scientific point of view by a too great readiness to see portents. The subject is, however, an interesting one. Here are people who fully believe that they have on two occasions heard the horn of the wild huntsman and the baying of hounds, the rush of thousands of riders through the still air across the forest growing fainter and fainter in the distance. There was no wind, there was no flight of birds, there was nothing they knew of that could account for the occurrence, and it was set down by the father as a sign that another war would shortly break out, as it did in 1812 and 1813. The story would not do for the Society for Psychical Research. The author's mother, from whom it comes, was but six years old at the time, and shared the superstitions or beliefs of her country and her time, but as there are corroborating stories they are worth collecting and examining. Ghostly battles in the air have been seen and heard since the days of Marathon, so there is nothing very startling in the idea of Napoleon's slain soldiers haunting the scene of their slaughter.

These accounts in the "Psychische Studien" evoked a corroborating story from a reader, which as being well authenticated we quote. It appeared in the "Munich Allg. Zeitung" in 1885:—

While I was sitting one evening on a bench before the house, enjoying the view, there came Franz Eder, a woodman, and told the postmaster the following story, which I listened to attentively: Last night he was with a companion on the top of the Heuthal in an Alpine herdsman's hut (Sennhütte) when about twelve o'clock there arose a terrible and indescribable noise. It was as if all the animals of Noah's Ark had sprung to their feet and were tearing helter-skelter past. They heard all sorts of cries, chiefly and most distinctly a furious barking of dogs, then very loud grunting, whistling, bellowing, and croaking, as though of vultures. He stepped out of the hut; there was not a breath of wind, and he saw absolutely nothing, but had the feeling that the whole troop kept close to the ground. It rushed past at full speed for a few minutes, then came to a stop in the distance for a moment, and at once back again as stormily as before, and then suddenly vanished or became inaudible. If you want to give it a name, you could only call it the Wild Hunt ("Gejaid") (Wodan's "Wil les Gejaid"), that is still to be met with now and again in our day. In the village there were, he said, several old men who had also once heard it. Unbelievers explained it by the swish of a migratory flight of wild geese, but it was not the right time of year for that now. Franz Eder seems not at all superstitious, but he, too, knows no natural explanation. He was not greatly alarmed by the noise, but his companion was a good deal more frightened.

An article from the "Grenzboten," of April 21st, on "Witch Trials," comes under review. It seems to us worthy of notice. It points out that there really was some ground for the persecution of witches, that it was the product not of a morbid fancy, but a cruel reaction against a national vice. This was the use of the witches' ointment, a concoction containing, among several harmless ingredients, the juices of medicinal plants which acted on the spinal marrow and as an Aphrodisiac. Like opium it ruined the organism, and its effect was noticeable on the eyes; one of the signs by which witches were popularly recognised. The witches rubbed their bodies all over with this salve, and it produced the sensation of flying through the air. Andreas a Laguna, the body-physician of Charles V., experimented with this salve.

In the August number Dr. Carl du Prel has an article on "Speaking in Foreign Tongues." He puts aside those cases

where there is only a stimulated memory, and languages once known, but forgotten, are again spoken. He then proves by examples that a somnambulist understands the thought expressed by the magnetiser independently of the language in which it is spoken, and further that as suggestions have a tendency to become movement, a somnambulist may speak a foreign tongue without understanding it at the suggestion of the magnetiser. Jaccoliot thus caused a Hindoo girl to recite the first verse of the "Iliad."

"Spiritualistische Blätter" has lately been concerned with the establishment of a new Spiritualist association, the "Lodge of Light" (Lodge zum Licht), and is, therefore, temporarily of less interest to our readers. It is also largely compiled from American sources. No. 31, for July 28th, gave interesting directions (originally from a spirit source) for taking to oneself the magnetism of the earth, to the increase of physical health and psychical power. C.J.C.

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.]

Water-Dreaming.

SIR,—I am exceedingly sorry to learn through "LIGHT" of the loss it has sustained in the decease of Mr. Stainton Moses, in whom I felt an interest through his writings.

I see you have taken notice of my dreams in your last number. As water dreams are being discussed, I take the liberty of sending one I had lately, which you may like to insert.

I was standing on a broad road with a wide river on each side, but the road stopped short like a pier, and the two rivers joined but did not mingle. On the left the water was thick and yellow, and ran on to a bank of murky clouds which descended to the water's edge. On the right the water was exquisite in colour and clearness and ran to a bank of lovely white clouds which, as I gazed, opened and discovered a view such as I have never seen or imagined for beauty (and I have travelled a great deal). I was filled with a wonderful joy; I thought I was alone, but turning partly round I found a friend (lately dead) by my side looking very sad. I threw my arms round her neck, and said, "There—there is where we are going!" and then it ended.

I frequently dream of clear water, and enjoy being in it. I also fly constantly, and have done so all my life, either up to the ceiling, or with a little skip downstairs. I fancy this is common to many, but I should be very glad if anyone could throw some light upon it.

I have dreamed altogether seven dreams which have come true like those I sent you before.

Bruxelles.

LUCY HOYLE.

A Question.

SIR,—As an outside reader of "LIGHT," I have perused with a feeling of uncertainty your editorial remarks in last week's issue. I may have misapprehended their full import, but I gather from them a suggestion that some might think it advisable to discountenance to a certain extent the practice of that branch of Spiritualistic teaching which is carried on by means of the seance, because of regrettable phenomena which seem frequently to accompany it. I can see, as I think, that the suggestion is addressed to advanced Spiritualists only, or to those who have already attained conviction; but would not the policy, if adopted, be something like restricting for others an already too slightly available area of elementary education? Would it not be like a partial closing of the gates by those who are within against those who still expectantly stand without?

I am, I suppose, in the position of thousands who are respectfully and seriously considering such printed matter on the subject as they can lay their hands on, but who have what is, perhaps, an ill-founded disinclination to attend public seances, and have, at present, no opportunities of procuring introductions to private circles which already exist while they cannot, for reasons connected with personal surroundings, form useful circles of their own.

From what I read in "LIGHT" and elsewhere, I understand that all Spiritualists have attained conviction through the instrumentality of the seance. In this view, would the adoption of such a policy as I have thought is indicated in your remarks not tend to retard rather than advance the cause which you have at heart?

OUTSIDER.

Dreams.

SIR,—In discussing dreams we should not let any love of the marvellous make us quite forget that very important class of dreams of which it used to be truly said that they must be interpreted by contraries: dreams, that is to say which indicate nothing as to outer facts, but which reveal the precise aberrant mode in which the brain inclines, at the time, to deal with outer facts. Perhaps this is, on the

whole, the most important class for purposes of serious and reliable prediction. For instance, suppose I dream that I have suddenly become wealthy owing to finding an unexpected coin; or that I have inherited quantities of jewels from some relative who, as a matter of fact, hardly possesses any: this distinctly indicates that my brain is, for the time, under some influence (whether spiritual or digestive makes little difference as to the significance of the sign) which tends to *expecting good from inadequate causes*: consequently it becomes my duty to discount all joyous expectations of my waking hours for a few days. But if I dream that I have been ruined owing to losing my purse, or that someone has died of starvation from missing a meal or two, then I must discount all sorrowful anticipations and predictions; because the dream shows that my brain itself—the automatic machinery—is in the humour to project, on to whatever fact it has to deal with, more evil than the facts themselves carry.

The further on we get in spiritual study, the more we get to see that serious prediction should be the work of all our best powers, at their best; that we should trust our judgment only when all our faculties are working harmoniously. The chief use of studying dreams, visions, and mysterious sensations is surely to aid us in detecting our dangers and aberrations, and in training our faculties to work in consonance with that fundamental axiom of the higher logic, the doctrine of Divine Unity.

MARY EVEREST BOOLE.

SOCIETY WORK.

23. DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL.—Mr. A. M. Rodger gave us a good address on Sunday, which was enjoyed by all present. Mr. Rodger will be with us again on October 2nd, when there will be an outdoor service before the usual service. Sunday, September 18th, Dr. Reynolds. Thursday, September 22nd, circle.—J. E.

PECKHAM SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET.—On Sunday morning the President gave an address on "Spiritualism." In the evening Dr. Bass gave a much appreciated lecture upon "The Origin and Growth of Religion." Sunday next, Mr. R. J. Lees, memorial service on the passing over of the valued editor of "LIGHT." Thursday, at 8.30 p.m., healing.—J. T. AUDY.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—On Sunday last, to a full meeting, Mr. Joseph Humphries gave an interesting account of his spiritual experiences. Many strangers were present; a large quantity of literature was distributed. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Dever-Summers. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., seance, Mrs. Mason. Mr. W. Walker and Mrs. Mason will give a special seance on Saturday, October 8th, for the benefit of Mr. Norton, who recently met with a serious accident. Tickets, 1s, may be had of Mr. Mason, 14, Orchard-road, W.—J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—Sunday, at 11.30 a.m., spirit circle; at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., service and address, "Child Life in the Spirit World." We were much encouraged by our last monthly report, as it showed a decided increase of applications for membership. Our financial position also is satisfactory, showing that our workers have put their shoulders to the wheel. We have good facilities for the distribution of literature amongst investigators, but have not enough to meet the demands. Any friends who can help us will oblige.—W. G. COOTE, Hon. Sec.

THE STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, E.—Spiritual services each Sunday at 7 p.m. Speaker for next Sunday, Mr. Bradley. Mr. Bradley will sing a solo previous to the address. A tea and social entertainment will take place on Monday, September 26th. Tea at 6.30 p.m.; entertainment at 8 p.m., to consist of vocal and instrumental music, solos, quartets, recitations, &c. Tickets 9d. each, to be obtained from the following committee:—Mr. J. Rainbow, 1, Winifred-road, Manor Park, Essex; Mr. Deason, 83, Chobham-road, Stratford, E.; Mrs. Spruce, 28, Trinity-street, Barking-road, E.; Mr. Atkinson, 26, Edward-street, Barking-road, E., and after the usual service at the hall.—J. RAINBOW, Hon. Sec.

PECKHAM RYE.—On Sunday last Mr. R. J. Lees continued his theme "Some Teachings through Spiritual Communion." Dealing with the question of "Eternal Punishment" he read extracts, descriptive of the eternal punishment from an orthodox point of view, from sermons preached by the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. The lurid description there given seemed to send a thrill of horror through the audience, contrasting as it did with the humane teachings of Spiritualism. During the discourse almost incessant interruptions took place, which culminated in a wild scene of disorder, from which, fortunately, Mr. Lees eventually emerged unhurt. Surely the time is not distant when some control will be exercised to put a stop to this interference with the right of speech, because some of the teachings propounded are not in accord with preconceived ideas.—J. C.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.
—Information and assistance given to inquirers into Spirit-

ualism. Literature on the subject and list of members will be sent on receipt of stamped envelope by any of the following International Committee:—America, Mrs. M. Palmer, 3101, North Broad-street, Philadelphia; Australia, Mr. Webster, Peckville-street, North Melbourne; Canada, Mr. Woodcock, "Water niche," Brookville; Holland, F. W. H. Van Straaten, Apeldoorn, Middelland, 682; India, Mr. Thomas Hatt, Ahmedabad; New Zealand, Mr. Graham, Huntly, Waikato; Sweden, B. Fortenson, Ade, Christiania; England, J. Allen, Hon. Sec., 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex; or W. C. Robson, French Correspondent, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor Park branch will hold the following meetings at 14, Berkley-terrace: the last Sunday in each month at 7.15 p.m., reception for inquirers. Friday, at 8.15 p.m., for Spiritualists only, The Study of Mediumship. And at 1, Winifred-road, the first Sunday in each month at 7.15 p.m., for reception of inquirers. Tuesday, at 8.15 p.m., inquirers' meeting.—J. A.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION, FEDERATION HALL, 359, EDGWARE-ROAD, W.—This hall will be opened on Sunday next, September 18th, at 7 p.m., when Mr. Tindall will read a paper on "The Need for Further Development of Spiritual Phenomena," and members of the Council will speak. F. W. Read, Esq. (chairman of the Federation), will preside. We hope that all who are interested in the great work of scientific investigation will attend. There will be a meeting of members at 3.30 p.m. to arrange seance committees. All wishing to take part in the seances must attend the afternoon meeting. Lectures will be delivered every Sunday evening, and committees will meet during the week to hold seances. Members' subscription 5s. per annum. The Seance Committees will be open to members only. Each sitter must undertake to attend a certain time, and the circles, when formed, will admit no fresh sitters. All who wish to join must communicate by letter only with A. P. TINDALL, Hon. Sec., 15, Lanark-villas, Maida Vale, W.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—On Sunday, 10th inst., at the Newcastle Spiritual Evidence Society's Hall the following resolution was proposed by Mr. H. A. Kersey, seconded by Mr. J. H. Lashbrooke, and supported by Mr. W. Kerr, President, and passed unanimously:—

"That this meeting of Newcastle-on-Tyne Spiritualists hereby expresses its deep sense of the great loss sustained by our movement through the transition to the higher life of W. Stainton Moses, "M.A. (Oxon.)," whose long-continued and able services to the literature and scientific aspect of Spiritualism has won for him a foremost place in our gratitude and affection. May the welcoming songs of angels be a full and ample reward for his persistent and self-sacrificing labours to clear away from the beautiful truth of spirit communion the tangled briars and weeds, the errors and misconceptions, which obscured it, that all mankind may realise its Heavenly purity and chaste beauty, is the sincere wish of all Spiritualists."—R. E.

SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—On Sunday last, in the absence of Mrs. Bell, Messrs. Hunt and Cooper made a few remarks, after which a resolution was moved by Mr. R. Donaldson, seconded by Mr. H. White, supported by Mr. A. J. Sutton, and carried unanimously:—

"That this association desires to record its heartfelt grief at the loss which Spiritualism has sustained in the passing away of Mr. Stainton Moses, Editor of "LIGHT," and President of the London Spiritualist Alliance. It recognises the unparalleled position he occupied as a leader of Spiritual thought, as an unbiassed student, and as an accumulator of valuable data and facts. His manfulness and straightforwardness were very striking, and showed his great moral courage, which has seldom been equalled in the movement. In all that he has been, and for the influence for good he leaves behind, we desire to record our earnest thanks to the Giver of all good."

Sunday next at 11 a.m., friendly meeting; at 7 p.m., Mr. A. J. Sutton, on "Shadows and Daybreak." Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Mason, seance.—C. H.

CARDIFF.—On Sunday, Mr. R. C. Daly read an interesting paper upon "Clairvoyance." A prominent feature at this service was a mute though eloquent testimony of loving regard to the memory of William Stainton Moses, "M.A. (Oxon.)," consisting of a handsomely gilded chair, bouquet of flowers, and copies of his principal works placed upon a raised dais in front of the rostrum, and a touching embodiment of the "vacant chair" idea. Each of the members also wore a small favour of white ribbon with a "forget-me-not" centre. Mr. Daly read allusions to the passing over of this noble and earnest worker, as well as that of Colonel Bundy in America. Our unanimous and heartfelt sympathy has recently been elicited on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Barton, of Bristol, whose eldest son Stephen, aged seventeen, was drowned while bathing at the Mumbles, where he was spending a holiday with his parents. Mrs. Barton had taken the chair for us on the preceding Sunday, being accompanied back to the Mumbles by Mr., Mrs., and Miss Everitt, and Mr. Sutton, of London, the sad event casting a deep gloom over the latter portion of their visit to Wales.—E. J.