

# Light:

*A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.*

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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## WILLIAM STAINTON MOSES.

Had Mr. Stainton Moses lived till the day on which this memorial number is published he would have completed his fifty-third year. No more appropriate day, therefore, could be adopted for the issue of this testimony to the worth of our late Editor and Leader.

"LIGHT" of September 10th contained a short sketch of Mr. Stainton Moses's life, but the particulars were somewhat meagre owing to the lack of accurate information. Much that was wanting in that memoir will be found in the following pages, but there are a few things which may be mentioned here. It was stated in that sketch that Mr. Moses did not take a high place at Oxford in the final schools; we now know that it was through a serious illness that the career so brilliantly begun at Bedford was not fully carried out at the University. Little also was said then about his ministry in the Isle of Man. Of the esteem in which he was held there, there is abundant evidence in the letter which was sent him by some representative parishioners on his resignation of the curacy of Manghold in 1868 in that island. This extract from the letter speaks for itself:—

We beg to assure you that your labours have been greatly appreciated in the parish; the longer we have known you, and the more we have seen of your work, the more has our regard for you increased. The congregations at both the churches under your charge are very different in numbers from what they were some time ago. The schools have been better looked after. The aged and infirm have been visited and comforted; and the poor have been cheered and helped by your kindness and liberality. By your courteous demeanour, by your friendly intercourse, and by your attention to the duties of the parish generally, you have greatly endeared yourself to us all, and not least to our respected and venerable vicar, whose hands we are well satisfied you have done all you possibly could to strengthen.

This document is signed by more than fifty principal parishioners. There is another incident in our friend's career which is not generally known, if known at all to any except his relatives and the present writer, and which, perhaps, gives as clear a view of the inherent strength of his character as anything that he did. In early manhood he was a fairly rich man, having a small estate on the coast of Lincolnshire. To keep this land, as well as the other lands along the seaboard safe, a complete system of walling had to be maintained. By some mistake or mismanagement, not on the part of our friend, the maintenance of the wall was not kept up, and one unusual tide swept away the best part of Mr. Moses's estate. He put his shoulder to the wheel, however, and devoted the rest of his days to hard work. He never talked of the matter, and only told it as a reminiscence when he did tell it. Now there can be no harm in mentioning it, as it seems to throw a very bright side light on a noble character.

The visit to Lord Tennyson has been several times mentioned. Mr. Moses had written a graphic account of that visit, which he proposed to publish on the death of the poet. Both have gone, and, unfortunately, so far the account by Mr. Moses has not been discovered. What happened was that Mr. Moses, being at Ryde, Lord

Tennyson, who always liked to read "LIGHT," asked a mutual friend to bring him to Farringford. Mr. Moses went, and had two hours' conversation with the Laureate. Tennyson was deeply interested. Next morning Mr. Moses, who had spent the night at the hotel, walked over the downs with Tennyson. Shortly after the visit the poet sent to Mr. Moses one of Mrs. Cameron's photographs of himself, at the back of which the Laureate had written his own name.

Nor was the poetic power lacking in Stainton Moses himself. The stanzas in "Punch" on Frederick Denison Maurice were from his hand. Some of the words of the poem come strangely appropriate just now. They might well have been written about himself:—

If e'er man's life showed Christian faith and love,  
If ever man's lips Christian doctrine spoke,  
That life was lived by him while here he strove,  
That trumpet-truth from his tongue souls awoke,

Which slept, and would have slept, while, like a fall  
Of lulling waters, orthodoxy ground  
Its barrel-organ, and the popped pall  
Of seventh-day slumber shed its influence round.

He ne'er met lie but off its mask to tear,  
Nor e'er encountered truth but to embrace;  
Heedless what seemly vizard lie might wear,  
Or what thick veil might hide truth's noble face.

He being dead yet speaks, and still will speak  
More widely, as men grow more brave and wise,  
In wider sympathy, and faith less weak,  
And interchange of larger charities.

Crowned with a radiant crown, than earth's more fair,  
'Mid love and reverence he leaves life below,  
To seek the life above, and welcome there,  
Face to face, all 'twas his, e'en here, to know!

There was an intense spirituality about Stainton Moses's Spiritualism. To him the summer land was nothing. There was the constant reaching forward to what was higher and better, though not, perhaps, understood so well in this state of existence. To him the next world and the next after that were not mere reflexes of this, but states of progression, conditioned only at their outset from this by the value of the education received here. Indeed, his objection to the doctrine of Re-incarnation was mainly founded on his belief that if the spirit's course through this world had failed to educate once, it would fail again. This intense desire for a higher and purer life is well expressed in the prayer of Imperator, which embodies the yearning of the pure spirit which has "passed on":—

Holy Father, God most High, be present with us and hear the earnest prayer of Thy children crying after light. We are weak, but Thou art mighty! We grope in darkness after Thee, the Infinite Light! Oh God, Thou Who art All-pure, All-holy, guide us Thine erring children into Purity and Holiness! Suffer us not to be led away by that which is earthly, sensual, devilish; but in Thine Infinite mercy lead us onward and upward to the fountain of Eternal Light. Oh! Thou good God be with us? We ask no more. If we have not Thee we are, indeed, bereft.—Amen.

## PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

It is a little difficult to classify the various communications that have come in, about our friend Stainton Moses. Some have taken the form of short narratives and others the form of letters. Some also are personal from the point of view of more or less close intimacy and friendship. At the head of these latter must be placed the letter of Mrs. Stanhope Speer, followed as it is by three characteristic letters of her friend. We therefore begin with Mrs. Stanhope Speer's communication, and continue at once with that of her son, Mr. Charlton Speer, whose musical tribute forms an important item of the number:—

MRS. STANHOPE SPEER.

Glenhurst, Sutton Common, Surrey.

October 25th, 1892.

SIR,—I send you three letters, hoping you may find room for them in the forthcoming number of "LIGHT" you are contemplating in memory of Mr. Stainton Moses. My letters from him cover nearly twenty-three years, and are so numerous that I have found great difficulty in selecting the most appropriate ones. Two of those sent were written when we were all in great sorrow over the loss of a dear friend. I give them, as they show his deeply sympathetic nature, which was quickly stirred when any of his friends were in grief or suffering from injustice. Sympathy and enduring friendship were two of his strong points.

The third letter I have chosen to illustrate other characteristics, such as his great love of nature and travelling with congenial companions, also his quiet humour, which helped to make him a charming companion, combined with a vast knowledge of places, things, and people, and I may add literature of every kind and sort.

Our friendship commenced in the year 1869 at Douglas, Isle of Man, where he had gone for three months' holidays, and where he was acting for a short time as curate to an old friend of ours, and had already won golden opinions as a preacher, and for his zeal in visiting the sick and poor in the parish of St. George's. Unfortunately, he was taken seriously ill, and wished to see Dr. Speer, having heard much of his medical skill from mutual friends. Dr. Speer went to him, and after a month's friendly attendance brought him safely through a very severe illness. This commenced a friendship that lasted through life. He followed us to London, and subsequently undertook the general education of our only son. In 1872 we commenced together the investigation of Spiritualism, the "Records" of which are now appearing in "LIGHT," and need not be dwelt upon here. His investigations were carried on in the strictest manner; his zeal in the cause was untiring; and the work he got through appalling.

In a letter I received from him last January, when in very feeble health, he told me of his future wishes and plans connected with his work. He hoped to bring out a volume containing our combined records, annotated by himself. But for his delicate health, two years ago, he would have prepared and published another volume of "Spirit Teachings," and republished those of his works that were out of print. This was the work he had set before himself had health and life lasted, and doubtless his wishes still are that those who are left behind should carry on the work he has so nobly commenced.

M. SPEER.

[COPY.]

Killarney,

August, 1873.

MY DEAR MRS. SPEER,—After wanderings many and divers I have reached Killarney to find a downpour of rain, which is only alleviated by one of the most comfortable hotels in which I ever stayed. All the accounts which I have heard from you of the Railway Hotel were eminently deserved. It leaves nothing to be desired in the way of comfort. If only the weather were as comfortable! I am distressed in my mind about our friend, and I am sure it must be a cause of great disquietude to you. A letter from \*Dr. Speer this morning gives me your sad account. I had been led to anticipate it from communications which I have received. Last night was very disturbed. They were knocking about all night in the most restless way. It seems as

\* Dr. Speer had returned to England leaving Mr. Stainton Moses in Ireland.

though her state reacted very much on me. I am sure she is in a perilous state, but I cannot help feeling an impression that she may yet pull through the difficulty, even though the crisis be severe. I shall look very anxiously for accounts for the next few days. I do very earnestly hope that a life so valuable to her belongings may be spared if the Allwise sees fit. But at any rate one knows that it is in the hands of Love and Wisdom far superior to ours. Your holiday will have been marred by anxiety, but I am glad to hear that you are in such comfortable quarters. I had an impression that you would find the house what you like.

I propose to cross on Wednesday evening, all being well, and I live in hopes of one fine day seeing Killarney before I go. The weather has been terribly broken, but I have enjoyed myself very much nevertheless. Fishing has been an impossibility, but I have seen a good deal of Ireland, and am favourably impressed. At any rate, we have got rid of the fearful heat, and I feel a hundred per cent. better for it. That to me compensates for much. I have not come across a single uncomfortable hotel in Ireland. In this respect it is far ahead of Scotland, and the country is richer and more fertile, while the people are one and all obliging and most civil. Nothing seems to disturb their unperturbable good humour, not even this pestilent downpour. Oh, how it rains! "The rain, it raineth every day," and all day. You will have heard of our little séances at Garrison. They must have been very wonderful. I was, as usual, deeply entranced during the most interesting parts. But I saw a great deal that was very wonderful indeed, and we got information about the mode of making the light that was very curious. At the last séance Imperator introduced S., and gave us a message from him promising that more would come in time. I have had very little writing, but I expect I shall not get very much whilst I am moving about. We were constantly wishing that you had been with us at Garrison. You would have enjoyed the readiness with which Mentor manifested and the eagerness with which he tried to show how he did everything. He brushed Dr. Speer's hands with the drapery in which his light was shrouded, and even rapped on his hands as they were laid on the table. His hand was as fully materialised and as natural as mine.

Indeed, both his hands must have been materialised, for he put one before the light which was held in his other hand. It is all very wonderful and very convincing. He spoke with great contempt of London atmosphere, and of me as a medium under conditions of hard work. I expect that great results would spring from conditions such as those which we had at Garrison, but they are not attainable.

Since I commenced this letter I have had a very long communication from Doctor, who has been absent for some time. He speaks a good deal of our friend, says she is "grievously sick," and that the direction of her mind to Spiritualism, which she associates with me, enables communications to be made about her state. Doctor says he has no power of predicting the ultimate result, but says she is in danger, as we call it, of being entirely separated from the body, to which only the strong bond which binds her to her children yet unites her. He then says somewhat of our shortsightedness, about what we call death. He says, in effect, God knows what we can't know, and does all for the best. He then goes on to point out at very great length the necessity of my praying most earnestly, heartily, and unceasingly, not of any more specific petition than that the Angel ministers may be able to reach her to soothe her pain in sickness, or in case of death to receive the spirit and to usher it into its new sphere. It is an exceedingly solemn exhortation. They say (Imperator said so, too, the other night) that they can't get near on account of opposing influences. If I were nearer they could, and my prayers might help more than I can imagine. They speak most solemnly. I commend their advice to you, for I am sure that such petitions as you would put up would be at least as efficacious as any that I could utter. If by such means we are enabled to soothe one pain, or to convey to the sufferer's mind one feeling of rest, it becomes a sacred duty to use all endeavours. And none can tell how "the slender nerve that moves the muscles of Omnipotence" may be able to bring down the soothing and blessed influences of the holy angels, nor how far that influence may extend. Only that our prayers are so selfish, I believe they would do far more. The simpler they are the better; the more comprehensive the more powerful. For

myself, I believe the expression of a wish, not for any personal benefit, but for nearer association with the spirits of the blessed, for closer approximation to the Divine mind, and for truer knowledge of the Divine Will is the highest form of prayer. And in such cases as this I believe the strong personal affection may direct the prayer with most potent force to its issue. As to the eventualities which are in the hands of the Supreme, they are probably beyond our reach. At any rate, it can do no good to attempt to interfere with the inevitable. But you may at least ask that pain may be spared, distress of mind and body alleviated, and even that recovery of a valuable life may be helped by the angels, to whom we know the charge is given of God to keep and to tend His people. I can only hope, as I do most earnestly, that it may be consistent with the designs of the Allwise to grant a prayer which to human reason seems so rational and natural.

Kindest regards and best wishes for you all, ever yours,  
most sincerely,

W. STANTON MOSES.

[COPY.]

Bedford, September 2nd, 1873.

MY DEAR MRS. SPEER,—I don't think in my hurry I thanked you for writing me so long a letter when I know it must have been a trouble to you to write at all. I was painfully interested in all you said about the friend who is gone from us. I have been perplexing myself by trying to get information about her, and I suppose that my impatience prevents communications. I can get none. I cannot even get any information at all: only a recommendation not to attempt communications which in my present state would not be reliable. There is nothing for it but to wait. My mind has turned so strongly to this that communications on other subjects have not come. I had a long one from Imperator on the Spirit Creed. This was the last of any consequence. It is very hard not to be impatient and fretful; very hard to see the directing hand of All-wise Love in such a calamity. Trust may well be one of the highest Christian virtues, for it is one of the hardest to acquire. It is easy enough to shut your eyes and drown the voice of reason with a torrent of goody platitudes: but it is awfully hard to think and to trust too. I count blind faith to be folly: I believe instinctively that perfect trust is perfect peace. Once persuaded that all is in the hand of a God such as we are taught to believe Him to be—wise, good, and perpetually occupied with us and our concerns—and everything is perfectly clear. If I can't see my way through it that is the fault of my finite mind. When I get older, as we say to children, I shall know better. But one must have got a very solid foundation of belief before one can afford to admit so much as *that*. And I rather doubt whether any person who thought about the question ever really persuaded himself that such a theory is true, or, at any rate, is *proven*. It is the old selfish cry which every mourner has given vent to when the heart is touched ever since Death came into the world. "So many useless, worthless lives, and this so dear, so valuable. Why could it not have been spared?" It is the cry of human nature common to us all: not less true to nature because it is purely selfish.

I look forward to seeing you all again with pleasure which would have known no cloud but for this sad, sad, calamity.—Ever your sincere friend,

W. STANTON MOSES.

[COPY.]

Tongue, N.B., August 30th, 1878.

MY DEAR MRS. SPEER,—My correspondence, since I came north, has been strictly limited; partly by want of much opportunity, but chiefly by a decided disinclination to scribbling. A wet day and less laziness predispose me to retrieve my character as a correspondent before it is too late. I suppose you know what we have been doing: how we journeyed up, and how we have journeyed on till our feet have stood on the northernmost point of Great Britain with nothing but a casual iceberg between us and the Pole. Our journey to Forsinard was not enticing. We ought to have breakfasted at Perth, but we didn't, for the train was late, and we had only just time to change the Highland train. We ought to have dined at Inverness, but we didn't, for the same reason. Two sandwiches supported me to Forsinard, where we arrived an hour and a-half late, at nearly eleven on Saturday night, very decidedly tired and worn out. Here

soup and Scotch mutton awaited us, and the hardest—the very hardest—bed that I ever balanced myself on the top of. I dreamed all night—so much of it as I slept, at least—that I was careering down precipices, and coming into rude contact with stone walls. I did not feel much refreshed, after seven hundred and fifty miles rail, by that pestilent deal board of a bed. Sunday morning was glorious: bright, clear, and with a breeze blowing off the heather that smelt like honey—the finest specimen of Nature's best air that I had sniffed for two years. The hotel stands in the centre of a vast moor, with a couple of handsome hills in front of the windows, and the billowy heather all round. No trace of human pollution except the station and two or three small houses near it. The air came as it was turned out by Nature without any of man's adulterations. And there is no air like it, to my taste. None so purely sweet and invigorating. It has no coarseness in it, none of the acidity that the ocean gives. It is as mild as milk and as strengthening. We went up to the top of a convenient hill, and there we had a pleasant view, stretching from the Orkneys in the far horizon to the north, down to Ben Wyvis, one hundred miles from them, in the south. We were hemmed in by mountains and ocean, with no sign of human habitation except the little station and hotel, and about half a dozen cottages dotted over the vast expanse of landscape. It gave one a sense of desolation to see how all was bare of life, except deer and grouse. All this vast tract of country had been sixty years ago occupied by a thrifty and numerous population. But the then Earl (or Countess, rather) evicted the tenantry to make room for deer forests, and their descendants are to be found to this day in New Zealand, Canada, and America. Her agent's name still brings up a curse to Highland lips whenever it is mentioned. She married the Marquis of Stafford, and he was created Duke of Sutherland, and that is how the Stafford title came from the South into the pure Highland family of Sutherland. The Duke's eldest son is still Marquis of Stafford. The present Duke is doing all he can to repair the sins of his fathers by reclaiming land, bettering the condition of his tenantry. He is an enlightened landlord, but the mischief is done, and can't easily be undone. We found our landlord a most obliging man, anxious to do all in his power for us, but fishing is at a discount this year. No man remembers such a drought in Sutherlandshire. For three months there has been little or no rain. The streams are dried up, being mere dusty tracks filled with boulders. The lochs are inches, not to say feet, below their level, and the water in them is stagnant for want of "fresh." The fish won't look at a fly, except confiding one here and there, and sport is impossible. It is a new thing in this part of the world to go out day by day under a blazing sun with a temperature like that of the Isle of Wight, and with no drop of rain to freshen the parched ground. We have got trout enough to eat, but that is about all. No fishing is to be hoped for till a spate of rain fills the lochs and streams, and by the time that has been done and the water has cleared again the season will be over. So we must not hope for a great slaughter. We are content to accept the few that can be had, and to utilise the bright days in seeing the country. It is not often that so good an opportunity of seeing Scotch scenery can be got. Too often one drives through country that may be anything that the imagination makes it, for the eye can make out nothing through the impenetrable mist. Now we have driven through the whole North coast of Sutherland with clear view of the whole—a very rare chance. We left Forsinard a week after our arrival, and drove behind a capital pair of horses forty-two miles to Tongue. Our road lay first due North to the coast, Melvick, and then along the coast to the West. Every now and then we got lovely views of ocean and mountain, with all sorts of variety of strath and moor. Our halting-place for luncheon, Bettyhill, was our first experience of a house fronting the North Atlantic. It is a very comfortable little inn, perched high up, and facing due north. When we were there the air was balmy and mild as milk. It was hard to fancy what the scene must be on a December day, when the wind sets in from the north or east, and has come direct from the frozen ocean. The climate would be intolerable but for the Gulf Stream, which runs just outside, and has an effect on the temperature so marvellous that here at Tongue the average temperature of the year is 10deg. higher than at London. But the Gulf Stream won't take the sting out of Arctic gales, and a north-

easter in December must be a warning to the curious. The houses are all built very strongly, and we noticed at Bettyhill that the walls were very thick, windows small, and the doors to the south and west. We got to Tongue in time for dinner. It is most charmingly situated. The kyle (arm of the sea) on which it stands runs obliquely into the land, and is wooded plentifully on each side, so that the place is abundantly sheltered, and protected from the inclement winds. It nestles down in the bare coast line, and has a great air of picturesque and cosy comfort. If it were only more within reach it would soon be crowded with cockney tourists, and its shores would be as thickly dotted with villas as Richmond. There is the same air of rich culture and comfortable restfulness about it. It gives one the idea of a place "clothed and in its right mind." Wood does so much to give an air of coziness. Tongue with its green woods, and richly cultivated fields, and winding kyle, and stretches of heather in full bloom, is a most cultured-looking place, and suggests to me, after the rough and bare coast, a very pleasant notion of what man may do to cultivate where he does not spoil. It is like a lady with her sealskin and silk beside the rough and grand and rugged beauty we have passed. The hotel is worthy of the place, such a contrast to the discomfort of some of the fishing quarters of Scotland. It is a thoroughly well managed house with every comfort, and a most obliging and knowing host and hostess. The fishing is as good as it is anywhere this year, and so we, having regard to our digestions, and being, moreover, men who knew on which side bread is buttered, have concluded to make Tongue our headquarters. What a grand place it would be for you all, if it were only not two days travelling from London. You have the sea with perfect sands, hard, silvery, and utterly unlike what does duty for sand down South. Beautiful little bays, fine rock scenery, and a grand expanse of ocean. You have mountain and moor inland, and one of the most comfortable of inns, with one of the loveliest of views from its windows. Our party includes a Dr. A. and his wife from Portland-place, who have been here now four years in succession. But to most the length of the journey is prohibitory. We rested on the Sunday, and then pushed on to Cape Wrath. We were anxious to utilise the perfect weather, especially as it was useless to fish under such conditions. So we hired a little dogcart with a capital steady old horse used to the country, and taking the landlord's little son Jimmy to drive, and some light luggage, including a bottle of champagne to drink on the Cape, we set out on our final expedition to the far West. This took us three days, and Jimmy proved a most helpful intelligent little fellow—he is only fifteen, and small for his age—and Dobbin covered himself with glory by the way in which he careered along up and down hill. He was very stiff, poor old boy, when he got back, but a day's rest would put him right. Some gray hairs in his brown tail tell a story of advancing years, but he went like a morning star. Our first day's drive was by Loch Hope and Loch Erriboll to Durness. The day was bright and beautiful, and the scenery the finest I ever saw. Hope is fine enough, but Loch Erriboll beats anything I remember. No doubt Norway must have fiords as fine, but my memory, always bad in this way, does not recall any scene of such mingled grandeur and beauty. The Loch runs inland some dozen miles or more, and hemmed in with mountains on all sides, those at the top being peculiarly rugged and grand. The road skirts the Loch all round, and the panorama of mountains and clear water lying at rest below is perpetually changing. We picnicked by the side of a large farm, while Dobbin rested: and were glad to consume the cold grouse and chicken which our provident landlady had put up. She is used to sending out lunches with shooting parties from the Lodge and she set us up with a mixture of grouse, mutton, chickens, biscuits, cheese, butter, and the like that was entirely grand. The other side of Loch Erriboll traversed, we turned along the coast again to Durness, where we halted for the night. We found a reading party established there, and the first person I saw when the party gathered for dinner was an old pupil who had left me two years ago, and was now reading with one of the most brilliant fellows of Balliol in this out-of-the-world place. I soon got into an Oxford atmosphere, and enjoyed hearing about the old place vastly. We found that sixteen people already were crowded into the little inn, and we had no resource but to take the only remaining attic. Now this said attic was

simply a low room with a lean-to roof, one side occupied by two wooden bunks, and, on the other side, a narrow gangway for washing apparatus. The window at the end was infinitesimal, and the whole place had the indescribable frowsey, fusty smell peculiar to a sleeping apartment which is never properly ventilated. The getting to Cape Wrath was by no means easy. There was no getting the horse over the kyle, so he had to be sent round the head of the kyle at low water which, of course, was the most awkward hour. So Jimmy, with a man we got to show him the way, set off at one a.m. and awaited our arrival on the other side. We got there about ten, and left at once for our eleven miles drive up to Cape Wrath, a bare hill-road over the moor, gradually mounting the five hundred feet which is the height of the Cape. The track is monotonous, and though fine views are got now and then, one is hardly prepared for the great sublimity of the scene, when a turn of the road brings one to the solitary lighthouse standing out on the top of the huge bluff, with the vast expanse of ocean almost encircling it. The rocks are deep red granite, and the Cape itself is a vast mass with smaller detached rocks below running out north-west into the North Atlantic. It is crowned five hundred feet above sea-level by the lighthouse, the light of which is visible twenty miles out to sea. The buildings are most massive, and the lighthouse itself is like a column of solid masonry sixty feet high, with a revolving red and white light at the top. We went up and looked at the beautiful machinery, and admired the neatness with which all is kept, and then lunched on the side of the Cape over a vast gorge into which the sea ran, in view of a mighty granite precipice which ran sheer down to the water. Then we broached our bottle of champagne and drank to the conclusion of our journey.

After lunch we looked all round, and Dr. Speer took several sketches. The whole place was full of associations to me. I had desired as long as I can remember to reach Cape Wrath. It is the furthest point, nothing beyond it, and I like getting to the end of things. The gales there must be terrific, and the lighthouse-keeper said those from the south-east were the worst. The rocks all around it are magnificent, the home of all sorts of wild fowl, and rare birds. Two golden eagles brought off a pair of eaglets from their nest in the neighbouring crag last year, and many a lamb these hungry young ones helped to devour. Wild geese were flying all round us, beautiful birds with pointed white tipped wings; and gulls of all sorts sailed far below us. Down at the foot of the Cape the ocean surged to and fro with a sullen swell, for though the day was very calm, there is no rest in it—"The troubled sea that cannot rest." It is hard to approach the rock in a boat, even on such a day. We were singularly lucky in our day. We could see the Hebrides to the west, the Orkneys to the north-east, and all the North Coast as far as Meldich and into Caithness-shire. At least three-quarters of the horizon is ocean, and the Cape seems almost water-girt. Comparatively few travellers take the pains to go to it, and we can boast of having done what few achieve. It is no easy journey, and one quite out of the ordinary tourist run; but it is eminently worth doing. The view and the scenery are grand beyond description. We got back without the least mishap. Next day was misty, and we drove back to Tongue by the route we had passed through on a clear day, this time in the midst of a mist that hung on every mountain and gave the landscape an eerie look of mystery. Here we shall be for some days at least, with little to record probably. We have done what we proposed, and I rest content as over a good work done.

I send you some heather. It will be crushed to death before it reaches you, but it will smell of the hills—the glen hills that are mantled with it now. I send, too, some myrtle which is so sweet as one crushes it beneath one's foot.

I have nothing spiritual to record, as I am leading a purely material life.

Love to the circle.—Believe me, always yours most truly  
W. STANTON M.

[I may add here, as one who well knew Stainton that this description of scenery is thoroughly characteristic of the man. After every trip, north, south, or west, he would delight his friends with not only descriptions of what he had seen, but with the quaint word sketches of the people he had met.  
ED. "LIGHT."]

## CHARLTON TEMPLEMAN SPEER.

It is now rather more than twenty-three years since I first met the late Mr. Stainton Moses. During the whole of that long period, 1869-1892, I have had the privilege of the most frequent intercourse with him, and for the last fifteen years I may say that we have been on terms of the warmest and closest friendship.

I propose to touch but briefly on his connection with "Spiritualism"; as, although it was in that association that he was chiefly known to the readers of "LIGHT," I cannot help feeling that many of those who are conversant with, and admire his writings, and great literary abilities are unfamiliar with a great number of his other brilliant and sterling qualities—qualities which would have stamped him as a remarkable man, in whatever age he had lived, or whatever vocation he had chosen.

Most people are aware of his long and successful connection with University College School, London. Apart from Spiritualism, it was there that much of his best and most arduous work was done; and, judging from the results he achieved, and from the esteem and affection with which he was regarded by all those who had the good fortune to be connected with him scholastically—both masters and pupils—I think it may be safely said that his reputation as a teacher and exponent of the English Language and Literature is one that will survive him for many a long day. Of his comprehensive knowledge and grasp of these kindred subjects I can speak from personal experience, as for several years I had the advantage of his tuition (privately), and during that period we devoted much time to the study of English generally, including grammar, history, composition, poetry, and logic. Nothing could have been kinder or more absolutely convincing than his method of imparting knowledge and information; nothing clearer or more helpful than his manner of explaining all difficulties, and smoothing away all obstacles to a complete understanding of the matter in hand. And even now, after a lapse of fifteen years, I can never look back to those pleasant hours of intellectual intercourse without feelings of the liveliest satisfaction and gratitude.

Of Mr. Stainton Moses's *general* literary work it is unnecessary to speak, but I may mention that he has at different times contributed many articles on various topics to almost all our principal newspapers and journals; indeed, some few years ago he was offered the joint-editorship of one of our leading weeklies—an offer which he was compelled to decline, owing to indifferent health, and the many prior claims upon his time.

Probably few people are acquainted with his written sermons, all of which were composed and delivered before the age of twenty-nine; but, judging from a quantity of these in my possession, it is easy to see that even at that early age he was remarkable for an earnestness of purpose, a purity of motive, and a wealth of ideas, which, combined with a profoundly logical mind, and a burning desire for truth—however unpalatable—must have distinguished him in a marked degree from the great bulk of his contemporaries.

Perhaps, though, it was as a man and a friend that his character would most appeal to the ordinary mind, for it was in that capacity that one best realised his wonderful versatility, his intelligent interest in all the current topics of the day, and the astonishing amount of knowledge he had of literary, scientific, artistic, religious, and political subjects—a knowledge which could only have been acquired by incessant reading, a quick insight into matters which were foreign to his usual habit of mind, and great powers of observation, unsparingly used. When asked how he managed with all his other work to store away so much information, and to be familiar with so many facts outside his own daily life, his answer was always the same: "By utilising every available minute of the working day—an hour consists of sixty minutes, and whenever you waste a minute it is the sixtieth part of an hour gone." In spite, though, of Mr. Stainton Moses's many and great abilities, there was in his nature a wonderful absence of all conceit and egotism, a disposition to deal most tenderly with the deficiencies of others, and a willingness to enlighten the humblest inquirer that greatly endeared him to all, and especially to his most intimate friends. Among these, as I said before, I am proud to have been able to include myself, and none but those who had the privilege of knowing him as I did can ever realise the depth and warmth of his nature, the kindness of his disposition, the genuineness of his sympathies, and his utter unselfishness, when he felt that by a personal sacrifice he might be enabled to benefit others.

Most of your readers probably knew of and appreciated his devotion to his mother till the day of his death, but this is not a subject that I feel justified in enlarging upon in the columns of a public journal. It is sufficient to say that it was only one of many very fine traits in a most loveable and exemplary character.

He was indeed a man whom it was an honour and a profit to know, and a friend whose advice was always sound and good, and whose affections were unchangeable and true to the end. And even to those who knew him less intimately his society was always charming, his conversation invariably interesting, and often entertaining, and his tone of thought elevating and improving. Although a man of very simple tastes, Mr. Stainton Moses was very much the reverse of an ascetic, and in fact he had very little sympathy with those misguided individuals who pose as such, and living the life of a recluse imagine that because they have shut themselves off from all forms of temptation they are necessarily better than other people. This he would characterise as a mixture of selfishness and morbid vanity, and was fond of saying that he liked to be "in the world, though not of the world." Few men, indeed, take a keener delight than he did in innocent pleasures, such as studying pictures, and works of art generally, visiting beautiful scenery, travelling, and contemplating Nature in all her varied moods. Town life and society's trammels he disliked, but the freedom, and bracing air of country, or sea, were very grateful to him, and always acted as a tonic to his system when suffering from overwork and brain-fag.

I have purposely left his connection with the great work of "Spiritualism" till the last, as it has already been dealt with by abler pens than mine, and doubtless will be so dealt with again, both in the far and the immediate future. I have had the good fortune to be present at many most interesting sésances (the records of which are now appearing in "LIGHT") with him, and have been greatly impressed by the elevated tone, the high moral standard, and in most cases the beauty of expression of all the communications which were given through his mediumship. Once convinced of the truth of the mysteries revealed to him, he gave his whole life to the work, and it is greatly owing to his untiring labours and boundless zeal that "Modern Spiritualism" holds the position it now does both in the Old World and the New. Perhaps his loss to the cause cannot as yet be fully appraised, but I venture to think that, say, in two years' time, even those who now may feel inclined to minimise the effect of his untimely death, will realise that he was indeed a "burning and shining light," and that in all human probability "we shall not look upon his like again."

No; he has gone from us in the prime of life, and in the midst of all his labours, worn out by his incessant work, and a martyr to his strong sense of duty. But although thus prematurely called away his memory will ever be cherished, and kept green in the hearts of those who knew him as he was, and could appreciate the value of his friendship, the single-mindedness of his aims, the purity of his life, and the high-souled courage which animated all his actions.

I cannot better conclude this short memoir of one whose loss to me personally will always be an undying source of sadness and regret, than by a quotation from an ode of one of our greatest poets who has but recently "exchanged belief for knowledge," and whose removal will leave for long a great void in the hearts of those who have been cheered, soothed, and encouraged in the battle of life by the ennobling influence of his splendid genius, and by the inspired nature of his magnificent poetry:—

His voice is silent in your council-hall  
For ever; . . . yet remember all  
He spoke among you, and the man who spoke:  
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,  
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power.

Whose life was work, whose language rife  
With rugged maxims hewn from life;  
Who never spoke against a foe.

Gone; but nothing can bereave him  
Of the force he made his own  
Being here, and we believe him  
Something far advanced in state;  
And that he wears a truer crown  
Than any wreath that man can weave him!

And so we leave him secure in the belief that now he has  
"past, to where beyond these voices there is peace."

CHARLTON TEMPLEMAN SPEER.

PROFESSOR ELLIOTT COUES  
in the "Religio-Philosophical Journal."

I take up a heavy pen with a heavier heart to send the bad news that W. Stainton Moses is no more of earth. I have to-day by mail from Washington a cablegram from London of September 5th, announcing his death, but am as yet without any particulars. I presume the cable was sent immediately, and consequently that our friend left us on that date—within one month of that other bereavement we have all felt so keenly. Two such shocks in quick succession are hard to bear; each seems to intensify the other.

It will be nearly two weeks before we can hear further. Meanwhile I bring my tribute from the bottom of my heart to lay on the grave of the great and good who is gone.

His last letter lies before me, dated August 23rd. It must be one of the last he ever wrote—a death-bed message, sounding now almost like a message from the other side:—

August 23rd, 1892.

MY DEAR COUES,—I am oppressed with the sense of Bundy's death. It is always with me. I am too ill to do much. Have put my paper in commission for September. Confidentially, I am very much afraid of myself. Symptoms are ugly. Gaps in memory. Traces of paralysis on the right side. But there is, I hope, no failure in mind.

All things conspire now to worry me. Work does not kill. Worry does. I turn to you with strange longing.

I am weary—wearied. I would that I were dead. I have a series of notices of Bundy, which I shall leave for my acting editor. I am used up.

Wearily, your friend,

W. S. M.

I think I never received a more pathetic message. There is the bowed head; there are the folded hands; there, too, the soul undaunted, inviting the final summons. And the very last words, like the first, are of the friend gone before, so soon to be followed. This is characteristic of the man. It is prophetic, too. He was conscious of his fate; his spirit advanced to answer to his name: "Adsum!"

I do not feel competent to give any adequate account of Mr. Moses' life and services. Another among his host of friends must write of his career, of his eminent and honourable work, of his lifelong devotion to the cause he had at heart, of the fruits of his noble zeal, ardent enthusiasm, unselfish aspiration, and tireless industry that never flagged till the very hand of death was laid upon him. There has been hardly any one in all my life whose real inner self I knew so well, with so little knowledge of his daily walks and conversation. Of his antecedents and other circumstances I know little more than if we had been strangers. All the world has heard of "M.A. (Oxon.)"; not a few, perhaps, have been ignorant that this collegiate title, assumed many years ago as a pen-name, is not his real name. He must have received hundreds if not thousands of letters addressed to "Mr. M. A. Oxon." Mr. Moses was a graduate of Oxford University, England, and in early life an Episcopalian clergyman; but he shuffled off the ecclesiastical title when he outgrew the formal creed of the Church of England, and entered upon his higher and broader mission in life. At what time he founded or began to conduct "LIGHT" I do not know. When I met him in 1884 he was a master in the school connected with University College in Gower-street, London; a position I think he soon afterwards gave up, to devote himself more entirely to his paper. Aside from his incessant editorial labours he was a prolific author. More than one of his books are already classic in the literature of Spiritualism, and I need not add are among the very best of the kind that we possess. But his interest in all matters touching human welfare was strong and catholic, and his busy pen was by no means confined to one theme. One of his late letters to me speaks of an additional charge laid upon him to write a number of political articles—though I have no idea what his political views were. His name is inseparable from "LIGHT"; his fame rests on the secure basis of a life devoted to psychical research; of ceaseless effort to force public recognition of the facts of psychic science, and of conscientious conviction that the Spiritualistic interpretation of such facts is the true one.

Were I required to give the three greatest names in contemporary English Spiritualism they would be those of W. Stainton Moses, William Crookes, and Alfred Russel Wallace. Of these three, Mr. Moses is easily first in one respect at least, namely, the energy and persistency with which, and with the regularity of clock-work, he delivered his weekly message of faith, hope, and charity to the

world—that world which, though always waiting to be taught, is always behindhand in recognising and rewarding its real teachers. Had he been forced to ask for bread, he would have received a stone. Whether such hard, cold substance is now to be fashioned into a monument, since he has gone before, remains to be seen. Perhaps that matters little; his life-work is his monument "more lasting than brass"; and his memory will be perennial in the hearts of all who knew him.

I met Mr. Moses but twice, both occasions being in London in the summer of 1884. I left my card for him at University College, and received at once a cordial invitation to dine at his club in Trafalgar-square. We were at table *tête-à-tête*, and I should hardly like to say how near morning it was before the symposium ended. It was the first time I had ever met such a thorough-going, uncompromising Spiritualist, a college man up in the classics and all that, an ex-clergyman with all that that implies of progressive thinking, the editor of the leading paper of its class in England, and withal a man whose candour, sincerity, and good faith were transparent. The occasion impressed me deeply, I may say, permanently; it can never be forgotten. I had many questions to put to such a man as this. The tenour of his conversation did much to turn my thoughts to such things as have since occupied my studious attention. Some things he said seemed simply incredible; I could not believe them, like Tertullian, because they were impossible; yet I could not disbelieve them, for Mr. Moses said these things were true, to the best of his knowledge and belief. They came like a revelation, dazzling to my half-comprehension. I have since acquired actual experiential knowledge of the truth of nearly all he told me; and I await the resources of those other things, as yet unseen, which may be true eternally.

The other occasion to which reference is made above was a reception at the house of Mr. A. P. Sinnett, at which Mr. Moses was present with many other London celebrities in literature and science, including Mr. Crookes. Here, however, nothing passed, of course, but the usual social amenities.

A correspondence was opened soon after, which was to end only on my friend's death-bed—indeed, one letter has gone to him which cannot be delivered. As our acquaintance ripened, it passed on to the degree of warm friendship, and all the intimacy that could be cultivated across the great ocean between our inner and essential selves as distinguished from the outward accidentals. Mr. Moses knew as little of my daily work and conversation as I did of his; but the real bond between us was not on that account less strong. He revealed all the complexity, even paradoxes, of the strange character usually called "mediumistic," which the world is almost sure to misunderstand when it is seen in action, yet may be infallibly identified by its fruits. His was a singularly kindly, gentle, sensitive nature, shrinking rather than assertive and never aggressive, yet firm as a rock when he knew he was right, or so believed, and capable of a kind of passive resistance that nothing could overcome. He was firm of purpose, inflexible in resolution, determined to dogged persistency, of great moral fortitude, and faithful unto death.

Sometimes I used to wish Moses had more of Bundy's flint and steel about him, to carry a point by open impetuous assault, but that was never his way. He loved peace, if not well enough to fight for it, yet to secure it by arbitration and reconciliation. I would not suggest that he ever compromised with wrong, error, or evil; but his mercy towards those who did wrong, his patience with those who were in honest error, his mantling charity for any whom he could believe to be evil-doers only through ignorance or by mischance of their environment, were among the most conspicuous traits of his character. He poured oil on many troubled waters; his oil-can seemed inexhaustible for the creaking joints of human nature, and he applied it where perhaps some of the rest of us oftener use a sand-blast. But who among us all is there, however much we may believe there is a time to fashion swords, who does not in his heart re-echo the beatitude: "Blessed are the peace-makers!" Of such was Stainton Moses, lovable, loved, and loving.

Mr. Moses' decease was by no means sudden or unexpected. For some years, in fact, his invalidism and unceasing infirmities gave his friends much anxiety. His physical disability may perhaps be dated back to a very grave accident which happened, I think, about four years ago, when he was thrown from the top of an omnibus, and

sustained severe injury. This laid him up, and it was some months before he was ostensibly off the sick-list. He recovered, however, sufficiently to be at his usual avocations, when he was taken down with that universal scourge, that pest, the grippe, now perhaps two years ago. He seemed to have rallied from the first attack, but could not throw off the clutches of this terrible disease—at any rate, not while carrying such a burden of care as he did and while so sadly overworked. It seized upon him again, and since then it has been an incessant struggle against overwhelming odds, as all readers are aware from the frequent bulletins in "LIGHT." His letters during all this time are brave, even cheery, but he never disguised the gravity of the case. His fortitude never failed him; his hand never left the helm; he died at the post of duty. His life was heroic; death has placed him among the world's martyrs to the cause of truth.

In lately speaking, in "LIGHT," of Colonel Bundy's loss, I was led to say that what the cause of spiritual truth in England would be without W. Stainton Moses, that was already the case in America without John C. Bundy. And this has come to pass. It is nothing short of disastrous—even calamitous. The loss was irreparable; now it is doubly so. In most things these two men were opposites; in the main thing they were one. Their respective careers, widely diverse in non-essentials, were essentially duplicated. Each was *facile princeps*, the one in England and the other in America, in a common cause; each, by a different policy and by diverse means, established and conducted in his own country the leading newspaper devoted to identical ends.

With the fall of neither of these standard-bearers can I become in the least reconciled. I am recalcitrant. The more my mind dwells on the death of these two men the more my indignation rises in rebellion against this unseemly, untimely, indecorous irony of fate. I understand the inexorable laws of pathology under which every death is inevitable, as well—or as ill—as I do those physiological laws according to which every death is postponed for a certain period; but that is very cold comfort. Is there any higher power that could and should have intervened? Is God asleep—or busy elsewhere? Is it possible that both Bundy and Moses are more needed over there than here? Let those who may be in God's counsel answer—if they can. I only know that I have lost two of the strongest and best friends I had in the world. There is no consolation; only mockery.

#### F. W. PERCIVAL.

The mediumship of Mr. Stainton Moses was so varied in character, that it is impossible to illustrate it adequately by single instances, but when the time arrives for estimating its special value, I think that all earnest Spiritualists will attach the highest importance to the continuous chain of testimony, bearing on the question of the identity of spirit, of which many records have appeared in your columns. I therefore venture to send to "LIGHT" another case of identity, which will, I think, be new to most of your readers.

The séance which I am about to describe was held at the house of Dr. Stanhope Spear, on December 20th, 1874, and the circle met under the usual conditions. Soon after it commenced, the medium described two spirits, those of a woman and a child, who gave the name of Death; he said that they were not bad spirits, but that they seemed to be in great distress, and very anxious to communicate. "They are speaking to me," he said, "but I cannot hear distinctly what they are saying." Their influence appeared to distress him, and he moved his chair as if to get away from them. The disagreeable influence was also felt by all the sitters, and we, therefore, broke up the séance for a time. When we resumed sitting, the medium said that the two spirits were still there, and as they evidently distressed him, we were very glad when he told us that he saw them being turned out of the room. A spirit very familiar to the circle then came, and rapped out "All right now." The medium was then controlled by Imperator, who said:

"We were prevented from coming sooner to you to-night by an influence which disturbed the conditions. Those two spirits came by our permission to derive benefit from the atmosphere of the circle. All Nature is sympathetic, and they would have been benefited by your influence. They are the spirits of a woman and her child, and one of them passed away from your earth under peculiar circumstances of sorrow, by which she is now hampered. A painful and sudden death is a great distress to a spirit, and hence wise

men have taught you to pray against sudden death, that is to say, a death for which you are unprepared, as the spirit suffers loss by the premature withdrawal from the body."

We inquired how they were benefited by coming to the séance, and were told that the room was assimilated to the atmosphere of spirit, and that those spirits could throw off in it something of their earth atmosphere. After a few more remarks had been made, the control was interrupted, and at length Imperator said that as the spirits named Death had returned and were very anxious to communicate, he thought it better to allow them to do so.

Communications were then given by raps with considerable difficulty, and the following facts were elicited: The woman's name was Euphemia Matilda Death. She had passed away at Aldershot on November 21st, 1874, aged twenty-two years, having been the wife of a veterinary surgeon. Her child, named Ellen, had died on November 4th, aged twenty months. On returning home the medium was told that the child's full name was Edith Ellen, that she had been hurt accidentally, and had died in great pain, aged fifteen months. The mother died suddenly, he was told, at the South Camp, Aldershot, and her husband was in the Army Service Corps.

It appeared that the spirits could not rest until the mistake as to the child's age had been corrected. I need hardly say that no member of the circle had ever heard of Euphemia Death, and as I was unable to find any notice of these circumstances in the London newspapers, I wrote to the publisher of "Sheldrake's Aldershot Gazette," and obtained from him the numbers of the "Gazette" for November, from which I take the following extracts, the first appearing on Saturday, November 7th, and the two others on November 28th:—

#### DEATHS.

On the 4th inst., at the South Camp, Aldershot, Edith Ellen, aged fifteen months, eldest and dearly-beloved daughter of William and Euphemia Death, Army Service Corps, from congestion of the brain, the result of scalding, caused by accidentally falling into a bath, in which boiling water had been placed previous to the cold water, preparatory to bathing.

On the 21st inst., at the South Camp, Aldershot, Euphemia, wife of Veterinary-Surgeon Death, A.S.C., aged twenty-two years.

#### ARMY SERVICE CORPS.

The funeral of Mrs. Death, wife of Veterinary Surgeon A. Death, Army Service Corps, took place on Thursday, at three o'clock. The funeral was very largely attended, a great number of the officers of the Control Department being present, as well as a detachment of that corps. The burial service was performed at the Iron Church, and the cemetery by the Rev. J. C. Edgehill.

I will only add that we were at the time of this séance occupying ourselves with the identity of the spirits claiming to communicate with us, and that the case which I have described was only one of a long series in which the most precise details were given with perfect accuracy.

F. W. PERCIVAL.

#### J. A. CAMPBELL.

I had not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Stainton Moses personally, but I should like, as one keenly, and possibly sometimes critically, interested in Spiritualism, to bear testimony to an aspect of his work that has, it seems to me, been too little noticed. I do not hesitate to say that he gave to the subject, for the first time, a really scientific, and not less, a literary interest. He dealt with it calmly, rationally, understanding the mode of thought of his time, and giving to ascertained fact its due value. He dealt with it also humanely and tenderly, as an educated gentleman, and not as a fanatic; and while firmly holding and strongly asserting his own belief, he never insulted the faith of others, nor railed against history, nor blasphemed the order of the universe. He made it possible for men of thought and culture to look upon the phenomena and doctrines of modern Spiritualism with some attention and patience, apart from democratic trumpeting about the golden age, or the invention of new religions; apart, too, from last-century philosophy, the science of the shilling manual, and the "poetry" of the "inspirational platform." Finally, and these are not the smallest of his claims upon our gratitude, he sternly and relentlessly exposed imposture, and he wrote good English.

Turnalt, Argyll, N. B.

JAMES A. CAMPBELL.

(Continued on p. 560.)

GOD'S JUSTICE.—The suggestion arises, if God is the cause of all things, he is responsible for evil as well as for good; and it appears utterly irreconcilable with our notions of justice that he should punish another for that which he has, in fact, done himself.—PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

# PEACE: COME AWAY.

1st MELODEON, 1900

To the Memory of my Friend, WILLIAM STANTON MOSES, M.A.

• Words by ALBERT LOUIS TANNON.

Music by CHARLES T. SUPP.

**VOICE**

*Lento*

*p* Peace: come a-way: the song of us

at for all an earthy song... Peace: come a-way we do but wrong to sing so wild ly.

*mf* Come: let us go your cheeks are pale; but half my life I leave be hind... Me-

thinks my friend is richly shined; but I shall pass; my work will fail. But in these ears, till

**PIANO**

• (By kind permission of Messrs. Munnellan & Co.)

hear - ing dies, one set slow bell will seem to toll The pass - ing of the

sweet - est soul that ev - er look'd with mor - tal eyes. I hear it now, and

*p* *mf Largamente.*

*p* *p cres. mf*

o'er and o'er, E - ter - nal greet - ings to the dead: and 'A - ve, A - ve, A - ve,' said, 'A -

*f* *f*

- dieu, a - dieu,' for e - ver - more: For 'e - ver - more.

*dim.* *p rallentando.*

*dim.* *p rallentando.* *clp*

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

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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## Light:

EDITED BY "M. A. LOND."

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, 1892.

**TO CONTRIBUTORS.**—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

## THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

A Conversazione of the members and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance was held in the Banqueting Room, St. James's Hall, on the evening of October 26th. There was a very large attendance, the company including amongst others:—

Mr. T. A. Amos, Miss Winifred Amos, Mr. Arbutnot, Miss Appleford, Miss Andrew, Judge Anderson, Bishop Belmont, Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. and Miss Brinckley, Mrs. and Miss J. Buist, Mr. R. E. Baker, Mrs. L. G. Banister, Mr. F. Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Buist, Mr. and Miss Bertram, Mr. and Mrs. Septimus Brown, The Misses Balls, Miss Brunt, Mr. Thos. Blyton, The Misses Florence and Agnes Blyton, Mr. Breaseley, Mrs. H. E. Bell, Miss Ethel Bell, Mr. Bruncker, Mr. and Mrs. H. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. W. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Chadd, Mr. and Mrs. Clissold, Mr. and Mrs. Cole, Mrs. E. Leuty Collins, Miss Chettleborough, Mrs. Clively, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Clark, Mr. J. F. Collingwood, Miss A. M. Collingwood, Mrs. Croake, Mr. A. Cox, Mrs. Damer Cape, Mrs. Crossley, Mr. and Mrs. H. Carter, Mr. F. Clarke, Miss Cortisser, Mr. W. F. N. Clappison, Mr. B. W. Crump, Mr. W. G. Coote, Dr. H. Collyer, Mrs. and Miss Carpenter, Miss C. J. Case, The Misses Dixon, Miss Ditt, Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. Danson, Miss Drake, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Davies, The Misses Davies, Mrs. Russell Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Dawbarn, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Maurice Davies, Mrs. Dening, Mr. J. M. Dale, Mrs. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. T. Everitt, Miss Everitt, Mrs. A. A. Ellis, Messrs. Freeman, Miss Gillan, Mr. A. Glendinning, The Misses Glendinning, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Godfrey, Madame and Miss Greek, Mr. B. Greek, Mr. Grove, Miss Gifford, Mrs. Goddard, Miss Gallogy, Mr. B. H. Gerans, Dr. Gale, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Glanville, Mrs. Harling, Messrs. Harling, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Heywood, Miss Hall, Mrs. Hunt, The Misses Hibbs, Rev. J. Page Hopps, Miss Herne, Miss Hill, Mr. and the Misses Ireland, Mr. F. C. Ingham, Professor Johnson, Mr. and Miss A. Janes, Mrs. Kemsley, Miss M. Kernahan, Mr. Kelly, Mr. D. G. Kelly, Mr. J. H. Kemmish, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Kelly, Mrs. Kreuger, Mr. and Mrs. Levander, Professor Logan Loblely, Mr. and Mrs. Lollin, Mrs. Long, Mr. R. J. Lees, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lucking, Mrs. Martinez, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mitchiner, Miss McKibbin, Miss Merton, Mr. Meads, Captain and Mrs. Molison, Mr. and Mrs. McGeary, Mr. T. Mathews, Mrs. and Miss Matthews, Dr. T. C. Marsh, Miss Montgomery, Mr. Alan Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Milne, Mrs. A. Scott Morrison, Mr. F. Melton, Madame Neubauer, Mrs. Essington Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Percival, Miss Peddle, Miss Parker Peel, Mr. Paul Preyss, Mrs. J. Procter, The Misses Procter, The Countess de Panama, Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, Mr. H. J. Chas. Pereira, Miss Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Playford, Mr. E. R. Playford, Mr. and Mrs. W. Stewart Ross, Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, Miss A. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Rushton, Mrs. Rowe, Mr. Russell, Dr. and Mrs. Reynolds, Mr. Percy Smyth, Mrs. H. W.

Street, Miss Saville, Mrs. Swanston, Mr. A. Spurgeon, Mrs. and Miss Scatcherd, Mr. A. V. Sutton, Miss Stein, Mrs. Parker Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sykes, Mr. and Mrs. Salmon, Mr. F. South, Miss F. J. Theobald, Mr. and Mrs. Morell Theobald, Mr. W. and Miss Theobald, Mr. Thos. L. Theobald, Mr. and Mrs. W. Towns, Mr. Towns, jun., Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Tindall, Mrs. and Miss J. J. Torre, Miss Rowan Vincent, Mrs. Vaughan, The Marquise Viviani, Mr. Alarie A. Watts, Mr. H. Withall, The Misses Withall, Mrs. and Miss J. C. Ward, Mrs. and Miss Wingfield, Mr. Webster, Mrs. Watkins, Mr. Edmund W. Wade, Miss West, Mr. A. E. Waite, Mrs. Whitehead, &c., &c.

## THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

The PRESIDENT (Mr. E. Dawson Rogers), in opening the proceedings of the evening, said:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I occupy this position to-night in obedience to the will of the Council of the London Spiritualist Alliance, who, wisely or unwisely, have done me the honour of electing me to the office of President in succession to our dear departed friend, Mr. W. Stainton Moses.

At this, the first meeting of the Alliance, since your late President's removal, your thoughts will naturally revert to him; and it will be expected of me, I presume, that I should endeavour to place before you some reflections on our loss, and on our hopes or fears for the future. Most of you are aware that I was intimately associated with him in his work for nearly twenty years, and, perhaps, you will therefore conclude that I ought to be able to form something like an adequate judgment of his worth. In truth, however, the very closeness of our intimacy has led me to question whether, of his many loving friends, there remains amongst us one who can so much as rightly estimate the full measure of the man, of the benefits he conferred upon our Cause, and the blessed hopes and assurances he inspired, both publicly and privately, in aching and desponding hearts. If, therefore, I attempt to tell you something of what I have known of him I can but speak with the painful consciousness that I must greatly fail to do justice to his memory. I am glad to know, however, that I shall be followed by Mr. A. A. Watts, who was one of Mr. Stainton Moses's very closest friends, and whose remarks, I am sure, will more than compensate for any shortcomings of my own.

If I were asked to state in a few words the conclusions which I had reached regarding your late President I should reply by expressing my strong conviction that in him were centred nearly all the qualities which I could imagine as necessary to constitute him an Ideal Leader in the movement to which he dedicated so large a portion of his life. I take it that on any plane of thought and action, to be an efficient leader of men it is essential to have a clear intuition and a sound judgment in relation to the quality and the moods of men. And these Mr. Stainton Moses had in no ordinary degree. A single interview, or a very brief correspondence, would often suffice to determine his attitude towards those who sought to approach him. This occasionally conveyed the impression of brusqueness or discourtesy; but, in truth, it was no part of his nature to be discourteous to any man, for he was in every sense a gentleman to the core. A deep earnestness of purpose, however, was one of his prevailing characteristics, and hence he ever evinced a righteous impatience with those who had only some crotchets to air or some idle curiosity to satisfy; or to whom, as he perceived, the mere intellectual reception of truth would bring no blessing, inasmuch as our spiritual enlightenment is the measure of our spiritual responsibilities. He was in no sense an aggressive propagandist, but, on the other hand, whenever and wherever he discerned a sincere desire for the truth, for the truth's sake, or found a heart yearning for the consolation which Spiritualism can afford, his own heart was at once aglow with warm and tender sympathy, and he deemed no labour irksome, no time ill-spent, if he could but be the blessed instrument of bringing peace to the troubled and comfort to the sorrowing. Many of those present to-night, I do not doubt, acknowledge with gratitude his genuine and abiding altruism, his ready and cheerful sacrifice of self for the good of others. A lady writes thus to the Council of the Alliance:—

I thank you very much for the touching card you have sent me, in memoriam of the friend we have such reason to mourn. He himself has helped many to seek and find consolation in bereavement, out of those beaten paths which for so many had only led to a blank wall. I owe him far more than I can say both for his books, which he gave me, and for his kind and understanding sympathy when we met and when he wrote to me. I

owe him the first comfort that lightened the darkness of a great sorrow, and that does not cease to lighten it. He once said to me: "I am no enthusiast"; but the quiet energy of his language, in speaking and in writing of Spiritualism, seemed to me more impressive than any exaggerated and bewildering enthusiasm. I could not fail to be influenced by the profound convictions of a highly educated man, whose strong mind was so unmistakably honest and well balanced, and whose spirit was so visibly just and so nobly pure in purpose.

If our late Leader had rendered but that one service to humanity I should say that he had not lived in vain. It is no small thing that the outflow of one grateful heart should follow him through eternity. But, in fact, the letter from which I have ventured to quote is but one of very many such—so many indeed that the Council regret the impossibility of thanking the writers individually for the gratification which their letters have afforded.

Of Mr. Stainton Moses's more public labours you can all form a fairly accurate estimate. You will long cherish a pleasant memory of his spoken utterances; you know and appreciate the value of his published works; and you have not failed to catch something of his spirit from the pages of "LIGHT." But you cannot all know—as some of us do, who were so long and so closely associated with him—how cheerfully, how eagerly even, he helped from the first in moulding the character of that journal. When I had the satisfaction of starting "LIGHT" in January, 1881, he at once placed his ready pen at its service, and, notwithstanding the heavy pressure of other duties, he continued to render essential aid by his able contributions and by wise and friendly counsel—ultimately throwing aside all other engagements and assuming complete editorial direction and control. This was a position for which he was eminently fitted by virtue of his culture and education; the clearness and force of his literary style; his familiarity with many phases of the phenomena in his own person; his jealousy for the fair fame of Spiritualism; his courtesy to opponents; and his boundless charity towards all who differed from him. All these qualifications combined to make him an Ideal Editor, as well as an Ideal Leader, and whatever of good reputation "LIGHT" has achieved has been for the most part due to him. Only in one respect have I known his conduct of "LIGHT" to be seriously misunderstood, and then only because those who misinterpreted his actions did not know the man or the spirit which directed him. Having regard to the tone and tendency of certain communications which he occasionally admitted into the pages of the paper, a suspicion arose, at one time, in some minds that he was breaking away from his old moorings and was gradually drifting towards Re-incarnation and Theosophy. But in truth—as I knew well from my frequent conversations with him—he regarded these as mere idle speculations which had no foundation on assured facts. He recognised, nevertheless, that they had a certain fascination for some of our friends, and he was so acutely anxious to avoid even the appearance of unfairness towards those with whom he disagreed, that he could not find it in his heart to repress the free expression of their views, or to utter an unkind word of any sincere searchers after truth. Far from being "blown about by every wind of doctrine" he adhered to Spiritualism pure and simple to the end; but at the same time he consistently held, as I think we should all hold, that finality is a word which should be found in no creed, that there are possibilities which we have not yet reached, and that Spiritualists of all people should be careful not to presume that they have attained to perfect knowledge in regard to the questions with which they are chiefly concerned.

Such, my friends, was Mr. Stainton Moses as I knew him, and it is no small gratification to me that I have this opportunity of paying my humble but sincere tribute to his worth. No figures of speech and no flowers of rhetoric could enhance the value of my testimony, and I have used none. I prefer, as he would prefer, that his work should be his monument—that his rightful place in our hearts should be judged by what he did and by what he sought to do, for his fellows. Having done what he could on this lower plane of thought and action he has been called up higher; and in his transition I greatly fear that he has taken his mantle with him—that he has left none amongst us who can adequately fill the place which he occupied in our midst. But shall we, therefore, hang our harps on the willows, and give up ourselves henceforth to sadness and sorrow? Shall we yield ourselves to a hopeless despair and lose our boasted confidence in the sacredness and the sure progress of

our Cause? "No!" I say. "A thousand times No!" And I know that if he should now speak to us, he, too, would say "No!" with all the force which could come from his deep and abiding love for our Cause. Some months ago when he was very ill and—for the moment—very much depressed, he proposed to withdraw from active work, and suggested that we should look out for another editor for "LIGHT." Not realising how seriously impaired his health had become, I ventured to plead with him for a re-consideration of his resolve, and placed before him a gloomy picture of the consequences to Spiritualism if his valuable services should be lost to us. I remember well his prompt and emphatic response—"If *you* say that I must continue, I will do so to the end; but do you really believe that the ultimate success of any good and important movement depends upon the life and co-operation of any one man? Because *I* don't." Well, you know the sad story—humanly speaking, sad. He did continue to the end; and, anxious as we were that the day should be long deferred when his services should cease to us—if indeed they have really ceased—the end has come at last, and has brought with it the duty of an earnest resolve on our part, and of a firm faith, that the work shall, and will, go on to a successful issue—even without his sensible presence in our midst. I myself have no fear—as indeed I have no doubt.

As Spiritualists we are, on a few points, all agreed. We believe that death is but the resurrection to another life; that—

We bow our heads  
At going out we think, and enter straight  
Another golden chamber of the King,  
Larger than this and lovelier.

We believe in the possibility, under certain conditions, of communion with dear ones gone before. We believe that on our entrance into the spirit world we shall find ourselves pretty much what we were here—neither worse nor better. And we believe that growth in goodness and consequent happiness is in that world still possible to all; that opportunities of progress are ever open to all, even there; and that *even there* it will be found, as Gerald Massey has so well said, that—

Heaven is not shut for evermore  
Without a knocker left upon the door.

These views Spiritualists may fairly be said to hold in common. For the rest we are "free lances," each having his own particular articles of faith or unfaith. And I have mine. To me it seems a necessary deduction of pure and unbiassed reason that there must be, and is, a Supreme Ruler of the universe—I call him God; you may designate him Father, Jehovah, Jove, Lord, or Nature, as you will—and that this Supreme Ruler must have his purposes in regard to us which shall be most surely accomplished in his own time and in his own way. His designs and his methods may be misunderstood; but they cannot fail. We are very slow to read the signs of the times, and are apt to conjecture that the Divine ends are other than they are. It was even so with the disciples of Jesus himself. Closely associated as they were with him, and listening daily to his teaching, they strangely misapprehended the nature and object of his mission, and lamented his death as the end of all their hopes. Mistaking his work, they bewailed its failure. Had they judged it aright they would have perceived that it was *no* failure—but that, in truth, his life's work was really crowned by his death. And in the whole of the world's history no earnest and honest work for the highest welfare of humanity has ever been brought to naught by the death of its pioneers and prophets. Delayed it may appear to be—frustrated it can never be. The evil and the false may sometimes, peradventure, seem to prevail for a season, but the final and conclusive victory must ever be with the good and true, for only they are God-like and eternal. To think otherwise is to conclude that the Supreme has no good purpose in regard to us, or that, if He has, He is impotent to consummate his will; that in the conflict between the good and the evil, the true and the false, the enemy may, perchance, be victors, and that moral and spiritual ruin may be the final goal of all.

Friends, I invite you to a better and robuster faith. If you are truly satisfied, in your very heart of hearts, that Spiritualism is fitted to bless the world, then I ask you to banish all unworthy distrust of its ultimate success and to believe that the seeds so assiduously sown by our departed friend shall assuredly live, and grow, and bear abundant fruit. Deprived of the conscious presence and guidance of him who has led us so long and so wisely, there is naturally, for the moment, an anxious wonder as

to the real significance of our loss. The methods of the Supreme are necessarily mysterious to man's imperfect vision; but it must be that their purpose is beneficent. Perhaps He has but translated his Servant to a higher sphere that he may henceforth be able to work to the same end with greater sureness. Perhaps we may cherish the confidence, even, that his removal will yet accomplish a use which, in the first stress of our great sorrow, would scarcely occur to our troubled minds. It may be that the deep sense of the loss we seem to have sustained in his transition will kindle in hundreds of hearts a love of our great cause in emulation of his own. I do not know. But I hope, I trust, nay I verily believe, that in some way or other, which we do not yet discern, God and the Angel World will take care of our work—their work—and carry it forward to a glorious issue. Some of our orthodox friends sing—in the fullest faith I do not doubt—

In some way or other the Lord will provide,  
It may not be my way,  
It may not be thy way,  
But yet in his own way  
The Lord will provide.

I need scarcely say that I could not utter the same words in the same sense as they, but there is a sense, and a very real sense, in which to my mind the sentiment is replete with truth. Verily the Divine purpose shall be accomplished even though we know not when and how.

But the Supreme works by human instrumentality. Your aid is needed still, and I ask you to give it as cheerfully and as readily in the future as you have given it in the past. Nay more—I beg of you to take the question seriously to heart whether the occasion is not one which calls for an increase in your devotion and sacrifice. You have lost a leader and a friend to whom—if I may say so—you have very naturally delegated much of your own proper work, because you recognised the fact that he could do it so well. Let none of it go undone now, because he has been removed to another sphere of use. Bereavements have come to many of you in the loss—it may be—of husband or wife, of parent or child, or of some friend specially dear to you, and the truths of Spiritualism have brought you consolation and comfort which other creeds were powerless to afford. And so you love our Cause, having realised for yourselves, in times of your sorest trials, the blessings of our faith. I pray you never to forget that the same faith would bring the same blessing to other aching hearts. Freely ye have received, freely give. A priceless treasure has been entrusted to you; let all men share it who will.

In conclusion I entreat you, instead of drooping your heads in despondency, to testify your reverence for the memory of our departed friend, by dedicating yourselves afresh and with fuller energy, according to your several abilities, to the promotion of the object which was to him so dear. The victory will come, and your share in the joy of it will be in proportion to your part in the striving. (Applause.)

#### "A VOICE IN THE AIR."

MR. ALABIC A. WATTS said:—On the occasion of the Inaugural Meeting of this Alliance on the 5th May, 1884, its Founder and then President—alas! that we should have, now, so to describe him—delivered an address which he entitled "Voices in the Air"; in which he apostrophised, in that modest and graceful language he knew so well how and when to employ, those wise and active workers who had preceded him, in this country and elsewhere, in the conduct and guidance, in its various aspects, of what we popularly term the Spiritualistic Movement. "The great cloud of witnesses who had exchanged belief for knowledge, and knowledge for experience" on this momentous subject, they had gone from us to sight; but their voices remained, to him, as "Voices in the Air."

This earnest, strenuous, and much beloved man has now himself become one of that great "Cloud of Witnesses"; and it is of his "Voice" and what it says, that I am to essay to be the interpreter to you this evening.

The teachings of Spiritualism have ever enforced upon those who study them—and the friend who has left us was never tired of insisting upon this lesson—that every man's Life is his Voice, by which he utters himself to his brethren, and by which he is perpetuated to those who follow him. As Carlyle says, "Nothing survives but the spirit of what man does." This is a deep truth, but it were perhaps deeper to say "Nothing survives but the spirit of what man is." The words of his mouth—the works of his hand—whether the words be wise and the work good or the

reverse—are only the offspring of this life, and not the life itself. They are a manifestation of the man, not the man himself. It is concerning the man, not his words or his work, that I would now address you.

Of those who have done valuable work around us, and have passed on, few have less needed *post mortem* tribute to explain their lives than did Stainton Moses. His personal character and qualities were indelibly impressed upon all his public work, and broadly may be read in the running. He was never careful in his writings to conceal his personality under editorial euphuisms. Like the Quakers, he had no love for bad grammar; and saw no sufficient reason, when expressing his opinions, or drawing upon his exceptional experiences, for speaking of himself in the plural number. Moreover, he was a man who needed sympathy—he could not do his work without it, and he was not ashamed of his need for it. This need lent itself to that directness and marked personal individualism in his work of which I am speaking, and, as I think, was a valuable factor in it, and was indeed the origin of much of its charm and penetrativeness to those addressed. People do not give their sympathy to abstractions; and when a man shows that he is not solicitous to hide his real self even when it discloses what may be regarded by some persons as a weakness, men judge him—and for the most part rightly judge him—to be honest and sincere. Stainton Moses was absolutely sincere—transparently genuine; and whenever and whatever he spoke, every one who listened to him felt assured that the words of his lips were the words of his heart.

With these qualities of genuineness and sincerity was associated in him a spirit of absolute fairness. He loved and ever sought to practise fair play. He rarely if ever misread, and he never knowingly misrepresented the arguments or opinions of others. There was in him no suspicion of meanness of this or any other kind. His love for Truth—in controversy or out of it—was in him always paramount. This love of Truth, for her own sake, kept him broad in his views, and charitable in judging the views of others. It enabled him to recognise her Divine lineaments even when seeking to display themselves in unlooked-for, not to say unlovely, places; and when obscured by what his keen good sense enabled him to discern to be erroneous and fantastic. He was in such cases content to "let the tares and wheat grow together till the harvest."

To aid him in this "divine passiveness" he was endowed with a remarkable measure of patience and reticence. He rarely allowed himself to speak in haste; only his most intimate friends could know when he spoke, how long he had been awaiting the moment for doing so, and what reserves were lying in the rear of what he said to reinforce and sustain it. These qualities, though not immediately apparent, gave a sense of ripeness to his utterances which much enhanced their value. He was wont to ascribe this gift of slowness to speak and power of self-restraint, not to any especial wisdom or patience in his own nature, but simply to his obedience to the spiritual impressions communicated to him by guides or powers from within. In this, again, there was in him something of the Quaker.

I may pause to remark that we all have at our command somewhat of this form of guidance, but the power of interior receptiveness wherewith nature has endowed us in this respect has, with most of us, become enfeebled by our unreadiness to believe in it and our unwillingness to submit our will to its guidance.

But whilst guarded in speech, and ever careful not to precipitate the moment for speaking, Stainton Moses—in his earlier days more especially—was not insensible to the *terra repulsa* of controversy. He did not seek it, he did not fear it, and he did not dislike it, when he deemed it needful in the interests of truth or when forced upon him by others. He was combative but not quarrelsome; and he was always generous. Indeed, if he had not been so, he would not have been so consistently fair-minded as I have claimed him to be. For I think it may be said with truth that we hold no virtue otherwise than very casually, except on the tenure of always seeking to attain to something behind and beyond it. He was systematically fair, because he invariably sought to be generous.

In mental qualities suited to the work he had to do he was highly gifted. He wrote with great power and facility, expressing himself with a grace sometimes akin almost to eloquence, and in language admirable for point and lucidity. He was a man of culture—a culture, I think, remarkable rather for depth than amplitude; displaying rather the careful study and observation of facts than reflection founded on books—recalling

perhaps, rather the laboratory than the library. The bent of his mind was indeed rather scientific than literary, and the excellence of his work as a writer was to be attributed, as I think, not so much to literary tastes and studios, as to its careful and accurate presentation of that best of all sciences—the science of observant common-sense.

His remarkable power of accurately presenting truth was aided by a more than usually retentive memory of which anecdotes are extant, dating back to his schoolboy days.

With those qualities which especially endear a man to his friends he was richly endowed. His was a nature eminently tender and affectionate. He had, indeed, much of the woman in him, and, unlike most men, he was not either too proud or too fearful to disclose feeling. Prompt to vindicate, and ever ready to serve, the sympathy which he needed himself he was always ready to give, and, more than that, spontaneously to offer to others whom he might feel to need it. He was of pure and honourable life and manners, and nothing base or unworthy was ever heard from his lips. In conversation he was peculiarly agreeable, displaying ever a hearty good fellowship, a genial sense of humour, and when his feelings were aroused and the subject seemed to demand it an earnest and generous enthusiasm.

To strangers seeking his advice, and he had a large connection in clients of this description, he was frankly accessible, and, in his intercourse with them, sympathetic, easy, and unassuming. To those who would remonstrate with him on giving to the appeals of strangers so much of the time of which his needful avocations left him so little for himself he would say: "How better could I employ my time than in giving comfort to others by establishing or re-establishing the belief in a future life?" This readiness, at all times, to give account of the faith that was in him, and of the remarkable facts on which it was founded, was not without its more agreeable results. It acquired for him the acquaintance and confidence of many distinguished and even illustrious personages. But of these things he cared little to speak; and few even of his most intimate friends were aware how highly he had been honoured in this respect. Among such distinguished persons there is, I hope, no indelicacy in instancing, by way of illustration, a visit paid by him, two or three years ago, to the illustrious Poet whose loss the world has had so recently to deplore.

It has been asked was the Poet Laureate a Spiritualist? We, who are Spiritualists, are quite entitled to ticket ourselves with this term of public opprobrium, if we have the courage so to do, but not so to label others. No one doubts that this great man believed in the continuance of the life after death, but this fact would not warrant us in claiming him as a Spiritualist. Whatsoever analogy and reasonable imagination engage us to believe on this subject any person may well feel comfort in having confirmed by the testimony of outward experience. That our friend was so happy as to have been permitted to afford satisfaction, and perhaps even comfort in such respects, to this illustrious man he had no doubt; more than this I do not know he would have ventured to say.

What can I do for *you*? the Poet inquired, as their second evening's conversation on the subject was drawing to a close. The reply was obvious; and our friend had the gratification of hearing recited or read to him some of the exquisite verses—then unpublished—subsequently included in the Laureate's last volume. Lord Tennyson afterwards sent him a fine impression of his portrait with an autograph inscription.

Such as I have described were, to my eyes, the qualities and characteristics which, from time to time invigorated by exercise and harmonised by experience, combined to compose the real life of Stainton Moses.

If it be true as I have ventured to affirm, that the Life of the man is the Voice of the man, so surely is it true that the Example of the Life is the Voice of the Life, whereby alone in a real and essential sense that Life utters itself to those whom it leaves behind. To be sincere and genuine; to love to be fair and generous to all men and to all opinions; to have acquired the difficult science of knowing when to speak and when to be silent, and more difficult to have attained the gift of self-control to carry that knowledge into practice; to be patient with folly and carefully observant of truth; to be ready to combat in her service without being aggressive, and without belying her in doing so; not to be afraid or ashamed of sensibility that is genuine; and to have always eschewed cant, social, sectarian, or scientific, which is false; to have loved our friends and to have been brotherly to everybody; this is the Ensamble, and remains

the Voice of a noble Life! This is the Word that rings in my ear as I listen for his "Voice in the Air." (Applause.)

#### THE REV. J. PAGE HOPPS.

The REV. J. PAGE HOPPS, who was introduced by the President as a representative of the "outsiders," said if he might just for a moment turn away from the actual subject to speak a personal word, he would express just a little surprise that he had been asked to come there as an "outsider." True he did not call himself a Spiritualist, because he objected to labels. But his blessing was with all people who were seeking the truth, even if they felt the necessity of attaching a label to themselves, and with that explanation he could say that he was as much a Spiritualist as anybody in the room. (Applause.) What he understood by a Spiritualist was a person who believed in the actual continuance of a personal conscious existence after what was miscalled death, and, further, who believed in the possibility, under certain conditions, of communion between the seen and the unseen. (Hear, hear.) That was what he meant by a Spiritualist, and he had been that for something like a quarter of a century. It was true that he had not joined the Spiritualists' Alliance, but that was because he had lived a hundred miles from London. He had, however, appeared on their platforms three or four times, and had shown his sympathy by speaking at their meetings, and he hoped to do so again. (Applause.) So much had been said, and beautifully said, about their vanished friend that little needed to be added. Indeed, nothing really needed to be said at all, but meeting here together, and having most of them known him more or less, they could not help saying a few words about him. He had known Mr. Stainton Moses; he knew him well through his writings; he knew him well through "LIGHT"; and he knew him through his chairmanship, having been on that platform several times when he was President. He (the speaker) had always felt that, in all his relations with their friend, he had had to do with a simple-hearted gentleman, and there was nothing in this world, unless it was a simple-hearted lady, more delightful. Indeed, he was not quite sure whether it was necessary to describe him as a "gentleman," for a man who was simple-hearted—that is, a pure, true, and good man—was, of course, a true gentleman. That was what Mr. Stainton Moses was to him. Knowing his nature he was afraid he had not put their real value on the desponding statements which appeared some weeks before his death in the pages of "LIGHT," in reference to his health. He knew him to be a sensitive man, and with his peculiar malady it was inevitable that he should be depressed and desponding; and so, as he read the references to his health, it occurred to him that they were the outcome of a sensitive man's nature overlaid with work, and that he would soon get well again. That was what kept him from writing to him and offering a word of sympathy in his last days. He was sorry for it now; but it did not really matter because that was all over, and whatever they felt in their minds and hearts the emancipated spirit would happily understand all. Before this audience there was no need for him to enlarge on the qualities of him who was gone. They all knew his genial spirit, his refined mind, his sweet reasonableness, his splendid love of truth. All these qualities shone on the pages of that clever paper "LIGHT."

There was something that had not been said about incidents in his life, to which reference might well be made. Perhaps he had been misinformed, but he believed that years ago an attempt was made to injure their friend because he was outspoken and brave in the advocacy of his opinions, risking the loss of money, loss of station, loss of friends, and what was so very much worse than all to some men, loss of prospects. He did not know how far this was true and how far it hurt him, and he only referred to it because it was a common thing in this world, that if any man or woman became in earnest a seeker after truth, as many people professed to be, then they must expect to pay the price. He wished that those who were outside, the real outsiders—the thoughtless who laughed and the earthy who smote—would take into account the pledges which some of their friends gave as to their sincerity. It was a strange fact that even good Christians smote Spiritualists as iconoclasts. He never could understand it; and to him it was one of the puzzles of Christendom, seeing that the Old Testament was full of Spiritualism from beginning to end, and that of the New Testament it was the very life. (Applause.) They did not see, these good Christians, that such men as their promoted friend, were more and more becoming in these days of agnosticism and materialism the very guardians of the Temple. He ventured to predict that within twenty years Spiritualists—he did not mean

members of any Alliance or of any particular Spiritualist body—but men and women who believed absolutely in the continuance of a personal conscious existence after what was called death, and the possibility of communion between the seen and the unseen, would be the saviours of Christianity itself. (Applause.) The world was hungering to-day for facts, and it seemed to him, therefore, that such men as Mr. Stainton Moses ought to be revered and not hunted. For them there should be put up lights to show the way, not pitfalls dug for their adventurous feet.

When Christopher Columbus was nearing the end of his voyage, which resulted in the discovery of the New World, the despair, revolt, and contumely which had reigned on board his ship, gave way to universal hope and joy; for, looking over the side of the vessel, they had seen some green rushes floating by. Night fell and they were all anxious to gain the reward which Columbus had offered to the first who saw the longed-for land. Looking out of his cabin at ten o'clock the great discoverer thought he saw a light moving up and down, and sometimes vanishing, and a gun was fired for the ships to lay by till the morning. The New World was found and the reward was adjudged to Columbus, because, as the sailors said, he was the first to see the light amidst the darkness. (Applause.) Now their friend saw a light and worked for the light, and surely to him should be awarded the prize. He had only one more remark to make. There might be various shades of opinion in the company present, one was a Spiritualist in one way, another was a Spiritualist in another way—but they were all brothers and sisters, and they had this extreme happiness—and it was the greatest comfort in the world—of being able to say that not death but promotion had happened to their friend. And surely, when they remembered that he was one of God's advance guard—for that is what he was, as all seekers after truth have ever been—when they remembered that he had been sent on before to find out the New World, they might with confidence and joy apply to him—the fine and beautiful words of the old Hebrew prophet, Malachi—“They who revered the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and he heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that revered the Lord and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.” (Applause.)

#### “SALADIN.”

MR. STEWART ROSS (“Saladin”) Editor of the “Agnostic Journal,” having been granted permission by the President to offer a few remarks, said that the last speaker had classed together agnostics with materialists. (Mr. Page Hopps: I did not say they were identical.) He could tell them that agnostics had very much more sympathy with Spiritualists than with materialists. He never could understand—and the longer he lived, the more mysterious it seemed to him—how anyone could believe that death for ever extinguished a man with all his powers and aspirations at the end of three score years and ten! Such a doctrine always seemed to him more difficult of credence than a belief in spiritual phenomena, and his object had always been to stand between the opposing claims of atheism and materialism on the one hand, and of Spiritualism on the other. But that was not the time and place for him to explain his position on these questions, and he only rose, as an outsider, to pay his tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Stainton Moses. He had had only a slight personal acquaintance with him, but he knew him intimately through his writings, and could not but regard him as an honest man, and one who loved the truth for the truth's own sake. He had had a good bit of correspondence with him, and his letters he should ever cherish. They did not see eye to eye, but there was a common bond of brotherhood between them, though they never attempted a reconciliation of their differences. Mr. Moses never tried to make a convert of him, and he despaired of ever making a convert of Mr. Moses. He and Mr. Moses were differently trained, had different mental organisations, different temperaments, and what seemed true to one did not always seem true to the other. Their friend had gone now into the higher life, and his spiritual elevation involved more potentialities for usefulness than here. This was their consolation. (Applause.)

The proceedings then became informal. An agreeable feature in the evening was the excellent music provided by various friends. Miss Minnie Theobald, a young amateur of great promise, delighted the audience with violoncello solos, which were alike admirable for the skill with which

they were executed and the artistic rendering of the different composers. Miss Clementine Ward, as on previous occasions, charmed the listeners with her songs and refined concertina playing, and Miss Jessie Dixon, a lady well known at these conversaciones, contributed songs in her usual pleasing and finished style. The grand piano used on the occasion was generously lent by the Messrs. Brinsmead.

#### PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

(Continued from p. 535.)

ARTHUR LILLIE.

To swim with the stream is easy. Mediocrity dies, and the newspapers go into mourning, for Mediocrity can only appreciate Mediocrity. Mr. Stainton Moses had a very different swim. He had to breast the stream.

Spiritualism came like a surprise upon the nineteenth century. The first feeling was amusement. Turning tables was found to be as brilliant a novelty as Halma. And the ghosts turned out to be so different from what we had expected. Instead of talking like immaculate, but very formidable, archangels, they quoted Martin Tupper and made puns.

But two great potencies were quickly on the alert, theology and science. Sir Richard Burton has well called them the Black and the White Terror.

Orthodoxy was especially astounded. It was preaching everywhere that the soul after death remained with the smouldering body in a poisonous graveyard until a certain material trumpet should sound. It was plain from this that the ghosts were wicked demons, whose object was to deceive the orthodox, and make them forget this great truth. But then orthodoxy had also told us that the demons were shut up closely in hell. This made a difficulty on the other side. Mr. Stainton Moses took up Spiritualism at the moment when the opposition of the Black and the White Terror was at its height. This required some courage in a young clergyman. He had to give up his profession, his means of livelihood, and to lose the friendship of many of his old associates.

I remember Mr. Stainton Moses as a clergyman. It seems that the reminiscences of very few of his oldest friends go back as far as this. The name of a common friend mentioned between us brought about this revelation. We found out that we had met at a croquet party at Cheltenham many, many years ago.

I met him next at the Spiritualistic Association at Bloomsbury. I was writing a book, “Buddha and Early Buddhism,” my first study of the subject. I sent him a copy. He replied that he would review it in the process of time; but that he had on hand the correction of some two hundred exercises for his school, besides the preparing of his usual “Notes by the Way” for “LIGHT.”

Eventually he wrote two long articles. And when I met him again he told me a curious circumstance in connection with them. He had gone away to Bedford and forgotten all about the book. One day practising automatic writing he received a message, “Read Lillie's book.” So complete was his oblivion that he had to ask for an explanation. He then explained to his guides that the book was locked up in a cupboard in Birchington-road, Kilburn; and that he never allowed anyone to open this cupboard except himself. Still the spirit was obstinate, and he had eventually to send his key to his housekeeper. He professed himself very much interested in the book, but this was partly due to the fact that Madame Blavatsky's so-called “Buddhism” had just been put forward, and he was able to glean many facts from my book that quite proved that her Buddhism was not the genuine Buddhism of Buddha. A creed whose earliest ritual was the praise of the Seven Dead Buddhas could scarcely know anything about her main postulate that no messengers from the world of spirit other than diabolic “Shells” can ever influence mortal affairs. Whilst on the subject of early reminiscences I may mention that Mr. Stainton Moses had indirectly something to do with my taking up the study of Spiritualism. Many years ago I strolled one night into the New Club at Cheltenham, and found its large rooms tenanted by one member only—Dr. R. We talked of Spiritualism, and he told me so many wonderful things that a desire to know more came upon me. What struck me most amongst

all these marvels was the account of a gentleman, a friend of Dr. R.'s late partner, who travelled some distance in a railway carriage with the astral body, as it is called now, of Mr. Home, the medium. He mentioned this circumstance to a friend a short time afterwards, and learnt that at the time he supposed himself conversing with Home that gentleman was without doubt in Russia. I spoke of this many years afterwards at the dinner-table of Mr. P., and he replied, "Why, there is the very man who travelled with Home's double in the train, and there is the partner of Dr. R." And he pointed to Mr. Stainton Moses and Dr. Stanhope Speer, who were both dining with him that evening.

Much has been said in the columns of "LIGHT" about the great loss that Spiritualism has recently sustained, and competent writers have paid a proper tribute to the industry of Mr. Stainton Moses, his honesty, his sagacity, his subtle and logical mind. In my view his exceptional mediumistic power was the most valuable of his possessions. It seemed impossible for the hardest Philistine to talk about "Maskeyne and Cook," and "cheating," when the medium was an English gentleman living an exceptional life of noble abnegation. More important still, this mediumistic insight enabled him to steer clear of the many fads and theories that have been invented from time to time to explain away the spirits and ghosts. Spiritualism is the one tangible fact in an age of shams. If the beings that call themselves spirits of the dead are all phantasms of the living or wicked "Shells," then the great Gospel of the nineteenth century is a pure delusion. Is there a world of spirit, and can the two worlds be bridged? The crucial work of Mr. Stainton Moses was to prove the existence of the bridge and to guard it.

ARTHUR LILLIE.

#### WILLIAM PAICE.

As I was not able to be present at the meeting of the London Spiritualist Alliance on October 26th, and therefore did not say what I might have said, I take this opportunity of telling something of my twenty years' friendship with Stainton Moses.

I knew him first as a colleague at University College School, London. I am not quite sure of the year, though I think it was 1871. I had myself not long gone back to the Gower-street College, and was fresh from the excitement of a war with which personally I had nothing to do. I had but a few months previously escaped from Paris by one of the last trains that left that capital before the investment. I did not know Stainton Moses at first, not, indeed, for some time. Wondering a good deal about things as a man must who had seen some considerable vicissitudes in his life, I wondered a little about Stainton Moses. I heard strange things of him, as that he had, though still in London, been photographed in Paris. I wondered, I say, but I do not think I ever mocked. A man who has seen an army go out to battle does not mock quite so readily as a man whose life is bounded by the narrow conventionalities of Piccadilly, or even of the scientific limitations of Albemarle-street. So I hope I did not mock. Then came the Slade case and the Fletcher prosecution to the outside world, and there came to me a great sorrow. As to the first, I was interested as an outsider. As to the other, I was steeped in a strange unhappy gloom. The rituals of the churches, the speculations of the philosophers were of no value. I felt the need of a knowledge which was outside and beyond all these. I then began to talk to Stainton Moses of these things. From him I got sympathy, but little or no advice. His method with regard to myself was to let me work out my own salvation. He studiously let me alone, and told me that he intended it. There was never any absence of kindly brotherhood, there was always the presence of a noble and sincere generosity; but he let me alone, and he was right. I had to "dree my own weird," as he more than once told me. I tried to dree it, and in the dreeing gradually consolidated a loving friendship that, as far as this presentation of things is concerned, was only dissolved on the 5th of last September.

But during its growth and continuance how shall I tell of the pleasant hours that that friendship brought—walks at mid-day, perhaps, for half an hour in the very material Tottenham Court-road, sometimes a saunter down to either his or my club, and an hour or two's talk. Sometimes we tried to settle the difficulty of fourth dimensional space between Shoobred's and University College, and in a walk down to the National Liberal Club would talk till we ended in wonder at

the marvellous developments of the religionists' God. It was always charming, sometimes profound, and yet the colours in the shop windows as they changed with the fashions, never failed to divert our attention for a moment now and again, for we saw, Moses perhaps first, that the underlying spirit of all things was developing new beauties even in the apparently small potentialities of a West End draper's shop.

There seemed no end to it. I remember well, when the Bradlaugh Parliamentary struggle was going on, how Stainton Moses revelled in it. The fight and subsequent victory of the man were exactly what spoke to Stainton Moses as nothing else would. The very streets and times of day seem marked for me as we walked and talked of these things. Those who knew Stainton Moses when he was in full health, and thought that he was a Spiritualist, and that alone, in its smallest signification, but half knew him. His Spiritualism meant the ever present recognition of the eternal underlying life of everything. A show of flowers or of pictures was to him a presentation more or less perfect of what those flowers or pictures did or ought to tell the world. If that telling failed he was dissatisfied; if it was right he went away content.

From 1880, when I began to know him intimately, till he left University College School, I was in close contact with Stainton Moses, and never during that time do I remember one word or action that could have possibly marred that friendship, even allowing for my own shortcomings. It was a quite perfect alliance, which admitted of no misgivings. I can speak, too, of his excellence as a public school master, not merely in his capacity of instructor, though in that all was good, but in his position of friend and adviser to his pupils. There his influence was admirable, and commanded a respect almost amounting to reverence.

There were some traits in the character of Stainton Moses which, apparently unimportant, were to him a matter of real meaning. His carefulness as to dress, and his punctiliousness as to the smallest matters of courtesy, were, I know, not the mere outward show of vanity, or the veneered polish of a man who, though not of the world, was still in it, but were the outward and visible sign of a very pure spirit, whose outward garment and actions were but the reflex of its own intense knowledge.

His constant ill-health obliged Stainton Moses to resign his post as master in University College in 1888; not that he was asked to do so, but, as I know full well, because he did not think it fair to his pupils to remain there and not give them the instruction it was his duty to impart. So he left us, and all were sorry that it was so. From that time, though in constant communication with him, I did not see him so frequently, but frequently, too frequently, alas! not to note the gradual failing of his health, and to be sure on my last visit to him that the end could not be far off. It came in ten days!

W.P.

The following has already appeared in "LIGHT," but from the importance of the writer, and of what he has written about a friend of so many years, it cannot be left out of this memorial number:—

C. C. MASSEY.

He is gone from our view. The shock with which the news of Monday, September 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 Cones, 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.

HON. RODEN NOEL.

SIR,—I much regret to learn the death of Mr. Stainton Moses, who, with untiring energy and rare courage, has for so long a period in this materialistic age rendered invaluable service to the cause of a more spiritual insight into the mystery of life and death, which, rightly regarded, are after all not two but one. A cultivated man and a lucid, vigorous writer, he dared publicly and continuously to maintain convictions which he deemed of the utmost importance to human welfare, at a time when these were not merely unpopular, but entailed ridicule and loss of intellectual caste among cultivated people. This I believe to be high praise. For the modern persecution by sneer and "boycott" is every whit as real, if somewhat less disagreeable, than the older persecution by fire and faggot. But we hope that our friend, having passed onward, may still find a way to help us.

West Brighton.

RODEN NOEL.

October 1st, 1892.

"LILY."

SIR,—It was only on receiving "LIGHT" this morning that I learnt of the passing away of its devoted and talented Editor, Mr. Stainton Moses, after his long-continued sufferings.

May his worn spirit now rest in peace for a time, and then arise again in renewed strength and power to continue his work from that higher standpoint, and with that increased knowledge, which the spiritual life alone can give.

He has done his work bravely for us here, and that he may still go on with it in the "better land" under higher auspices must, I think, be the prayer of all true Spiritualists.

September 11th, 1892.

"LILY"

P. F. UNDERWOOD.

(Of the "Religio-Philosophical Journal.")

SIR,—Your favour of the 7th inst., stating that W. Stainton Moses died on the 5th, is received. Intelligence of this sad event reached us several days ago, and the "Journal" of last week contains a tribute to Mr. Moses from the pen of Professor Elliott Coues. It was with great sorrow that we learned of the demise of the late Editor of "LIGHT," a journal carefully read and highly valued in this office, and one whose Editor was respected and admired for his intellectual ability and fine personal qualities.

I never met Mr. Moses, but was so familiar with his writings that I felt well acquainted with him, and was deterred from writing him the last two years only by the knowledge that he was in ill-health and had to avoid unnecessary correspondence.

September 19th, 1892.

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION.

SIR,—The Council of the London Spiritualist Federation desire me to write you to express their deep regret at the loss we have all sustained by the death of Mr. Stainton Moses. I should like to say for myself individually, and also in the name of every member of the London Spiritualist Federation, that we all feel that he was a true-hearted Spiritualist and a worthy leader of our great cause, and that we all heard of his death with great sorrow.

September 8th, 1892.

A. F. TINDALL.

REV. E. H. ANSON, HEBBURN, MORFETH.

I cannot refrain from adding a few words to the many that will no doubt appear in the memorial number of "LIGHT," as a humble tribute to the memory of my great friend the Rev. W. Stainton Moses. I had the pleasure of knowing him for more than fifteen years, our first relations being those of tutor and pupil. It was mainly through his advice that I ventured, subsequently, to take Orders, and therefore, it is indirectly to him that I now owe my greatest happiness in life. Since those early days to which I have alluded absence from London on my part has precluded the possibility of frequent meetings, but we have met from time to time during my occasional holidays, and the friendship that existed between us thus continued and increased. Of his religious views I will not speak, but none who know him so intimately as I did can doubt that he was as pure in thought and intention as he was earnest and sincere in seeking after truth.

October 31st, 1892.

E. H. ANSON.

MRS A. J. PENNY.

SIR,—My reverence for the patient, undaunted courage of Mr. Stainton Moses is the immensity in this case; too much for me to be able to put into a few neat words. He devoted all his faculties and imperilled his life for a cause, both despised and impugned alike by wise and by foolish people, by the religious and irreligious—a cause which few, perhaps, even among his friends, could believe to be worth such sacrifice. But he lived long enough to see that mainly by his efforts, during years of unstinted toil, this much has been gained, triflers have been made to feel that contemptuous jeering at Spiritualism is out of date, and the most seriously disapproving religionists (to use a vile word for convenience sake) have been brought to pause, admitting that there is something in it. Pursuit of that something—those results of Spiritualistic research better than mere belief in its surface facts—was what Mr. Stainton Moses constantly and urgently advised.

Let us hope that the wise words of a friend "safe from unkindness more" may bear fruit. That, I think, will be the only adequate tribute of gratitude that we can pay for all he has done; and that the memorial he would value most.

A. J. PENNY.

L. DEINHARD.

SIR,—We have to regret with you the inseparable loss of the great champion of the cause of Spiritualism, Mr. Stainton Moses.

As the grand movement is of international character, the Spiritualist brethren of one nation must be deeply affected by all affliction which is caused to the others by the nature of this earthly life of mourning and tears.

Mr. Stainton Moses has had all our sympathy, because of the eminent value of his writings and most energetic efforts in combating the plague of materialism, and elevating humanity to those heavenly regions which are the home of all spirit brethren.

He now looks down on our sorrows and efforts, freed from earthly clay, and will no doubt continue to aid in the union and the progress of Spiritualism in all countries of this world.—We are, brotherly yours,

L. DEINHARD,

President, "Gesellschaft für wissenschaftliche Psychologie."

DESMOND G. FITZGERALD.

SIR,—Should the idea be carried out of a "Stainton Moses" number of "LIGHT," I should feel gratified to be in some small measure associated with this tribute of respect and appreciation. It is not too much to say that, since the first week of September, the world has seemed more blank and empty to many Spiritualists (of whom I am), and to some others also. For, within one day of each other passed to the higher life William Stainton Moses and John Greenleaf Whittier. Respect and love for the latter had grown up in me solely through his writings and the Spiritualism enshrined in them. But in my memories of the former there was something of the life and light of "auld lang syne." Until the sad news that Stainton Moses had passed from our view came to me with a shock I could not quite account for, I scarcely realised the depth of my esteem and regard for him. Wrapped up in my own work, cares, and troubles, I had of late years seen but little of the friend with whom I spent so many hours when he was in the initial stage of his earnest investigations and study of spiritual phenomena. He seemed so strong, spiritually and mentally—though, alas! not physically—that sympathy, without attempt to influence, aid, or support, seemed sufficient. The secret of his strength was, not alone that his aspirations were high, his nature kindly, and his life pure, but that, as a medium, *sans peur et sans reproche*, he knew the things he spoke of and the truths he taught. He was a medium for the physical as well as for what are termed the higher phenomena of Spiritualism; but, unlike other physical mediums I have known, he seemed to be unaffected by any influences from the lower spheres. By all who met him he was recognised as a true gentleman, both from the social standpoint and from a higher point of view. His strong common-sense, moreover, raised him personally above all the fads and fallacies too commonly associated with Spiritualism. Yet he was too gentle to inveigh harshly against aught that might have in it some vestige or sub-

stratum of truth. A Spiritualist of the old school, he did not need any of the sensational adjuncts which amuse those who fail to realise all the grandeur and simplicity of the central truths of Spiritualism. Though not a man of science, he was never really at variance with it, and indeed his methods of investigation and study were on broadly scientific lines. I think that his work and his influence in the cause will be missed for many a long day to come.

DESMOND G. FITZGERALD,  
M.I.E.E., M.Ph. S. (Lond.).

J. FRED. COLLINGWOOD.

SIR,—Within a very few weeks of his death, I enjoyed, in company with my wife, the privilege of spending an evening with Mr. Stainton Moses. It seemed to us that he apprehended a near approach to the end of his earth-life, for although he expressed himself hopeful of recovery and continued work, he dwelt much upon the future, recited with evident feeling, "Crossing the Bar," and spoke of the Laureate's faith in the hereafter. A Bible lay near, and, taking it in his hand, he said: "This book contains everything, everything necessary to be known." Our conversation had included a running survey of current agnostic literature, and I took his remark to mean that with all the merit of severe and honest criticism, "The Book" was above and beyond cavil as a revelation to man for his guidance and instruction.

I was one evening sitting with him in ordinary conversation, when he complained of not feeling well, arising from rather prolonged work, when I perceived a very sweet perfume, and remarked, as it increased, "What a delicious scent; where does it come from?" "From me, the top of my head," he replied. I felt the crown, which was wet with a pleasant odorous substance. I dipped the corner of my handkerchief in it and kept it for months hardly diminished in potency. This case is similar to many instances recorded in Mrs. S.'s exceedingly interesting and, in my opinion, highly important records now appearing in "LIGHT." Mr. Stainton Moses told me that the development of these perfumes was intended as a healing process, and he was often relieved in that way.

Another fact. When I was working with Stainton Moses in his rooms at Kilburn, I one day wanted a reference, but could find no clue. He was at another table deeply engaged in writing, and suddenly jumping up, rushed to the adjoining room, pulled down, one after another, several heavy volumes, brought one to the table, made two rapid seizures of the leaves, and revealed the passage wanted. There was no time for looking and searching, it was apparently an act of some outside directing power. Mr. Moses had no more idea where to look for the thing than I had; but he said that he often in that way received information which he otherwise could not obtain.

October 16th, 1892.

J. FRED. COLLINGWOOD.

HÜBBE SCHLEIDEN, in "The Sphinx."

On Monday, September 5th, died at Bedford the Rev. William Stainton Moses, who, under the pseudonym of "M.A. (Oxon.)," both personally and as a writer, was loved by all who knew him; and of these are countless thousands scattered over every part of our planet. To me, too, was it granted, in this last summer, to learn to know him better. He was but in his fifty-third year, but had been very ill of late, having never entirely recovered from the influenza which prostrated him two years ago. In the year 1865 he was a clergyman of the Established Church of England, but as such he was, as he often said himself, a materialist. Not till 1870 was he thoroughly converted from this, through his becoming acquainted with Spiritualism. He then left the Church, and became a master in University College School, London. He was himself of a strongly mediumistic disposition, but only in the best sense of the word; of all his works the "Spirit Teachings" give an especially striking proof of this. He laboured and strove more and more to rise above phenomenal Spiritualism; and quite lately he expressed to me his satisfaction that this phase of development is dying out more and more in England, and that now more stress is laid upon what is of true spiritual worth, both spiritual knowledge and that spiritual influence which is personally ennobling or elevating in its action upon all those sincere followers who have become at all capable of a spiritual independent development.

We have neither the opportunity nor the space to do justice here to what Stainton Moses has accomplished by means of his articles in "LIGHT," through his co-operation with the "Society for Psychical Research" in its early days, and above all through his masterly direction of "LIGHT" during many years; I have often enough alluded to it. He had an exceptional gift for apt and forcible expression in speech and writing. His death is an irreparable loss for the Spiritualist movement in the whole English world. I may mention that in No. 609 of "LIGHT" for 10th September (p. 439) a very good autotype cabinet portrait of him is given.

H. S.

In addition to the above personal reminiscences we give the following extracts from addresses delivered by Messrs. Robertson and Lees, the former before the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists and the latter before the Peckham Society of Spiritualists:—

R. J. LEES.

We are not left as those who have only a hope to lean upon. It is at such times as this that the strength and consolations of Spiritualism come to us with their greatest emphasis. The hurricane called death ordinarily sweeps over a community or a home, and leaves behind a track of "utter desolation," "irreparable loss," and broken hearts strewn hither and thither.

The air is full of farewells of the dying  
And mournings for the dead.

Black thunderclouds of grief envelop the stricken ones from out of which phantom uncertainties make mocking grimaces, and add to the sense of loneliness which falls like another death-grip upon the soul which incoherently calls for

A touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still.

It is with gratified hearts that you and I can realise to-day that we have a sure haven of repose in the presence of such a storm. There is a power in our midst strong enough to rebuke the winds and the waves, a voice which commands "Peace! be still," and is obeyed.

To us there is no vanished hand,  
No voice can e'er be stilled.

Wherever Spiritualism is known the name of W. Stainton Moses or his equally well-known *nom de plume* of "M.A. (Oxon. )" is familiar, and, what is of infinitely greater value, wherever it is known it is at least cherished and respected. It is by no means here alone in the Metropolis of the world that a void is caused by his removal; we have a full consciousness that in every civilised country in the globe lips have grieved and will still utter grief, and eyes will dim as they read of his withdrawal. . . . How great his work has been or how far-reaching his influence it is as yet too soon to conjecture or to anticipate, but when in after years the full history of our movement comes to be written, we shall find that among all the names of its apostles, advocates, and promoters, there will be few, if any, worthy to take a higher place than that of William Stainton Moses.

All honour to the noble band of workers who through the first long and dismal night struggled and fought and wept in the face of the storms and the difficulties which threatened to overwhelm them. Less noble souls would have abandoned the craft as hopeless long before. We honour their memories, we magnify their labours, and hold their devotion too sacredly in our hearts to allow their names to perish. . . . But we are equally conscious that such men were only the exception, the units in the mass; and their labours were made all the more arduous by the wild exuberances, the irrational boasts, and the ignorant challenges of incapable adherents. The wild statements of the thoughtless multitude were seized upon by the uninitiated carper as arguments to urge against the calmer claims of the more logical and patient observer. The movement was in its initial stage, every mind was centred upon phenomena, and rightly so, to prove the claims it made and to demonstrate its contention; but those who should have advanced to other and higher phases of the subject showed no disposition to move their ground, and the danger was lest the question should begin and end in mere phenomenalism. Someone was needed who would take hold

of the subject and open the door of its higher possibilities, leading the way to the grander spiritual teaching which should strike the theological shackles from the souls of men and usher in an era of spiritual emancipation for which mankind was sighing as Israel is said to have done in Egypt.

From the moment Stainton Moses stepped into our ranks he became a power. With the conviction of the truth of Spiritualism there came also the revelation, and he beheld the boundless possibilities which were opened up spiritually if the subject was rightly directed into its legitimate channel. He was quick to see the danger which threatened it, and sprang forward to avert it with the burning enthusiasm of a prophet sent from God and determined to save the movement from the damning influences of its friends. His "Spirit Teachings" and "Higher Aspects of Spiritualism" are monuments of the methods he adopted, and the ideal which stood before him and his inspirers in this great work.

He rightly conceived that whatever his privileges, he only stood upon the threshold; it would be for others to enter in and understand the glories of the revelation; he was only leading his army on to the battle-field, not yet victorious from the fight. . . . It mattered not to him how, or by whom, the opening was secured; he was a Spiritualist because he thought the means and methods it applied were most likely to achieve the object, but he was large and generous-hearted enough to wish success to all and every project which laboured in the same direction. In his ears were constantly ringing a thousand voices from every land, asking the still unanswered question of the Roman Pilate, "What is truth?" and all his desire was to see every impediment and obstacle removed from the path of his fellows that they might stand face to face with the soul-inspiring certainty which he had gained, and hold it till something better was revealed. . . . Let a man be sincere, and it was then a small matter to Stainton Moses whether he could march in the front rank of the London Spiritualist Alliance or any other organisation of a cognate name.

Traitors in the camp he of necessity has been called upon to deal with, and at such times his allegiance to a sacred cause has compelled him to strike and spare not. The man or woman who dares to act the part of Judas and trifle with the sacred memories of our risen friends has not much lower to fall in the scale of moral rectitude, and is altogether outside the pale of mercy or pity. There is very little hope for anyone who will dare to commit a fraud upon the grave, or does not scruple to commit a burglary on Heaven or hell to enable him to make a living or to increase his wealth. He smote such men with a righteous indignation, but never until the charge had been brought home and proved to the hilt; but no one can say that his denunciations were ever dictated by personal animus or petty spite.

We can truly say that the epitaph he desired should be placed upon his tombstone was one worthy of his life and sacrifice. "He loved the truth, and gave himself for it." May we not make it a personal matter and say of that Greater Leader, "He gave himself for us"? If so, the best and noblest monument we can rear to his memory will not be found in any stone of exquisite workmanship, but by taking a step forward at this juncture and lifting our cause at least a trifle nearer to the spiritual ideal which was ever before his eyes and for which he so bravely struggled.

JAMES ROBERTSON.

It is with a somewhat sad feeling that I have to intimate that there has just passed away from the physical life a man whom we Spiritualists have long held in the highest esteem. Undoubtedly a great man, though the outside world knew little of his presence. It seems now as if his loss could not be filled, as if there was not a man in our ranks capable of filling up the void. ("M.A., Oxon.") William Stainton Moses was a man of the brightest intellectual powers, a particularly lucid writer, with a large fund of spiritual experience, which showed itself so markedly in all that he has written in Spiritualist journals for the past twenty years. No new theories, however popular, ever made him lose sight of the pertinent facts which he had met

in his own life and which enabled him so persistently and pointedly to show that spiritual people, the dead so-called, had proved their human identity and continuity of being. Tolerant and gentle in his treatment of all phases of thought, much that was trotted out melted away again and again before his simple statement of what he had seen and heard. A master mind indeed was his, that could weigh all schools of thought, but sober-minded and calm enough to allow nothing but facts to dominate him. Our movement was indeed honoured in having so much intellectual and spiritual worth in its ranks, so elevated in tone, so pure and rich in its religious spirit, so helpful to the inquirer,

dence is unmistakable, solid, and convincing, of the spirit-form manifesting its personality in this way. If this series of articles could be reprinted, a younger generation of Spiritualists would appreciate their worth as helping to place on a solid foundation the great truth of spirit return. Those papers "On the Trans-corporeal action of Spirit" show how early he had set himself to master psychological problems and face their meaning. What his hand found to do he did with all his powers. He felt the duty of doing some little to arrange the tangled mass of obscure facts he met, and his orderly mind classified and arranged them in the most complete way.



AFTER DEATH. (From a photograph by Tuohy, Bedford.)

and so consoling and satisfactory to those who had caught the beauty of our spiritual philosophy. Normally wise, his abnormal mediumship was of the most wonderful kind, the very highest type of mind might read his "Spirit Teachings," and feel that they were indeed a lofty product of our movement. Nothing more rational and truly religious has ever been printed. The book is not melancholy, though the dark issues of life are faced and met, but bright and healthful. What came to the Poet Tennyson as intuition, what was revealed to the religious genius of Theodore Parker, finds corroboration, and a more complete setting in this valuable volume. One feels that it is a companion for our best moments, a teacher and guide when the dark mysteries of our social system appal us. With all our theories of mediumship colouring the communications received, which we have to admit, still here is shown, in the clearest way that other and higher minds, with differing thoughts, forced their utterance through this channel, and gave a consistent message, which for long the instrument was incapable of assimilating with his mental food. Such works carve out a channel through which the world can walk dry-footed and with a clear light above. Its abnormal production increases its value to many, because of the certainty it gives to unbiassed minds that generous, loving souls gone on, still maintain a deep and helpful interest in the wayfarer still making the earth pilgrimage.

But this volume is but a small part of the work he did for Spiritualism, the old volumes of "Human Nature" show with what earnestness of purpose he followed the light when it came. His articles dealing with "Spirit Photography," written over sixteen years since, are the best setting, nay, the only complete setting forth on this really important matter that has yet been penned, not a position but what is faced, each link in the chain complete, and the whole ground swept so clean that there is no loophole of escape from accepting the fact that the evi-

In his warfare with Dr. Carpenter he literally revels in masterly strokes, revealing a literary power of a high order. He knew well all sides of the question, and we feel that he was indeed a giant and his opponent a baby. There are other works so helpful to our movement, though much that is of the highest value has not been collected. "Spirit Identity," full of his own personal experiences, shows with what care he faced every bit of evidence; how patiently he laboured, not so much to satisfy himself as to place beyond question that we were not dreamers but careful observers of phenomena. Personal immortality and personal recognition are assuredly evidenced in the stories of Abraham Florentine and others. All his writings show with what earnestness he followed the pursuit of knowledge, and what a rich harvest of solid fact he gathered together. He read everything connected with the occult with avidity. He craved for something clear, and his patience had the fullest reward. "Notes by the Way" in "LIGHT" all these years reveal more fully than anything, not only his love for the great truth which met him, but a persistent working to make it better understood. As he says: He could not be troubled with those who would beguile him with fantastic hypotheses unproven and unprovable. Cunning devisements of curious brains invented for the purpose of ignoring the plain explanation of facts, and substituting some fine-drawn subtlety, which was worthless unless proven, and which might be left alone until it rested on a solid basis. If he admitted at first that the spiritual explanation of the phenomena was "ponderously difficult," he insisted as the result of his own experience and writing and after long and patient study, that the weight of evidence was "ponderously" on its side. His book on "Psychography, or Slate Writing" gives a crowd of valuable testimony to the reality of this startling truth. He is never content with the "Said so" of any person, however noted, unless clearly and satisfactorily evidenced. He dealt principally with the "It is so" of fact, or "I find it so" of his own

personal experience. "The Higher Aspects of Spiritualism" shows that we have a practical religion, and that Spiritualism is not a gospel of dancing chairs and tables, darkened rooms, and nothing else, but that spirits communicate with us for a wise and holy purpose, helping mankind to lead pure lives here, that they may gain a higher life hereafter. All these books give but a fragment of a man whose soul was rich in all good words and works. Oftimes have I felt that I should like to see the man and acknowledge my great indebtedness to him for all he had said and done. It was part of my future life some day to exchange greetings with him, and touch the hand of a noble man, but the greetings, if any, must now come from a higher grade of existence.

which had arrived during the afternoon, and turned to the death column. This is what met my eye:—

TROLLOPE.—June 9th, at Ipswich, Queensland, Francis Henry, eldest surviving son of the late Captain Frederick Trollope, of the Bengal Army, aged 28.

I have omitted to say that I said in recounting my dream at breakfast that the young man would be about twenty-seven or twenty-eight, "for he was eleven when I had him, and that is either sixteen or seventeen years since." The strangeness in my mind then was that I should dream of one who had so long passed out of my ken. You see he has been dead two months, so the impression was not made at

#### A DREAM OF MR. STANTON MOSES.

The following is an extract from a letter written to Mrs. Stanhope Speer, August 12th, 1875, by Mr. Stanton Moses. The same dream was told by Mr. Moses to the Editor some time afterwards:—

I have nothing very remarkable to record spiritually except one very strange dream, or vision. I saw in my dream a sort of wild forest, with tangled underwood and very large trees. Through the midst of it ran a drive in which I stood. Straight before me was a clearing rather wider than that in which I stood. I was impressed that I was in New Zealand. As I looked about I saw a rider crossing the drive at the upper end. The face was turned to look at me, and I saw that the horseman was an old pupil of mine, a son of Captain Trollope, of Bedford. I had coached him at school twenty years ago, or nearly. The curious thing was that the face was the boy's face as I remember it, the body was that of a full-grown man. As he looked aside at me his horse, which was galloping violently, dashed against a tree, and the rider was violently thrown. I was impressed that he was killed. I did not go near him, or attempt to pick him up, but something told me he was killed. I woke, and went to sleep again. The dream recurred. I was in the same place, and the horse again dashed into the drive, this time dragging his rider by the stirrup. A voice again told me that he was dead. I told my dream in a vague way at breakfast. The only thing that occurred to me then was the strangeness of my dreaming of a boy of whom I had heard and known nothing for nearly twenty years, and of whom I never knew much. But during the day the dream recurred several times, and fixed itself in my mind. Now we are not provided with much newspaper literature: the pabulum being confined to a "Standard" of the previous day. I hunted up this paper

the time of death. And then the incongruities of dreams were manifest in this: the boy's face on the man's body; and my not going to pick him up. It was very remarkable. On inquiring "Rector" told me, that it was a vision in which they had impressed a fact on me, that they would operate in this way, as my mind became what he called "more interior." He said the Spirit had revisited its youthful scenes, and so had come to me, and they had seized this pictorial means of depicting a fact. So it was hardly a dream, and hardly a vision, and may throw some light on both. At any rate, it was remarkable, and made a great impression on the people. Of course it elicited a recital from everybody. Each had his or her own experience to relate, some of them very singular indeed.

#### OUR MEMORIAL NUMBER.

The present number of "LIGHT" contains sixteen columns of matter more than our ordinary issues, in addition to a portrait of the late Editor, which we give in the form of a Supplement. This portrait has been reproduced from a negative by Hughes and Mullins.

Mr. Charlton T. Speer, late Professor at the Royal Academy of Music, has set to music some words of Tennyson, which were great favourites of Mr. Stanton Moses. The words are from the "In Memoriam." This composition forms an integral part of our Memorial Number, and we call special attention to it, as it has been a work of love on the part of one who from his childhood upwards knew and loved our departed friend.

We cannot, and do not, pretend to remove all the intellectual difficulties of religion; we only contend that even intellectually unbelief is the more unreasonable of the two, and that practically unbelief is folly, and faith is wisdom.—**DR. ANSOLO.**