

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe

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

No. 732 —VOL. XV.

[Registered as]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1895

[a Newspaper.]

PRICE TWOPENCE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Mrs. Besant has been lecturing in Melbourne on Spiritualism, and "The Harbinger of Light" gives what seems a careful *résumé* of her lecture. She said she disliked the use of the word *spirit* in relation to "manifestations," and preferred to say that it was the *soul* which was more immediately concerned with them. The following extract from the report is distinctly interesting:—

She had no doubt of the reality of the phenomena of materialisation. It had been demonstrated by leading men of science. William Crookes, the foremost chemist and electrician of the time, lent his name to the facts. Alone with the medium in his own study, with appliances for the instantaneous production of light, a form was developed, and both it and the medium were distinctly observed by him at the same time in the light. Either this phenomenon occurred as stated, and was scientifically observed, or Mr. Crookes lied! Alfred Russel Wallace gives testimony almost as complete. Professor Friedrich Zoellner and several eminent Russian scientists give equally strong evidence. The reason that these facts are not more generally known is that those gentlemen who write in the Press about Spiritualism are, as a rule, ignorant of the subject, and an ignorant public re-echoes their reports. No amount of fraud disproves the general fact. The exposures that take place are usually made by Spiritualists themselves.

We cordially agree with "The Harbinger of Light" when it says there are many points of agreement between Spiritualists and this prominent leader of the Theosophists:—

Man, an immortal entity clothed in material vestments adapted to his environment, endowed with a limited amount of freedom of action, and working upward slowly, and often painfully, to higher conditions; matter permeated with an all-pervading energy, ceaselessly evolving phenomena, and being transmitted into higher conditions; master minds partially dissociated from matter, and untrammelled by its environment, operating from a higher altitude in the general work of evolution; these are the central ideas of the gifted woman who is the mouthpiece and most prominent leader of the Theosophic movement, and are in entire harmony with those of the philosophic Spiritualist. So also are the ethical teachings comprehended in the principle of universal brotherhood, which both profess, but, unfortunately, do not practise so fully as could be desired. Both, also, are students of the Esoteric, seeking to discover the powers of the human soul, and to utilise them in the service of humanity. Here are materials enough for accord, and if pride, prejudice, and bigotry are sunk, there is no need for opposition or discord between two bodies working for a common aim.

This number of "The Harbinger of Light" contains the following charming story:—

"A little country girl arrived in Lyons by railway, with a basket and her few packages, to take a situation in a respectable family. But, at the station, she perceived with dismay that she had lost the address of the house at which she was expected. The

child was young, pretty, alone and penniless in a great city, where she would be exposed to many dangers. What was to become of her? Now, the little one had always a particular devotion to the Virgin, and there on a hill dominating the city, which occasioned her so much fear, she saw the church of Our Lady of Fourvières. She crossed the bridge, climbed the hill, and kneeling before the good Virgin, earnestly besought her help in prayer. Then, as she quitted the church, she saw a young man, clad in black, and with a kindly countenance, approaching towards her. He asked her the reason of her red eyes and troubled face. He inspired her with so much confidence that she told him all her trouble. 'Go to my mother' said he; 'she lives in such and such a part of the city; tell her simply that her son has sent you, and you will be well received.' The little girl obeyed his instructions, found the house to which she had been directed, and was shown into a room, in which was a portrait bearing a striking resemblance to the obliging young man. Then an old lady in deep mourning presented herself, and asked the reason of her coming. But when the young girl said, 'It was your son who sent me,' the old lady exclaimed in accents of grief, 'My son is dead, I have mourned his loss for three years.' Then the little peasant girl, dismayed and trembling, repeated her simple story, her prayer to Our Lady, her encounter and conversation, on the threshold of the church, with the young man; and added 'That is his portrait!' You may imagine what followed. It was not, however, as a domestic, but as an adopted daughter, that the poor mother received the pious child, who had been confided to her care by her son in heaven."

The writer of this narrative is François Coppée, a very famous French poet and member of the Academy.

We welcome Part I. of a new quarterly, "Health and Wealth." It is the organ of the Church Society for the promotion of kindness to animals, the Church Sanitary Association, and the Funeral Reform Association,—a delightful trio. It is an eminently practical publication. In an article entitled "Ad Clerum," it cites the Gospel story of the feeding of the four thousand, and then says:—

As then, so now, the multitude follow after Christ. All have heard His words. Yet they are hungry and weary, for they want pure air, pure water, abundant light, unadulterated food, and wholesome surroundings. Countless numbers are weak and sick who ought to be strong and healthy, and every year many thousands die from diseases which might be prevented.

As upon the uplands beyond the Sea of Galilee eighteen centuries ago, so in the narrow courts and alleys of our great towns now, Christ has compassion upon the multitude. He asks the 25,000 parish priests of this country what they have wherewith to fill the hungry with good things. They reply, We have great influence with all classes, and authority over 25,000 pulpits from whence we can teach the laws of health, urge obedience to natural laws, exhort owners of houses to practise Christian sympathy, and remind all that they are their brothers' keepers. Christ answers, "Give me just what you have—your education, your influence, your splendid opportunities of teaching. These are the seven loaves and the few small fishes which the Twelve, the first ministers of the Gospel, supplied Me with. Make the men sit down. Divide them into congregations, audiences, councils, committees, and classes, so that you can reach all, rich and poor alike. Go among them and use the talents entrusted to you, and they shall be filled."

The part of life this side the grave is an essential and integral part of the life eternal; and pure air, pure water, and abundant

light—the free gifts of the Divine Father in this life—ought to be enjoyed by all alike.

Morning and night, every day in the year, the Church exhorts her children to pray for “all things that are requisite and necessary as well for the body as the soul.” Therefore ought her ministers to aid in securing for all pure air, pure water, abundant light, wholesome food, improved dwellings, and the greatest possible immunity from preventible diseases.

This sounds something like a National Church!

We are glad to have from Colonel Ingersoll an explicit declaration that his warfare has been only against certain opinions concerning immortality, and not against immortality itself. In a letter to the New York “World” he says:—

The existence of God I neither affirm nor deny. I wait. The immortality of the soul I neither affirm nor deny. I hope—hope for all the children of men. I have never denied the existence of another world, nor the immortality of the soul. For many years I have said that the idea of immortality, that, like a sea, has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, with its countless waves of hope and fear beating against the shores and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion. It was born of human affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death. What I deny is the immortality of pain, the eternity of torture.

The Spiritualism that does not refine, soften, spiritualise, is not worth much. It ought to tell in everything—in food, manners, outlook, business, dress. Yes, dress. The real Spiritualist will have a growing distaste for mere finery and “loud” attire. She (or he) will naturally fall into simplicity and purity, and will shudder, for instance, at the idea of wearing birds. It is said that, on the first night of Oscar Wilde’s new play, one of the actresses, Miss West, wore a dress stuck all over with blackbirds with outstretched wings—a horrid and barbaric thing! Why not scalps? We commend to this lady William Lambie’s penetrating lines, entitled “The Birds’ Petition” :—

From the sunny south, as the days grow long,
We come to cheer you with beauty and song,
In melodious measures, sweet and free,
O’er the glorious land from sea to sea.
We come in peace with no angry words,
And pray you to spare all the bonnie birds.
We ask no help, we have pleasure to give :
All that we want is the right to live.
Ye beautiful ladies, so kind and true,
We present the “Birds’ Petition” to you.
Let no bonnie birds on your hats be worn,
No more sweet singers be mangled and torn.
*There’s a stain of blood on every bonnet
Which has a dead bird stitched upon it.*

In a late Note we referred to a letter by Sir J. Noel Paton, concerning a remarkable dream of his mother’s. It was addressed to Mrs. Crowe, nearly fifty years ago, but is even more interesting to-day; so we follow the lead of “The Weekly Scotsman” in reprinting it :—

Dear Mrs. Crowe,—That dream of my mother’s was as follows :—She stood in a long, dark, empty gallery; on her one side was my father, and on the other my elder sister Amelia, then myself and the rest of the family according to their ages. At the foot of the hall stood my youngest sister, Alexes, and above her my sister Catherine, a creature, by the way, in person and mind, more like an angel of heaven than an inhabitant of earth. We all stood silent and motionless. At last it entered—the unimagined *something*, that, casting its grim shadow before, had enveloped all the trivialities of the preceding dream in the stifling atmosphere of terror. It entered stealthily, descending the three steps that led into the chamber of horror; and my mother felt it was Death. He was dwarfish, bent, and shrivelled. He carried on his shoulder a heavy axe, and had come, she thought, to destroy “all her little ones at one fell swoop.” On the entrance of the shape, my sister Alexes leapt out of the

rank, interposing herself between him and my mother. He raised his axe, and aimed a blow at Catherine—a blow which, to her horror, my mother could not intercept, though she had snatched up a three-legged stool, the sole furniture of the apartment, for that purpose. She could not, she felt, fling the stool at the figure without destroying Alexes, who kept shooting out and in between her and the ghastly thing. She tried in vain to scream; she besought my father in agony to avert the impending stroke, but he did not hear or did not heed her, and stood motionless in a trance. Down came the axe, and poor Catherine fell in her blood, “cloven to the white halse bane.” Again the axe was lifted by the inexorable shadow over the head of my brother, who stood next in the line. Alexes had somewhere disappeared behind the ghostly visitant, and with a scream my mother flung the footstool at his head. He vanished, and she awoke.

The dream left on my mother’s mind a fearful apprehension of impending misfortune, “which would not pass away.”

Three months had elapsed, when we children were all of us seized with scarlet fever. My sister died almost immediately—sacrificed, as my mother in her misery thought, to her (my mother’s) over-anxiety for Alexes, whose danger seemed more imminent. The dream’s prophecy was in part fulfilled. I was also at death’s door, given up by the doctors, but not by my mother. She was confident of my recovery, but for my brother, who was scarcely considered in danger at all, but on whose head she had seen the visionary axe impending, her fears were great, for she could not recollect whether the blow had or had not descended when the spectre vanished. My brother recovered, but relapsed, and barely escaped with life, but Alexes did not. For a year and ten months the poor child lingered, and almost every night I had to sing her asleep—often I remember through bitter tears; for I knew she was dying, and I loved her the more as she wasted away. I held her little hand as she died. I followed her to the grave—the last thing that I loved on earth. *And the dream was fulfilled.*—True and sincerely yours,

J. NOEL PATON.

With marvellously bad taste the “Westminster Gazette” reproduced, a few days since, a strange story told by Mr. Frederic Greenwood, the “Amateur Casual,” grossly libelling the memory of D. D. Home. The story, which Mr. Greenwood professes to have had from Mr. Robert Browning, tells how Mr. Home gave a séance to Mr. and Mrs. Browning, having promised Mrs. Browning that he would bring her deceased child into her presence :—

At last an evening was named when the mother’s yearning should be satisfied. In the customary way, light was shut out of the room when the three sat down, and the usual rappings, and questionings, and invocations went on for a time, and then—then the child’s spirit was to appear. And sure enough there did arise above the edge of the table something that was whiter than the dark, that seemed to have a motion of its own and the luminousness of a living thing, and that might veritably be what poor Mrs. Browning fancied it. But, conscious of her trembling state of mind, her husband was in another-guess sort of passion. “I suddenly sprang up, dashed my arm across the table, and took hold of—what do you think? The scoundrel’s obscene foot!—naked!” The flaming anger in which Browning finished the story—after so many years, too—left no doubt about what happened next to the celebrated medium—Home. He was instantly and literally kicked out of the house; his shoe and stocking after him, no doubt.

Of course, as Mr. Greenwood says so, Mr. Browning really did tell him this absurd story, but it is somewhat strange, to say the least of it, that as a pressman who could fully appreciate its value as newspaper copy, Mr. Greenwood should have kept silence till all the witnesses to the alleged occurrence had long been dead. Anyhow, there can be no doubt in the minds of those who had anything to do with Mr. Home that the charge is grossly untrue. It could not be that “in the customary way light was shut out of the room,” for it is well known that, as a matter of fact, Mr. Home never gave dark séances; and Mr. Home, moreover, was utterly incapable of such an abominable trick as that of which he is alleged to have been guilty.

Mr. Greenwood and the Editor of the "Westminster Gazette" would do well to read what Mr. W. Crookes, F.R.S., who knew Mr. Home intimately, has to say about that gentleman, as reported in this week's "LIGHT"; and having done so perhaps they will both feel ashamed of the part they have played in traducing the character of one who is no longer here to repel the disgraceful attack upon his reputation. It will be delightful when newspaper men have more regard for truth and justice and less for mere sensation.

The charming articles from the pen of Mr. Page Hopps, which appeared in "LIGHT" under the title of "Spiritual Solutions of Pressing Problems," are, of course, still fresh in the minds of our readers. That they made a deep impression we know, from the many grateful letters which reached us from subscribers both at home and abroad; and we are, therefore, pleased to note that they have been reproduced, at a small price, in the form of a very pretty little book, entitled "Pessimism, Science, and God." Mr. Page Hopps is a past-master in the art of imparting much of his own breezy faith to the doubting, decision to the wavering, hope to the desponding, and consolation to the sorrowing, and hence much good may be done if our friends will help to secure for the book a very wide circulation. Mr. Page Hopps has hinted that this may probably be his last work; but, if his health and strength are continued, we are sure that, whenever he sees another opportunity of doing good in a similar fashion, he is not the man to shrink from being to the front again. No! the world cannot do without him yet; and we must not allow him to think that it can.

TEST SEANCES BY MRS. MELLON.

We are pleased to learn that some test seances have been given by Mrs. Mellon, with a fair amount of success, in the presence of a committee, directed by Sir William Windeyer, Judge of the Supreme Court, of New South Wales. Mrs. Mellon was provided by some ladies of the committee with an entire change of clothing, was then carefully secured in a black calico bag, and having been placed behind a black curtain, a strong black thread was fastened round her neck, the ends being held by a member of the committee. Under these conditions two white forms appeared, one of them several times, and yet Mrs. Mellon was afterwards found behind the curtain, exactly as she had been left. On another occasion Mrs. Mellon was clothed by the ladies of the committee entirely in black, not even a white handkerchief being left in her possession, and she was then placed in a wire cage, the door of which was securely fastened by a padlock brought by the chairman of the committee. Again a white figure appeared outside the curtain, and a voice was heard, apparently that of a male. At the close Mrs. Mellon was found sitting in her chair, apparently in a deep sleep, and the fastenings of the cage perfectly intact. The committee decided that there had been no possibility of trickery or deception. That the phenomena were not even more pronounced is attributed to Mrs. Mellon's being much out of health, but it is understood that when her health is sufficiently restored she will readily submit to further tests. All this is, so far, extremely satisfactory, but we sincerely hope that henceforth Mrs. Mellon will, in every case, disarm suspicion by sitting under effective test conditions. The tests above described are, however, unnecessarily cumbrous; by a very simple process a medium may be effectually secured to her chair without subjecting her to the slightest inconvenience.

AGENTS FOR "LIGHT."—We shall be grateful if our friends will kindly supply us with the names and addresses of any news-vendors or others, whether in London or the country, who either keep "LIGHT" for sale, or are willing to do so.

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF D. D. HOME.

REMARKS BY MR. W. CROOKES, F.R.S., ON DR. LODGE'S REPORT UPON EUSAPIA PALADINO.

"Through the kindness of Professor Lodge I have had an opportunity of reading a proof of his paper in advance, and it has occurred to me that a few observations on certain differences which I have noted between the phenomena occurring in Eusapia Paladino's presence and those which I used to see with D. D. Home, might interest the meeting.

"In the first place, most, if not all, of the occurrences with Eusapia seem to have taken place when she was in a trance, and the more complete the trance, the more striking the phenomena. This was not always so with Home. Certainly the two most striking things I ever saw with him, the fire test and visible forms, were to be observed while he was entranced, but it was not always easy to tell when he was in that state, for he spoke and moved about almost as if he were in his normal condition; the chief differences being that his actions were more deliberate, and his manner and expressions more solemn, and he always spoke of himself in the third person, as 'Dan.'

THE FIRE TEST.

"I several times saw the fire test, both at my own and at other houses. On one occasion he called me to him when he went to the fire and told me to watch carefully. He certainly put his hand in the grate and handled the red-hot coals in a manner which would have been impossible for me to have imitated without being severely burnt. I once saw him go to a bright wood fire, and, taking a large piece of red-hot charcoal, put it in the hollow of one hand, and covering it with the other hand, blow into the extempore furnace till the coal was white hot and the flames licked round his fingers. No sign of burning could be seen then or afterwards on his hands.

"When he was not in a trance we frequently had movements of objects in different parts of the room, with visible hands carrying flowers about and playing the accordion. On one occasion I was asked by Home to look at the accordion as it was playing in the semi-darkness beneath the table. I saw a delicate-looking female hand holding it by the handle, and the keys at the lower end rising and falling as if fingers were playing on them, although I could not see them. So life-like was the hand that at first I said it was my sister-in-law's, but was assured by all present that both her hands were on the table, a fact which I then verified for myself.

LEVITATIONS.

"The best cases of Home's levitation I witnessed were in my own house. On one occasion he went to a clear part of the room, and after standing quietly for a minute, told us he was rising. I saw him slowly rise up with a continuous gliding movement and remain about six inches off the ground for several seconds, when he slowly descended. On this occasion no one moved from their places. On another occasion I was invited to come to him, when he rose eighteen inches off the ground, and I passed my hands under his feet, round him, and over his head when he was in the air.

"On several occasions Home and the chair on which he was sitting at the table rose off the ground. This was generally done very deliberately, and Home sometimes then tucked up his feet on the seat of the chair and held up his hands in view of all of us. On such an occasion I have got down and seen and felt that all four legs were off the ground at the same time, Home's feet being on the chair. Less frequently the levitating power extended to those sitting next to him. Once my wife was thus raised off the ground in her chair.

"Home always had a great objection to darkness, and we generally had plenty of light. I tried several experiments on lighting the room. Once I illuminated it with Geissler vacuum tubes electrically excited, but the result was not satisfactory; the flickering of the light distracted one's attention. Another time I lighted the room with an alcohol flame coloured yellow with soda. This gave everyone a ghastly look, but the phenomena that took place were very strong, and I was told it was a good light for the purpose. One of the best séances I ever had was when the full moon was shining into the room. The blinds and curtains were drawn back and there was light enough to enable one to read small print.

MOVEMENTS OF OBJECTS.

"One of the most common occurrences at the séances was movements of flowers and light objects. Sometimes those present could see fingers or a complete hand carrying things about, but frequently no visible support was to be detected. The hands felt warm and life-like, and, if retained, would appear to melt away in one's grasp. They were never dragged away.

"One of the most striking things I ever saw in the way of movements of light objects was when a glass water-bottle and tumbler rose from the table. There was plenty of light in the room from two large salted alcohol flames, and Home's hands were not near. The bottle and glass floated about over the middle of the table. I asked if they would answer questions by knocking one against the other. Immediately three taps together signified 'Yes.' They then kept floating about six or eight inches up, going from the front of one sitter to another round the table, tapping together and answering questions in this manner. Quite five minutes were occupied by this phenomenon, during which time we had ample opportunity of seeing that Home was a passive agent, and that no wires or strings, &c., were in use. But the idea of any such tricks was absurd, as the occurrence was in my own house, and no one could have tampered with anything in the room, Home not having been in the room till we all came in together for the séance. On another occasion I asked for a word to be written by a pencil in my presence without anyone's hand being near. A piece of paper, a pencil, and a small wooden lath were on the table. The pencil rose up over the paper and seemed as if it were trying to write, and the lath went as if to steady it, but we were told the power was too weak to enable writing to be done.

SYMPATHETIC MOVEMENTS.

"I never noticed any sympathetic movements of Home's hands or body when objects at a distance were being moved. I am certain that in most cases, when Home was not in a trance, he knew no more what was going to happen than did anyone else present. He was an excellent *raconteur*, and by no means kept silent. Frequently he was looking another way, engaged in animated conversation with someone at his side, when the first movements took place, and his attention had to be called to them like the rest of us. He took a child-like pleasure in anything that was going on, and he always declared he had no power whatever over the progress of the phenomena.

"General conversation was going on all the time, and on many occasions something on the table had moved some time before Home was aware of it. We had to draw his attention to such things far oftener than he drew our attention to them. Indeed, he sometimes used to annoy me by his indifference to what was going on. When things were going on well, ample opportunity was generally given us to examine the occurrences at leisure, and frequently things would repeat themselves at request, or small objects, flowers, &c., would move about for

many minutes, passing from one to the other of those present. For my part, I was always allowed to move about and examine what was taking place as carefully as I liked. All that we were asked was that we should not move suddenly. This was liable to stop the phenomena for a short time.

THE PRESENCE OF STRANGERS.

"I quite agree with what Professor Lodge says as to strangers. They are, I suppose, necessary evils, but some of my best séances have been spoiled by transparent and futile attempts at trickery on the part of strangers who had begged for an invitation. On one occasion everything seemed to promise a good sitting, and a very great man was present at his earnest request. We sat for an hour with nothing happening except sundry movements and noises, kicks and pushes, evidently made by my visitor. At length he left, and a message was received that 'they had been waiting till Mr. — — ceased to play the fool.' We then had an excellent séance. I subsequently heard that our visitor went about saying we were a credulous lot. He had successfully taken us in with raps and movements, but Home was too clever to attempt to play any tricks in his presence.

NEVER SAT IN THE DARK.

"The drawback to accurate observation of Eusapia's phenomena appears to have been the very dim light in which most of the things occurred, rendering it necessary to take special precautions against possible deception. Had the light been better, the elaborate holdings of hands, feet, and head would have been unnecessary, and the unavoidable suspicions that the person on the other side had liberated a hand would have been impossible. Home always refused to sit in the dark. He said that, with firmness and perseverance, the phenomena could be got just as well in the light, and even if some of the things were not so strong, the evidence of one's eyesight was worth making some sacrifice for. In almost all the séances I had with Home there was plenty of light to see all that occurred, and not only to enable me to write down notes of what was taking place but to read my notes without difficulty. Home was very anxious to let everyone present be satisfied that he was not doing any of the things himself—too anxious I sometimes thought, for frequently he would interfere with the progress and development of what was going on by insisting that some sceptic or other should come round and take hold of his hands and feet to be sure he was not doing anything himself. At times, he would push his chair back and move right away from the table when things were moving on it, and ask those furthest from him to come round and satisfy themselves that he had nothing to do with the movements. I used frequently to beg him to be quiet, knowing that, if he would not move about in his eagerness to convince us of his genuineness, the strength of the phenomena would probably increase to such a degree that no further evidence would be needed that their production was beyond the powers of the medium.

ENCOURAGED TESTS.

"During the whole of my knowledge of D. D. Home, extending for several years, I never once saw the slightest occurrence that would make me suspicious that he was attempting to play tricks. He was scrupulously sensitive on this point, and never felt hurt at anyone taking precautions against deception. He sometimes, in the early days of our acquaintance, used to say to me before a séance, 'Now, William, I want you to act as if I was a recognised conjuror, and was going to cheat you and play all the tricks I could. Take every precaution you can devise against me, and move about and look under the table or where else you like. Don't consider my feelings. I shall not be offended. I know that the more carefully I am tested the more convinced will everyone be that these

abnormal occurrences are not of my own doings.' Latterly, I used jokingly to say to him, 'Let us sit round the fire and have a quiet chat, and see if our friends are here and will do anything for us. We won't have any tests or precautions.' On these occasions, when only my own family were present with him, some of the most convincing phenomena took place.

PERFECTLY GENUINE AND UPRIGHT.

"I think it is a cruel thing that a man like D. D. Home, gifted with such extraordinary powers, and always willing, nay, anxious, to place himself at the disposal of men of science for investigation, should have lived so many years in London, and with one or two exceptions no one of weight in the scientific world should have thought it worth while to look into the truth or falsity of things which were being talked about in society on all sides. To those who knew him, Home was one of the most lovable of men, and his perfect genuineness and uprightness were beyond suspicion, but by those who did not know him he was called a charlatan, and those who believed in him were considered little better than lunatics."

Mr. Crookes concluded by expressing his satisfaction that so eminent a man of science as Professor Lodge should endorse the conclusions he himself had arrived at so many years ago, and called attention to the great courage exhibited by Mr. Lodge in coming forward as he was doing.

VISCOUNT PORTMAN'S HAUNTED HOUSE.

A report is in circulation that for some weeks past the village of Durweston, near Blandford, Dorset, has been the scene of much excitement, in consequence of the supposition that one of its cottages is haunted. The cottage is owned by Viscount Portman, and until recently has been occupied by a widow named Best and three little girls. More than a month since Mrs. Best became puzzled by faint knocking and scratching in various parts of the house, and as the days passed there was a repetition of these strange noises, which gradually increased in sound until they could be heard by the next-door neighbour, a keeper named Newman. The visitations continued day after day, and the knocking and tapping and scraping the walls came more frequently. The woman became distracted, and with the three girls sought a refuge in her neighbour's house. On the evening of the 10th inst. the strangest occurrence happened. It seems that the woman had taken to answering the knocks of late, and had asked the "agency" to knock a certain number of times if "it" desired to write something on a slate. The number of knocks stated were given, and it was arranged that a slate, with pencil, should be placed on the bedroom window. The rector and the schoolmaster were present at this time. Mrs. Best and the children went to bed, and the knocking immediately commenced. No writing, however, at first appeared on the slate, and the question was asked if it was necessary for those in the room (the rector and the schoolmaster) to leave; if so, so many knocks were to be given. The stated number of knocks were given, and it was then agreed that the rector should remain on the top of the staircase, provided with a light, and the bedroom door was left open. In the rector's own words, he heard scribbling on the slate immediately follow, and the pencil was dropped after giving four taps. He rushed into the room, and found Mrs. Best and the children still in bed, and not a sign that they had moved. On going to the slate, he saw distinctly written, in rather better than a schoolboy's handwriting, the words "Mony," "Garden," and above the former and below the latter were two noughts. Further questions to the "agency" elicited the information that the "mony" was six yards from the house, and six feet deep in the ground. The rector told a reporter that he was prepared to take an oath that no one in the house wrote the words. It may be added that the indication of "mony" being in the garden has not resulted in a search.

It is best to endure what you cannot mend, and without murmuring to attend upon God, by Whose ordering all things come to pass. He is a bad soldier who follows his captain complaining.—SENECA.

MRS. WILLIAMS OF NEW YORK.

The following communication has reached us from the Hon. Judge Dailey, of Brooklyn, New York:—

TO THE EDITOR OF "LIGHT."

While renewing my subscription, I take this occasion to wish you and the Spiritual fraternity in England a happy and prosperous New Year.

It may be of interest for you to know that Mr. Macdonald, who accompanied Mrs. M. E. Williams of New York City to Paris, recently told me that he was about to make a statement to the public, which, in so far as he is concerned, will be truthful in every respect regarding the alleged exposure of that woman. He also stated substantially the same thing publicly, in my presence, to an audience of about sixty persons. He told me that it is a fact that Mrs. Williams, at the time of the alleged exposure, was dressed, in part at least, in man's apparel, and her eye-glasses were found in her slippers. I hope, for the sake of the cause of truth, that Mr. Macdonald will carry out his purpose, and show, as many believe, that he was ignorant of any purpose upon the part of Mrs. Williams to perpetrate a fraud. I have never credited, for one moment, the assaults that have been made by Mrs. Williams, and some others who claim to be Spiritualists, upon the expositors of the fearful fraud that was practised in Paris.

It is untrue, as has been stated, that Spiritualists of America have generally been duped by her. A large majority of those with whom I have conversed, who have attended her séances, have stated to me that they believe she had practised deception. I never attended one, for satisfactory reasons of my own.—

Fraternally yours,
December 31st, 1894.

A. H. DAILEY.

Mr. Joseph T. Dodge contributes to the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" an article entitled "Credulity and Fraud," in which he gives a summary of the case against Mrs. Williams, published in "LIGHT," and expresses regret that it was not reproduced in every Spiritualist paper in America. In the face of the evidence he holds that it is far easier to believe that Mrs. Williams and her manager were guilty of the grossest fraud than that the informants were guilty of a conspiracy to defame a genuine and gifted medium who had come to their midst with something of fame and high endorsements. He suggests the following as some of the lessons which Spiritualists are very slow to learn:—

(1) Where money is to be made by mediumship there the temptations which beset commercial life are an ever active and too often a controlling force. (2) The constant recurrence of the same phenomena implies a common cause, and as it is unreasonable to suppose that the spirit world is "on tap" to produce the phenomena of "materialisation" day after day for years, at a dollar a head, the presumption of fraud in all such shows is very great, and the numerous exposures of such frauds render the presumption of fraud irresistible. (3) The extent to which such shows prosper indicates the part which credulity can play in begetting and supporting fraud. (4) Those who witness such shows for years and do not discover their fraud have no right to complain of being regarded as dupes. The endorsers of such mediumship must either be dupes or partners in its guilt.

It is incumbent upon the endorsers of Mrs. Williams to declare their present attitude, and while they can excuse their endorsements at the expense of their intelligence, that excuse will not avail Mrs. Williams for her "materialising" in Paris, nor would the proof that she had been a genuine medium on some other occasions be in any way relevant.

MR. W. PAICE.—The "Light of Truth" (Cincinnati) gives the following message as having been communicated through a trance medium:—"Good day. I wish to reach my friends in London, England. I wish to send kindly greetings to them. To my daughter, and the rest of my family I send my love. To my good old friend, Dr. Rose Bradford, I wish to say I thank him for kind services at my funeral. I am glad to let it be known that I have arisen out of darkness and shadow, and come here in order that it may be a test to my friends at home. They are waiting to hear from me. I am still working and trying to do all I can to help the friends in London. My name is W. Paice. I shall be known at the office of 'LIGHT,' in London, England."

OFFICE OF "LIGHT," 2, DUKE STREET, ADELPHI,
LONDON, W.C.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 19th, 1895.

EDITOR E. DAWSON ROGERS,
Assisted by a Staff of able Contributors.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—"LIGHT" may be had free by post on the following terms:—Twelve months, 10s. 10d.; six months, 5s. 5d. Payments to be made in advance.

ADVERTISEMENT CHARGES.—Five lines and under, 3s. One inch, 5s. Column, £2 2s. Page, £4. A reduction made for a series of insertions.

Light.

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke Street, Adelphi, London, W.C. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, and not to the Editor. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, and should invariably be crossed "—— & Co."

"LIGHT" may also be obtained from E. W. ALLEN, 4, Ave Maria Lane, London, and all Booksellers.

THE BEAUTIFUL ANGEL.

There have been many changes in Christendom during the past twenty or thirty years, but not one has been more remarkable than the changed outlook upon Death. When nearly forty years ago, Adelaide Procter wrote—

Why shouldst thou fear the beautiful angel, Death,
many thought it a startling extravagance; but it is fast becoming the sober and accepted truth. Where, in modern work, are the old monstrosities of mouldy churchyards and Westminster Abbey? It is true we still go on repeating our urns, and cloths, and inverted torches, but we do that in a purely conventional spirit. How many, for instance, know that the urn and cloth are direct survivals of cremation and not of burial;—the urn representing the receptacle for the ashes, and the cloth the useful napkin for the hands of the operator? Beyond these absurdities—absurdities only because so entirely inappropriate—we have little except what is beautiful, or, rather, what is intended to be beautiful; and our marble expressions of feeling are nearly always trustful and hopeful. Flowers, too—often pitifully overdone—are an endless indication of the new spirit in relation to the subject of Death.

We have before us a most interesting instance of this new spirit. It comes as a full report of the proceedings at the funeral of Dr. Dudley, in Boston (U.S.), a successor of Theodore Parker. The service was held at the house of a friend, and the speakers were Mr. M. J. Savage, Mrs. E. D. Cheney, Mr. F. B. Sanborn, and Mrs. A. H. Spaulding. Mr. Savage is well known as an intelligent sympathiser with us. His testimony was delightfully simple and emphatic. "Here, lying in this casket," he said, "is all that the eye can see, all that the hand can touch of our friend; but that which was he, that which thought, felt, loved, hoped, that which served his fellows, is not here; and it is not going to be buried to-day." We wish that even Spiritualists in the front row would always be as simply explicit, and cease, cease utterly, to talk of "going to rest," "sleeping in the grave," "gone to his last home," and all the rest of it:—not a word of which is true. What we bury or consume is only the "muddy vesture of decay." The sooner we get rid of it, ay, the sooner we forget it, the better.

Mr. Savage, in a passage of great clearness and considerable spiritual beauty, told the whole of our message. He said: "I do not believe in death; I do not believe that death came into the world as the result of any incursion of evil from outside. I believe it is a part of the wise, loving, eternal order. I believe it is only another kind of birth; and, when we can detach ourselves from certain ways of

looking at it, from certain selfish views, we shall be able to see the divineness of death. Suppose that, for all of us, life should be indefinitely prolonged. That would mean we should be prisoners, shut in on this little world, while God's great universe was all around us, speaking to us, beckoning us, inviting us." "I come," said he, "more and more to look upon death as God's divine angel, as the gate-opener for us. He comes and touches us, and then we become citizens of the universe. Our friend has simply graduated, and gone out into a larger field of study and labour."

This is all very simple, but it is the essence of our testimony, and succeeding speakers only amplified it, but with many touches of grace and originality of expression. Thus, Mrs. Cheney said: "Death leads us from the particular to the universal. And that is what our path in life must be—from the personal to the universal,"—a great thought, with the germ of every good in it; a guide for life and an immense comfort and stay in what we call "death." What if that is God's *great* revelation to us? It looks like it. We have sprung from the purely personal and self-regarding, and have passed on, through all the grades, to the universals and communisms of civilisation. It seems to be the Father's way of educating and leading forth His children. What if "death" is only another step in the tremendous process? They who think so will be able to do what these fine spirits at Boston did—stand by the deserted tenement of their friend, and, by faith, look with loving eyes on the strenuous forth-goer, as they wish him God-speed, and half envy him his promotion. "And now we stand," said Ednah Cheney, "with trust in our hearts, and look on this peaceful face, and feel sure that we stand here to-day to represent many who rejoice with us in the life that he has lived and in the great future that is before him."

A few days before his decease, he said: "I have been seeking the angels. I did not find them, but they found me, and have shown me my folly." The lady who told this said: "It did not seem so much a wandering of mind in weakness as a natural exercise of its poetic desire." But, whatever it was, it was the Gospel of the future life in a sentence. Not much will depend upon us on our landing in that new world beyond. We might seek much, and seek in vain: but we shall be sought and we shall be convinced and cured of all our follies. Who shall say how swift the process may be! In that supreme light, and aided by that supreme wisdom, the follies of a life may be exposed and exploded at a glance. Eternal loss and torment! Oh, no! The wisdom and the healing will quickly come in that all-revealing world.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

At a meeting of the members and friends of the Alliance, held at 2, Duke-street, on Monday evening last, Mrs. Stansfield, of Shaw, Oldham, gave some illustrations of her remarkable gifts as a clairvoyante and psychometrist. For about an hour she received small objects from the audience, and with these in her hand she at once gave very minute descriptions of events in the past history of the owners, in almost every instance so curiously correct as to elicit expressions, not only of gratification, but also of surprise. This was Mrs. Stansfield's first visit to London, but it is hoped that ere very long we may see her again.

On the evening of Monday, the 28th inst., Mr. Thomas Shorter will give an address at 2, Duke-street, on "The Lesson to be Drawn from the Alleged Exposure of Mediums."

PESSIMISM, SCIENCE, AND GOD: or *Spiritual Solutions of Pressing Problems. A Message for The Day. Twelve Meditations.* By John Page Hopps. A full reprint of the Articles in "LIGHT." Tastefully bound. London publishers: Williams and Norgate. Post free from Mr. Page Hopps (216, South-Norwood-hill, London), for One Shilling.

A CHAT WITH THE DUCHESS DE POMAR.

(By OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE.)

While in Paris, recently, I was honoured with an invitation to dine with the Countess of Caithness, Duchesse de Pomar, and her son, the Duc, and spent a very agreeable evening in conversation on various topics of mutual interest in connection with the Spiritualist movement in France and England.

Madame de Pomar's beautiful residence in the Avenue de Wagram, one of the finest and most aristocratic of the Parisian Hôtels, has been pictured before, and as the present sketch is concerned rather with my hostess than with her home, I refrain from any attempt at detailed description. The most noteworthy feature, from the Spiritualist's point of view, is the magnificent lecture hall, decorated in the most lavish style, and adorned with family pictures and statuary. Here are held periodical meetings, open to all interested; lectures are given by leading lights in the scientific world, and other eminent people, especially those, like Flammarion to wit, whose ideas tend to mysticism, and to the recognition of the existence of a near, if unseen, other world.

One little circumstance connected with my visit I only mention because it illustrates, in a striking and very pleasing manner, the gracious consideration and kindly thoughtfulness for others which have always been among the most marked features of the Duchesse's character. A chance word dropped at the time of the invitation disclosed the fact that I was a non-flesh eater, a condition which is almost unknown and entirely unappreciated among the French; and without further mention I found set before me a delicious repast on strictly vegetarian lines, in which the Duchesse and her son joined with as much relish and interest as if they had been lifelong disciples of the gentle cult. Surely, under the circumstances, a compliment as delicate, as flattering, as could have been paid.

Madame de Pomar is a Spiritualist of a mystical turn of mind, and she makes no concealment of her beliefs. A hint only is needed to induce her to open her heart freely and frankly upon the subject. I asked her, as its leading representative in her country, what were her views of the present status and the prospects of Spiritualism in France. The Duchesse sighed.

"There is nothing more depressing than the indifference we encounter on every side. France, Paris in particular, as you know, is steeped in materialism of the grossest and most impenetrable description. One almost despairs of making any impression on it. Offer something sensational, such as a séance with Mrs. Williams, of New York, and people will flock to it, but, in nine cases out of ten, or nineteen out of twenty, from mere curiosity and with minds already firmly made up."

"With only too good reason, unhappily, in the case of Mrs. Williams."

"Unhappily, with only too good reason, as you say. The frauds of that bold adventuress will do incalculable harm to the cause in this country, and destroy much of the good effect of the work of years. The mischief hardly bears thinking of."

"But it was right," I suggested, "to expose the cheat at any cost. Only by such stern measure can our house be made clean and fair, and it is well that the work, painful though it be, should be done by the dwellers within."

"That is true, and I cannot regret the act in itself, which was necessary and timely. But the consequences in one direction are to be much deplored, and that they will be long reaching I am certain. You may put back the progress of our cause, in France at least, and, I venture to think, in a lesser degree elsewhere also, for years as the direct outcome of this single occurrence."

"A Spiritualist, rather prominent, I believe, in the movement here, declares to me seriously that it is intended in future to seize every form that may appear, regardless of the consequence in the one case that is genuine, so long as the two frauds which go with it are laid bare."

"And if you had attempted to reason against this extravagance, you would have found all argument useless to combat it. You would have been met with obstinate, unreasoning, almost fanatical determination to do that thing at all cost and come what might."

"That was precisely my experience."

"Just so. No, the effect must die out by lapse of time. For some while to come it will be unsafe and unwise for any materialising medium to show himself in Paris."

"Have you not any native mediums for materialisation?"

"Not a solitary one that I have ever heard of. Developed mediums of any sort are very scarce. Not that the French people are necessarily less mediumistic than others; the lack, I suppose, is due to absence of opportunities for development. There is a very good rapping medium, an old lady, who attends most of my séances; and another medium for writing, a young girl, is also a regular sitter. Whilst by the aid of one medium we are getting messages by means of raps at the table, this young girl sits in a corner of the room writing all the time, most of what we get through her being things she knows nothing whatever about, written at times in languages of which she is totally ignorant. Then Georgina Weldon, who, by the way, will be present at our next sitting, is an excellent medium."

"But Mrs. Weldon is not a Frenchwoman."

"True, she cannot be set down as a native medium, but she is now practically naturalised. She lives at a convent some miles away, and occupies her time in growing cabbages for the nuns. She is the most tender-hearted woman I know. Out of her tiny income she has contrived to build sheds for the convent cows, because she could not bear to see the poor animals without shelter. She is as happy as the day is long. You must come to our next séance and meet her."

From Mrs. Weldon the conversation turned to other notabilities associated at different times with the movement. The Duchesse has had a wonderfully varied experience with nearly all the leading mediums, past and present, and highly interesting are her reminiscences of them. She has come much in contact, too, with the leaders in the Theosophic camp, from H. P. B. downwards.

"Do you know, I was the originator of the idea of the Higher Self, which is one of the corner stones of the Theosophists' doctrine?"

"Mr. Sinnett, I thought, claimed the credit for that?"

"Oh, no, he has not hesitated to admit his indebtedness to me for the suggestion. On the occasion of Victor Hugo's funeral, I had a long conversation with him on the subject, and told him my ideas of the relationship subsisting between me and, as I always consider her, my soul-mother, Marie Queen of Scots. Subsequently, he sent me a copy of the Seventh Transaction of the London Lodge, which embodied, as he said in a letter accompanying the pamphlet, 'an important extension of our occult knowledge concerning the evolution of the soul. It was,' he went on, 'from the point of departure of my conversation with you that my mind was started on the train of thought now worked out in more detail, and confirmed as sound by Madame Blavatsky. Your rose tree is the plant from which my Higher Self has been developed.'"

"Your rose tree, madame, which inspired Mr. Sinnett's Higher Self—what is that?"

"A rose tree had been taken by Marie as the symbol by which to illustrate the high spiritual truth that our life

here is but one bud of a series put forth in orderly succession by a permanent spiritual parent tree. This little passage from one of Marie's inspirational writings through my hand will help you to gather the meaning of the symbol. Marie says: 'Souls are born of souls, as bodies are born of bodies. The rose tree in your garden is not the real rose tree; the real plant is the spiritual tree in its dual nature, and it is continually acted upon by the divine nature to put forth a new bud on the outward plane, which is but an emanation, an incarnation if you will, but never a reincarnation, because the same elements, either spiritual or material, are never used again, and yet your rose tree is permanent, ever living and breathing, and putting forth the outer from the inner, ever working out its interior principles. It is, in fact, a manifestation of the Divine Spirit. And as of the rose tree, so of all the trees in God's garden: and even so of the least bough of a tree which sheds and renews its leaves, which are its objective life, season after season, and draws its nutriment therefrom. And so it is with the human trees in God's garden, which are not the real trees, for these have firmer roots than earth can give, being planted in heavenly soil; they are but a manifestation, but an expression, of the real and spiritual man in his dual nature.'

"So that, as I take it, the claim is that you and Mary Queen of Scots are two buds, breaking into leaf and flowers at different seasons, but owning the same parent stem; two of a series of successive form manifestations of the same Higher Self."

"That is exactly the case. People have said that I call myself a reincarnation of Marie, which is entirely false. She and I, though exceedingly close in affinity, are separate individualities, and I gratefully acknowledge her inspiration and unceasing spiritual care."

"Ah, the Theosophists, who have adopted your idea, under the seal of approval of H. P. B., would call Marie, who communicated it to you, a shell, would they not?"

The Duchesse's eye twinkled. "Perhaps they might, but I am even with them there. I incurred the wrath of Madame's disciples in a most innocent way. Madame Blavatsky and I were pretty well known to each other, and it is not, therefore, so surprising as it might seem that within a few hours of her death, and before I or anybody outside of her immediate circle had an inkling of it, she should come to me in Paris, as she did, at a sitting which Madame Adam and I were having together. But the reason of her visit was really remarkable. She appeared to be in a state of considerable excitement and anxiety, and said that they were going to cremate her body, and that she was still connected with it. She besought me to use my influence to prevent this intention being carried out, as the consequences to herself would be dreadful. I was so impressed with the evident reality of her terror that I at once communicated with the London official Theosophists on the matter. They never questioned the fact of Madame's visit to me, as they knew I could not have been aware by any other means of her death, or of their purpose to burn her body; but instead of thanking me for my interposition they assailed me unmercifully for, as they described it, conjuring up poor Madame's shell, instead of allowing it to quietly dissolve away by itself; and they burnt her all the same. It was a horrible thing; but," said the Duchesse reflectively, "I hope it was all right, as they gave her time to get clear away, and perhaps, after all, the danger she feared was more imaginary than actual."

"A good many have claimed to have had communications from Madame Blavatsky since she passed over; but this case is about the only authentic one, I fancy?"

"There can be no question about it. No, I don't mind what the Theosophists say, but Mr. Maitland, in calling Marie

an astral spirit, as he did in a letter to me, said a really unkind thing. I was very friendly both with Mr. Maitland and Mrs. Kingsford, and for some weeks they were my guests whilst 'The Perfect Way' was being written; in fact, not only was much of it penned in my house, but the first edition of the book was printed and published entirely at my expense, as I recognised the great value of the work, and felt that for a few hundred pounds it ought not to be lost to the world. You will have noticed the mystical letters A M E inside the double triangle on the title-page. Well, those letters, together making the French word for soul, signify Anna, Marie, Edward—Mrs. Kingsford's, mine, and Mr. Maitland's respective Christian names. That was my reward, and I was content with it. But one day, when success had come, and Mr. Maitland was independent, I innocently made some unlucky comparison in a letter between Mrs. Kingsford and Marie Queen of Scots. Mr. Maitland was furious, and rated me soundly for 'daring,' as he put it, to speak of *his* Anna, an exalted angel of the highest sphere, in the same breath as *my* Marie, saying it would take many ages for an astral like Marie Stuart to reach the altitude of Anna Kingsford."

"That was rather ungrateful."

"It was a cruel thing to say, especially as it was Marie whose good counsels prompted me to help to publish the work, both in English and French, for I subsequently went to the expense of having it translated and published in France. But I am glad 'The Perfect Way' was given to the world. It is a noble book, breathing inspiration in every word."

The Duchesse de Pomar is herself a prolific writer on matters mystical, both in the pages of her interesting little spiritual magazine, "L'Aurore," and books which have from time to time come from her pen. The latest, in English, entitled "The Mystery of the Ages," is well and deservedly known, since which she has published "L'Ouverture des Sceaux" (The Opening of the Soals), a new interpretation of the Bible story of Creation, which has created great interest; and she informed me that she has another just ready to appear, called "The Secret of the New Testament," intended to prove that the Second Advent expected by the disciples of Christ actually occurred at the destruction of Jerusalem and the final judgment of the Jewish Dispensation, to which she alluded in her letter to "LIGHT" of July 14th, last year,

RECEIVED.

- "Borderland" for January. (London: 125, Fleet-street, E.C. 1s. 6d.)
- "Review of Reviews" for January. (London: 125, Fleet-street, E.C. 6d.)
- "Dr. Carolus—Physician." A novel. (Cardiff: The Psychic Press Publishing Co. 2s. 6d.)
- "Lucifer" for January. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society, 7, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C. 1s. 6d.)
- "Dr. Carolus—Physician." A novel. First English Edition. (Liverpool: The Psychic Press Publishing Co., Central Chambers, South Castle-street. 2s. 6d.)
- "The Lyceum Banner" for January. With supplement, "The Banner Almanac and Spiritualist's Calendar for 1895." (London: J. J. Morse, 26, Osnaburgh-street, N.W. 1d.)
- "Directory of Character Readers, including Phrenologists, Physiognomists, Graphologists, Palmists, Astrologers, Psychometrists, Clairvoyants, Hypnotists, Magnetic Healers, and Medical Electricians." By MADAME IDA ELLIS. (Blackpool: Ellis and Co., Kent-road. 6d.)

A NEW SPIRITUALISTIC MONTHLY.—A circular before us intimates that a new journal is about to appear in Paris under the editorship of Mons. Laurent de Faget, who has ceased to guide the destinies of "Le Spiritisme." The principles of the new paper, "Le Progrès Spirite," will be based on those of Allan Kardec, and its conductors will aim at supplying to its readers regular information regarding the general movement of Spiritualism in France and abroad.

MRS. BESANT AND THE "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE."

In a letter occupying over three columns of Tuesday's "Daily Chronicle," Mrs. Besant, writing from Adyar, Madras, replies to the series of articles by Mr. Garrett, which recently appeared in the "Westminster Gazette," in relation to "certain frauds in the Theosophical Society." Mrs. Besant points out a number of errors "on minor matters" into which Mr. Garrett has fallen, and suggests that "perhaps when he sees how he has blundered on minor matters he may realise that inaccuracy," on the part of others, "does not always mean wilful and malignant deception." On the more important questions affecting the trustworthiness of Mr. Judge, Mrs. Besant virtually concedes the points which Mr. Garrett had raised:—

I am prepared to-day to repeat what I said as to my first-hand knowledge of the existence of the Teachers, and of abnormal powers. But on the letters I was duped, and I said so as plainly as words could say it in my statement read to the Convention last July (after I had been checkmated on the committee), and sent by me to the Press. . . . And I say now that it had never at that time entered my head to doubt the genuineness of these messages, nor to suspect Mr. Judge of any unfair dealing. I willingly take any blame for my gullibility that may be cast on me, for I wish only that the facts may be known.

What Mrs. Besant has to say regarding the alleged Mahatma messages, the fraudulent seal, the abortive inquiry, and her decision as to her future relation to the Society, it is only fair that we should give at some length:—

Of the missives given in the "Westminster Gazette," November 5th, I knew nothing till I reached India last year. But I must now supply some lacking statements. Late in 1891 or in 1892, I received some letters from India, suggesting in vague terms that I was being deceived and betrayed by various persons, and giving extracts from private letters. I promptly sent the extracts to the writers, knowing they could only have been obtained by dishonourable methods; the extracts seemed to show a belief on the part of the writers that Mr. Judge was fabricating messages from the Masters. The evidence, when gathered, was insufficient as basis for such a charge. Then a friend told me that the Masters had sent no such messages, but my friend could give me no evidence. Nothing further occurred till 1893, when a request from Mr. Judge to erase a seal from a message aroused my suspicion. I could conceive no reason for erasing a seal if it were genuine; for this request was made some little time after the publication of Messrs. Old's and Edge's article in the *Theosophist* of April, 1893, and it raised a momentary doubt, rejected as insulting to Mr. Judge. I went to America, and there, at the end of September, learned that the rumours of fraud were well-founded; this determined me to collect what evidence was available and to see what there was in India, whither I started in October. The evidence I found in India, with the connecting links I was able to supply, made a—to my mind—convincing case against Mr. Judge; the case was imperfect as Colonel Olcott and Mr. Keightley had it, and it was not possible for them to proceed in such a matter on insufficient evidence; the facts I knew were quite insufficient by themselves, but the two sets dovetailed into each other, and made a case strong enough to justify public action.

The "Westminster Gazette" statement as to the seal and the various messages to Colonel Olcott and others are substantially correct. I saw them in India for the first time, December, 1893. Let me add that Mr. Chakravarti was not at Adyar, that he took no part in laying this evidence before me. I examined the whole of the documents by myself, made up my own mind, and offered—without consultation with anyone—to bear the brunt of making the accusation publicly. I had letters from many Indian members of the Theosophical Society asking me to look into the charges, but Mr. Chakravarti was not among those who urged me to take action. I wrote to Mr. Judge first, privately, in January, 1894, asking him to retire, otherwise the charges must be officially made. He telegraphed refusal in February. I then applied to Colonel Olcott for a committee of inquiry, and it was called under the rules of the Society. Colonel Olcott handed over to me the whole of the evidence in trust, and I drafted six definite charges.

I drew up the evidence under these heads, and had it ready to lay before the committee when it met in London in July. The documents quoted in the "Westminster Gazette," the story of the seal, &c., were my evidence, with many others, and I consider the case convincing. The only escape I can see from the conclusion of the conscious simulation by Mr. Judge of the handwritings ascribed to two of the Masters, is that he is a medium, automatically reproducing certain scripts.

Mr. Judge raised certain preliminary technical objections to the jurisdiction of the committee. First, that he was never legally vice-president; that was overruled. Then, that the committee could only try a vice-president for official offences; that was held good, and I believe rightly. It was a demurrer; all courts of law recognise the right of an accused person to upset an indictment on a technical point if he can, and any person who prefers that method to meeting the case on its merits has a legal right to avail himself of it. Where I disagreed with the committee was that it travelled beyond this, and having ruled that it had no jurisdiction, then proceeded to listen to an argument that the case could not be heard without imposing a creed on the Society. Whether that were so or not, the committee had concluded itself by the decision that it had no jurisdiction, and should have risen without allowing any further conversation. The result of taking up a point after it had declared itself incompetent was confusion of the issues; the case broke down on the purely technical objection that the offence was not official. The resolution carried stated that Mr. Judge was ready to go on with the inquiry, and Mr. Judge so averred. But when, after the committee had risen, Mr. Burrows proposed a jury of honour, Mr. Judge refused it on the ground that many of his witnesses were in America, and it would take him six months to get his evidence together. I hold, of course, further, that the charges should have been printed in the report. Mr. Judge the next day asked for a committee; but there were difficulties then in getting one together, and I agreed to make the statement that has been printed, affirming my belief that Mr. Judge had simulated the handwritings ascribed to the Masters, and that the messages received by myself from him were not genuine. This was the best I could do, and was better than a "scratch" committee.

If I am asked why I did not publish the evidence, my answer is that I had demanded a committee, that the evidence was not my property but entrusted to me to lay before the committee, and when the committee broke down I returned the documents to Colonel Olcott, their legal owner. Nor do I think that one can play fast and loose, ready to accept a committee's finding if you agree with it, and rejecting it if it finds against you. The legal way of attacking Mr. Judge is to demand an investigation before his own branch in New York, to which alone he is responsible.

Now with regard to the messages said to be concerned with the E.S.T. I cannot deal with these. They do not affect the public; the errors made by Mr. Garrett—as the untrue statement that Mr. Old was suspended for his attack on Mr. Judge—are seen by E.S.T. members, and known by them to be untrue, but I cannot disprove them without producing documents that I have promised to keep private. No amount of breaking of promises by one member justifies another in similar breaches, and if I am regarded as conniving at fraud, after doing my best to put an end publicly to all that had affected the public, because I will not make an explanation that can only be substantiated by producing private documents, then I must be content to be thus regarded. I had rather be thought a liar than be one. And though I am not sure that I am not stretching silence too far in maintaining it with regard to the slanderous document printed in the "Westminster Gazette" of November 23rd, as the only two who can suffer from the non-disproof of its false statements are my friend Mr. Chakravarti and myself, I will take the mischief and keep the silence. But I may protest against the inclusion in a document, issued under the seal of a sacred obligation, of slanderous statements affecting individual honour, that might injure a man publicly and privately, were it not that the gentleman attacked is so well-known for his uprightness and spotless honour that only strangers can believe the libels; I may protest against secret circulation of libels, that only become known to the individual attacked by a scandalous breach of faith; and I may protest against any newspaper printing such libels, without taking any pains to inquire as to their truth or falsehood. Conduct of this kind strikes at the very root of both public and private honour.

With regard to the future. I had hoped Mr. Judge would have resigned the vice-presidency on the issue of the inquiry. As he has not done so, I think he should be officially requested to resign by the sections. But if he refuses, and if he cannot be deprived, I am not going to resign from the Theosophical Society because we cannot remove an official elected before these objections to him arose. Were he now elected president I should resign, because that would imply the approval of the Society of his course of action.

But I will not abuse him, nor exaggerate his offences, nor forget all his years of devoted work and self-sacrifice. I will recognise the noble side of him all the more that I have been obliged to protest against the bad. Nor will I take part in trying to ostracise him from future work in the Society. If the public regard this as conniving at evil, be it so. I know the worldly way of refusing to associate with anyone who has done a wrong thing and been publicly attacked; and I know how one of the accusations against a Great Teacher was that "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." If the holy Initiate could thus associate, shall I, a sinner, refuse to associate with a fellow-sinner? I prefer the example of the Christ to all the public opinion of Christendom. I will not separate myself from my brother because I believe him to have erred, nor will I join, in persistent attack of him, those who would hunt him out of the movement. I have said my say, and the public may pass its verdict on me; according as each judges will be my future influence with each, and I do not see that the public is concerned with more than to have the facts before it on which it may judge the merits and demerits of those who claim its ear.

This is all very charming, but is it not a little bit *too* chivalrous on the part of Mrs. Besant? Nobody doubts her own perfect honesty and integrity in this, as in all other matters; but is she not here making a somewhat ostentatious parade of her righteousness at the expense of the best interests of the Society which she desires to serve? In her position as one of the "heads" of the Theosophical Society she needs, not goodness alone, but wisdom as well; and it is a serious question whether it is wise, under any circumstance whatever, that she should be associated with another "head" whom she believes to have been guilty of deceit. The reputation of all the "heads" of the Society, without exception, should be, like her own, not only without reproach but beyond suspicion.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mr. Edmund Procter, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, passed to the higher life on January 6th, aged fifty-five years. This gentleman was a son of the late Mr. Joseph Procter, of the celebrated haunted house at Willington-on-Tyne. He was born in that house, and had vivid recollections of some of the singular occurrences. Although not calling himself a Spiritualist, he firmly testified to the "hauntings," and appeared to credit the testimony of others respecting the phenomena of Spiritualism, but urged that they should be investigated in a scientific manner. Spiritualists owe to him a debt of gratitude for the excellent series of extracts from his father's diary which he furnished to the Society for Psychical Research, thus saving them from oblivion; it is the most full and authentic account of these celebrated hauntings, and contains records hitherto unpublished. It appeared in the Society's "Journal" for December, 1892. It would be a still greater benefit to the world if these records were reprinted and widely distributed instead of remaining locked up in the archives of a society. Like his father, although deeply interested in the subject, he appears not to have made much attempt to seriously investigate the more modern phenomena; and from conversations with him it was evident that the nature of the manifestations themselves deterred him from diving beneath the surface, although, singularly, the concluding paragraph of his report shows that he had a clear idea of what would be found beneath that surface. This feeling appears to have pervaded the entire family; sensitive and refined, they shrank from contact with "the dweller on the threshold." It is greatly to be regretted that the call of the spirit world was not responded to in those, as he calls them, "unforgettable years"—1834 to 1847—for upon reading Mr. Procter's diary one finds it difficult to escape the conclusion that were it not for this hypersensitiveness the Procter family might to-day have had the

honour of being the first on the earthly side to help establish communion between the two worlds. Mr. Edmund Procter was a Liberal in politics, a vigorous advocate of temperance, and a strong opponent of vaccination; genial and generous in disposition, courteous in manner, his decease is sincerely mourned by a large circle of friends.—*TERRÆ FILIUS.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

Is Spiritualism a Religion?

SIR,—I have been intensely interested in reading the controversy going on in "LIGHT" during the past few weeks on the question, "Is Spiritualism a Religion?" "Vir's" reasoning against the proposition seems, to my mind, lamentably weak and narrow. Taking your advice, Sir, I read Theobald's pamphlet, "Spiritualism and Religion," which, I find, holds the same view as "Vir," only a little more philosophically stated. The one thing that has surprised me is that, after giving the fullest attention to both papers, I have been compelled to come to the conclusion that Spiritualism is not only a religion, but, as Mr. Dymond says, "a Science of Sciences," "the Crown of Philosophy," "the Religion of God"—a proposition I did not make up my mind to accept before. That Spiritualism is a religion in a practical sense, I think requires very little argument, as the fact is so palpable; whether it is so philosophically is quite a debatable point which I shall not attempt to prove, because unprovable, from the very fact that there is no universal standard of what religion really is; one says it is something taught in the Christian's Bible; someone else says it is something taught in some other man's Bible. Philosophy tells us it is something outside of all so-called revelation, that it is something within us which we know very little about, reaching upward to something else we know less of—God Himself. In a word, this is the only explanation we can get out of so-called philosophy. Then we have "Vir" giving some Atheism of Tom Paine's, about his "religion is to do good." Then we have the Agnostic's only creed—disbelieve everything that everybody else believes. What does it all mean? It means this—that hardly two individuals agree what religion really is. Without a universal standard how can we judge? Only from our practical observations of life—that is all. We ask ourselves what is the highest principle in life? Shall we say Love? What is Love? Ask the "poor somnambulist trance-medium," and what does he tell you?—that "Love is the highest expression of religion." Could a higher definition be given than that? Any system that helps man to develop the love-principle in his nature may be truly designated a religion. I contend that Spiritualism does this, as it keeps love united on both sides of the tomb.

24, Claude-road, Cardiff.

E. G. SADLER.

SIR,—I, for one, must confess to a lack of sympathy with "Vir's" reasoning. His argument is a weak and wordy diatribe of conclusions that are certainly more prejudicial than real. He states that "religious Spiritualism must in future be content to be branded superstition, that is, an unreasonable belief," but presently confesses himself a Spiritualist, and leaves us completely in the dark as to what *that* Spiritualism really is. Not phenomenal, certainly, since he speaks of "so-called" spirit control as mental disease. Nor is he of the philosophical order, for he logically concludes that our foundation is valueless, and (to use his own words) "all religious Spiritualism is supported by this rotten reed." We must evidently look farther for his Spiritualism, and we find it in the following passage from his article of January 5th:—

Mr. Hewes thinks the one thousand are consistent and the remaining forty-nine thousand inconsistent, because the latter are Agnostics, Church of England, Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, &c., &c. Why he should have such an odd opinion it is impossible to imagine. Surely he can see that the reason is that they prefer to believe in what has stood the test of time, and is a bond of association for reasonable people to engage in works of charity, rather than trust to somnambulist orators and their so-called revelations.

Here we see plainly how the land lies with "Vir," notwithstanding that he asserts a complete impartiality in the paragraph which follows. He loves the old Canon of Scripture

too well to be fair to the claims of the New Dispensation. The creed and belief of the orthodox denominations he mentions must of course be that which he alludes to as *having stood the test of time*, as though its essence were not Spiritualism, and that Spiritualism as old as the ages.

"Vir" goes on to say, "I have worshipped with Buddhists in India, with Roman Catholics in England, France, and the Colonies, and with various denominations of Protestants in many other places; and been a Spiritualist all along." The question then naturally arises, how did he manage to conscientiously do this, and remain a Spiritualist through all, unless he acknowledges it to be a universal basis of all religions, in fact, to be religion? Spiritualism is the one revelation which all nations and peoples have differently interpreted according to their interior growth; creeds are man-made, whether they cluster about Buddha or Christ. Our reply to "Vir" is clear and emphatic. Spiritualism is the basis of all religions. It is the spirit interpretation of the universe and man, whether we be influenced by the teachings of other (discarnate) spirits or our own. By the reaching up, the coming down of higher knowledges has ever been the better effected. Phenomenon is on one plane, spiritual discernment on another; yet both may be ends of the same ladder of progress from earth to heaven and heaven to earth. And so our deductions may be moral and ennobling and our Spiritualism a Religion.

A. F. COLBORNE.

Lord Randolph Churchill.

SIR,—I have addressed the following letter to the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette," and shall be obliged if you will also publish it in the pages of "LIGHT."

F. OMERIN.

"SIR,—Having heard of the severe criticism in some quarters on my proffering my services to save the important life of Lord Randolph Churchill, I beg you kindly to insert the following lines in your valuable paper, as a means of rectifying erroneous ideas on the matter which otherwise would be propagated.

"I must say, first of all, that I have not acted on this occasion merely on my own spontaneous will, but at the persistent request of several persons who know well what I can do in such cases; and this, not before I saw in the newspapers the declaration of the doctors in attendance on the illustrious patient, who pronounced the case 'absolutely hopeless, and the end . . . merely a matter of time,'—that is to say, that it is out of the power of medicine to save his life, an opinion supported lately by 'a medical expert, who has knowledge of Lord Randolph's symptoms and condition,' who affirms 'that the case is one in which hope of ultimate recovery is out of the question.'

"Disagreeing with the said opinions from what experience has taught me, I believe in the possibility of recovery, should the diagnosis arrived at by the enlightened experts attending the sufferer be accurate, as I suppose it is.

"In acting as I have done, I have not had any other motive than that of saving the important life now in such great peril, for I will not receive—as I said when I proffered my services—any remuneration for them, should they be accepted.—Your obedient servant,

"F. OMERIN, G.C.E.R., K.CH. III.

"3, Bulstrode-street, Manchester-square, W.

"January 14th, 1895."

Clairvoyance—A Pleasant Incident.

SIR,—The following incident in a friend's clairvoyance may, I think, interest your readers. She was in a house helping to nurse a boy, aged fifteen, dying of goitre. This boy, though he was not any worse than other boys, was in a state of extreme and unreasoning terror about dying, saying he was sure he should go to hell. His father was a clergyman, and his son's condition of mind was a great grief to him as well as to the rest of the family. Daily the father came with his Bible, reading, praying, and reasoning with the boy, but without making the least impression, or being able to allay his fears.

One night my friend was sitting up with the patient when she saw a beautiful and bright form enter the door, go up to the bed, stoop over its occupant, and begin to talk to him. To her great surprise the boy assumed a listening attitude, and over his features gradually stole a look of peace. After a short time the form left the room in the same way it had entered. As nothing was known in the family about clairvoyance, my friend did not mention what she had seen to anyone.

In the morning the father came as usual, prepared to carry on his efforts at consolation, but his son gently but firmly waived all on one side, and in reply to the surprise expressed at the sudden change, only replied "Peace! he whispered it." This he repeated till he passed gladly and quietly away, two days after the occurrence above detailed.

My friend saw the same form standing by the boy's bedside at the last, and yet once again at the funeral. At that time she knew nothing of Spiritualism in any of its aspects, though accustomed to seeing things for which she could not account.

MURIEL.

Tests at Physical Séances.

SIR,—I am much surprised that any Spiritualist should either seek to justify or advocate the seizure of a spirit form at a séance. I also fail to see any analogy between the police grabbing a criminal and investigators at a séance grabbing a spirit form.

It is written that some two thousand years ago a materialised spirit said to a woman who loved him, "Touch me not." Now if He objected to be touched by loving hands, surely it cannot be right that a materialised spirit form shall be roughly seized by any or every sceptic who gains admittance into a séance-room.

For over twenty-five years I have strongly advocated the necessity of obtaining (when practicable) good test evidences at public physical or materialising séances. The question is, What is a sufficient test? What will satisfy me may be treated with contempt by others, or *vice versa*.

Dr. McCarthy stated, when he held what he considered a strict test séance in his own house, that he asked everyone present (including Mr. Henry) if they were satisfied with the tests, and the answer was, quite satisfied. Yet subsequent events proved that some were not, and I have always found it so. I would suggest that when a medium is engaged to give public or semi-public physical séances, the question be asked: "Under what conditions do you sit? Test or otherwise?" If under test, then let a committee take the matter in hand and decide what shall be the test; and as soon as all the sitters have taken their seats, the conductor of the séance shall state the test and request any who are not satisfied to kindly leave the room, and if they have paid for admission their money should be returned. This would give the objectors the opportunity to make arrangements with the medium to give sittings under their test conditions. The committee should also take every precaution against the interference of investigators, as many of them require as much, or more, looking after than the medium.

If mediums refuse to sit under test conditions no one is bound to employ them or to go to their séances. But investigators are not justified in stating that such mediums are frauds because they refuse to sit under stated conditions. If a medium thinks or knows from experience that no phenomena will be obtained under test conditions, then a refusal to sit is quite justifiable, but if in order to obtain money he consents to sit under test conditions, then the term fraud might be used. Yet I think that those who hold out the money temptation are greater frauds than he.

If you, Sir, will ask your many readers, including mediums, to send in test suggestions, some good hints might be received which would prove useful to future investigators of physical phenomena.

7, Nursery-street, Fairfield, Liverpool. H. J. CHARLTON.

A Disclaimer.

SIR,—As I find in the first page of "LIGHT" that a gentleman living in Yorkshire and bearing both my Christian and surname, although spelt differently, is advertising to tell the public "on terms to be had on application, what the stars in their courses have in store for them," and as there may be some who on seeing this advertisement may think that the doctor in his old age may have become moonstruck, I now ask you to let your readers know that I have no connection with, or belief in, the stars as story-tellers.

Wimbledon.

GEORGE WYLD, M.D. (EDIN.)

THE CONDUCT OF CIRCLES.—We have printed, in a convenient form, suitable for enclosure in letters or for distribution at public meetings, "M.A. (Oxon.'s)" "Advice to Inquirers, for the Conduct of Circles." We shall be pleased to supply copies free to all friends who will undertake to make good use of them. The only charge will be for postage—25, ½d.; 50, 1d.; 100, 2d.; 200, 3d.; 400, 4½d.; 600, 6d., &c.

SOCIETY WORK.

245, KENTISH TOWN-ROAD, N.W.—On Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mr. F. Challis; Thursday, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Mason.—J.H.B.

218, JUBILEE-STREET, MILE END.—An address was given on Sunday by Mr. Walker's guides on the question, "Who are the Redeemed?" Our little hall was crowded with people, who highly appreciated the address. On Sunday next Mr. Wyndoe will occupy the platform.—W. MARSH.

45, MARKHAM-SQUARE, KING'S-ROAD, CHELSEA, S.W.—Harmonious conditions have prevailed at our several meetings, and a welcome is given to all who desire help and guidance. Sunday, at 7 p.m., clairvoyance, Mr. Coote; Monday, at 8 p.m., ditto; Tuesday and Thursday, at 8 p.m., developing circle, Mrs. Perry; Saturday at 8, clairvoyance.—W. G. COOTE.

111, CLARENDON-ROAD, NOTTING HILL, W.—On Sunday last Mrs. Mason's spirit guides gave us a beautiful inspirational discourse upon "Spiritual Progress," followed by very successful clairvoyance and important advice upon health. Mr. Mason kindly presided at the organ. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Ashton Bingham and sacred solos, recitals, &c.; Tuesday, at 8 p.m., séance, Mrs. Mason; Saturday, at 8 p.m., spirit circle. January 27th, Mr. W. Wallace.—J.H.B.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday last, Mrs. Stansfield, of Shaw, Oldham, gave a trance address to a crowded audience, who listened throughout with marked attention and appreciation. She afterwards gave several clairvoyant descriptions, all of which, with one exception, were recognised. We are heartily glad that Mrs. Stansfield received such a warm welcome on this her first visit to London, and we are looking forward to next Sunday, January 20th, when she will again occupy the platform at Cavendish Rooms.—L. H.

132, ST. JOHN'S-HILL, CLAPHAM JUNCTION.—Mrs. Charles Spring, medium, will commence meetings in connection with the Dawn of Day Society on Thursday, February 7th, at the above address. Séance at 4 p.m., after which a conversazione will be held from 7 till 10, to commemorate the anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens and the opening of the branch of the society, at which the president, Mrs. Ashton Bingham, will give a new and original recitation entitled "An Old Man's Story," followed by a reading from a series of tales told by "An Old Door Knocker," as given through her hand by one of her controls. Others have promised to contribute to the evening's amusement. A silver collection.—A. B.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.—Mr. Emms will take our platform on Sunday, 20th inst. His subject will be: "Spiritualism: Its Significance." Fridays for inquirers. We trust that friends will attend and make Friday's meeting a success. We had a great treat on Sunday; Mr. Glendinning gave a stirring address to a good audience. His subject was, "Shall we know each other there?" His able remarks were highly appreciated, and we only wish that everyone could hear such an address by this grand champion of our glorious cause. In the course of his remarks he paid a high tribute to the late Mr. James Burns, whom he had known well, and for whom he had a very high regard.—THOMAS MACCALLUM, Hon. Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' MISSION, SURREY MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—The half-yearly general assembly was held on Sunday, when satisfactory reports of our work were presented by the various officers of the mission. The balance-sheet gave the following figures:—Receipts, £82 5s.; expenditure, £35 2s. 6d.; balance in hand, £47 2s. 6d. The following were elected officers for the ensuing half-year:—Leader, Mr. W. E. Long; treasurer, Mr. Geo. Davy; and general secretary, Mr. C. M. Payne. Sunday, January 20th, at 6.30 p.m., the spirit circle, Mr. W. E. Long (leader). The celebration of the eighth anniversary will be held on Sunday, January 27th. Morning, Mrs. Weedemeyer; afternoon, Mrs. Bliss; in the evening, Mr. T. Everitt, Mrs. Bliss, Mr. Veitch, Mrs. Stanley, and other prominent speakers and mediums will be present. Spiritualists heartily invited. Mr. W. E. Long will preside. Mr. Charles Hepburn has kindly consented to preside at the grand piano, and will render some instrumental selections during the evening. Solos will be given by Mrs. Banks, Mr. George, Mr. W. H. White, and others. Services commence at 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 6.30 p.m.—CHARLES M. PAYNE, Hon. Sec.

MORSE'S LIBRARY, 26, OSNABURGH-STREET, LONDON, N.W.—On Friday evening, 11th inst., Mr. J. J. Morse delivered the first of a series of three trance addresses. "Spiritualism: Its Fundamentals" was the title of the present discourse, and the subject was treated with all the dialectical skill associated with Mr. Morse's controls. The relationship of man to the universe, the underlying unity of spirit and matter, the harmony between the discoveries of science and the teachings of philosophic Spiritualism, more particularly in regard to the theory of evolution—all these themes were discussed with consummate ability, to the keen appreciation of the audience. Before submitting himself to the process of control, Mr. Morse made some sympathetic allusions to the lamented death of Mr. James Burns, and gave some interesting reminiscences of his association, many years ago, with the departed veteran. He expressed on behalf of himself and the friends present sincere condolence

with the bereaved family. The prospective arrangements are as follows:—January 18th, at 8 p.m., "Spiritualism: Its Essentials"; January 25th, "Spiritualism: Its Ultimates"; February 1st, "An Evening with the 'Strolling Player.'" On March 29th, it is proposed to hold, at Cavendish Rooms, a Special Celebration Meeting to commemorate the forty-seventh anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. Full particulars will be announced in due course.—D. G.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL.—Sunday was one of those rare occasions when the audience get an actual glimpse of the state of things in "the great beyond." William Cogman controlled the medium, Mrs. Bliss, and delivered a very instructive address. In the course of his remarks he mentioned one who has recently passed into spirit-life, who was a true and good worker for many years in the cause. He also spoke of another, well known on this earth-plane as Professor Chadwick, and compared the unity and close brotherhood which existed among Spiritualists in former times, when they were forced to keep their sentiments a secret lest ignominy should be their lot, with the complete liberty of opinion which people now enjoy. The control drew a moral from this. Owing to his exceptional opportunities of observation, he had arrived at the conclusion that Spiritualists were in danger of disunion and a lack of brotherly feeling. The control illustrated his remarks by referring to the case of Mr. Robson, a pioneer in the cause, and well-known to most Spiritualists as a former highly successful medium, who so unselfishly devoted himself to the advancement of the cause that he neglected to provide for his old age in this earth life, and hence is greatly in need of help. This society, in answer to the appeal, will gladly do all they can for Mr. Robson, and ask for subscriptions, which will be thankfully acknowledged, however small, by the secretary. The meeting concluded with successful clairvoyance by "Vigo" and other controls of the medium, the correctness of the descriptions being the means of inducing several strangers to think seriously of the phenomena and to investigate for themselves. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Savage and Mr. Dennis.—J. BLISS, Sec.

THE MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION.

The following reached us too late for insertion in last week's issue:—

A social gathering of members and friends of the Marylebone Association of Spiritualists was held on Monday evening, January 7th, at Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer-street, W. The occasion drew together an assemblage of something like one hundred and thirty persons, mostly convinced Spiritualists or inquirers, and the community of feeling thus created tended very naturally to promote the harmonious atmosphere always so desirable in such gatherings. An attractive programme had been provided, and the intervals between the performance of the various items, musical or recitative, were filled up with the pleasant converse proper to the occasion, or the inspection of a number of direct spirit drawings and writings kindly furnished by Mr. Everitt for the inspection of visitors.

A little ceremony, not provided for in the printed programme, was the presentation of an elegant inkstand, with inscription, to Mr. Leigh Hunt, the secretary of the Marylebone Society, in recognition of his faithful and self-denying services to that body.

MR. EVERITT, who, as President of the Society, made the presentation, paid a glowing tribute to the zeal and energy displayed by Mr. Hunt in his official work, and gave expression to the high appreciation with which his services were viewed, both by the committee and the general body of members.

MR. LEIGH HUNT, although taken completely by surprise, acknowledged the gift in a few well-chosen words, none the less appropriate because uttered with evident emotion.

Later in the evening, MR. J. J. MORSE, whose oratorical powers are not confined to his trance addresses, was called upon by the President to say a few words, a request to which he responded with his usual ability, complimenting the Society upon the large and genial assemblage of friends it had been the means of bringing together that evening.

The programme included the following items:—Pianoforte solos by Miss Amy Butterworth, R.A.M.; songs, "For one sweet smile" and "An Evening Song," by Mr. Charles Masters; "When the tide comes in" and "The song for me," by Mrs. H. Thornton; "The Mission of a Rose" and "Sweet Kildare," by Miss Everitt; and "The Three Wishes" and "Beauty Sleep," by Miss Fanny Samuel. Mr. Ernest C. Meads showed considerable elocutionary talent in two recitations, "At the Opera" and "His First and Last Appearance," while, by way of "extra turn," Miss Isabella Francis obliged with a pianoforte solo. In the interval refreshments were provided in a buffet beneath the hall by the proprietors of the Cavendish Rooms, who deserve a word of recognition for their excellent catering. Altogether, the Marylebone Society is to be congratulated on its "social gathering," the entire cost of which (with the exception of the one item of refreshments) was, we understand, borne by the Society itself.

LETTERS from J.W.M., W.R.T., A.W.C., and others, are unavoidably held over for want of space.