

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

We have received a copy of 'Photograms of '96.' (London: Dawbarn & Ward.) It is described as 'A pictorial and literary record of the best photographic work of the year, compiled by the editors and staff of "The Photogram."' We are simply delighted with it, and do not at all understand the secret of its absurd price. From every point of view, it is a good six-shilling book, and yet is published at two shillings. It contains ninety-two half-tone reproductions and sixteen line sketches, some of them (as on pages 15, 31, 36, 48, 59, 61, 69, 84, 87, 95, 102) of considerable beauty. Its value to photographers must be very great; but, beyond that, it is a work of art of general interest.

We have received an exceedingly touching 'In Memoriam' sheet, containing an Address by Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, lately spoken at the graveside of an old friend. We are on the verge of reprinting the whole of it; but here is a passage that entirely belongs to us:—

Though she did not accept the Christian theory of another life, she had a belief of her own as to future existence, regarding, what some overlook, that improbability is not impossibility. She thought with modern Spiritualists as Sir Edwin Arnold has written:—

That when one layeth
His worn-out clothes away,
And taking new ones, sayeth:
'These will I wear to-day.'

So putteth by the spirit
Lightly the garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh.

Such was Mrs. Holyoake's belief; let us hope it may be true, without pretending to be sure of what no one knoweth. We are all drifting down the eternal stream of time—which has a million channels—some brighter and fairer and of happier destination than others. Mrs. Holyoake early stepped upon the bank, as it were, to watch and choose on which channel she would go. Self-determined, she could say with Du Maurier:—

A little hope, that when we die
We reap our sowing, and so—Good-bye.

Only those who have sown seeds of service to others dare say this. She could say it—as her husband, her children—afar and near, and all who knew her, know. Therefore if she 'shall reap her sowing,' we may bid her good-bye with honour in our hearts which shall never, on her account, know misgiving.

We seem to be prospering at Sheffield; and, for the moment, the fresh tide of life there is attributable to Mr. Craddock, who appears to have deeply impressed an influential Methodist, Mr. Walter Appleyard. In a letter to the 'Sheffield Independent' this gentleman disclaims being a Spiritualist 'in the ignorant and vulgar acceptance of the term.' What that is we hardly know: but he is overflowing with faith, and it looks as though some of it would pass over into the Methodist camp. We hope so.

The 'Independent,' referring to a leading part that Mr. Appleyard had taken at a Methodist gathering, expressed

some surprise that a Spiritualist should be welcomed. In response to this, the following neat little note appeared:—

TO THE EDITOR.—The writer of 'From Near and Far' says that it was a pleasing spectacle of a Spiritualist playing the leading part at a Methodist gathering, and thinks it was an act of tolerance on their part; but why so, when the founder of the Methodists, John Wesley, was himself a Spiritualist?

W. HARDY.

The Rev. Charles Hargrove, in a beautiful sermon for All Souls' Day, tells a touching story to illustrate the common humanity by which we all, saint and savage, live and move and have our being. He says:—

A traveller among the naked savage cannibals of the Queen's dominions in Northern Australia, tells us how he came across a grave dug in the side of a gigantic ant hill. In front of the opening, large pieces of the bark of the tea tree were placed, on which heavy stones were tied in order to keep wild dogs from getting to the corpse; near by there hung upon a tree a capacious basket, and when he inquired its purpose he was told it was a child's tomb, and the basket the bed it was carried in, which the parents were too grieved to take away, and so left it there by their little one's grave. Poor, wild black mother and father, who would have killed any of us as a matter of course if we had come defenceless across their path—how human still and not animal!

It is a thought which suggests much.

Every human heart is human,

said Longfellow. What a truism! but how poorly we remember it! Spiritualism bears witness to it all along the line, but what miserable blasphemy against this deep truth is committed by the selfish and brutal adventurers who, seeking for gold, treat these poor creatures as though they were wild beasts! Even Mr. Hargrove slightly gives in to that blasphemy in saying that these people 'would have killed any of us as a matter of course if we had come defenceless across their path.' We are not so sure of that. There is a good deal of testimony which suggests the reverse of this, or which, at all events, suggests that the wild man shoots the intruder for the same reason that the wild bird flies from him: experience has put both on their defence.

The concluding paragraphs of this sermon are well worth remembering:—

'To-day my turn, to-morrow thine' is the warning of every grave. Do you fear it, oh, my brothers, the chill black terminus whither all life's busy roads tend? Courage! the way is well trodden, they have gone before, hosts innumerable of our fellows, and those we have known so well and loved, parents, partners, brethren, children, friends, died all in faith of the future. Terrible were it, indeed, if only you or I, one here or there had to die; but all together we go, a great army, before whose march Jordan divides its waves and its chill waters warm, and we go with the song of triumph on our lips, 'Oh, death, where is thy sting, oh, grave, where is thy victory?'

A little while and the journey will be done, a little while and the other shore will be won, a little while and the long parted shall greet again, spirits in the spirit world! 'and the former things shall have passed away,' body returned to earth, whence it came, and soul to The Soul who gave it.

The Rev. S. Farrington, of Richmond, took a rather novel line in a Citizen Sunday sermon. His subject was, 'Women as Citizens,' and his main object was rather to rouse them than to plead for them, but to rouse them on the side of motherliness, in a very wide sense. That exactly hits the want. We do not so much want a 'New Woman' as the old-fashioned woman, active in a larger sphere. Here is a charming illustration, supplied by Mr. Farrington:—

I wish there were more and more women on the various boards of administration of all charities, hospitals, workhouses, schools. But, without waiting for that, I wish women would more and more associate themselves in voluntary undertakings that might show a more excellent way to public ones. The last time I was in America, a friend, a leading spirit in the movement, was telling me of the Women's Association in Philadelphia for the help of destitute or suffering children. The thought had come to some of them—There are surely childless homes enough in the State of Pennsylvania to provide for all these homeless children: and, inspired by that thought, they had gone up and down the country inquiring for such homes. They had communicated with the authorities all over the State who had charge of children. Already they had emptied the workhouses. They expected confidently in a short time to have transferred every little waif and stray to a home of its own. What a blessed piece of motherly work that was! And what a noble piece of public work!

No one can fail to notice how frequently our great story-writers allude to the compulsion under which they work, and how often the story has to run away with them, or get itself done by simply gripping them and making them do as they are told. Thus, in the introduction to his complete works, Mr. Barrie says:—

There are writers who can plan out their story beforehand as clearly as though it were a railway journey, and adhere throughout to their original design—they draw up what playwrights call a scenario—but I was never one of those. I spend a great deal of time, indeed, in looking for the best road in the map, and mark it with red ink; but at the first by-path off my characters go. 'Come back,' I cry, 'you are off the road!' 'We prefer this way,' they reply. I try bullying. 'You are only people in a book,' I shout, 'and it is my book, and I can do what I like with you, so come back!' But they seldom come, and it ends with my plodding after them.

This may be only the quaint play of the story-teller's own fancy, sporting with itself as a kind of playful sub-consciousness; but, on the other hand, it may be akin to the ancient prophetic experience expressed by 'Thus saith the Lord.' The spirit who swayed the prophet and compelled him to say and do and write many things that he would not have chosen to say or do or write, used him as a medium. Why may not a Dickens, a Stevenson, or a Barrie be that? If one spirit is strenuously religious, and lays his hand upon the prophet, why may not another spirit be gaily dramatic, and lay hold of a good instrument as a story-teller!

Someone has sent us a copy of 'The East London Standard,' containing more than a column of matter on the subject of re-incarnation which is, in some way, presented as a consolation and an incentive. But the only bit of gold we find in the quartz is the editor's terse comment:—

We will only here say that, as no theory of re-incarnation with which we are acquainted includes any continuity of consciousness in the re-embodied soul, or any assumption that its former earthly experience shall consciously prove of value to it, and to mankind, in its new state of existence, it appears to us absolutely lacking in every element which is necessary to preserve individuality, to stimulate the ambition, or to furnish the 'consolation' to which our correspondent refers.

We hold that to be absolutely sound. A re-incarnated spirit, unconscious of its previous existence, would really be another person—as much so (so far as individuality is concerned) as a fresh creation would be.

'SCIENCE AND THE LIFE BEYOND.'

AN ADDRESS BY MR. HERBERT BURROWS.

A meeting of members and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance, Limited, was held in the French Drawing Room, St. James's Hall, on Friday evening, November 20th, when Mr. HERBERT BURROWS delivered an address on 'Science and the Life Beyond.'

THE REV. JOHN PAGE HOPPS, who occupied the chair, made reference to the accident which had recently befallen the President, preventing his attendance that evening, adding the gratifying intelligence that he was making good progress towards recovery. He considered the subject chosen for the address to be an almost perfect one. It was the more interesting because it reminded them that they were getting rather a sweet revenge on Science, which for some time past had been 'putting on airs' to a considerable extent. They gratefully acknowledged that Science had done incalculable service to humanity; but it had still a good deal to learn, and was slowly being compelled to recognise that there was something more in the world than gas, jelly and mud. An intensely useful school of thinkers had arisen—he might call them the 'philosophical humanitarians'—which had begun to tell Science to its face that so far it had only been dealing with one-half of the universe, and that the worse half. True Science would have to take everything in, not only man's body but his soul; not only the seen but the unseen Universe. As modern Science got wiser she would recognise that. Alluding to the lecturer, the Chairman remarked that everybody knew something of Mr. Burrows. He was an active, vigorous thinker, with always something of interest and value to say, and always spoke in the spirit of a bold seeker for truth.

MR. HERBERT BURROWS (who was received with applause) said that it was just a year ago since he had the pleasure of addressing the London Spiritualist Alliance for the first time, and those who were present would doubtless remember that the meeting was presided over by Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, the President. He was sure that everyone in the room on the present occasion would echo the words of the chairman, in expressing the sincerest regret that the President could not be with them, admirably as the chair was filled in his absence, coupling their regrets with the heartiest wishes for his speedy recovery. The title chosen for his address that evening arose out of a little correspondence which he had had with the President some months ago on the scientific aspect of clairvoyance. That correspondence did not amount to a great deal, and he did not know whether they agreed on the points raised; but the President thought the subject might bear some elucidation, so he (Mr. Burrows) thought that in view of the new line some of the scientists were taking nowadays in regard to psychical matters, it would be interesting if he devoted his remarks to a consideration of the subject of science in relation to the life beyond. He had deliberately refrained from entitling the lecture 'Science and the Future Life' because he did not believe in the phrase 'future life.' To him life was one and indivisible. He could not draw any line across it; the use of that phrase 'future life' had done a great deal to draw a line between this life and the life hereafter, and to create the idea that life beyond the grave was altogether different from the life here in every respect, thus inducing the belief that an accurate knowledge of it was quite unattainable to men in the material universe. He had therefore entitled his lecture 'Science and the Life Beyond,' and by the life beyond he meant a conscious, rational life on the other side of the change called death; a life which to him and to many others present signified simply a continuation of the life which they were living here. The tendency of the highest and best of modern science was towards the occult, and by that word 'occult' he did not include merely a statement of those things which were comprised in Spiritualism, as the word was commonly understood, but everything that had to do with the investigation of what he might call the latent psychical forces of Nature—those forces which were more and more coming to the front in modern life and towards which Science was gradually tending in its researches into, and investigation of, the principles of Nature. He had been told by someone, after his previous lecture before the members of the Alliance, that he knew nothing about Spiritualism. Well, let it be supposed that he did not. But he *did* know something about Science, and he proposed that evening to put before the

audience some of the ideas he had gathered about the tendencies of modern Science; to consider whether they did not lead towards what he had termed the occult, and to see if there was anything in them which would defeat the so-called logical deductions of the materialist, who denied the existence of anything outside this five-sense Universe which man inhabited from birth. He was afraid that at the outset of his inquiry he would have to enact the rôle of the candid friend. He was not a member of the Alliance or of any other spiritualistic organisation. He did not know, too, if he could call himself a Spiritualist, in the sense usually associated with the term. Spiritualism he defined, in its purest aspects, as the belief that the spirits of the dead exist in another sphere in a conscious living way, and that sometimes, often perhaps, they can communicate with those still on earth who were living in the physical state of existence. The term 'Science' was somewhat more difficult of definition. Speaking generally, one would say it was the trained and rigid investigation by experiment, by induction, by deduction, by testing fact by theory and theory by fact, into some branch, or all branches, of the realm of Nature; and when such investigations had been carried on for a sufficient length of time, certain conclusions might be drawn from them, which conclusions might be accepted by thoughtful people as scientific laws. The task before them that evening was to see if they could to any extent appreciate precisely what the relations were between what was called Spiritualism, with its central thought as to the continued existence of man after the change called death, and the generally-received canons of Science, as they were held by physicists and scientists in England and other civilised countries. A fact which struck one very forcibly was that, in spite of the efforts of such men as Crookes and Wallace in the direction of psychical inquiry, the relations between what was called Science on the one hand and Spiritualism, or the occult, on the other, were entirely antagonistic except in some few individual cases. It was necessary to inquire why this was so, and this was where he would have to play the part of the candid friend. He believed there were faults on both sides—faults on the side of the Spiritualist as well as on that of the materialist. He wanted to try and distinguish what these faults were; but they would have to take what he said for just what it was worth. He had endeavoured during the last thirty years to obtain an accurate comprehension of all that underlay the term Spiritualism. He had read a great deal of Spiritualistic literature, he had endeavoured to investigate psychic forces, he had come into association with a great number of spiritualists, and had generally endeavoured to gain a knowledge of the occult. Parenthetically, he might say that he preferred that phrase 'the occult' to the term Spiritualism, as being more comprehensive and better indicating his meaning. His opinion was that spiritualism had had almost enough of its 'Totties,' its 'Daisies,' and its 'Sunbeams,' and that a good deal of its physical phenomena, of its table-moving, its tambourine-floating—the frivolities and trivialities of its séances, as he should call them—had done much to discredit Spiritualism in the eyes of scientists and other people. He took in some of the spiritualistic journals, and, to use the phrase of the old farmer, he found on comparing them with the literature of some twenty-five years ago that they did not seem to 'get any for'arder.' He read the trance addresses given at séances all over the country, and he did not observe any appreciable advance in the teaching given. He saw a good deal about the 'Summer Land,' and descriptions of what spirit life was supposed to be on the other side; but, taking the thing all round, there was little or no sign of progression. A large number of wholly ignorant or half-educated people were found in the spiritual circles—people who, owing to their peculiar nervous organisation, were gifted with medial faculties, but who were still in the same position which they occupied years and years ago, carrying on the same sort of rôle, but making no apparent advance mentally or morally. He pressed Spiritualists to take into their consideration whether the time had not come when some effort should be made to formulate a definite spiritual philosophy. On the occasion of his last address exception had been taken to this suggestion; but he believed that life, individual, social, or national, was incomplete and unrounded unless it could be based on some definite idea, scientific, philosophical, or religious, and unless in each aspect it could present a harmonious relationship not only to the other departments with which it was associated, but to the Universe at large. The more defined the form in which it

could present itself, whether in its scientific, its philosophical, or its religious aspects, the more it could be regarded as mature, complete, and well-rounded.

The scientist (he did not mean the newer scientist to whom allusion had been made—the scientist who was just getting his foot on the pathway of the occult—but the materialistic scientist) would tell them from the standpoint of physical science that harmonious relationships could be maintained with one's fellow-creatures and with the forces of the Universe without recourse to any system of spiritual cosmogony. That was a claim that most of those present would deny. He would certainly deny it. Great as had been the faults of Spiritualists they had not erred so egregiously as the orthodox materialistic scientists in their attitude not only towards religion but also towards the spiritual, or, as he would prefer to call it, the occult. Going back to the spiritual side of the question, he wished to draw attention to the fact that over and over again Spiritualists had invited rigid scientific investigation of their phenomena. Now, he maintained that if they invited the scientist to investigate their phenomena, the scientist had a right to choose his own method of investigation. Spiritualists might not agree with him; but it seemed to him that this fact was not sufficiently appreciated. In a large number of spiritualistic phenomena they were not using the same tools and materials as the scientist used when he was dealing with what was called matter; and he thought they would have to acknowledge, sooner or later, that there was a number of so-called spiritual phenomena that could not be tested by ordinary scientific methods. To take one instance, it was an accepted canon in spiritualistic and theosophical circles that, owing to the extraordinary way in which light worked, and the influence which ordinary light had on the development or non-development of spiritual phenomena, it was in many cases necessary that a large portion of these materialising phenomena should be produced in darkness. It was useless to ask the material scientist to investigate on these lines. The investigation was one of a wholly different character from those researches to which he was accustomed, and he had the right to say, 'You impose upon me conditions which are absolutely foreign to my methods, and I must decline to investigate until you can give me liberty to adopt my own system of examining into the subject; otherwise, if I do investigate, I must come away with the conviction that, owing to the conditions you impose, I have been prevented from arriving at any clear opinion on the matter.' It would be well, said Mr. Burrows, if Spiritualists were to frankly acknowledge that there was a large body of important phenomena that could not be tested by ordinary scientific methods, because the scientist, dealing with so-called material things, carried on his investigations in the light, and when they had that form of investigation on the one side, and, on the other, a method of research wholly foreign to it, they were bound to frankly acknowledge that there was a very large field of inquiry into which Spiritualists and scientists could not enter conjointly and with cordial co-operation. Mr. Richard Harte had recently given a very interesting account of a materialisation séance, which (so far as he remembered) was carried on in the dark, and at which, it was stated, the persons present sat with joined hands. Now he would put it to those present, including Mr. Harte, that there was no science about that séance—there was no spirit of scientific investigation about it. If all those present that evening were sitting there in the dark with joined hands, what human being could tell if they joined hands all the way through? It was of no use appealing to the ordinary scientist on such a basis as that. It was of no use going to the President of the Royal Society and asking him to take part in such an investigation, and then to go away satisfied with results which he could not test by ordinary scientific methods. It would matter little what kind of phenomena was elicited. They might as well frankly acknowledge the truth of this conclusion. He (the lecturer) included himself in this statement of the case, for it applied to a great deal of theosophical phenomena. There was no common ground—that was evident; and they would have to confine themselves to a somewhat narrower field in which they could act conjointly, and with the same materials and weapons. The material scientists professed to have given up all the bigotry and tyranny of the old orthodox Churches; but it seemed to him, with regard to a large number of the scientists of the day, that the bigotry and tyranny that was shown by them towards what he called the occult was greater than that of which the Churches had ever been guilty. From persons who professed to carry on

their investigations on rigid scientific lines one might expect a more impartial method of treatment. He admitted that the scientist was perfectly justified in adhering strictly to the old Newtonian canon of evidence, viz., that the more a thing was removed from ordinary daily experience the more evidence was required for it. That was a very safe and satisfactory rule, and was the one thing above all others in connection with the progress of physics which had helped to knock the old superstitions of the past on the head. Nevertheless, it might be driven too far, and not only minor scientists, but some of the leaders, had driven it to excess. He would like in this connection to read an extract from Professor Huxley's monograph on Hume, which ran as follows:—

... It is the business of criticism not only to keep watch over the vagaries of philosophy, but to do the duty of police in the whole world of thought. Wherever it espies sophistry or superstition they are to be bidden to stand; nay, they are to be followed to their very dens, and there apprehended and exterminated, as Othello smothered Desdemona, 'else she'll betray more men.'

With the spirit of that passage they might agree; but one felt inclined to suggest that so far as the 'police' idea had been worked out in Science it had not been always satisfactory. In any civilised society the police could fulfil two functions; they could act as the guides and helpers of their fellow-citizens by directing them on their journeys, or by assisting the timid wayfarer across the crowded streets, or, on the other hand, they could break their heads in Trafalgar-square, as they did some years ago. Now in regard to Science, it seemed to him that this police theory had too often been applied in the latter of the two ways. Instead of assisting the timid and halting wayfarer, scientists had banded themselves under the materialistic flag, and the scientific hammer had come down very heavily on the heads of anyone who ventured to step outside the rigid path of scientific investigation as laid down. These scientific men and women, when presented with some fact which the discoverer had made part of his own life by rigid experiment, but which fact did not go four-square with their own pre-conceptions of what should be, were very apt to sneer at it as 'absurd.' Yet if that attitude had been consistently taken up during the past three hundred years, the material scientist would to-day possess only one-tenth of that body of physical science of which he boasted. Suppose that Galvani, when his wife came to tell him that the legs of the frogs were moving, had merely said 'Absurd' and refused to investigate. In all probability, under such circumstances, the knowledge of galvanic science would have been postponed two hundred years. Had Franklin, when he drew the lightning down the kite-string with his key, been told that the men of the future would harness that electricity and make it do their bidding, girdling the earth as their messenger, it was possible that Franklin, even with his breadth of mind, might have said 'Absurd.' Yet had every electrician taken up that attitude electricity would hardly have been born, instead of being now in its youth. Or, to put the matter in another form, suppose a chemist told the first uneducated man he met in the street that he could freeze water in a red-hot cup, the man would reply 'Absurd'; probably he would use a much stronger expression. Or he might be told that it was possible to plunge the hand into a vessel of molten lead without injury, with a like result. Yet the merest tyro in chemistry would know that these are very common experiments. It was unphilosophical to assert anything of which one had no proof; but it was also unscientific to deny anything regarding which one had no experience. That was a canon of scientific research, which, unfortunately, was not always respected by men of science. One experience well tested weighed more than a million non-experiences. As had already been stated, physical science had been for a long time purely materialistic in essence, and it might be useful to inquire why it had developed so exclusively in this direction. To understand this it was necessary to contrast the science of pre-Reformation days with the science of to-day. They knew that the science of pre-Reformation times was science plus theology, or rather theology plus science. The so-called science of the Middle Ages was completely under the thumb of the Catholic Church, and if any scientist took the liberty of doubting the cosmology of the Church, the chances were in favour of his being imprisoned or even burned alive. The great service which physical science had rendered to the community had been to eliminate from men's minds a great many of the superstitions of pre-Reformation

days; but, as usual, the pendulum had swung completely to the other side of the arc. In olden days man was looked upon as the centre of the Universe in its every aspect. Sun, moon, stars, the earth—everything was created for his benefit, and the whole of the theological cosmogony centred on his devoted head. But the science of astronomy developed, and a truer conception of the Universe became prevalent. And then a curious transition of thought took place. Not only did the conception of man as the centre of the Universe disappear, but man himself, so far as regarded the higher and nobler attributes of his nature, became almost eliminated from the Universal scheme—he was not even, to speak pedantically, the microcosm in the macrocosm. Little by little he was robbed of his heritage, denuded of his diviner attributes, until at last he was reduced to a speck of protoplasm, the prey and sport of the blind forces of Nature, and with only the prospect of utter annihilation when came the change called death. And thus the materialistic idea had grown up. But he (the lecturer) wished to make clear just what materialism in its scientific aspect really meant. To illustrate this he might quote from Campbell Fraser's book on Berkeley, in which there appeared what might be taken as an excellent compendious statement of the materialistic position:—

The materialist supposes there can be no knowledge of mind apart from the body, on the ground of the observed correspondence between what goes on in consciousness and what goes on in the brain and nerves; and infers that our ideas and the phenomena of which we are conscious are ultimately and absolutely dependent on the qualities and molecular motions of nerve tissues.

Professor Huxley practically endorsed this view, although he was accustomed to deny that he was altogether a materialist. One might say that he was always inviting his readers to plunge into the unknown river and see what they could discover on the other side, while he was himself careful to remain safely on the bank. The following passage from his book on Hume, however, served well to illustrate his actual position:—

Surely no one who is cognisant of the facts of the case nowadays doubts that the roots of psychology lie in the physiology of the nervous system. What we call the operations of the mind are functions of the brain and the materials of consciousness are products of cerebral activity. Cabanis may have made use of crude and misleading phraseology when he said that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile; but the conception which that much-abused phrase embodies is, nevertheless, far more consistent with fact than the popular notion that the mind is a metaphysical entity seated in the head, but as independent of the brain as a telegraph operator is of his instrument.

That was a fair indication of the attitude of many scientific men; and it was entirely materialistic in this sense—that what was called life and consciousness was supposed to be entirely dependent on the electrical, chemical, and molecular motions of the brain; when that brain ceased to manifest these changes there was an end to life and thought and consciousness. That, so far as he (the speaker) could see, was a true presentation of the attitude of the average scientist, and it was because so much of what was called science had been based on this idea that the police theory of Huxley had become so extensively identified with the scientific method. In all historical ages there had been two schools of thought. There had been the materialistic school on the one side, amongst all nations and in all ages, and the spiritual school on the other. It was held by the latter school that man was a spiritual being, that the Universe in its essence was a spiritual Universe, and that there was a very direct and close relationship between the spiritual side of man and the spiritual side of the Universe. It was a mistake to suppose (as some appeared to do) that only a small minority of mankind espoused the views of this school of thought. On the contrary, in spite of what materialists said to the contrary, there could be no doubt that the great majority of mankind adopted the spiritual view, as was evidenced by the activity of Christianity, Buddhism, and other world-religions having for their principal doctrine a recognition of the spiritual nature of man and the spiritual nature of the Universe. Nevertheless, he attached no proof to this—he would not deal with the fact as affording any evidence of the truth of the prevailing doctrines. So far as he could determine, the struggle between these two schools of thought—the material on the one side and the spiritual on the other—would tend to narrow itself down to three or four issues, and the most important of these issues—important for the world at

large—would be the truth or falsity of the doctrine of a conscious existence after death. So far as he could see, the struggle in Western Europe and America was gradually tending towards that. Here, in England, the two schools were found strongly in evidence, while between them one found Ethical societies which were practically playing with the question, not having the courage to make up their minds, and not having any particular idea of the significance of the matter. He believed that by and by all minor questions at issue between the two schools would be practically eliminated, and the crux between the two schools resolve itself into this fundamental question, as to whether there is or is not a conscious existence for the individual after death.

(To be continued.)

TRANSCENDENTAL MAGIC.*

Mr. Waite has done a good work by translating Eliphas Lévi's 'Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie.' He has given English students of Occultism the opportunity of judging for themselves how much that celebrated Magus really knew, and how far he is to be trusted as a teacher. There is probably no other writer on occult subjects, of acknowledged standing, about whom expert opinion differs so widely; and Lévi is, perhaps, considerably underestimated by Spiritualists, for he was essentially a Kabbalist, and never much appreciated the phenomena of Spiritualism, which have done so much to bring Occultism into line with other natural sciences.

There can be no doubt that Eliphas Lévi was exceedingly learned in all matters pertaining to 'Magic,' that is to say, he had filled himself up with the theories and fancies of the great masters of magical dogma and ritual; but of *knowledge* of occult things, in the sense of practical acquaintance with the invisible world, such as is obtained with a good medium, he seems to have had but little. He relates how, after weeks of fasting and ceremonial proceedings of various kinds, he succeeded, by the help of elaborate magical rites and evocations, in raising the shade of Apollonius and others; but in several places in his book he attributes all such spectres to the 'somnialectic imagination.' At the same time, one cannot deny to him a very strong intuition or instinct concerning the invisible world, which seems to continually struggle against an inborn scepticism on the one hand, and the bias left by his religious education on the other.

The result is confusing, and gives the impression that the author is little more, after all, than the repeater of the sayings of others, sayings which he does not entirely believe himself. This seems to reduce his evidence to the kind which the lawyers call 'information and belief,' the 'belief' being, however, anything but robust. The admirers of Eliphas Lévi (and they are many) put down this, and all other things in his writings to which exception might be taken, to the necessity under which the Adept continually finds himself of hiding sacred things from the profane. If Eliphas says one thing in one part of his book, and the opposite thing in another part, does he not foresee that the un-intuitional will become disgusted and close the volume, while the intuitional will see through the 'blind,' and think all the more of his teaching? Some people like that kind of mystification, to others it is like skating on rotten ice.

At bottom Eliphas Lévi remained a priest *in heart* and sympathies. Perhaps his mental contradictions and vacillations came from his being at the same time *in head* an occultist. He is quite as ready to tell us what God likes or dislikes as any theologian, and presently he gives us a definition of 'God' which makes what he has previously said appear absurd. Like the Theosophists (who seem to have borrowed largely from him), he sees the future hope of humanity in a whole-souled return to the rule of priests and kings.

The two things to the exposition of which Eliphas Lévi devotes himself most fervently in the volume before us are the Kabbala and the Tarot. These are the standard dishes which he serves up to us, all the rest being little more than seasonings and sauces for those *pièces de résistance*. But he is an excellent cook, and all he tells us about the Kabbala and the Tarot is of the greatest interest, while his seasoning and sauces are worthy

of a true *chef*. Eliphas Lévi is a master of paradox, and an expert in quaint conceits, and the judicious use of these gives an air of profundity and of mystery to all he says that fills his reader with an indefinite and inexpressible sense of his author's knowledge or even wisdom. It is only when he reflects over what he has read that the reader perceives that he has learned rather what other people have thought about the world invisible than about that world invisible itself as it really may be presumed to exist.

The Spiritualist will find the 'Doctrine and Ritual of Magic' full of most interesting and valuable learning, and studded with ideas which are veritable pointers for the earnest student who is trying to form an independent judgment on matters occult. Even to go over the book for the sake of picking out the aphorisms that are richly scattered through it would repay the general reader; and still it is seldom that one comes across one of these clever sayings that is entirely free from the flavour of paradox: 'To doubt is to be ignorant'; 'The laws of Nature are algebraic'; 'Sensations are to thoughts even as thoughts are to aspirations'; 'Things unknown cannot be explained by things impossible'; 'There are no demons except our own follies'; 'Everything is possible to him who wills only what is true'; 'To define what we are unacquainted with is presumptuous ignorance; to affirm positively what one does not know is to lie.' All these clever sayings are culled from four consecutive pages, where many other similar ones may be found, as well as elsewhere through the book.

Mr. Waite is a judicious admirer of Eliphas Lévi; he perceives his limitations, and in an interesting 'Biographical Preface' he expresses an opinion of him with which most of his readers will probably agree:—

No modern expositor of occult science can bear any comparison with Eliphas Lévi; and among ancient expositors, though many stand higher in authority, all yield to him in living interest, for he is actually the spirit of modern thought forcing an answer for the times from the old oracles. Hence there are greater names, but there is no influence so great—no fascination in occult literature exceeds that of the French Magus.

We feel bound to congratulate Mr. Waite upon his translation, which reads as easily and naturally as an original; and needless to add that we recommend the study of the book.

WAKED UP IN HER COFFIN.

We take the following story from the 'San Francisco Chronicle' of October 28th:—

PORTLAND (Or.), October 27th.—Last Friday Mrs. Dickinson, a woman well known in the vicinity of Mount Angel, after suffering from a severe illness, was supposed to have died. The woman was a member of the Catholic Church, and as her supposed dissolution approached the last rites of her Church were administered by Father Dominick, and to all present she apparently passed away.

The announcement for the funeral had been made for last Sunday, to take place at the Catholic church at Mount Angel. The friends of the woman were assembled at the church. Father Dominick in his full robes and the servers in their vestments were on hand waiting patiently for the arrival of the funeral *cortège* escorting the body to the church. There seemed some unseemly delay in the proceedings, and the priest sent a messenger to the Dickinson home. There was abundant reason for the delay.

After the home services the undertaker in charge, in placing the lid on the casket, had his attention attracted to the body. Whether by the effort to replace the lid or in some other manner by a slight jar of the casket, at any rate the spell was broken, for Mrs. Dickinson suddenly came to life, awakening from a trance, and the house of mourning was quickly transformed into a household of joy.

The woman was speedily removed from the casket, within which she narrowly escaped being buried alive, and to-day is enjoying comparatively good health, with every prospect of living for years.

The fortunate escape of Mrs. Dickinson from the horrible fate of being buried alive is most remarkable. Had she remained in a comatose state a few minutes longer, fully conscious, but unable to speak or move, she would have heard the last benedictions paid to her memory, and, utterly helpless, learned with horror that she was to be consigned alive to the grave.

* 'Transcendental Magic: Its Doctrine and Ritual.' By ELIPHAS LEVI. A Complete Translation of 'Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie,' with a Biographical Preface by ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE, author of 'Devil Worship in France,' &c. Including all the original engravings and a portrait of the author (London: George Redway, 9, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, London, W.C. Price 10s.)

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CHRIST HAS COME.

To-morrow will be the first Sunday in Advent, and Christendom will keep it as the first of a series of commemorative days in honour of the child-Christ and the Prince of Peace. For nearly a month, the churches will bring out their carols and garlands, and pour out such words of love and concord as might persuade even a Turk to say, with Agrippa, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian'; and, if we knew no better, we might be tempted to think we were all engaged, at home and abroad, in helping Christ to make his dreams come true. Nor is this true of England only. In France, in Germany, in Italy—almost everywhere in Europe—Christendom will talk and sing and decorate just as though its main business was to exalt and follow 'The Prince of Peace.'

But get behind the scenes—at the back of the caroling, the processioning, the pretty leaves and flowers and berries, the glorious music and the official words. What then!—Europe armed from end to end, and every potentate, diplomatist, and responsible soldier, on the *qui vive*, considering only 'our interests'—with almost every newspaper ready to 'cry *Havoc*, and let slip the dogs of war.' All over Europe, war is seldom treated as a brutal necessity. Professional fighters are put in the highest place. Special privileges are conferred upon them. Their uniform is almost a pass to anything. Whatever we omit, we never omit to 'toast' 'The Army and Navy.' Into our holy places we take the ragged flags, torn and stained in the bloody strife; and into our Parliament we send a stream of men whose titles, whose professions, whose ambitions, whose interests or whose habits all urge to the glorification of the arts of war. And we shall be and do all this just the same and just as thoroughly when we have put our carol music away for another twelve months, and thrown the decorations on the dust-heap.

Are we hypocrites! Not exactly. We are only half-created human beings. The old brute ancestors are not sufficiently shaken off. No, not exactly hypocrites, but grossly inconsistent; and selfish beyond all telling; so selfish that we do not see our selfishness, because it clothes us like a skin, or because we have elevated it into a virtue, and call it 'Patriotism' or 'Honour' or 'The Empire.' Or, maybe, we are rather better than that, and see just enough of the truth to feel uncomfortable, but only just enough for that, and to make us say that war is a dreadful thing and that we hope 'in the Providence of God' it will be averted. And there we stop.

But now comes the message of true Christianity and of Spiritualism:—Will you not, can you not, bring your-

selves to make sacrifices for the spirit, beyond and even to the subordination and stifling of the longings of the flesh? What price will you pay to make your Christmas carols true? What will you do, what will you give, in order to help your 'Providence of God' to stop these brutal doings of man? Are you willing, for instance, ever to say, 'We have done wrong,' or, 'We have gone too far or claimed too much—we will reconsider it'? The old Adam, or, rather, the old tiger or gorilla, still sneaking in us, says:—'Take all you can find, and keep all you can get. Care only for your own interests. Submit to no reproof. Even if you are wrong, stand no challenging and submit to no reproof. Your honour requires that if you wrong your neighbour you must maintain it, or if you tell a lie, you must stick to it.' But the new Adam, or the holy spirit in us, says, 'Find your truest uplifting in surrender for the sake of "Peace on earth, and goodwill amongst men." "Be just and fear not." "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." Your first necessity is not supremacy, but righteousness. Pay the price; pay the price.' Are we willing for that? Of course we are not, on the whole, notwithstanding the first Sunday in Advent and all our caroling and garlanding.

We sigh and say, 'It is a dreadful necessity.' *Is it!* Even Mr. Stanley, who was never very particular in the use of fire-arms, said, 'I have been in Africa seventeen years, and I never met a man yet who would kill me if I folded my hands.' There is a mighty truth in that; and we all know it in private life. It is the hands up, the attitude of pugilism, that provokes a fight. No one wants to hurt a useful and kindly neighbour. And, say what they will, it is the creation of this gigantic fire-engine in military affairs that lights the fire. Mr. Gladstone was absolutely right when he said, that 'militarism is the most conspicuous tyrant of the age; and it is the road to war.' It was Lord Lawrence himself who, when at the head of our Government in India, had to make a stand against the fighting interests both at home and abroad. He said that our officers were 'burning with impatience and pining from inaction,' and that 'any enterprise which opened a door to distinction and preferment would be acceptable to many of them.'

But, as we have said, the cause lies deeper. There is, in vast numbers of men, a relish for conflict. If not, what is it that induces people to revel in details of anything of the kind, from a prize-fight to a great battle? and what is it that leads men, like the late Colonel Burnaby, to go on campaigns without orders, and to somehow get their chance to 'pot the niggers'? This relish for warfare and delight in bloodshed can even be allied with religious emotions. We see that in the Old Testament, and we see it all along in the history of the world. The following extract from an old Boer diary—written when the Boers were trying to get a settlement in Africa—is mightily instructive:—

Sunday, February 23rd.—No Kafirs in sight. Held divine service. Prayer meeting at night—a blessed time!

Monday, February 24th.—Saw Kafirs on the hills. Commando went out and shot thirty-four, besides a number that got away wounded. Thanksgiving service in the evening on return to camp. Sang Psalm 107, and went on sentry. Shot two Kafirs during the night.

Only one thing can save us from this horror—the opening of the eyes to the supreme duty of man to his brother. What is needed in Christendom is that men should try Christianity. It would at any rate teach us to hate bloodshed, and to purchase peace, not 'at any price,' but at the price of that exaggeration of self which belongs to the beast in us, and not to the real man.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—'LIGHT' may be obtained from Mr. W. H. Terry, Austral Building, Collins-street East.

THE STORY OF MY MEDIUMSHIP.

By MRS. D'ESPERANCE.

It seems to me to be one of the most difficult matters in the world to find the very beginning of things. One may look back and back, but there is always a something beyond which appears to belong to it, till one gets lost in a sort of maze and is glad to give it up. Something like this it feels when I try to answer the question as to when my spiritualistic experiences began. The only conclusion I can come to is that they must have begun when I began.

Sometimes people of a theosophic tendency have asked me, 'And when did you begin?' but to this I can only reply 'I do not know.'



MRS. D'ESPERANCE.

(From a photograph by Otto Mayer, Dresden.)

So far as I know, the first real thought I ever took in connection with these experiences was when the necessity arose for defining and separating them from the experiences of the workaday world; when I came gradually to the understanding that the world in which I spent most of the day was not the same world that the people round about me inhabited. The discovery did not trouble me. I fancy I was rather proud of being the sole proprietor of a world to which my nurse and others of the workaday world had no *entrée*; where the people were kinder and quainter, skies more sunshiny, flowers more lovely, birds' song more sweet and comprehensible; where the sounds of insect and animal life meant something more than unintelligible noises; where the murmuring of the wind in the branches meant messages of life from far-away regions to the trees and all growing things which could not read of them and learn from books. It was a wonderful land, and I never tired of relating its marvels and beauties, till one day I was told that I was 'old enough to leave off romancing and weaving absurd stories.'

It took me some time to understand that my stories were not believed, but when I did my indignation was boundless. I learned, however, at last that there are some things it is as well not to talk about to everyone; so I gradually left off translating the voices of the wind or the songs of the birds, which nobody believed, or only called romancing—a word which I grew to hate.

To compensate for this I took much more comfort in my human (?) companions, who inhabited what I called my 'shadow' land, though they were anything but shadows to me. They were always kind. If I passed them on the stairs, or in the old-fashioned rooms, they greeted me with friendly smiles.

They seemed to like to have me watching them as they moved about, and this I often did. Sometimes strangers came, but for the most part I grew to recognise them all, and loved them dearly.

One old lady who frequently occupied a seat near the chimney corner attracted me; she looked so sweet and gentle in the quaint white head-dress and lace fichu she wore, as she sat with swiftly-moving fingers under which a stocking was always being formed. The vision fascinated me as I observed, time after time, how the deft fingers manipulated the yarn and the glittering needles, till the idea came to me that I might learn how to knit from watching her.

I teased my nurse to supply me with the necessary materials, and then tried hard to imitate the movements of my shadow friend.

They said our house was haunted, and gruesome stories were told of the ghosts who perambulated the many empty rooms. I was horribly afraid of ghosts. I didn't know what they were, but all the same, I was afraid of them; afraid to move from one room to another without my shadow friends for company; afraid to be left alone in bed unless I saw the friendly face or smile of one of them, and felt certain they would protect me from the dreaded ghosts. With them I knew no fear; dark rooms had no terrors for me. I would spend hours in the haunted rooms, content to know that my shadow friends were an all-sufficient protection against the ghosts; but without them I was the veriest coward. This seeming inconsistency gained for me the reputation of being 'queer.'

As I grew older the fear of being suspected of untruths kept me silent many times when I was bursting to speak of strange sights and sounds going on around us. Sometimes this eagerness overcame my discretion, and I would tell delightedly the story, but in most cases my satisfaction was short-lived, and I made an inward resolve never to say anything more, though it made me very unhappy to have no confidential or sympathising ear to listen to the wonderful news I had to tell.

Once, while trying to sew a long seam which had been set me as a task in the room where the old lady knitted her stockings, the temptation to let my work fall and look at her swiftly-moving fingers and gleaming needles became too strong, and I watched her delightedly, forgetting my task till told severely by my mother not to look up from my seam again till it was finished.

'But, mother, I do so want to look at her, it is so funny to watch her fingers moving so quickly.'

My mother pursed her lips. 'If you do not keep your attention to your work, or if you mention this absurd story again, I shall box your ears, big girl as you are.'

I applied myself diligently to my work, and for a few minutes sewed industriously, but, alas! the legacy of Mother Eve had fallen on me; the more anything was forbidden, the greater was the temptation to seize it. And though I struggled against it, the temptation to look up became too strong. I did look up, and my task was forgotten till a stinging sensation on my ear brought me to a sense of my disobedience. Of course I cried; my fourteen years' old dignity suffered considerable humiliation, and indignation at being misbelieved found vent in passionate sobs.

Our family doctor coming in at the time heard the story of my delinquencies. He kindly asked me to tell him of my shadow friends, asking me question after question, leading me on to speak of the lady of the chimney seat, the man with the feather in his hat and sword by his side, or the man in the brown dress and the collar like a plate, with his head resting on it. And I, glad to find for once an interested listener, poured forth the story unreservedly, till want of breath caused me to pause.

It was so good to have found someone at last who did not make fun or tell me not to 'romance,' and I felt quite triumphant that this someone was Dr. Lamaman, for now no one could venture to disbelieve me again.

He sat quiet a little while, and then, patting my hands softly, said: 'Yes, my dear, I quite understand; I have known people who fancied they saw and heard such things, but it was only the fancies of a diseased brain, for those people were mad.' The horror I felt at his words seemed to freeze my blood. He said much more, but those words burned themselves into me and prevented me hearing the rest.

'Other people see these things, but they are mad.' Those words haunted me; they embittered my life for years. I grew afraid of my 'shadow friends,' afraid of myself. I dreaded to

be alone; I dreaded to look around me, for fear they should appear. When occasionally days or weeks elapsed without seeing any of them, I grew light-hearted and happy, thinking the madness was being overcome. Then, again, an encounter with the now dreaded 'shadows' would plunge me into misery. I grew afraid of my every word and action, lest they should betray the fact that I was mad.

Only incessant occupation, study, or society kept me free from the terrible haunting fear. Sometimes I wonder that under the circumstances my reason did not actually suffer; but youth has great recuperative powers, and a few weeks or even days are sufficient to dull the edge of the sharpest trouble, provided nothing new happens to whet it. So it happened that during the next year or two my attention was fully occupied by school work, and my shadow friends and my fear of madness became things of the past.

During my childhood and early girlhood I had been much addicted to walking in my sleep, and my somnambulant ramblings had been the cause of much perplexity as to how to keep a watch over my doings. With one or two exceptions, I never took any harm, as my nightly peregrinations were mostly confined to the different rooms of the house, or sometimes to the garden. I mention this propensity, as it furnished the only feasible explanation for something which occurred during my school days. At least, it was accepted as an explanation at the time.

Our class at school was preparing special work for a semi-public examination, and we had been given a theme for an essay. The subject chosen for five of us was 'Nature.' I was the youngest of the girls, and I believe the least studious, for though I managed to pass muster in the ordinary subjects, in essay-writing I was perfectly at sea, and generally got the help of a good-natured friend in return for sundry assistances in drawing or translating, in which branches she was as great a dunce as I with essays. This time, however, we were put upon our honour to do the work ourselves without help, so that as time went on and my attempts at writing only resulted in wasted paper, headaches, or miserable tears at my non-success, I began to despair of ever producing a readable sentence. Every morning I rose with the determination to write something before night, and each night I went to bed resolved to keep awake to think out something before morning; but thoughts would not come—neither in the daytime nor in the night.

At last, when it had reached to within three days of the allotted time and I had still done nothing, I was driven to my knees and prayed long and earnestly that God would send me thoughts. When I went to bed that night I took with me candles, paper, and pencils, intending, when the other girls were asleep, to light my candles and begin to write; but, alas for me, they would not let me have a light, and, in despair, I cried myself to sleep.

Next morning, when miserably gathering up the scattered sheets of paper from the floor where they had fallen, I discovered that they were covered by closely-written lines, which turned out to be a charming, well-thought-out essay. This, after due consideration, I was allowed to send in as my work, the handwriting being unmistakably my own, though the ideas were clearly from a wiser and older head.

My story of how I had prayed for thoughts to be given to me, together with my known somnambulant propensities, was accepted as the probable explanation of the otherwise mysterious occurrence. Our rector told us that a precedent for this was to be found in the well-known fact of an overworked student having in his sleep written a learned and clever treatise on medicine, which gained for him prizes and honours, and became later the foundation for valuable works. I accepted the good rector's conclusions, and troubled my head no more about it, only too glad and thankful to have got out of my difficulty so well.

Some years later, when I had exchanged the busy, occupied life of eldest daughter in a large family for that of a young wife who for several hours a day was left to her own company, I was horrified to find the shadow people reappear, and I began to be tormented by the old fear of a diseased brain. I never spoke of these strange visions, I was too much afraid of people thinking me mad; but the weary secret was a torture to me.

It was at this time I first heard of Spiritualism. It was in a measure forced on my notice; but it met with no good reception. My education had been strictly orthodox, and it had never occurred to me to question or doubt what I had been

taught. One of my best friends was being drawn into the vortex of this disreputable new teaching, and it troubled me considerably to hear his arguments in favour of the dangerous views held by Spiritualists, while in the genuineness of so-called phenomena I had a contemptuous disbelief. His wife and I frequently discussed ways and means of disabusing his mind of these ideas; and, in the end, in order to prevent him attending 'séances,' I consented to make one of a circle for investigation at home, to prove that no such phenomena could take place amongst honest respectable persons who had no object to gain in deceiving each other.

But to my surprise, and perhaps annoyance, I found I was mistaken. I had been so sure of my superior knowledge that it was humiliating to have to acknowledge my absolute ignorance. Still I would not for a moment entertain the idea of its being

the work of spirits. There was something repugnant to me in the thought. In fact, I set myself resolutely against this explanation, and went on with the experiments in order to find some other cause. I accounted for the table-movements by the 'animal magnetism' of the sitters, and for the intelligence these movements displayed by some not understood collective action of the minds of the same people. It was dreadfully puzzling, but I preferred to seek any explanation rather than accept the spiritualistic one, which was so antagonistic to all my previous teachings.

The phenomenon of clairvoyance was, on the contrary, full of an absorbing interest for me, and I eagerly read every book or article on the subject that I could obtain. The knowledge that this power was a natural and recognised attribute of certain known persons came as a perfect God-sent blessing to me, enabling me to cast off the terrible incubus of fear which had clouded my life since that memorable interview with the doctor. I began to rejoice in this wonderful power, and when I no longer distrusted myself or the scenes which spread themselves out before my eyes, they returned with greater force than I had known since my childhood. Their character had, however, changed. The quaint old-world figures of the haunted house gave place to more varied forms and every-day occurrences such as might take place in ordinary life. Many of these scenes were, I afterwards discovered, actually occurring at the time I saw them, or they were scenes enacted at some previous time, and known only to some one of our circle.

In all of this, however, there was no confirmation of the Spiritualists' theory. But when my hand of its own accord began to write messages addressed to different people, or long treatises on some given subject, or more often still, answer

questions of a scientific character, of the nature of which I was utterly ignorant, I became very much puzzled to find any natural explanation. I remembered the mysterious essay done at school, and judging from these new experiences a totally different light was thrown upon that incident. The writings were very interesting not only to my friends but to myself, although they often treated of subjects altogether beyond my comprehension. Still they were instructive in a high degree.

At the same time I turned my small skill in sketching to account by drawing the portraits of the persons whom I saw clairvoyantly. These were generally done in the dark, as I found that the darkness acted as a background, throwing into strong relief every small detail of the figure I tried to sketch. At first I was as much surprised as anybody to find I had actually succeeded in making a tolerably accurate drawing under such conditions. I did not understand how I did it, all I knew was that to me it was not dark. Most of the portraits so drawn were identified and claimed by the friends of the portrayed person, so that out of some hundreds drawn I only retain a half-dozen or so which were not recognised.

These experiments were carried on during a space of six or seven years, when one evening, more in jest than earnest, it was proposed that, as we had been unsuccessful in obtaining any writing or drawing, I should take my place in the cabinet. There was one in the room which had been occupied by a well-known lady medium for materialisation. I objected, and one of our circle (a lady) entered. We sat round in the orthodox manner and sang. Not for long, however; for the lady came rushing out, declaring that something alive was in the dark cabinet and had touched her. Nor could she be persuaded to re-enter. We searched the interior of the cabinet, which was simply a recess in the wall hung with dark curtains in front, and assured her there was nothing to fear; but in vain, she would not return to it. 'If you are so brave,' she said, 'go in yourself.' So I entered the cabinet, and had not been seated long before I felt something moving, or rather I felt the air in motion, as though there was something stirring in the cabinet. I had an eerie, uncanny sort of feeling, and I also ran out.

On the next evening on which we occupied the room for our bi-weekly séance, the same experiment was tried, and again a third and fourth time. Those sitting outside the cabinet declared that they saw a hand, then a face, appear between the openings of the curtains. I (sitting in the darkness) saw nothing, and was distinctly incredulous. I went outside the curtains to have a look, but found to my dismay that my limbs would hardly bear me. I did see a face, but sank into my chair immediately, feeling strangely weak and powerless; and a sort of far-away-from-everybody sensation frightened me very much. While in the cabinet I heard the remarks of the people outside distinctly, though they seemed to be speaking miles away. They were talking to the owner of the face I had seen, inviting him to come out, but he declined on the score of having no clothes.

During the interval between that evening and our next meeting, my friend, Mrs. F., and I manufactured some garments out of some old curtains which we intended to place at the disposal of our strange visitant should he come again. We considered that white muslin was the most appropriate material with which to clothe a ghost, so fashioned our curtains into a sort of dressing-gown, and when ready, surveyed our handiwork with no little satisfaction. The garment was taken to the séance room and hung up within the cabinet, ready for use when the spirit came. He did come, and examined the garment critically, but was evidently not as pleased with it as we were, for he rolled it up and threw it out into the room; afterwards stepping out himself fully clothed in a robe of purer, finer, and more graceful fashion than that we had provided.

This was the beginning of a—to me—new phase of mediumship, and curiously enough, the more it was cultivated, the more difficult it became to obtain any other kind of phenomena, showing that the one phase was cultivated at the expense of the other.

So far as I was myself concerned, I would not have elected to go on with this phase, although naturally I was interested and intensely curious; still, being obliged to be isolated from the rest of the circle and deprived of the use of my eyes prevented me from having the same chance of studying the phenomena as the other sitters, and it had always been this study which had kept alive my interest in the different manifestations from the commencement of our inquiry. But I was overruled by the others, to whom this new development was of great interest; so

I gave in, and waited patiently to see what would come of it, busying myself meanwhile with the study of my own sensations, and trying to analyse and understand them.

The world has been informed of much that has resulted from the years of work I have given to this investigation—twenty-three years of hard work and much suffering. Many times in despair I have resolved to wash my hands from all connection with the work which cost me so dear in health, friends, and the world's approval, and apparently gave me in exchange nothing but pain, weariness of spirit, calumny, and evil report. Then, again, I have gained courage from very fear—the fear of leaving undone the work which had been entrusted to me.

Once a spirit wrote with my hand a poem descriptive of her passing away, and the joys and content of the new life, when the sorrows and pain of the earthly life had fallen like a disused garment from the shoulders, and was known no more, 'save,' she added, 'for the ever-stinging thought of duties unfulfilled.'

Those words repeated themselves in my mind whenever tempted to lay down the work, and urged me forward with a strangely impelling force, and I have gone on, though many times sick at heart with the seeming thanklessness of the task.

Not but what it has its compensations, for I believe that no work is done in vain. The influence of the work done by mediums in the past is seen in the broader and more liberal ideas which are permeating every stratum of society, though their true origin may not be suspected. This must be, and is, a sufficient reward to those who have passed through the mill and received this world's payment.

Those who are to come and take up the work in their turn will find fewer difficulties to contend against and more friendly hands outstretched to help them. Yet they, too, will find much to learn, for even we who have studied longest know next to nothing of this great subject. Yet, if we have only brought one stone to aid in making the road which joins this world to the one beyond, we have done something, and future generations who walk the straight path will do so without fear of falling into the slough of materialism and doubt which has cursed our generation. Though the existence of the workers may be forgotten, like those of the builders of the Pyramids, yet, like the Pyramids, the work will endure, and our children and children's children will reap the benefit, and their lives be made brighter and better for what we have accomplished.

E. D'ESPÉRANCE.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LIMITED.

A meeting of Members, Associates, and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance, Limited, will be held in the French Drawing Room, St. James's Hall (entrance from Piccadilly), on *Friday next*, December 4th, at 7 p.m. for 7.30 p.m., when Mr. Richard Harte will give an address on 'The New Spiritualism.' Those who have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Harte on previous occasions will most assuredly be pleased to welcome him again.

In accordance with No. 15 of the Articles of Association, the subscriptions of Members and Associates elected after this date will be taken as for the remainder of the present year and the whole of 1897.

A FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto the London Spiritualist Alliance, Limited, the sum of £ _____, to be applied to the purposes of that Society; and I direct that the said sum shall be paid free from Legacy Duty, out of such part of my personal estate as may legally be devoted by will to charitable purposes, and in preference to other legacies and bequests thereout.

MR. J. J. MORSE.—In a letter received from Mr. Morse, he informs us that he expected to leave San Francisco on Tuesday last, 24th inst., and that he believed receptions for him had been arranged *en route* at San Diego, Los Angeles, and Boston. Mr. Morse does not say when he expects to arrive in England, but we believe a hope is entertained that he will be able to address the friends at Liverpool on Monday, December 21st, and at Manchester on Tuesday, December 22nd, in which case he will reach London on the following day, December 23rd. We need scarcely add that on his arrival he will most assuredly receive a very hearty greeting.

THE TRUTH ABOUT DIANA VAUGHAN AND DR. BATAILLE.

The Catholic newspapers, 'L'Univers' and 'La Libre Parole,' have at last exposed the gigantic literary fraud which has been carried on for so long under the *noms de guerre* of Dr. Bataille and Diana Vaughan. As the readers of 'LIGHT' already know, Leo Taxil and Dr. Hacke are the joint perpetrators of this sacrilegious hoax which appealed so violently to the prejudices of the Catholics, and supplied them with formidable arguments against all explorers of the Unseen.

It was at the Anti-Masonic Congress of Trent that the existence of Miss Diana Vaughan was publicly questioned for the first time. On September 29th last a lengthy discussion took place, in the course of which a German priest, Mgr. Baumgarten, demanded that this lady's birth certificate, and a declaration of the priest who received her abjuration, should be produced. Mr. Leo Taxil, who took part in the proceedings, found such a request preposterous. Was not the lady born in a foreign country, where birth certificates are not easily procured? Had not the public been repeatedly warned that her death had been decreed in the Lodges, and that any attempt to disclose the whereabouts of the precious convert might lead to her assassination?

This was too much for the worthy members of the Congress. Mr. Leo Taxil's ecclesiastical patrons must have felt uncomfortable when they realised that they had been duped by the renegade, for this man, after being trained for the priesthood, became a calumniator of the Catholic Church so long as his productions were in sufficient demand to bring him a living. Scribblers 'must live somehow,' as Mr. Taxil is reported to have said in his own defence.

His accomplice, Dr. Hacke, in a letter to the 'Univers,' tried to deny his connection with the discredited compilation, which, he said, could only appeal 'to a few thousand fools.' He only admits having contributed to a portion of the first volume of 'Le Diable au XIXe Siècle,' but he is shown to have used the pseudonym of Dr. Bataille on many other occasions and the medical advertisements which appeared on the cover of the book, extolling the professional skill and even the generosity of Dr. Hacke, abundantly prove that he was a member of the firm.

The hosts of village priests and Catholics who were the chief subscribers to this satanic literature could not well complain that they have not had their money's worth, but the dignitaries of the Church who lent their support so readily to this colossal imposture might learn a lesson from it and pause in the future before they give their opinion on facts which they have not carefully investigated.

J. L.

A PREDICTION FULFILLED.

The following story, which is told by Madame Lecomte de Lisle, sister-in-law to the celebrated poet, is taken from the pages of 'Annales des Sciences Psychiques':—

Mr. X. had consulted a fortune-teller, who predicted to him that his death would be caused by a snake. This gentleman was in the Civil Service, and he felt so impressed by the warning that he persistently refused an appointment at the Martinique, this island being infested by most venomous reptiles.

At last Mr. B., Home Secretary at the Guadeloupe, persuaded him to accept a lucrative position in the offices of that colony, which is free from snakes, although it is situated in the vicinity of the Martinique.

After having served his time at the Guadeloupe, Mr. X. sailed for France on a ship which called at the Martinique. He would not even go on land for a few hours, but fate was not to be thwarted. Some negroes came on board as usual to sell fruit to the passengers. He took an orange from a basket and drew his hand back with a shriek, exclaiming that he had been stung. The negress turned her basket upside down, and a snake crawled from under the leaves with which it was lined. The reptile was killed, but Mr. X. died a few hours afterwards.

The first meeting of the executive committee of the newly-formed 'London Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial' was held on the 18th inst., when important resolutions were unanimously adopted, relating to the necessity of agitation for the reform of burial procedure. A conference will be held soon at the Westminster Palace Hotel, when the measures proposed by the association will be adequately discussed.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

The American National Association of Spiritualists have been recently holding their fourth annual convention in Washington, D.C., the proceedings being, as usual with our American friends, characterised by great enthusiasm. To this convention Mr. J. J. Morse, then in San Francisco, addressed a long and interesting communication in the form of a review of the position of Spiritualism in Great Britain and of the various agencies at work here in its promulgation, with which no one is more familiar than Mr. Morse himself. The reception of this review by the convention was of the most cordial and appreciative character, as is sufficiently evidenced by the following response which Mr. Morse has had the gratification of receiving:—

Masonic Temple, 9th and F. Streets,
Washington, D.C., October 21st, 1896.

J. J. Morse, Esq.,

Hotel Bella Vista, San Francisco, Cal.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—It affords us the greatest pleasure to inform you that your most encouraging report of the present status of the great spiritual movement in Great Britain was received with acclamation by the entire body of delegates and visitors assembled this day in the Masonic Temple, during the morning session of the second day's proceedings of the Fourth Annual Convention of the National Spiritualist Association. It is with feelings of heartfelt gratitude that we learn of the great progress which has recently been made in England, not only as concerns the platform and literary phases of spiritual propaganda, but particularly with reference to the flourishing condition of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, the cause of which has been so substantially aided through the regular publication of the 'Lyceum Banner,' of which you are the beloved and honoured Editor.

We also take extreme pleasure in responding to the truly fraternal spirit which you have manifested towards the work of the National Spiritualist Association and the cause in general in the United States of America.

Taking note of the admirable work introduced in your report under the heading of 'Spiritualists' Benefit Society,' we would respectfully remind our English brethren that the good work in which they are engaged in providing a benefit fund for those who have been active workers, to sustain them in the event of disability, and to provide them with pensions in the event of superannuation or other equally pressing cause, has its counterpart in the enterprises of the 'Veterans' Spiritualists' Union of America.'

The number of active Lyceums now operating successfully in England compares more than favourably with the immediate standing of the Lyceum movement in the United States; and as we should always be willing to take a good example presented by our friends elsewhere and embody it in our conduct, we express to you the fervent hope that the good results accruing from active Lyceum work on English soil will fire with renewed zeal and energy the many societies in this country which are still sadly in need of an effective Sunday-school for children and young people, where the sublime truths of the spiritual philosophy may be inculcated with the assistance, not only of competent teachers, but also of such excellent manuals as you employ.

We note with genuine gladness the ever-increasing sentiment of fraternity, which is now so happily uniting the two hemispheres of earth, and ushering in the era of universal brotherhood and sisterhood, in which all the nations of the earth will blend in spiritual union and sincere co-operation for the general weal.

The excellent English newspapers, 'LIGHT' and the 'Two Worlds,' are by no means strangers to American readers; and as from the columns of our own papers we have learned with great delight of your success on these shores, especially in California, during the past year, it has given us equal pleasure to read in the journals of your native country of the cordial reception given during the past few months to Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, of New York—a lady who for many years has occupied, with distinguished credit to herself and the cause she so ably represents, an influential place on the spiritual platform of the United States.

We note with great pleasure that the honourable name of Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten appears in your report. She is not forgotten by her hosts of American friends, many of whom are encouraging the hope that she may again visit these shores, where an enthusiastic welcome always awaits her.

We are not forgetful of the good services rendered here by Mr. E. W. Wallis, whose editorial policy in connection with the 'Two Worlds' calls forth much appreciation in this country as well as across the seas.

We pray you, honoured sir and brother, to convey in person to Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, the able Editor of 'LIGHT,' to the officers and members of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and the members of the English National Spiritualists' Federation, and all the other organisations mentioned in your report, our fraternal greetings, assuring them of our vital interest in their work, including the Marylebone Association of Spiritualists as well.

It gives us further pleasure to note that England and America are standing together on the question of affording legal as well as moral protection to all honest mediums, and of discountenancing all dishonest attempts to counterfeit genuine phenomena.

Your remarks on 'Jesuit' spirits, 'obsession,' and other moot points affecting the safety of the Spiritualist movement in general, and mediums in particular, called forth the fervid applause of the large gathering of delegates and others present during the reading of your report, our sentiment being that pure lives and noble aspirations, coupled with an earnest study of the law of spirit intercommunion, afford the best and indeed the only sure protection against any and all abnormal and aberrant manifestations of psychic force.

We have but to add that your report was unanimously and gratefully accepted, by a rising vote by the National Spiritualists' Association of America, and we trust next October to have the pleasure of greeting you personally in our midst.

Heartily wishing you God-speed and angel guidance, wherever your path may lead you, we have the honour to remain your sincere friends and well wishers.

(Signed) MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.
MRS. IDA P. A. WHITLOCK.
GEORGE A. FULLER.
J. V. MACINTYRE.
W. J. COLVILLE.

To the above communication Mr. Morse sent the following acknowledgment:—

Hotel Bella Vista, San Francisco, Cal.
November 3rd, 1896.

Mr. Francis B. Woodbury, Sec. A.N.S.A.,
Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—It was with feelings of the greatest pleasure I perused the official letter that you sent me, pursuant to the instructions of the late Convention of the American National Association of Spiritualists, held in Washington, D.C., which reached me yesterday. I shall treasure the same as among the most prized of my possessions, and ever consider it as a marked expression of the esteem and confidence towards myself from that most distinguished body.

The signatures attached thereto impart an even additional value to the document, headed as they are by that of our honoured friend and esteemed co-worker, Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond, whose labours in my native land are to this day remembered with the utmost pleasure by thousands of our people.

I regret I shall not be able to accede to your generous invitation to be with you next October, but if at any other time it is my good fortune to do so, I assure you it will give me the greatest delight and satisfaction.

Again thanking you, and all concerned, for the generous and fraternal recognition of my humble effort to aid our common cause, and heartily congratulating yourself and President Barrett upon the fact of your unanimous re-election to your responsible positions in the A.N.S.A., believe me, with every expression of my high esteem,

Very sincerely and fraternally yours,
J. J. MORSE.

NEW YORK, U.S.A.—'LIGHT' may be obtained from Messrs. Brentano, 31, Union-square.

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.]

Mr. Herbert Burrows and the London Spiritualist Alliance.

SIR,—Like many others, I listened last night with the greatest possible interest to the address delivered by Mr. Herbert Burrows to the London Spiritualist Alliance.

In the course of his lecture Mr. Burrows found himself called upon to enact the part of the 'candid friend,' and pointed out to us one, at least, of our defects. The chief cause of complaint brought against us by Mr. Burrows lies in the fact that the phenomena of the séance-room to-day are precisely like the phenomena of fifty years ago. From this fact, in spite of his acquaintance with both ourselves and our literature, Mr. Burrows draws the conclusion that we are making no progress!—'are no for'arder,' to use his own expression—and he seemed to imply that this must necessarily be due to our inability to rise above the elementary and stretch forth to those greater heights which lie beyond. He, in fact, 'put it' to the meeting to account for so unsatisfactory a state of affairs. May I suggest to Mr. Burrows that the explanation is both simple and obvious, the answer being that the world has not yet outgrown its necessity for such phenomena?

'Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed' is as true now as when first spoken, but equally true is it that most men and women also require to-day the same evidence as was accorded to doubting Thomas.

When men have ceased to be grossly materialistic, then may we expect to dispense with the ordinary manifestations of the séance-room, but not before; and meanwhile we are thankful for such a ready mode of convincing the sceptic of an unseen and intelligent force working in our midst. I agree with Mr. Burrows that it is possible to construct 'a golden bridge' on data drawn entirely from physical science, but this is possible to the few and not to the many, and I must differ from him when he infers that we have not yet begun to formulate an enlightened, spiritual philosophy out of our phenomena. I find these things insisted upon in our teachings:—

Man's duty as a spiritual being may be summed up as growth in knowledge of Self, of his duty to Self and the great brotherhood of which he is a unit, and of his own future destiny as an accountable being.

As respects his intellectual nature, his duty may be roughly summed up in the one word, Culture.

As regards his bodily nature, purity in thought and act, temperance, health-seeking in its fullest and noblest sense, specifies his duty to his physical body, on the condition of which his spiritual state so largely depends.

Having regard to man as a citizen, his complex duties are summed up in the words Charity, Progress, Order, Truth.

I have yet to discover anything higher than this in the teaching of anyone. Finally, I submit that even such an address as that to which we had the privilege of listening last night effects less for the majority of people than such a simple yet astounding incident as the translation of the little penny toy from Battersea to Hampstead, as reported by Mr. Thurstan in this week's 'LIGHT.'

November 21st, 1896.

'BIDSTON.'

'Premature Burial and its Prevention.'

SIR,—Referring to the interesting notice in 'LIGHT' of November 14th of this important and instructive volume, some of your readers will be interested to hear that a commission, composed of leading physicians, has just been formed in Turin to investigate the subject of apparent death as distinguished from real death, and to take evidence as to the danger and reality of premature burial in Italy. Numerous instances of this catastrophe are reported in various parts of the country, and no fewer than ten Italian writers have called attention to such cases in recent years, as will be seen in the bibliography by Messrs. Tebb and Vollum contained in the volume noticed in your columns. Turin furnished the following instance: A physician of that city, who had done admirable service all through the epidemic of 1884, fell at last a victim to the pestilence, and was medically certified as dead, and duly laid out for burial. While his family were awaiting the arrival of the undertaker, they suddenly heard a faint sound at the door, which was then feebly opened, and they saw the physician sup-

porting himself against the door-post, and upbraiding them for having neglected him so long. The terror-stricken family had him replaced in bed, where he died shortly afterwards from cardiac failure.

The object of this note is to suggest that inasmuch as the subject is one of urgent importance, and its neglect the source of much anxiety, the example of the physicians of Turin might with much advantage be followed by the appointment of a Royal Commission in England.

PUBLIC SAFETY.

Spiritualism and Occultism.

SIR,—I have been reading several times the lucubrations (I mean no disrespect) of your correspondents, 'Quæstor Vitæ' and his antagonist, 'Old Inquirer,' and am rather inclined to think that the latter is 'quizzing' the former by using a difficult terminology which is in great part unintelligible to the ordinary reader. Is our common English tongue so entirely deficient in its language as to be quite incapable of conveying either very lofty or very profound thoughts to us? I trow not. If we are in earnest in seeking truth I think we must set aside the thoughts of both correspondents, and reason for ourselves from premises which we understand. We are nowadays beginning to be much interested in the apparently rival claims of what we term spirit and matter: some believing in one, some in the other, and many in a union of both. I am a believer in the first only as the vital and only principle or 'being'—that which is. If I interpret 'Quæstor Vitæ' rightly by 'Old Inquirer's' contradiction of him, 'Quæstor Vitæ's' idea is of eternally subsistent atoms, 'Inquirer's' that they derive their life from God their Creator. For myself I did not gather 'Inquirer's' idea from 'Quæstor Vitæ's' paper, but heartily wished that he would express himself more intelligibly, I do not say more intelligently. From 'Quæstor Vitæ's' concluding paragraph I gather that he believes himself to have been inspired by unseen authorities, but will not quote them as such, relying simply upon scientific and synthetic reasoning. Well, my own reasoning, too, is synthetic, a putting of two and two together upon a large scale; and I, too, think of it as an inspiration, an influence received by me of the thoughts of higher beings. I think this must be the belief of all poets and ponderers upon spiritual matters. With this assertion I must leave the two gentlemen to settle their private differences, and turn to speak in terms of sincere admiration of your own leading articles. I have often thought of late that we should quit using the terms Spiritualism, and even Spiritism, for what I would rather term Psycho-physics. Spiritualism relates to *conduct*, not to *form*. We have our lives; we ARE. What are we going to do with our lives? Our lives are the sole reality, and their activities present to us the world that is to us external: that world is not simply the product of our one mind—the mistake, as it appears to me, of Hindoo philosophy—but of *all* minds, in numbers innumerable, in varying co-operations. I am in full sympathy with Mr. Lovell and also with 'Scotia.'

QUÆSTOR VITÆ SECUNDUS.

'Advice Wanted.'

SIR,—In your issue of October 24th is inserted a letter from me under the heading 'Advice Wanted.' I thank you for this consideration, as well as for a courteous notice which subsequently appeared in your columns. Since then I have had time to think the matter over, and desire now to submit to you certain points suggested by your criticism and that of your correspondents.

Your expression 'Try once' seems to imply that the effort referred to was confined to a single experiment, not to a series of experiments. But I put it to you, sir, does it not stand to reason that the time must come when people feel discouraged, and desist? As a parallel case, supposing I were testing a particular atmosphere for traces of ozone, and found none after several attempts, I should be warranted in concluding that it was useless to go on testing any longer.

Again, a passing allusion made by me to 'Mr. Sludge' appears to be distasteful to you. But surely you will admit as freely as anyone that such a type exists, and it is the very prevalence of such a type of men which more than anything else dis-credits the phenomena which you hold to be genuine. It therefore becomes the first business of an earnest investigator to eliminate imposture of that sort, or the possibility of it. Here I think all must be agreed.

Your correspondent, Mr. Lovell, is good enough to credit me with 'a fair and candid spirit,' but goes on to say that mine 'is not the tone of the real seeker after truth'; that is to say, the tone of one who is already convinced of the very truth which is under examination. But conviction must succeed examination, not precede it.

One point more. I ask it in no scoffing nor sceptical spirit; but can anyone tell me in what direction lie those blessings which I am assured that nothing but Spiritualism can confer?

The Rand, Bedale, Yorks.

W. ROOTH.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. J. S.—The passage will be found in South's 'Sermons' (1697).

SOCIETY WORK.

DAWN OF DAY SPIRITUAL SOCIETY, 85, FORTRESS-ROAD, KENTISH TOWN, N.W.—On Sunday last Mr. Peters gave his services in aid of Mrs. Spring, who still continues very weak and ill. His clairvoyance was most successful, all recognised in a crowded audience.—MRS. RORKE, Hon. Sec.

NORTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, WELLINGTON HALL, ISLINGTON.—On Sunday last Mr. Jones presided. After a reading by Mr. Brooks on the 'Religion of Longfellow,' the chairman gave as the subject, 'Encouragement,' which was dealt with by Messrs. Brooks, Thompson, Harris, Beavior, and Miss Harris, under influence. Mr. Thompson is a late president of the Hall Society, and we were pleased to welcome him. Next Sunday Mr. Arthur Lovell will lecture on, 'How to Cultivate our Forces.'—T. B.

CARDIFF PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY, ST. JOHN'S HALL.—On Sunday last, Mr. S. Longville, in a thoughtful and interesting address upon the theme 'There is a Reaper whose Name is Death,' drew a forcible lesson from the numerous death-roll in 1896 of celebrities in art, science, literature, and religion, urging that instead of the gruesomeness and dread which arise from ignorance of its true mission, death is something to be calmly understood and prepared for, and becomes transformed into an angel of light through the knowledge which Spiritualism confers. Mrs. Dowdall's 'Snowflake' also very kindly gave clairvoyant descriptions. Hall full. Next Sunday evening, Mr. E. Adams; subject, 'Is there a Summerland?'—E. A.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, E.—On Sunday last Mr. H. Boddington gave an interesting address, and his wife rendered two solos, which were highly appreciated. We were glad to have Mr. Veitch amongst us again, after his long absence through illness. Next Sunday, Mr. Veitch. Public circle and Lyceum every Sunday and Tuesday, at 13, Fowler-road, Forest Gate. Miss Florence Marryat's lecture on December 3rd at Town Hall. We are also glad to announce that the Rev. J. Page Hopps will take the chair. This is for the benefit of the West Ham Hospital, and we earnestly hope that as many as possible will help us to make this a thorough success. Tickets, 2s., 1s., and 6d. each, can be had from the secretary at 23, Keogh-road, Stratford, E.—THOS. McCALLUM.

BATTERSEA SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, TEMPERANCE HALL, DODDINGTON-GROVE, BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—Last Sunday morning's discussion was well sustained by Mrs. Boddington and Messrs. Martin, Simons, Boddington, and two other gentlemen. Intending speakers who purpose filling Spiritualist platforms in the near future should take advantage of these opportunities, which afford splendid training ground for both believers and opponents. In the evening Mr. Arthur Lovell delivered his second address, replete with matter for earnest consideration. Next Sunday, at 11 a.m., Mr. Simons will open the discussion on 'Spiritual Evidences'; at 7 p.m., several speakers. Thursday, at 8 p.m., séance; no admission after 8.30 p.m. Speakers, mediums, and vocalists who desire to assist in the work here should write H. Boddington, hon. sec., 30, Upper Tulse-hill, S. W.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday evening last the inspirers of Mr. E. W. Wallis discoursed upon 'What Happens at Death, and After.' The address was marked throughout by great oratorical power and lucidity of expression, and the lessons taught seemingly made a deep impression upon many in the crowded audience. Not being able to make any notes during the delivery of the address, we deem it wiser to refrain from attempting to quote therefrom, for no adequate idea could thus be given of the exceptional power and beauty of the utterances that fell from the lips of our much-esteemed co-worker, Mr. Wallis. Miss Florence Morse sang 'The Gates Ajar' (Pinsuti) very sweetly, and again earned the best thanks of all for her much-appreciated assistance. The attendance at this meeting was an exceptional one, many persons being unable to gain admittance, and some having to be content with standing room only. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Miss MacCreadie, clairvoyance.—L. H.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' MISSION, SURREY MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—On Sunday morning last 'Deeds not Creeds' was the subject, opened by Mr. Long. Questions were numerous; the discussion was of an animated and instructive order; a large attendance. In the evening Mrs. V. Bliss, in her usual engaging and lucid manner, gave, to a large audience, clairvoyant descriptions of people and scenes, and also messages. These descriptions were not so remarkable for their number as for their wonderful completeness of detail, home scenes, &c. Mr. Long, who occupied the chair, in introducing Mrs. Bliss, made a vigorous appeal to the audience for that tolerant mental state so essential for success in public psychic delineations. The strangers present were greatly interested by the whole proceedings. The secretary desires to inform all those who applied for membership that, by forwarding their addresses to 12, South-road, they will by post receive all necessary information. Sunday next: Morning, at 11.15 a.m., address—questions and discussion; evening, at 8.30 p.m., W. E. Long, 'The Judgment Day.'—R. BODDINGTON, Hon. Sec.