

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

We fully expect to see the Christian Scientists getting into trouble. The doctors are very powerful in this country, and they will give no quarter. As we have often indicated, we think Christian Science, or call it what we will, lends itself easily to exaggeration, but we have consistently held that there are deep truths behind and beneath it.

Dr. Braun, writing in 'The Perfect Faith,' says:—

Have you ever thought about the *omnipresence* of God? Certainly you have, but like most people you may have pictured Him as a man, sitting on a throne. Could such a Being be omnipresent, even if he could *see* everywhere? No, a god who has a shape and form is necessarily limited by that form. He could not be omnipresent—everywhere. He could only be a being such as we are, even if His powers were greater than ours. But the Bible gives us the correct conception about God, if we only will understand it in the right light. It says 'God is Spirit.' As Spirit, God fills the whole Universe absolutely full. There is no nook or cranny where He is not. He pervades and flows through us all. He is one vast ocean of Life and Love. The Bible says, 'God is Love.' 'In Him we live and move and have our being.'

Paul says further, 'Know ye not that ye are temples of the Holy Ghost, and that the *Spirit of God* dwelleth within you?'

So God is *in* us and *through* us. We cannot go where He is not. Does not the inspired writer tell us 'Yea, even if I make my bed in Hell I should find Him there?'

Have you ever seen a sponge in a bowl of water? Imagine yourself the sponge and water Spirit. Then the water is *in* the sponge and the sponge in the water. If we could only daily and hourly realise the presence of God, how different we should be! Sin and sorrow and sickness would vanish as the shadow.

There creeps in the exaggeration: but is not the deep truth there? Perhaps the only force needed to set the healing God-Spirit at work is our faith, or the exercise of buoyant will.

We are only feeling our way here: but what if fighting against the practical use of this Omnipresent Power is fighting against God?

Our critics are getting on. 'Indignant's' letter in 'The Morning Post' has been followed by one, signed 'Robert Sutton, jun.' and dated from 'Pevensey Vicarage.' This young gentleman appears to quite agree that the holding of séances ought to be regarded as a punishable crime; and he suggests that 'there may be some un repealed statutes on Witchcraft under which head Spiritualism may, perhaps appropriately, find a place.' Think of that now! A man,—possibly a really sane man,—writes from an English vicarage, suggesting the revival of the infernal old laws relating to witchcraft: and a respectable English paper prints the suggestion! Truly, in some respects, our civilisation is only skin deep!

The pastor of the influential 'Highbury Quadrant' Church has just published a refreshing sermon on 'The Invisible in its effect on the visible.' It is full of good sense, and, but for a very few phrases, might have been spoken with entire satisfaction at any one of our Spiritualist meetings. The signs of the times are rapidly developing in our favour; and the pulpit, though dense obscurantists haunt it here and there, is well to the front, in the sunshine.

Here are some highly instructive passages from this sensible sermon:—

Science has gone far and deep; but has the deepest science yet discovered the origin of life or explained the generation of thought? It has pryed into the mechanism of man; but there is that behind the mechanism which has perpetually baffled it, and eluded it, and mocked it; the something we call the soul—the invisible spirit of life—which is the force that touches the mechanism of the brain and governs the pulses of will, and makes the man something distinct from the mere body, which is but the house in which he dwells.

If we so far admit the kingdoms of mystery through which we move every day, surely it is not assuming too much to believe that kingdoms of a higher mystery are above us; and that the Hebrew was not wrong when he declared, 'The angels of the Lord encamp about the righteous.' And there are times when this consciousness of ghostly presences becomes so eager and intense, when the barrier between the seen and the unseen appears so frail that we should scarcely marvel if an angel flashed upon us in the star-lit fields or our mother's spirit stooped above our bed, and talked with us as of old in the palpitating midnight silence.

And now what have we to say to these things? Do we really believe in a spiritual and invisible universe, an angel world, a divine world, to which we stand related? I think I hear some one replying, but what about physical science? Is there not truth in the saying of Hazlitt, that the 'heavens have become further off since they became astronomical,' that is, the sense of spiritual wonder has decreased, as we have thrown bridge after bridge of thought from star to star, and mapped out the blue abysses of the heavens as we have mapped out the solid world? No; rather I think the credibility of religion has been vastly increased by the toils of science, for the further we go upon the roads of physical discovery the greater the mystery that meets us, the more wonderful does man appear, and the more acute becomes the sense that he is far more than he appears to be.

Whatever may be thought of 'The Ethical Movement,' no one can fairly for a moment deny the very remarkable intellectual and ethical value of six pamphlets lately issued by Dr. Stanton Coit (London: 'The Ethical World' Publishing Co.). The subjects are: 'The Ethical Movement defined,' 'The Ten Commandments,' 'The Lord's Prayer,' 'The Sermon on the Mount,' 'The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper,' and 'What think ye of Christ?' These, or all but the first, are well-worn subjects, but, in Dr. Coit's hands, they are absolutely fresh, and even excitingly fresh. We by no means go with him in many vital points, but we feel bound to say that he puts many old things in a new light, and that he does it with much refinement and yet with much force. We only wish he could see his way to belief in the great life beyond. For want of this, he is palpably put to strange 'shifts' and is often swamped with great and many difficulties.

On this subject, a long communication, signed 'G. Stoffers,' appears in the 'Daily Chronicle' for October 29th. It tells the story of 'A German Lourdes,' and a wonderful story it is. The writer, who appears to be a neutral and discriminating observer, refers to a late visit to this remarkable place and says, in conclusion:—

I did not see any miracles on that afternoon; I did not see anybody flinging away his crutches; I did not see the lame walk nor the blind man see. But I saw visibly at work that power which the faithful calls 'miracle,' the man of science 'auto-suggestion,' the dunce 'swindle,' and to which the reasonable man gives no name, because he sees it working, but does not know its essence and substantiality. I am very well aware that there has been, from the times of Mr. and Mrs. Buschmann until the present day, a good deal of very worldly business about Kevelaer, much misrepresentation and exaggeration, but, after having seen these supernatural happenings in the eyes of the poor cripples lying before that brick chapel, and the ecstasy and enthusiasm of the faithful crowd, I am perfectly convinced that the 'Holy Virgin,' or some power, call that power what you may, has healed many bodily diseases and many more pains and sorrows of the soul. The pious mind calls that 'miracle,' and I, myself, although I am convinced that laws are working here which are the outcome of yet unknown natural powers, have no objection to call those healings, effected by the power of an exceptionally strong concentration of the mind—effected by the power of the steadfast, simple, and sincere faith—'miracles.' The essence of the faith is devotion to the Unconditional, whatever name you will append to it, and this devotion, this confidence, is working miracles not only at Kevelaer or at Lourdes, not only in religious communities, but everywhere and at all times.

The faithful have conceived this truth in their own manner; they are not capable of conceiving it otherwise. He who destroys their faith deprives them of their hold and of all that is truthful in them. Materialism stiles the soul. The resolving of all life, including the life of the soul, into push and pressure would be death, death caused by a lie. This world is a living world; it cannot be reduced to one formula; there will always be a remainder in the subtraction sum—the unlimited, divine, eternal essence in all things and appearances.

Now, when a faithful man, by this form of idealistic faith, is not only consoled and comforted, but also feels strengthened in his physical powers, and is even healed of his diseases, why should we make a mock of him? If you deprive these poor men and women, kneeling there before the Chapel of Grace, of their faith, you take away from them the happiness they possess in this world. And should we try to do that when we have nothing to put in place of their faith but hypothesis? And has this hypothesis to offer any advantages to the poor and needy?

'The Banner of Light' has been giving its readers a rather strong dose of discussion on a subject which usually excites considerable feeling. Summing up, the editor makes a remark which is highly creditable to his readers. Many of them, it appears, 'have stated that they were especially pleased with articles that made them think, even if they could not accept the conclusions drawn by those whose words they read.'

This is as it should be. No editor who knows his duty tries to please everybody on the same day; and no reader who knows his rights expects the editor to act only as his echo all the time.

Mr. Silas K. Hooking, writing in his 'Causerie,' is not satisfied with our reference to him. He thinks we ought to have been thankful to him 'for giving the proceedings of the Congress a much wider publicity than they would otherwise have attained.' But that is just where Mr. Hooking's foolishness and unfairness came in. The very thing which he did *not* do was to give publicity to the proceedings of the Congress. Would any sensible and fair-minded man print a comical sketch of the judge's wig, and call that a description of the proceedings of the court?

Mr. Hooking affects not to understand our reference to 'Mary Jane.' In his little burlesque, he giggled because a speaker said that a circle received learned disquisitions on subjects with which they were totally unacquainted; and he asked—'How did they know they were learned, if they did not understand the subjects?' Our answer was,—

They would find out by consulting the persons who would be likely to know about the subjects, just as we should go to Mary Jane, the housemaid, as an expert on Mr. Hooking's books. We hope that is plain. If it is also disagreeable, our explanation is that it is prescribed as medicine.

We are afraid that the following, from 'The Light of Truth,' is not far wrong, as the boiling down of a great deal of sentiment:—

The Czar to John Bull: 'I will build five warships.' J. Bull to the Czar: 'I will build ten warships.' The Czar to J. Bull: 'I will build fifteen warships.' J. Bull to the Czar: 'I will build twenty warships.' The Czar to J. Bull: 'Let us have peace.'

But, for all that, it is the supreme duty of every Humanitarian to take the Czar at his word, and to urge the Government to do the same.

Two late numbers of 'The Medium' (Los Angeles, California) present us with two acceptable pictures; one a most charming 'Street scene in Los Angeles,' and another, an almost equally charming portrait of the editor, E. D. Lunt,—a manly head,—as good as any one need wish to have. We offer the lovely city and the bright editor our compliments.

'PHOTOGRAMS OF 1898.'

Under this title Messrs. Dawbarn and Ward (London; 6, Farringdon-avenue, E.C.) have just issued a pictorial and literary record of the best photographic work of the year, whether produced at home or abroad. Though it is scarcely within the special province of 'LIGHT' to criticise art, photographic or otherwise, we believe that our readers will thank us for calling their attention to 'Photograms of 1898,' seeing that its pages cannot fail to charm all lovers of the really beautiful. For the absurdly low price of one shilling net, we have here more than a hundred reproductions of the very choicest specimens of photographic work, printed on superior paper, and in the best possible style, and eminently deserving a place in the homes of all persons of refinement and culture.

The following extract from the editorial 'Retrospect' will interest our readers:—

On the scientific side of photography the most important announcement has been that of Dr. W. J. Russell, very fully given in his Bakerian lecture before the Royal Society, of which he is a vice-president. Very full particulars of the discovery were given in the issues of 'The Photogram' for May and June last.—[An article on the subject appeared in 'LIGHT' of March 19th.—Ed. 'LIGHT']—but, briefly, it consisted of the fact that many metals (especially zinc) and great numbers of other substances were capable of affecting the photographic plate in a way similar to light. There seems every probability that this effect is produced by a vapour given off by these bodies, though they are far from being what we should ordinarily call volatile.

This unexpected development, following on the heels of the X-rays, has done something to break down the antagonism with which photographers have hitherto regarded all alleged occult or psychic results. In spite of this antagonism, and in spite of the consequent fact that occult photography has fallen into the hands of some very incompetent photographers, there does seem to be a growing mass of evidence of some emanation from certain human beings, which is distinct from light and heat, but which is capable of producing very curious effects upon dry plates. An interesting series of examples of the results of such emanation was given in 'The Photogram' for August, and at the time of writing Dr. Hall-Edwards has promised to contribute to the same journal an article and illustrations which will refute the claims made by the Parisian investigators. Whatever may prove to be the truth of the matter, it is a distinct advantage to our craft to have reached the stage where a plausible statement, made by a responsible man, is investigated instead of contradicted.

'STAR LORE' (now a Quarterly) for October, if not a strong, is an interesting number. It contains, among other matters, 'The Horoscope of a Physician' (Dr. John H. Clarke, the homoeopath), together with a suggestive paper dealing with the recent hurricane in Barbadoes, which, it is pointed out, occurred during the 'parallel of the sun with Mercury.' The next issue will be for January, 1899.

DAYLIGHT APPARITIONS.

I do not attempt to account for, nor explain, the following facts; indeed, I am utterly at a loss to account for them, and should be glad to be helped to a solution; and as I think the narrative may possibly interest some of your readers as they have interested and astonished many of my own friends, I send them to you to insert in your most valuable paper if you should think it worth while so to do. I can vouch for their perfect accuracy.

I must first tell you that I live in London and am a strong believer in Spiritualism. I do not think it *may* be true, I know it is true, and the most consoling and blessed truth that in this, the beginning of a new age, has been made to man. I speak, of course, of the *highest* and best kind of Spiritualism, that which admits us into communion and intercourse with our dear ones gone before, and with the 'spirits of just men made perfect.' I am no longer young, and most of those I love are on the 'other side'; therefore, it seems to me that, without such a belief, life on earth would be a desert indeed!

I have a friend who has lived with me for nearly sixteen years, and to whom I am much attached, but on this one subject we entirely disagree, she having a nervous horror of Spiritualism and of everything she terms 'supernatural' in every shape and form. Like my neighbours, I made arrangements this summer to go out of town for the hot and airless months of August and September, and took a furnished house in a small rustic village in the lovely country commonly called 'the Highlands of Surrey,' from the latter end of July to the close of September. We came down on the appointed day, servants and all, leaving my London house shut up in charge of a caretaker. We were accompanied by another lady, a great friend of both of us; and for the sake of distinction, to make clearer what I am about to relate, I will call the friend who lives with me Miss A., and our mutual friend Miss B.

The house I had taken stood on high ground above the village, just opposite the church, the entrance gate almost facing it, with only the road between. Above, and to the right, stretched a hilly common, terminating in pine woods on all sides. From the entrance gate to the house was a short, steep avenue approach. I think I have now given all necessary details, except that perhaps I ought to mention that the village is a very small one, and the inhabitants and the few visitors who come there are quickly and easily known by sight; it is far from any railway station, still farther from any town, and therefore entirely out of the way of excursionists and chance visitors, and there are only one or two lodgings in the place.

On the morning after our arrival, the 21st of July last, Miss A. asked me if I were going out, and would mind, in that case, showing my cook the way to a farmhouse near the village where requisites in the way of poultry, cream, and butter were to be had, adding that *neither she nor Miss B. intended going out before the afternoon.* Accordingly I started with my servant, a trusted person who has lived in my service some years. On our return, having completed our errand at the farm, as we approached the gate of the house I had taken, I was roused from a reverie by an exclamation from my servant, 'Why, here are Miss A. and Miss B.!' And, looking up, I saw my two friends coming, apparently, from the other side of the church, arm-in-arm, towards me. I called out to them of course, but no notice was taken, and when within a few yards of me and my servant, they turned their backs and walked in front of us—at a distance of perhaps twelve yards—past our gate.

They were walking in perfect silence, which struck me at the moment as unusual, but they looked perfectly solid and substantial, dressed exactly as I left them about three-quarters of an hour before, and with their own personal characteristics, which are very marked. I may mention that Miss A. has rather curly hair and wears it short, while Miss B. has remarkably pretty and abundant light brown hair with a peculiar golden tint, which she wears in a massive coil behind. I called to them again without receiving any reply, and turned into my own gate feeling surprised, and perhaps a little vexed. My surprise, and that of my cook reached

its climax the next instant, when we reached the house; for, on passing the drawing-room windows, my friend Miss A. put her head out of the window, asking if our visit to the farm had been satisfactory. Merely uttering her name in my start of astonishment, I rushed back to the gate, and looked up the road in the direction the two figures had taken; but, although I could see a considerable distance along the road, no figure of any kind was in sight. On returning to the house, my two friends, who in their turn were much surprised at my eccentric behaviour, assured me that they had not been out of the house, nor even left the drawing-room where *both* had been sitting, one writing, the other painting, ever since I left the house!

About a week after this singular event occurred, my cook rushed, breathless, into the drawing-room, where we were sitting, to tell us that she had just been on an errand into the village, and as she passed the church the *same* two figures, the exact doubles of Miss A. and Miss B., came round from the other side, arm-in-arm, walking in silence to meet her, *exactly in the same spot as before*, and then turned and walked before her past our gate, exactly as on the previous occasion. We had *none* of us that day been out of the house, as it was very hot, and we had put it off till the evening. The poor woman was evidently a good deal upset by these two mysterious occurrences which she had witnessed, and did not recover either her colour or her equilibrium for several days.

Nothing further occurred till towards the end of our stay, when another friend came to pay us a visit—Miss S. She is very fond of sketching, and was very anxious to take a sketch of the house, which was a very picturesque one. I told her that the best view of it was from the entrance gate, and one morning, shortly after her arrival, settled her close to it with camp stool and colour box, &c., and having seen her comfortably established, returned indoors to write a letter, saying I would come back later to see how she was getting on. I wrote my letter, and when leaving my room to go downstairs, saw through the half-open door of the bedroom opposite mine, Miss B., busy about some matter of her own. I went straight out of the house and, when passing the drawing-room window, stopped an instant to look at a creeper on the house which was just beginning to show the autumn tints. I then went down the avenue to Miss S. and discussed her sketch. When I got back to the house I found Miss A. in the drawing-room, looking somewhat upset and uncomfortable, and she said on seeing me, 'Do you know, a very curious thing has happened which I can't account for!' 'And what is that?' I asked, little thinking what my particularly unimaginative and sceptical friend was going to tell me. 'Well, I heard you go out, and I glanced out of the window [she was seated at the window painting], and you stopped, and looked up at the house, and there was Mary [Miss B.] standing close to you without her hat; so I called to her begging her to put it on, as it being so hot I was afraid she would get sunstroke; but she made no answer, and took no notice, but turned, and followed close behind you down the avenue, and just as you both disappeared round the turn, at the *same instant* she [Miss B.] *walked into the room*, and told me, on my exclaiming at the sight of her, that she had never been outside the house at all, but upstairs, searching for something she wanted in her chest of drawers. But all I know is that I saw her outside the drawing-room window the instant before, standing close to you, and following you down towards the gate; and directly she disappeared behind you round the bend, she came into the room from upstairs.'

'And how did she look?' I asked.

'Oh, just herself—quite substantial. I never dreamt of its being anybody but her own flesh and blood self.'

Now, I do not attempt to account for these appearances, nor can I guess what they can possibly mean, nor whence they come; I simply state facts which occurred a few weeks ago, which more or less astonished and perplexed us all at the time they happened, and which I should be really glad to have satisfactorily explained. Possibly some of your readers may be able to throw light on the subject through your pages. I enclose my name and address, but prefer to sign myself by a name I am sometimes called.

'PHILIP.'

WHAT FOOLS WE ARE!

BY 'AN OLD INVESTIGATOR.'

Those persons who have devoted many years to the investigation of unusual phenomena, and to the subtle laws which have been proved to govern these phenomena, occupy at the present time a mental condition as far above that of the mere crammed man, as does an intelligent man over the mere quadruped.

The careful investigator of the laws of electricity, for example, who knows the difference between quantity and intensity, and the different effects produced by employing one or the other, knows that a man who talks or writes freely on electricity, but is utterly ignorant that there is any difference between quantity and intensity, is merely a superficial individual, endeavouring to pose as a really scientific man.

Such persons may delude the ignorant, or even those who are only superficially acquainted with the subject; but they are at once seen through by those who have thoroughly investigated electricity.

Passing on to matters governed by even more subtle laws than those connected with electricity, we will take mesmerism as one example.

Mesmerism, it must be remembered, was supposed to have been fully, scientifically, and fairly examined in France some fifty years ago, and it was pronounced mere trickery. But more recently, other investigators found that the facts stated to have taken place years before, and pronounced to be tricks, really occurred in their own experience. This was very awkward: either facts must be denied, or it must be admitted that the former investigators had been incompetent, and had blundered.

A crafty solution, however, was found: 'Let us give this power a new name, call it hypnotism, and assert that we have discovered it; then we can say that mesmerism is humbug, and trickery, but hypnotism is a new science.'

Those who have carried out thousands of experiments in connection with mesmerism know that it is a vast power, capable of producing cures which are beyond the powers of the physician or surgeon. That it reveals faculties in a human being hitherto not dreamed of even by a poet. That a mesmerised patient can have pins or needles buried in his muscles, or even a limb amputated, without feeling pain. That some mesmerised patients can read our thoughts, and can tell us what is occurring, at a distance of hundreds of miles, to individuals about whom we are inquiring. There are other results, too numerous to mention here, which every careful investigator has tested and proved hundreds of times.

But according to some of the superficial writers of the day, these investigators are merely a pack of fools, who are unscientific, and have no facts to present as a proof of what they know.

In a book lately written by a Dr. Andrew Wilson, we find the following attempt to explain mesmerism. First a man must sit quiet and forget himself; he then adds:—

'This is what reverie does even for the practical man, aided by the somnolent effects of a bounteous lunch, and a good cigar.'

'Now deepen this fit of abstraction somewhat, and you get to the sleep stage of things. Somebody tells you to do something, and you are too lazy (mentally regarded), or too feeble (from a brain point of view) to resist his suggestion, and so you do whatever he directs.'

This is mesmerism in a nutshell. You get your higher brain centres switched off, and you let your lower centres come to the front of things. That is all!

For ignorance of the facts connected with mesmerism, these remarks will, we believe, take the cake.

When men are ignorant of the facts even, and seem incapable of comprehending the laws governing the facts, they act like the bull in a china shop, and disregard, or ignore, because they cannot understand, the value of the potter's work. Their writings may mislead the ignorant, and thus prevent these from acquiring a knowledge of that which is true.

There is no doubtful opinion put forward by such men; they are always cocksure. Just as the late Dr. Lardner asserted, with all the confidence of infallibility, that he

would eat every steamship that crossed the Atlantic, so does Dr. Andrew Wilson assert that mesmerism consists of going into a reverie 'aided by a bounteous luncheon and a good cigar.' Then 'your higher brain centres are switched off.' 'This is mesmerism in a nutshell. That is all!'

When men who set up as our teachers publish such twaddle, it would be better for even the man in the street to think for himself, rather than to read the productions of some so-termed scientists.

If a man went to a grocer and asked for a pound of fresh butter, and was supplied with a pound of margarine, the grocer would be dealt with as a cheat. It would be no valid excuse if the grocer said that, to the best of his belief, what he had supplied was good fresh butter, and that he was not sufficiently skilled to discover the difference. He would still be punished for supplying that which he asserted was sound fresh butter, when it was merely margarine.

When a man, claiming to be scientific, supplies the public with what he asserts is truth, and puts forward as facts mere groundless assertions, or endeavours to explain these by a jumble of words, and indicates that he has a mere superficial knowledge of that which he assumes he is competent to teach, he is merely supplying his readers with margarine, not with the genuine butter required.

Let those who have carefully studied all the phases of mesmerism now fully realise what fools they are, for Dr. Andrew Wilson has settled the whole matter off-hand: 'Eat a bounteous lunch, smoke a cigar, drop into a reverie, switch off your higher brain centres,' and you will not feel needles run into your body, and you will be able to read a closed book, &c. This is mesmerism in a nutshell.'

'Nil sapientia odiosius acumine nimio.'

'THROUGH THE MISTS.'

'Through the Mists: or, leaves from the autobiography of a soul in Paradise.' Recorded for the author by Robert Jas. Lees. London: George Redway (5s.). Mr. Lees gives a very circumstantial account of the origin and production of this beautiful and original book: 'A stranger, uninvited and unannounced, entered my room "while the door was shut." This stranger explained his desire to tell the story of his experiences, "on the other side." "He came to me as a stranger, but I soon learned to love him," says Mr. Lees. "Day after day he came, until the whole was written: and the book is now sent forth in obedience to his wish." Mr. Lees does not explain how these three hundred and seventy pages came; whether by audible words, or impression, or visible writing: but of their source beyond himself he evidently has no doubt.

The story is pitched high, and is told with dignity, seriousness, and a certain subdued splendour, only occasionally tolerant of more homely tones. From beginning to end it is readable and worth reading, whatever view one may take of its authenticity. Even as a novel with a motive, it has its merits. But, as a book of profitable teaching, apart from its form, it has its distinct uses. The plea for moderation in mourning (p. 234) and the thoughts and descriptions connected with the 'gutter-snipes' (pp. 295-305), indicate what we mean. The book is not without its puzzles and its difficulties, if it is what it professes to be; but it has behind it, at all events, elevation of thought and ability.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

A meeting of Members, Associates, and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance will be held in the French Drawing Room, St. James's Hall (entrance from Piccadilly), at 7 for 7.30 p.m., on Friday, November 18th, when

MR. GEORGE HORATIO BIBBINGS

will deliver an Address on 'Bible Spiritualism and Modern Spiritualism Compared.'

In accordance with Rule XV, of the Articles of Association, the subscriptions of Members and Associates elected after October 1st will be taken as for the remainder of the present year and the whole of 1899.

THE THEOSOPHICAL MONTHLIES.

If we do not publish a notice of each monthly issue of 'The Theosophist' and 'The Theosophical Review,' it is not for want of appreciation of the good things they contain, but because a great deal of their contents is familiar to our readers, and a good deal of what is not familiar to them would be incomprehensible.

In the October instalment of his 'Old Diary Leaves,' Colonel Olcott enters into some particulars about the disappearance of Damodar, a young Hindu, who for some years was Madame Blavatsky's right-hand man in India. Damodar recognised his Guru in one of the pictures of the Mahatmas at Adyar, and although at that time 'he had begun to spit blood and show symptoms of rapid decline, the consequence of a wretched constitution, which 'he had almost broken down by incessant official work,' he started off in 1885 to seek his Guru in Tibet. He started from Darjeeling on a pony, with some coolies, a guide, and provisions; but the guide soon returned with the pony and most of the provisions, saying that the young man had ordered him back. We are told that, 'after the pony was sent back to Darjeeling, Damodar tried to proceed on foot up the steep declivities of the mountain track; but his strength soon gave out, and after that the coolies carried him by turns on their backs.' Then he dismissed the coolies and remained alone, without provisions, and in his Indian dress only. 'The last that was seen of him by the coolies was when, with face turned towards the Tibetan frontier, he trudged painfully on and disappeared behind a turning in the road.' What became of him? His frozen corpse was reported to have been found; but Colonel Olcott believes that he met a caravan on its way to the interior, and explains the frozen corpse in a curious way. He says: 'A maya (illusory imitation or astral dummy) of his body may have been left there to make it appear as if the pilgrim had succumbed.' Good Theosophists believe that Damodar is alive and well, and will return, as Colonel Olcott says, "when 'H. P. B.' reincarnates"; but as he will then be 'changed beyond recognition,' the faithful will apparently have to take his word for it that he is indeed the long-lost Damodar. Surely it is a great mistake to say that there is no longer any simple, childlike faith in the world!

By far the larger part of 'The Theosophical Review' is taken up by articles the leading characteristic of which is erudition. Anyone who desires curious information, much of it at first hand, on the following subjects may read with advantage the October number: Alchemy and the Great Work; Sibyllists and Sibyllines; Early Arabian Mysticism; Fratres Lucis (the Knights and Brothers of Light); the Cross; the Maori Trinity. By far the most remarkable article, or perhaps we ought to say the most significant, is 'A Plea for Darwinism,' by H. W. Hunt. It is not so much the intrinsic merit of the article that arrests attention, as the fact that a writer in 'The Theosophical Review' should have the courage (we had almost written 'audacity') to question the truth of 'H. P. B.'s' teaching. Mr. Hunt may be congratulated for being (we believe) the first Theosophist to perceive that which has been all along very evident to all the rest of the world, namely, the extreme improbability of Madame Blavatsky's grotesque theory of the genesis of physical man; which is, that the first human bodies were condensations from the atmosphere, or from astral substance, and were huge, boneless, jelly-like things, which propagated their species in several strange ways, by budding, by sweating, and so on; all of which strange notions are still regarded by good Theosophists as being among the most precious items of knowledge as yet 'given out' by the 'Masters of Wisdom.'

In her article upon 'The Existence of the Soul' Mrs. Besant takes her stand upon spiritual enlightenment, but panders to the demand for proof, which is characteristic of these degenerate days, so far as to adduce the phenomena of hypnotism and Spiritualism in support of her thesis that the soul is a reality. She herself, however, seems to place her reliance on spiritual enlightenment, making use of fact and inference merely out of consideration for other persons' weakness in the matter of faith. She is good enough to teach us how spiritual enlightenment is to be acquired in

order to 'obtain a true knowledge of the soul's existence.' That true knowledge is to be acquired by the way of meditation; and with regard to meditation we are told:—

'If complete control be gained over the mind, so that it can be directed unswervingly on a single point, can remain poised and steady, the brain still, the senses asleep, then there arises above the horizon of the mind another kind of consciousness, recognised by the thinker as himself, but as himself in a higher condition of being. As he rises into this condition his powers suddenly enlarge; limitations vanish; a new and keener, subtler life pulses through him; he seems thought rather than the thinker. Problems that puzzled him offer their solutions; questions that were unanswerable are answered simply and clearly; difficulties have vanished; all is luminous.'

How things look when the meditation is over, and the meditator returns to his senses (literally), Mrs. Besant does not tell us; the above, however, is an eloquent although exact description of what happens to a person who takes 'bang,' and we know that on recovering from the effects of bang all the wonderful solutions of abstruse problems vanish from the mind, or, when recollected, turn out to be utter nonsense. That this is the case with Theosophic meditation we do not assert; but it is a little suspicious to remark the complete absence, in the writings of Theosophists, of any of these luminous solutions of otherwise insoluble problems.

TELEPATHY—A SCIENTIFIC FACT.

The interesting article on 'Telepathy a Scientific Fact,' in 'LIGHT' of the 22nd ult., calls to mind an incident which may interest your readers. I was returning with my wife from South Africa in 1887, and amongst the passengers was a German lady, Mrs. M. She occupied a cabin to herself. Soon after leaving Cape Town she complained very much of being unable to obtain any sleep or rest at night, so much so that it seemed to be quite affecting her health. She used sometimes to go to some other berth in the afternoon, where she seemed to be able to obtain sleep without difficulty, and ultimately managed to get her cabin changed, when the trouble ceased. Owing to my wife having contracted a friendship during the voyage with a lady returning to England, the wife of one of the officers of the ship, the former confided to her what was to be kept quite a secret from any of the passengers, namely, that a gentleman had committed suicide on the previous voyage in the very cabin Mrs. M. had occupied. It might be only a coincidence, but if so, it is a very remarkable one.

W. C. W.

Blackheath.

A GHOSTLY SHEPHERD.

Here (on the Baumgarten Alp), in the local legend, is the home of the Nüschennann—a ghostly shepherd who wanders about, bearing a bag of salt, and tapping the rocks with a stick. The story goes that, some time in the last century, a couple of men who had been to Milan, cattle-selling, and were returning with the money to Linththal, were robbed and murdered by the Nüschennann shepherd. He died unconvicted of his crime, but his ghost is doomed to walk for ever. Peasants and their dogs have often seen it. Sometimes it haunts the spring, sometimes it comes tapping at the door of the hut. It is not, however, a vicious ghost. One cowherd relates that he often found it useful. If he chanced to meet it he used to put his cattle under its charge for the time, and when he wanted to go down to the valley for a day's holiday he used to summon the Nüschennann to take his place, and he always came and did his work well.—From 'The Alps from End to End,' by Sir Martin Conway.

The circulation of really good literature is of more importance to a cause in many places than are all other agencies combined. We advocate the fraternal co-operation of Spiritualists with liberal-minded people everywhere, and if the world is to be helped by the spread of noble ideas coupled with convincing proofs of human immortality, a clanish spirit of aloofness from others should be vanquished as soon as possible. Spiritualism will permeate all institutions finally. The fraternal, not the porcupine spirit, is the one thing needful.—W. J. COLVILLE.

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

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CLEARING THE AIR.

The California State Convention of Spiritualists has adopted a Statement of principles in which it says: 'The mission of Spiritualism is to establish a rational religion in the minds of men, founded upon the operation of nature's laws; to wage warfare upon ignorance, superstition, and all forms of supernaturalism.' That last statement, 'to wage warfare upon ignorance, superstition, and all forms of supernaturalism,' is one which is likely to astonish the uninitiated, who generally hold that ignorance, superstition and supernaturalism are the distinguishing marks of Spiritualists. But that only shows how little the world sometimes knows about the matters it condemns.

We hold that the Spiritualists of California are strictly accurate. Spiritualists, as a rule, are people who desire to know; and people who desire to know at least put themselves in the way of knowledge. We do not claim anything so absurd as that we are, as a people, more learned than others; we are, indeed, far more likely to confess that we shall be well satisfied to win such a coming into the kingdom as is promised to those who become as little children. But we do claim that in cultivating 'a mind to let,' and in not favouring 'closed questions,' we can never be rightly accused of anything but a desire to put down ignorance. We may be faulty in our methods and hasty in our conclusions, but we, at all events, are up in arms against the conscious or unconscious stranglers of a truth; and what we say is, that, for a long time, a very great truth indeed has been in danger of strangling.

In discussing 'ignorance,' many things have to be borne in mind. Knowledge has many realms and spheres, and a man may be great in one of these and the veriest babe in all the rest. And again; great knowledge on one or a few subjects does not necessarily imply a militant mind as against ignorance in general. There have been periods in the world's history when the high priests of learning have been the repressors of knowledge and free inquiry outside of their proud 'republic of letters.' And there have been times when the truest, the deepest, the highest of all knowledge resided with the persecuted, the unlearned and the despised; for, over and over again, has God chosen to bring down the mighty by the weak, and by the so-called 'foolish' to confound the wise.

So, to-day, what we claim for Spiritualists is an exceptional openness of mind, an eagerness of spirit in the desire to know, and intrepidity, patience and resolution in seeking where few have the courage to go. Besides, it is simply a fact of experience, that, sooner or later, a Spiritualist becomes a favourer of mental freedom in all directions. Recognising the supremacy of the spirit

beneath the accidents of the flesh, he sees that knowledge is a human being's first necessity, and that it is better to acquire knowledge than to amass money; to be alone in the light than to have multitudes of friends in the dark. He well understands the question: 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' and he knows that there is no surer way to the loss of one's soul than a life of ignorance.

But what of 'superstition'? 'The Spiritualist, any way, is superstitious.' We do not admit it; we totally deny it. There are several modes of superstition; but the one characteristic of them all is over-emphasis or over-strain. We say that God is Spirit, and that man, as the child of God, is Spirit also. We say, therefore, that it is ignorant, foolish and dangerous to neglect the spirit-life and the spirit-destiny, and to live as though the seen world and the body were all.

'Superstition,' indeed! If superstition is over-emphasis or over-strain, what about the millions of Spiritualist-haters who live as though this world and this earthly life were all? Is not theirs the supreme superstition? Or, on the other hand, what of the hundreds of thousands who believe that a priest can, by speaking certain words and posturing in certain ways, put into bread and wine the body and blood of Christ, or even turn bread and wine into his body and blood? 'Superstition'! What of those who think that God will manipulate the laws of nature, and order about the weather, in answer to prayer? or, that He sends diseases and death, as He is angry or pleased? Where are the intelligent believers in our great truths who could possibly believe these things?

The truth is that Spiritualism frees from superstition by teaching the laws of spirit-life, by enlarging the boundaries of the known, and bringing every new fact into the region of harmony and law. It reveals the mysterious; it explains the unseen by the seen, the unknown by the known, and promises to put man in possession of the clue which would in time guide him past every terror and every mystery, and make him at home everywhere with changeless law.

Hence, the Spiritualist makes war upon supernaturalism, or rather, he disowns it. His special protest is against the insanities of effects without exactly adequate causes; and his favourite aversion is the ignorance of those who think that everything spiritual must be magical, and that everything from the unseen must be divinely inspired. He expects presently to step out from one group of laws or manifestations of laws to another, and he expects to find those as natural as these. He even expects to find that, when he disengages himself from these clinging and thwarting encumbrances, the natural will shine out with a harmony and a sureness he never imagined here.

SOME PROPHECIES OF THE LATE DR. ANNA KINGSFORD.

In the 'Life of Anna Kingsford,' Vol. II., p. 313, is recorded a prophetic dream, dated November 5th, 1887; she dreamed that she had departed from this life ten earthly years, and that Hermes told her that 'in England the [Theosophical] Society had gone to pieces'; also that Edward Maitland was dead. This has been remarkably fulfilled. In 1895 the Society in England did 'go to pieces';—it is in three pieces now;—and I think it was just about the end of the predicted ten years that Mr. Maitland departed to a higher sphere of usefulness.

In Vol. I., pp. 298-9, we read of her prophecy, dated August 5th, 1877, of a European war; France destroyed, part taken by Germany, and England in possession of Calais, Normandy, and the coast of Brittany. We shall see if this is verified also.

E. W. BERRIDGE, M.D.

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SEANCES FOR SOMNAMBULISTIC AND
MEDIUMISTIC PHENOMENA.

By M.—T. FALCOMER,
Of Alessandria, Piedmont,

Licenziato dalle Sezioni Magistrale e Consolare della R. Scuola
Superiore di Venezia.

Professore titolare di scienze giuridiche nel R. Istituto
Tecnico di Alessandria Già nominato Console onorario
di Hawaii.

*Translation of Address written for the International Congress
of Spiritualists, held in London on June 19-24, 1898.*

INTRODUCTION.

1. Invitation to the first spiritistic séance.
2. What I had thought on the subject before.
3. Observations made during the séance itself.

1. During my stay in Rome in the autumn of the year 1887, I chanced one day, on leaving the 'Direction of General Statistics,' to meet the Countess M. Balzani. Though there had been no intercourse between us for more than six months, she saluted me first, congratulating me on a nomination to which I had recently been promoted, and asked me if I would call on her. Only a few days had elapsed, however, when a note from the Countess reached me containing an invitation for a spiritistic séance at her house.

2. I had been rather surprised at her greeting me first, after our interrupted intercourse, but was still more so on receiving this invitation, of a kind new to me. 'Spiritism!' I exclaimed contemptuously, though, to tell the truth, I had no idea what Spiritism really meant; nor had I ever to that day heard any argument on the subject. The fact is that so far, in my dealings with society in general, as well as in all that concerned my studies and official work, I had made a rule of admitting only what could be apprehended by the senses; I considered principles and laws as one and the same thing; placed in the same category the first cause and the universe; matter, force, and intelligence; confounding organism with function; believing in chance or hazard—denying, in one word, all that constitutes the basis of existence. I must state, moreover, that ten years previous to the before-mentioned invitation I had gone so far as to commemorate, in the name of an atheistic society, King Vittorio, on the Piazza San Marco; so that at the moment the invitation reached me I was virtually an atheist, adverse to any spiritualistic idea.

3. Anyhow, I accepted the invitation, but went to meet it much in the same mood of scepticism with which I had received it. I had not been long in the Countess's drawing-room—conspicuous for its traces of ancient prosperity, as well as her high parentage—(she was the daughter of the Marchioness C. Stefanoni, herself Princess Gabrielli, of Rome, and cousin to Jerome Bonaparte), when two gentlemen entered. I had never met them before, and the Countess herself had only made their acquaintance recently. They were the Signor Dr. Hoffmann, secretary at the 'Court of Accounts,' and Signor Cav. Ungher, major in the army—both Italians. After the usual introductions had taken place and a few words of greeting exchanged, the séance was opened by their laying their hands on the top of a large dining-table, which, standing on four feet, was of considerable weight. The indication to begin consisted, according to one of the company, in a great jerk, which was produced in some mysterious way. Though invited to join them at the table, I refrained. I considered the thing as too ridiculous—quite an offence, in short, to the so-called dignity of any person in his senses. I therefore kept my seat at a certain distance from the circle and waited, not without a certain feeling of diffidence.

I will now proceed to report what occurred, but how it was done remains a mystery to me to this day. Amidst the silence which pervaded the room the sound was perceived of small objects falling here and there on the floor. Presently a small piece of glass struck my left eyebrow, which rather startled me, and shortly afterwards an angular piece of porphyry was violently thrown on the

marble console table next to which I sat. It had been hurled down with such force that I just escaped being badly hurt on the upper part of the head. Somewhat annoyed at this I commenced ironically: 'If the spirits have nothing—,' but, on one of the company telling me to have no fear and to sit still, I kept my peace. After this, natural flowers, somewhat faded, were dropped on the table. One of them, which had the appearance of a pomegranate, was thrown between my opened hands and rested on my knees, after one of the gentlemen had requested the spirits—as he called them—to bring one to me.

Were these mere tricks, or were they genuine phenomena? The trouble was that all the manifestations occurred in absolute darkness. Still, though this created suspicion, yet it gave also a ground for discussing the experiences. For instance, the throwing of the glass, limited to a slight prick on the cheek instead of hurting the eye; the hurling of the porphyry, confined to a simple blow on the console, whereas I might have been wounded on the head; the flower flung precisely on the requested spot, and not falling at haphazard; all this led to the supposition of the operators being endowed with normal eyesight.

One of the company then requested me to lift the table, around which only the persons whom I have already named had taken their places. I acquiesced, though maintaining my suspicions, whatever the result might be, occurring, as it did, in the very faint light diffused by a lamp, which for this purpose had been placed on the pianoforte in the drawing-room in which we were assembled.

To lift the table onto two feet now, I had to make an effort which seemed greater to me than that which I had used before when in its normal condition. And when it stood precariously on two feet I had to employ more than usual strength to press it down to its customary position. When I pushed it, it appeared animated from underneath by some counter-pressure similar to what might be experienced in immersing a board into water. During these experiments the hands of the company were kept on the top of the table, which in itself had nothing to do with making its weight vary. And with all this I was a prey to distrust; I distrusted the others as well as myself.

The séance terminated after this, and taking leave of the Countess I left the house and turned homewards.

PRELIMINARY.

1. Plan to discover the *trick* lying at the bottom of Spiritism.
2. Engagement for test sittings.
3. Two series of empirical sittings of somnambulism and mediumity.

1. Walking home that night through deserted streets, I reflected that all I had witnessed had been, perhaps, a mere comedy; that Spiritism, perchance, was only a joke! Possessed by this idea, I returned the next day to the Countess and asked her to teach me the trick of the game. But she declared that it was all serious; that, though unable to teach it, she believed in Spiritism. She then went on to tell me how, as a girl, her tutor sometimes made her lay her hands on the table without giving her any explanation, and how a 'spirit' then—for so she also named it—would manifest under the name of 'Giovanni'; how she heard in the library and outside of it such sighs as startled her and made her rush to the window in hopes of discovering whence the sighs emanated, but ever without result. She then gave me a book on mediums that I might learn something on practical Spiritism. But this book only made me laugh at first, and apply certain epithets to the author for the conclusions at which he had arrived; but I have since learned to look upon that book as a guide and have been brought to the same conclusions as Flammarion when he stamped the author as the personification of good sense.

2. I then proposed to the modern Sybil to hold with me, we two alone, a few sittings, to which she gladly consented.

3. On this condition, and after the above-related conversations, nine sittings took place on nine successive evenings. They began on October 20th. On the 29th they were interrupted for three months. We then resumed them and had ten more, at the two first of which we were still alone, but assisted by others at the remaining.

* In this way we had two series of sittings—the first series from October 20th to October 29th, 1887; the second from January 29th to September 17th, 1888.

REPORT OF SITTINGS FOR SOMNAMBULISTIC AND MEDIUMISTIC PHENOMENA.

FIRST PART.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

1. Basis of the account.
2. Preliminaries.
3. Types of supernormal phenomena.
4. Normal state and aptitudes of the Countess B.
5. Her supernormal state.
6. Edifying character of the phenomena.

1. Ten years elapsed before I resolved to relate these experiences, and in doing so I have kept rigorously to the notes which I took at the time, and to the mediumistic documents which I copied and have kept in good order ever since.

2. I must state in this connection that when I took the first steps towards practical Spiritism, I had read only in the most desultory way the book on mediums that had been given me; and though in a general way I was far from agreeing with the author, yet, whether feeling my insufficiency if left to myself, or out of curiosity to see if I should succeed in obtaining any results, I acted on some hints given by him. This was the reason of the questions I asked and of the subtlety with which I proceeded. Acting as I did, I am surprised to have been permitted an insight into the cause of the manifestations which we obtained, or to have acquired knowledge of even a transcendental kind by such a method.

3. During the first series, manifestations of pencil writing were obtained, the Countess being the medium. In the second series there were also written messages as well as verbal ones, both given through the same medium; and during the series we heard also sounds of various kinds.

4. It ought here to be stated, to meet any prejudiced objection, that the Countess had an excellent constitution; that she was of an active temperament, and benevolent to all her relations; her heart was brave and courageous, and no troubles or sorrows ever daunted her valorous spirit.

5. A few minutes previous to the writing manifestations she used to observe a curious kind of tingling in the right forearm, and in the hand. When the writing was over she would experience a sort of torpor in the same arm, and combined with it a general sensation of fatigue, with total forgetfulness of what had occurred. Her somnambulant state, whether produced naturally or by an unknown will—never by my will, nor the will of anyone present or absent—consisted at the first séance, and at the beginning of each succeeding one, in a faint lethargy; the features became rigid, the eyelids closed, or the eyes took an expression of fixity. But later on, at the sixth séance, she passed into a deeper sleep, which became a state of profound trance, combined with some rigidity or stiffness of the limbs, grinding of teeth, swelling of the neck, contortion and tension of the nerves, or with exclamations of pain, of wonder, or of joy. She used to write in an unconscious state for ten or thirty minutes, with or without interruption, I standing near her. Her right hand moved in a normal way, filling with manifest care pages of large dimensions. If these were not changed in time she would continue tracing the words mechanically on the margin of the paper, or on the table, or would tap impatiently and with increasing force with the pencil on the table, even to breaking the point of the pencil or tearing the paper.

6. What struck me particularly in these writing manifestations was the instantaneous transmission of my thought; the unexpected revealing of some secret things; the delicate analysing of my feelings; the premonitions, the reprovals, and the good advice given to me.

(To be continued.)

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.—At a meeting of the Council held on Wednesday last, five new Members were elected and fourteen new Associates.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

By 'AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.'

In the summer of 1892, a message was automatically written by a young lady psychic, with whom we occasionally sat at that time. It purported to be from Major L. C. S., of the 92nd Highlanders (Gordons). That message was intended to be delivered or read to a former comrade in arms, an officer who sometimes at that period had sittings in our circle. The message referred to the fact that the captain who sat with us had received a severe wound at the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and then went on to say: 'Mine [*i.e.*, his wounds] were four in number, and were received at the Battle of Majûba Hill on February 27th. It was something horrible for me to bear while fighting beside General Colley.' He then went on to refer at some length to his services in the Afghan War, and the three other wounds received by him there, at Cabul, Kandahar, and during the campaign. The message, however, did not give the date of his demise, and, immediately after it was written, I audibly put the question, 'What was the date of your death?' The power was failing, but there was enough left to write these words: 'Died 1st May.' By a diligent search in the files of the *Times*, *Illustrated London News*, and in the *Army List* for the period embraced in the message, I was able to verify the whole details given in the letter, and later on, at the suggestion of my military friend, I with great difficulty procured from the librarian of a library in the town in which I reside, and in which the only copy of the book was kept 'for reference,' Shadbolt's 'History of the Afghan Campaign,' and received his permission to take the volume home in a cab, for half an hour, for the inspection, by the young lady medium, of a number of the photographs of distinguished officers who had been killed in the war, and which were inserted in the book. Amongst them was that of Major S., and in the same row and on the same page were three others. Covering up the four names, I put to her the question, 'Have you ever seen any of these soldiers?' The lady at once pointed out the correct one, saying, 'That is Major S.'

The message and its details had practically passed from my memory, when the whole matter was suddenly recalled to me in a very striking manner. On October 20th, along with two relatives and four friends, all earnest Spiritualists, we had a successful sitting with a very powerful male medium (who certainly had no knowledge whatever of the message of 1892). During the course of the evening, one of his controls, who designates himself as 'Jimmy,' who says he was in the army when in earth life, and who speaks in the direct voice, said, addressing me: 'Mr. —, there is an officer here just now who says his name is Major S., and he sends his kind regards to you.' The former written message and its verification at once came back to me, although many of the details were forgotten, and I said: 'Yes, I know; but ask him for more details about himself.' Whereupon the control ('Jimmy') replied: 'He says he served in the Transvaal War under General Colley.'

To-day (October 21st) I was able to lay my hands on the message of 1892, which is written in very distinctive handwriting, with a strikingly 'dramatic' signature; and the result is the reproduction of the passage from it above quoted. To me this is a very good instance of spirit identity proved from two sources—(1) from a written message, verified *in omnibus*, which was penned in 1892 by a young lady medium who was of very tender years when Majûba Hill was fought, and who, some months after it was written, identified the photograph of the writer of the message under strict test conditions; and (2) by a verbal message got in the direct voice, from the control of another medium, totally unaware of the first message; and that after a period of six years. In no way conceivable to me could either of the mediums have got the details of the life history of this officer. I was only able to do so, and to verify the message, after a long and patient search; a thing I am satisfied neither the female medium of 1892, nor the male one of 1898, would have been willing to make. I leave our friends at the Society for Psychical Research who can see, or think they can see, 'how it has

been done,' to explain the *modus operandi*, and how the existence and life history of this officer came to the knowledge of a medium, first in 1892, and secondly to the control of another medium in 1898. To me the simple explanation is that he came back the second time to make assurance doubly sure that his identity was proved. With reference to the date of the Battle of Majuba Hill, I have again looked at the file under date, February 28th, 1881, and find it was fought on the day preceding (27th), being the date specified in the message, and among those who were wounded was Major L. C. S. I also examined again the file of the 'Times' for May, 1881, and found in the obituary notice that Major S. died in Natal on the date specified in the message (viz., May 1st), of wounds received at the Battle of Majuba Hill, so that his wound received on February 27th had a fatal termination about two months after it was received.

DR. STANTON COIT ON TELEPATHY.

On the evening of Monday, October 31st, Dr. Stanton Coit undertook to give a 'Common-Sense Criticism of Telepathy' to the members of the Sesame Club and League, a society formed 'for the association of persons interested in the principles and methods of education.'

In his opening remarks Dr. Coit observed that the year 1898 was a red-letter year for occultism. Referring to the appearance of Dr. A. R. Wallace's book, 'The Wonderful Century,' in which testimony is borne to the reality of psychic phenomena; to the report issued by Dr. Richard Hodgson upon Mrs. Piper's trance phenomena; and to the statements made by Sir William Crookes in his address to the British Association, Dr. Coit acknowledged that the science of psychology threatened to become at last respectable. That is to say, though a much abused subject, it is now gaining the ear of the intelligent, the moral, and the cultured classes. Under these circumstances what should 'common-sense' do? Listen to the plea put forward by able and earnest investigators, or reject it without hesitation as untenable? 'Common-sense' would have us reject it! Why? Because Dr. Stanton Coit *knows* the evidence is valueless! Telepathy is not yet a proven fact. So said Dr. Coit. The evidence in its favour of Professor Sidgwick, Dr. Oliver Lodge, Mr. Myers, Dr. Hodgson, and Professor James is 'utterly worthless.' How is it that these capable men are in this matter so singularly incapable? Because the very fact of studying these things 'tends to deterioration—to degeneracy.' Dr. S. Coit is a disciple of Max Nordau.

Dr. Coit once had a sitting with Mrs. Piper, and he was 'astonished at all she told him.' He felt his 'soul turned inside out,' and for weeks afterwards was in a sad state of perturbation, but he at last fell in with a friendly chemist who 'picked the whole thing to pieces' for him, and restored his mental balance. The chemist's explanation was to the effect that Mrs. Piper had with most remarkable adroitness divined correctly and instantaneously his mode of life, nationality, &c., &c. This was all the more clever since, according to Dr. Coit, she passes through 'strong convulsions,' the inducing of these convulsions being in his eyes 'a criminal act.' Now it is highly improbable that extreme adroitness would follow upon 'strong convulsions.' If the convulsions were genuine and deserving censure, the information was presumably gained by some other means than adroitness. It would be useless to point out to Dr. Coit that the convulsions were produced by an invisible and unskillful operator, as also to inform him that Mrs. Piper now passes into the trance without any such unpleasant experience.

If, however, 'telepathy could be established as a fact,' Dr. Coit had no words bad enough for it. He 'marvelled' throughout his address at the growing interest in things so pernicious! Were it possible, he said, for one person to surreptitiously enter the mind of another, and plant there, or take from there, any image or impression, such an act would be a sacrilege—a theft, and he would 'join in burning such a person as a witch.' These words from the lecturer to an Ethical society, and delivered before 'persons interested in the principles and methods of education,' deserve to be put on record as evidence of the level to which

pride and prejudice may bring a man. Telepathy, if proved, would be ranked by Dr. Coit as 'a vice,' and the 'person who practised it should be put out of the world.' It is curious that Dr. Coit should wax so warm over what he *knows* to be a vain delusion—a sort of intellectual nightmare that is attacking otherwise sane people.

In conclusion Dr. Coit expressed the pleasure it would give him to hear any friend of 'occultism' say something in its defence. Mrs. Gordon at once rose to defend the cause of Spiritualism, and after a brief recital of the manner in which she obtained her certain knowledge of things unseen, wound up by saying she would not part with so precious an acquisition for 'anything one could offer' her.

Dr. Lloyd Tuckey gave an interesting example of the fact and use of telepathy.

In replying to Mrs. Gordon Dr. Coit inferred her to have said that she would not exchange her convictions for any *evidence* that could be offered. This, of course, was not Mrs. Gordon's meaning, and was a manifestly inaccurate interpretation of her words. It was equally of course an unintentional unfairness, since Dr. Coit is the lecturer to an Ethical society. Another unfairness was perpetrated by his description of the means by which Dr. and Mrs. Thaw were able to identify their little spirit child. Mrs. Piper's hand was stretched out, Dr. Coit said, and something was muttered about 'stars, stars,' but all who have read and remembered Dr. Hodgson's deeply interesting report of the sésances in the 'Proceedings' of the Society for Psychical Research, are aware that a great deal more than that occurred, and many a silent thank-offering has gone forth to those who are seeking to make known the most important and precious of all truths—that the hand which had vanished may yet be clasped, and the voice that was still be heard.

BIDSTON.

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.

Time and Space.

SIR,—I shall be glad if I can still further explain to 'Scriba' what seems to me an unnecessary difficulty. Of course I did not mean to say that there is no such thing as reality anywhere—(that is the *reductio ad absurdum* of those who misunderstand Berkeley or Idealism—'because there are different planes of consciousness variously cognisable.')

We must submit to acknowledge, as it is clearly a fact, that our present consciousness, being consistent with our senses, cannot persist after the condition of our sensuous or physical organisation is changed, as we know it must be at death.

Reasoning by analogy and the hope that is in every man, we presume that there is a consciousness on the next plane of existence.

Now I am aware that it is easy to talk about another plane of existence, and another thing to explain and demonstrate it. 'Scriba' being, moreover, doubtless a student of mental philosophy and a reader of some at least of the grand ancient authorities, will understand how futile any such attempt in mere words would be. But 'Scriba' will probably understand these things are shadows of the things to come. In other words, the realities of this world, suitable to our present transient existence, owe their *ex*-istence here, to their *sub*-sistence on the spiritual plane to which we all, we hope, tend, after our course is finished in this sphere.

This view does not by any means assert that the things cognised by our senses are unreal to those senses, but it cannot be difficult to imagine that they are only *relatively real*. A corpse is resting on a real bed, and in a real room; nevertheless the corpse has no senses wherewith to cognise this reality, realised by all the surrounding mourners. The spiritual body of that corpse is cognising another reality most probably; and one, we are taught, of a far more substantial and concrete nature and quality than is the reality

of the beds and chairs seen by the mourners around that corpse.

We are told by deep thinkers on these matters that the mere *sub-conscious* relations that mediumistic organisations have with the ether, are below, and not above the ordinary created life that we share one with another, so that consciousness, while in the flesh, of other planes of existence by such organisations, does not reach to the high plane of actuality which 'Scriba' is doubtless thinking of, and hoping for. To reach such a plane as this, while yet in the flesh, is a condition most rarely achieved. It requires a more radical differentiation to introduce to the Initiates even, or Initiation 'into the substantial analogic consciousness.' We may therefore take it somewhat roughly in this fashion—the objects in this world are real in so far as they are plainly and clearly perceived and conceived by the apparatus we have given to us for rational judgment while in the flesh—*i.e.*, our senses and understanding. You and I see a chair, our senses tell us it is a chair, and our understanding assures us thereof. To say it is not a chair because we affirm that a chair is a thing entirely belonging to sense perception would be a fallacy. If another person assured us it was not a chair but a tree, we should be justly certain that that person, if not blind, had a flaw in his sense perception, which would assure us also of his incapacity for rational judgment, or if his judgment were primarily obscured, his senses would probably be irresponsive. We must be guided by rational judgment when we have full knowledge of the sphere whereon we let our judgment survey.

We cannot be too rational or be too fully aware of the relative reality of this sense plane; but here we must stop and think, and remember that before we can rise to a rational understanding of the (we are told) infinitely greater reality and *substantiality* of the world to come, we must be endowed with suitable faculties wherewith to cognise this super-terrestrial sphere. We can only approach this 'reality' tentatively, imaginatively, and most humbly; and we must remember that though we may give the name 'real' to much psychic phenomena, because they are real to our senses, this is no guarantee, indeed quite the contrary, that these psychic phenomena are any way more real than are the physical phenomena round us. Less so, thinkers of note say, for this reason—that they are still more transient, less concrete and individualised, than are physical phenomena. We know, as modern science is rapidly beginning to find out, that everything in this world is produced out of the planetary or astral ether which surrounds us. We cannot say above or below, to the right or to the left, for it exists above, below, between, beneath, &c., and the whole list of prepositions. The visions in the ether—*i.e.*, in 'the Cosmic Picture Gallery'—may relate to this world truly, but in an indeterminate and unfixing condition, because they cannot be 'ultimated' as we are, and as men and women sealed with the fixture of our human forms by and for use in this world. 'Body is the perfection of soul,' as Aristotle said long ago, 'but all bodies are not the same texture.' We believe that soul is drawn from the ether, and that the fixation of the soul in a body is therefore the ultimatum of that individualised ether. Unless 'fixed' in the body as a soul, with the rational spiritual faculties to govern it and rule it, this ether is fruitless, void, full of confusion, and chaotic. It comes to individualised life but as a soul fixed in human form. It would, therefore, be a descent on the part of such human being to unfix the sacred seal of his humanity, and enter again the chaotic world, not yet differentiated, in the hope of finding reality, which he would not do, though of course, as this ether has within it much not apparent to the physical human eye, the traveller whose astral eye, so to speak, is opened would see many and strange sights; and many such travellers are dazzled and bewildered, and imagine they come to the causal world of reality, because of its novelty. Had such travellers been mentally qualified for such a journey they would not have been so misled. It is the old story of the Initiate, unprepared for the mysteries, being confused in the first ordeal. We are, however, taught by the same experienced thinkers that there exists and subsists and persists yet another ether, the Free Ether of Alchemy, the causal world of Theosophy, where the images

of the things seen astrally and phenomenally truly exist. Let 'Scriba' not be hopeless. Absolute reality does, *must* exist, but we have to rise to it. It cannot descend to us.

In the excellent letter of 'C. C. M.' in your issue of October 15th, the writer touches (p. 509) on this very most important point. He says, in his able remarks concerning 'Reincarnation and Regeneration,' (with which I am sincerely in accord): 'When a Spiritualist is one truly, he will cease expecting interior and essential results from exterior and superficial causes; he will understand that the natural laws most familiar to him have other scales of representation'; but here let me beg 'Scriba' to read carefully the letter in question. It bears fully on my line of argument, that unless we are regenerated into a higher kingdom, one not subject to the ordinary laws of humanity, and with facilities open to the rational understanding of the causal world in the Free Ether, or Akasa, and clearly sensing the chaos in the undifferentiated ether or astral world, we do well, I venture to submit, not to confuse ourselves and our judgments, given for rational use in this world, by premature guesses as to in what lies the difference of the reality of this world and the spiritual world of causes. I say *all the difference in the world*. Aspiration and loyal work to God and man, and a study of sacred revelation, are the only path by which we can reach this altitude. The Israelites, mystically, did not reach the promised land. It is always a hope still—and a certainty for those who truly follow the regulations laid down by the Captain of our Salvation, these regulations having but the one aim of a still higher ultimatum, no longer of the differentiation out of the astral ether into the fixation and ultimatum of the body, but an unfixing of the soul again from its burial in the body of transient and astral matter, and its rehabilitation and fixation in the pure Akasa—the land of Reality and Causality.

There is an unhappy error that creeps into much otherwise valuable literature that does so much harm. It is that a 'Mystic' means a person of chaotic and phantastic bewildered reason, who is all astray on the subject of reality. It should mean and does mean, notwithstanding its many false professors, that a Mystic is one who rationally interprets the various planes of reality.

A Mystic is one who does not *confuse* the shadowy realities of this plane for the substantial ones of the next, though he is usually supposed to do so. An artist alone comprehends the 'values' of a picture, and a true Mystic apprehends the respective 'values' of his mental picture; he does not confuse them. Confusion is the opposite to mysticism; and if one would learn to think clearly and nobly, there is no better method than that of clearing our thoughts, and learning accuracy and solidity in reflection, speech, and writing, in our present daily lives. The best method of doing so, in my humble estimation, is respect for, and study of, that mental philosophy which places all things on their just level. So while we have aspiration for things beyond this sphere, we have also due respect for, and pay due attention to, all duties and knowledge within our present sphere. Want of respect is the sin of the age.

ISABEL DE STEIGER, F.T.S.

P.S.—Perhaps the answer to 'Scriba' may be in this P.S. There must be '*theres* and *thens*' on another plane of existence, as they exist in the form of time and space here; but 'Scriba' has doubtless already been told by 'spirits' in and out of the flesh that 'time and space' as we know them belong only to this world. That which answers to time and space, or rather that cause which appears as time and space in this world, may, when we enter the causal world, probably appear in effect something totally different from anything now cognisable to us as time and space. A leading Biologist of to-day once said to me, 'History may be in this wise. It appears to move on and we appear to sit still and read about centuries and so forth; it may be that we sit still only as in a railway-carriage, past which the landscape is apparently rushing, while, in reality, the landscape is still and we are rushing.' Events may be pictured in the ether, and we rush past in our lives, and imagine the reverse; but movement is never in Nature otherwise than as spiral, and sometimes we may move backwards and downwards, but the reflections remain.—L. DE S.

Brazilian Spiritism.

SIR,—May I request you to insert in 'LIGHT' the following corrections? On p. 433, second column, fourth paragraph, the Portuguese word for prayers should be '*rezas*,' and not '*veras*'; on p. 443, first column, at the beginning of the fifth paragraph, 'On May 9th, 1887' should be 'On May 9th, 1897.' The Coetho Netto case is quite recent and was inquired into almost immediately after it happened.

Interesting phenomena still continue to occur in the Vianna circle. With regard to the incident of the rose petals and stones produced in the presence of Doña Clothilde, not much evidential value can be attached to such occurrences, as they depend entirely on the good faith of the medium. When the petals were ejected from her mouth it was the hand of one of the sitters, and not an invisible one, that tapped her on the neck. Those who know this young lady intimately consider her character to be above suspicion.

Allow me to congratulate you heartily on the success of the Congress.—Yours very sincerely,

ALFRED ALEXANDER.

Caixa 906, Rio.

September 30th, 1898.

The Press and Spiritualism.

SIR,—I have had much satisfaction in 'An Old Correspondent's' calm and lucid communications from time to time, and perhaps you will allow me, as an old journalist, in connection with his recent article on the above subject, to give him the consolation of knowing that there is still another 'cosmopolitan' pressman who is a Spiritualist. 'As the husband so the wife is,' wrote Tennyson in a favourite poem, and to paraphrase it we may say, 'As the public so the journal is,' for there is no use trying to be very far ahead of your readers in a daily paper, in social, moral, or religious affairs. You will but realise certain failure. When the spirit world has influenced a rich and philanthropic proprietary to run a paper on the advanced lines conceived by Mr. Stead, there will be journalists having 'the truth and the light' sufficient to staff it and realise all that 'An Old Correspondent' desires. It is true, indeed, that the supposed leaders of public opinion in the Press have little or no personal knowledge of Spiritualism; indeed, the pressman gets so much 'behind the scenes' that he generally loses all faith in religion, or, rather, its various and varied professors; and the attitude of the many in this respect, when confronted with the intense and commanding truths of spirit communion, may readily be understood. The public, as I have opined, are satisfied rather than displeased with this indifference. But let us be patient. Your own leading columns always manifest the quiet and confident assurance of the future being with us; and meanwhile let us, like the 'Misanthrope,' deem—

'That two or one are almost what they seem,
That goodness is no name and happiness no dream.'

Yes, time is with us. The spirit forces are surely conquering the world, and the Press of to-day is better affected than it was yesterday to our commanding truth. No respectable daily journal now ridicules Spiritualism. One may avoid the subject, more may have pity for the credulous believers; but 'pity is akin to love,' and love is the glorious principle of eternal life. Let us all in our several spheres do the most we can in the best way to make known the truth as revealed to us for personal, national, and international amity and righteousness.

F. J. I.

Difficulties.

SIR,—My grateful thanks are due to 'Q.V.' for his enlightening letter dealing with my perplexities. His last paragraph is to me very helpful, suggesting as it does the theocentric standpoint from which to regard life's tangled maze. I cherish no sort of delusion as to the possibility of any immediate solution of the perplexing conundrums which confront us, but the prospect of escape from a hopeless cul-de-sac of contradictions and know-nothingness, from a rayless land of no why, no whence, no where, no whither, is in itself great gain. Some of your contributor's researches are to many of us as reviving as a whiff of fresh air.

My thanks also to 'Bidston,' who, however, has confused the mystified questionings of an avowed cave-dweller with

the self-satisfied judgments of an ignoramus who is wise in his own eyes. Compression due to a fitting regard for your valuable space must be responsible at times for some misapprehension. My remark about the wisdom of avoiding this plane of existence was based, of course, on the supposition that our Creator may have given us a choice. This is not an inconceivable idea if there is any truth in the assertion that many happily-progressing spirits have never been incarnated. For a cave-dweller to doubt the wisdom of the Almighty would indeed be insanity; but the *bona fide* questions of an inquirer justify no more serious assumption than his ignorance, coupled with a thirst for knowledge.

'PUZZLED.'

The Science of Pure Being.

SIR,—If you can find a corner in your finely-printed journal for the following comments I shall be grateful.

According to the Positivists, the phenomenal world contains all that is real, and if there be aught above or beyond the phenomenal it is absolutely inconceivable, and for that reason we may not affirm its existence. That is to say, the mind should restrict itself to the discovery of the laws of phenomena, the knowledge of such laws being based on the testimony of the senses. The Positivist's object and mission is to generalise science and register the different relations between different classes of phenomena without inquiring into the origin of phenomena, without troubling about the science of Ontology.

On the other hand, we find the best Greek philosophers maintaining the worthlessness of phenomenal knowledge, contending that it is merely relative and accidental, and that we must go beyond the material and the conditioned in order to reach the Real, or rather the Pure Spirit or Unconditioned Being that underlies and upholds the visible universe of mind and matter. But the question is, How are we to ascend to the Supreme First Principle of all things, and from it deduce the universe of conditioned or material existence? Both Kant and Huxley declare that our knowledge is confined to the relative—confined to the material sphere by the very nature of things, and that to attempt to transcend the phenomenal sphere is vain and hopeless. We are, says Kant, 'cribb'd, cabin'd and confin'd' in the material ring from which we can never hope to escape. Now if, by the very nature of the case, spirit must materialise ere we can assent or know it, how, I ask, is a knowledge of Pure Being or Spirit—that is, spirit apart from the material phenomena—possible? I do not say there is no spirit beyond the material plane, but my question is—How are we to get at a knowledge of it, seeing we cannot assent what has no material condition? The material world I can handle and sense, but I cannot say this much for the alleged spiritual world.

Plato describes the materialists of his day as men who maintain that only what may be touched and handled has real existence, and if anyone should declare that aught can exist *minus* a body they utterly despise him.

Curiously enough, this is exactly what we find at the present hour, and I myself maintain that the colour of the pen I am holding cannot exist apart from the material organisation of the pen itself, and hence feel disposed to smile at the man who says life can exist independently of the material body.

My position is this: Were man a being of pure intellect he could soon settle whether or not spirit can exist apart from, and independent of, the material organism; but so long as man is a conditioned and relative animal he must, I fear, be content to regard the Pure Idea or Spirit of Plato as an object of philosophic faith rather than an object which has been proved to exist apart from a material organisation. The reader is reminded that I am quite aware that all the metaphysical schools make a distinction between phenomena as perceived by the sense, and noumena as apprehended by the intellect. Kant, I know, rejected this distinction, and if we agree with him I fail to see how the science of Ontology is to be saved from utter destruction. If our intellect imposes its own forms on its objects, then to think is to condition; and therefore it follows, as the night the day, that the unconditioned is the unthinkable; in a word, Pure Being is the equivalent of nothing.—Q.E.D.

110, Ingleby Drive, Glasgow.

J. KING.

The Science of Health.

Sir.—The rather unenviable prominence into which 'Christian Scientists' have recently immersed has served to draw more attention than ever before to the science of health. There is going on a sharp conflict between the old and the new ideas in the treatment of disease, and victory is assured for the new. That being the case, it behoves all sober-minded, earnest, and conscientious exponents of the anti-drug ideas to avoid fanciful and extravagant assertions, which, as was pointed out by Mr. Edwards in 'Lourit' of October 22nd, can only bring the science of healing by the employment of the subtle forces of man, into ridicule and contempt. There is hardly a greater enemy to the spread of the Higher Doctrine than the foolish enthusiast who makes reckless assertions that he or she can cure anything and everything. The principle of the cure is identical in every case and in every part of the world—rousing the latent energy of the invalid, and imparting to him fresh vital force to restore the balance of positive and negative in the organism. Whether this can be done depends upon the condition of the patient, and the amount of force brought to bear; that is to say, the problem can be put in exact scientific terms. Let x = Healing force, and y = Resistance to be overcome. If x is greater than y , the cure is accomplished; but if y is greater than x , the patient succumbs. Now for anybody to ignorantly assert that x is always greater than y , is a piece of unpardonable folly, and betrays a lack of understanding of the most simple scientific ideas. The Russian priest, Father Ivan, of Cronstadt, has on several occasions turned the scale of life and death by prayer at the bedside of a dying person, but though called in to the late Czar, he was unable to cure him, because in this case y was greater than x . The Christian Scientists, by their siter scorn of the science of healing, have given the soffer plenty of room to blaspheme.

ARTHUR LOVELL.

5, Portman-street, Portman-square, W.

The O. P. S. Sick, Benefit and Pension Funds.

Sir.—Relying upon your usual courtesy, I ask you to permit me to acknowledge, through your columns, the appended list of contributions to the above funds received by me since my previous communication appeared in your journal. I am particularly gratified at the liberal response to my last appeal for help, and hope that others may be inspired to do likewise during the present month.

J. J. MORSE.

Florence House, 26, Osunburgh-street,
London, N. W.

List of contributions for October: Mrs. E. Coates, St. Leonards-on-Sea, £5; S. E. Whitley, 2s.; Rustomjee Byramjee, 1s.; 'Snowdrop,' London, £2; M. B. Stoke (for Mrs. Barnes), 1s.—Total, £7 1s.

'A Challenge to the Secularists.'

Sir.—I fear our friend Mr. N. Smith has not paid sufficient attention to the writings of Henry Longueville Mansel. Mrs. Young, of Edinburgh, told her audience the other night that her spiritual entity actually left the material shell and presented itself at a séance. Now this may be true or not. I have no means of knowing, and I decline to take her testimony as proof. Hence I say there is no common ground to argue on. Surely this is perfectly clear. Such testimony would be laughed at by Secularists, and Mr. Mahony would be ill-advised to make himself an object to be regarded with pitying contempt. If Mr. Smith will read his own literature, he will find that triflers and arrogant sceptics should be avoided, and I know this—that not one Secularist in a hundred would take to the proposed debate the conditions which Spiritualists say are absolutely indispensable. I know the Secularists well. If you admit their definition of life it is difficult to resist the conclusion that death ends all. As to the Secularists who have gone over to Spiritualism, I do sincerely hope that they can give reasons for their faith.

Heaven forbid that I should impute an unrighteous thought, but I know what a Secularist would reply were a similar question put to him. I repeat what I said before—that all the Spiritualist can do is to urge the Secularist to investigate dispassionately the claims of Spiritualism and

judge accordingly, and let the Spiritualist remember the famous advice 'Suffer fools gladly.'

Perhaps Mr. Mahony himself would notice this letter.

110, Ingleby Drive, Glasgow.

JOHN KING.

[If Mr. Mahony desires to reply he can do so, but with this letter the correspondence must cease.—Ed. 'LIGHT']

Palmistry.

Sir.—Seeing that 'Zina' is advertising in your paper and is thus letting her light shine before the world, I should like to give my testimony to her great abilities as a palmist. I consulted her at Canterbury, and had she known me all my life, she could not have spoken more correctly, but I was a perfect stranger to her; and what is more, she gave me the correct initials of the people likely to affect my life.

'AN ASSOCIATE OF THE I.S.A.'

SOCIETY WORK.

MERTHYR SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, CENTRAL HALL.—Last Sunday excellent addresses were delivered by Mr. O. R. Bibbins, on the subjects 'Is Death a Failure?' and 'What is Spiritualism doing for the World?' There was a large and intelligent audience in the evening, and the closest attention was paid to the fine utterances of the speaker. Mr. Doctor presided.—W.M.H.

ILKINGTON SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, WELLINGTON HALL, UPPER-STREET, ILKINGTON.—On Sunday last Mr. Willis gave a reading; Miss Wormald delivered an address on 'The Essentials of Spiritualism'; Mr. Brencley dealt with the subject of 'Prayer for the Dead.' Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mr. Brencley will deal with 'The Stage and Spiritualism.' Thursday, at 8 p.m., circle for members only; medium, Mrs. Brencley. Papers on sale.—C. D. CATTE.

NORTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, 14, STONEY GREEN-ROAD.—On Sunday morning last, a well-attended meeting of men was held. In the evening Mr. Jones presided, when the subject for consideration was 'Mediumship and Spirit Communion.' The speakers were Messrs. Jones, Hewitt, Bailey, Benson, and Brooks; clairvoyance and an address were given by Mrs. Jones. Sunday next, at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., conversational meeting, Wednesday, at 8 p.m., members' circle.—H. E.

CAVENTISH BOOKS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—The visit of Mrs. Green to the Marylebone Association drew a numerous audience on Sunday evening last. A reading by Mr. Everitt, and a solo, 'The Worker,' by Miss Samuel, preceded the giving by Mrs. Green of what proved to be most interesting and convincing clairvoyance. Of the dozen descriptions given, six were fully recognised and one partially so. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mr. J. J. Morse, trance address.—L.H.

HENLEY HALL, HENLEY-STREET, BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mrs. B. Russell-Davies gave a charming and most interesting address. Mr. Adams alluded to some remarks made by the Archbishop of Canterbury on the religion of the future. A song, 'Shadowland,' was given, and the meeting was followed by the usual circle. Next Sunday, we hope, Mr. Peters will be with us. Thursday, at 8 p.m., developing class; Saturday, at 8 p.m., members' and friends' social meeting.—H.E.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' MISSION, SURREY MANOR HALL, CANNERSWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—There was a good attendance at the morning circle, on Sunday last, when good tests were given. At the evening meeting, Mr. W. E. Long gave the third and final address of the interesting series on 'The Spirit's Experience at Death.' On Sunday next, at 11 a.m., public circle, doors closed at 11.15 sharp; at 2 p.m., children's Lyceum; at 6.30 p.m., Mr. W. E. Long, 'The Witch of Ender'; at 8 p.m., members' circle. For particulars of the debate between Mr. Long and the Rev. J. A. Waldron, see advertisement on front page.—VELL.

STOKE NEWINGTON SPIRITUAL SOCIETY, BLANCHER HALL, 29, WINDRADEN-ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON-ROAD, N.—Mr. Sherwood completed his course of four lectures on 'Animal Magnetism' on Sunday last, to a good and attentive audience, dealing on this occasion with the beneficent use the power might be put to with suffering humanity; and in answer to his invitation, four friends presented themselves, and were successfully treated by Mr. Sherwood. All expressed great satisfaction with the meeting, and our best thanks are heartily tendered to Mr. Sherwood for his interesting discourses. Sunday next, Mr. J. Adams and Miss Pierpoint (from the Battersea Society), and clairvoyance by Mr. J. A. White. On Monday, circle for members, at 8 p.m., at 51, Eouvers-road; medium, Miss Findlay. On Wednesday, at 8 p.m., at 85, Barretts-grove. Experience meeting after Sunday evening meeting.—A. CLISS, Hon. Sec.

HACKNEY SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, MANOR ROOMS, KENYON-ROAD, MARZ-STREET, N.E.—On Sunday last our platform was occupied by members of the society. The meeting was opened with a short address by Mr. Neander, followed by a reading from 'Spirit Teachings' by Mr. East. Messrs. HARRIS and EMMS related some of their experiences in the phenomena of Spiritualism. A pianoforte solo was well rendered by Mr. East, jun. On Sunday next, Mr. H. Boddington, of Battersea.—OSCAR HUDSON, Sec.

STROUD GREEN ROAD—A STRANGER'S DIFFICULTY.

On Sunday, October 23rd, being on a visit to friends in North London, I thought to attend the Spiritualists' Assembly at '14, Stroud Green-road,' the address frequently announced in 'LIGHT.' I had on a former visit made the attempt to find their meeting-room, but when I got to No. 14, found it was only a place of business. Afterwards I discovered it was merely the number of a terrace. On the second attempt to find No. 14, I arrived at Albion Hall. Though there was no notice of the Spiritualists anywhere about I went forward, feeling sure that this was the right place, but seeing a lady in front of me, I thought I had better ask. Her reply was, 'The Brethren meet here.' 'But,' I said, 'the Spiritualists advertise "No. 14, Stroud Green-road," as their meeting-place, and this is No. 14.' Again, in solemn tones, she said, 'The Brethren meet here.' I then inquired if she could tell me where the Spiritualists met; but she did not know. If they really have a room in Albion Hall, would it not be better to advertise the name of the Hall? Also I would suggest in all cases to have a notice at the door.

W. ILLINGWORTH.

MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

SOCIAL GATHERING.

On Monday evening last a social gathering under the auspices of this association was held in the French Salon, St. James's Hall, when upwards of one hundred and ten members and friends assembled, and greatly enjoyed the opportunity thus afforded for mutual introductions and conversation. The musical portion of the programme was effectively sustained by Miss Butterworth, E.A.M., Miss Samuel, Mr. Still, and the members of the M.A.S. choir, and when it is added that Mr. Ernest C. Meads, the distinguished elocutionist, contributed two recitations, it is hardly necessary to state that all present were delighted. An interesting feature in the evening's arrangements was the clairvoyance given by Miss MacCreadie, Mrs. Green, and Mr. Alfred Peters, each of whom was markedly successful. As on previous occasions, the courtesy of the Salon attendants was agreeably apparent, and the refreshments provided were of excellent quality. In concluding this brief report of a very enjoyable evening, the Marylebone Association desire to record their cordial thanks to the above-named ladies and gentlemen who so generously and effectively contributed to the success of the gathering.—L. H.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

'The Hermetist.' No. 4. Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.: The Hermetic Publishing Co., 4006, Grand Boulevard.

'How to Make Lantern Slides.' By S. L. COULTHURST. London: Dawbarn & Ward, Ltd., 6, Farringdon-avenue, E.C. Price 1s.

'Songs of Faith, Nature, and Comradeship.' Published by the Co-operative Holidays Association, Colne, Lancashire. Price 2½d.

'The Readers' Monthly.' A Record and Review of Art, Science, Bibliography, Music, and Belles-Lettres. No. 1, for November. London: 61, Fleet-street, E.C. Price 1d.

'The Humanitarian.' for November. London: Duckworth & Co., 3, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, W.C. Price 6d.

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