

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

LIGHT ! MORE LIGHT !"—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

We welcome a third (revised) edition of Mr. Leadbeater's intensely serious little book on 'The Astral Plane: its Scenery, Inhabitants, and Phenomena' (London: Theosophical Publishing Society). We hope the time is at hand when it will be quite natural to welcome and commend books without entirely, or even without at all, agreeing with them. It is good that sincere and truth-seeking men and women should tell us what they think they see; and the measure of our surprise or our shock ought often to be the measure of our gratitude.

Mr. Leadbeater writes with singular lucidity which always suggests wide knowledge. This particular book, moreover, covers so much ground and professes to pull aside so many curtains that no one could fail to be captivated—almost thrilled—by it. We do not wonder that a third edition has already been asked for. The average Spiritualist will not find it entirely to his mind, but there is nothing in it that can do him any harm, provided he keeps his head. A good deal of queer dreaming is going on about 'The Astral Plane,' especially in relation to reincarnation. 'Let him that hath a dream tell a dream,' but let the listener discriminate.

We hope to keep our 'men of science' very hard at work in our field; in fact, we sentence them to hard labour for life, though we believe they will learn to like it. One by one they are justifying us and testifying that what they have been calling 'Matter' is only a Manifestation. That is the whole of our case, and it shall not suffer for want of urging. One of America's leading scientists, Dr. Dolbear, to whose remarkable book we lately referred, says plainly that the new conception of matter is not only that, but is really

A revolution in fundamental conceptions, and, if trustworthy, necessitates an abandonment of nearly every notion concerning them which men have entertained when thinking and discoursing upon the subject. The mystery of phenomena is not lessened but made greater by the discovery that everything which affects our senses in every degree is finally resolvable into a substance having physical properties so utterly unlike the properties of what we call matter, that it is misuse of terms to call it matter, and no one, hitherto, has been able to forecast its properties.

Of course that puts Materialism utterly into the melting pot,—and many things besides. As Dr. Dolbear says: 'Such physical materialism is now absolutely irrational, for it ignores much knowledge in our possession which is as certain as any we possess, and it ignores the trend of all the physical knowledge we have.' That is truly delicious. We have always been told, by what we have been calling science, that the poor Spiritualist is irrational. But, truly,

it looks as though the 'wise' were once more going to be confounded by the 'foolish.' God and Nature appear to have an inexhaustible fund of humour and irony.

Even the homely medium in his little back parlour has his despised bill backed by this scientific millionaire, who does not hesitate to say:—

There is already a body of evidence which cannot safely be ignored, that physical phenomena sometimes take place when all the ordinary physical antecedents are absent, when bodies move without touch or electric or magnetic agencies—movements which are orderly, and more or less subject to volition. In addition to this is still other evidence of competent critical observers that the subject matter of thought is directly transferable from one mind to another.

'The Catholic Times' has not much profited by opening its columns to our subject, and now it shuts the door with a bang, after giving us a long and most flippant letter by Sydney H. Wright. Sydney says he is a Catholic and that before he became a Catholic it was his lot to mix a good deal with Spiritualists. He says that about one per cent. of its phenomena is genuine, and thinks that when 'Almighty God' or 'even the Evil One' wishes to reach us, 'he will not choose a dining-table or a three and-sixpenny medium' for his instrument. But who says that the unseen communicator is God or the Evil One? We know no Spiritualist that does.

The experience and the state of mind of this writer may be judged by the fact that he protests he has 'never met the medium or clairvoyant who had the faintest notion of even the ordinary rules of grammar.' No wonder he says that his experiences would not interest the readers of 'The Catholic Times,' and no wonder the editor bangs the door. The wonder is he did not keep Sydney on the other side of it.

'The Clarion' Office and Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Co. have published a second edition of Mr. J. C. Kenworthy's book, 'The Anatomy of Misery; Plain Lectures in Economics,' containing an Introduction by Tolstoy and a letter by Dr. A. R. Wallace. Mr. Kenworthy believes he is applying and working out Ruskin's doctrines, set forth in 'Unto this last.' He also believes that personal morality, national righteousness, and social salvation largely if not entirely depend upon the adoption and resolute prosecution of the ideas he has 'reduced to system.' All this interests us, and makes his little book our business. But here we must end. Mr. Kenworthy is, we believe, inspired by the very highest and purest motives, and is influenced very largely by an unselfish sympathy which commands respect, but we greatly doubt the wisdom and even the honesty (on this planet) of some of his proposals or afterthoughts. We say that without in the slightest degree suggesting that he intends to wrong any one; but what can we do in face of the following—almost his closing—paragraph?—

Eleven years ago I remarked to William Morris that I felt the only vote worth casting in Parliament would be for a Bill which should propose 'That in such a time after the

passing of this Act all laws relating to debt and contract should be repealed.' 'Why,' said Morris, 'that would be the revolution!' And such is the fact. This, of course, is pure idealism for our day, but should commend itself to every soul that says the Lord's Prayer.

That is Mr. Kenworthy *in excelsis* (or, perhaps, in Mars). On lower levels we always admire him, and in many respects go with him. In any case, his book deserves and will repay attention.

About half of the miseries of life are unnecessary,—the pathetic or ridiculous products of foreboding. 'Never cross a broken bridge till you come to it,' is a shrewd old proverb. Perhaps the bridge was never broken; or it may be repaired; or a good substitute may be there by this time, or you may not have to cross the stream at all. A ridiculous story is told of a weariful old woman who was found sighing and crying by the side of a well in the garden. Asked what was the matter, she answered: 'O dear, only think of it; suppose my Jane were to marry, and have a little girl, and she were to fall into this well, and be drowned!' We call that 'ridiculous.' It is not much worse than many of the forebodings that torment us.

The following is for young girls. It is told in an American paper, as true:—

A group of little girls were telling of the love each felt for her mother; and, as the testimony went on, the strength of the statements grew, each child feeling obliged to surpass her mates. Finally, one said positively, 'I love my mother so much I would *die* for her.' The impressiveness of this declaration subdued the circle. The climax had been reached. A wholesome turn was given to the situation by the quiet observation of a lady sitting near, 'It seems very strange to me that a little girl who loves her mother enough to die for her doesn't love her enough to wash the dishes for her.'

And the little girl blushed, and looked at her fingers.

DECEASE OF MRS. ELIZABETH WILKINSON.

An esteemed correspondent kindly sends us the following:—

'It is with deep regret that I have to tell you that one more of the pioneers of Spiritualism in this country has passed to the higher state, Mrs. Elizabeth Wilkinson having entered the spirit world on Monday, the 15th inst. Mrs. Wilkinson was the widow of the late Mr. William Martin Wilkinson and at the time of her decease was in her eighty-fifth year. Your readers will remember that Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson were practically the originators of the great impetus given to Spiritualism in 1856. It was in that year that their second son passed away, and Mrs. Wilkinson, under spirit influence, produced the series of wonderful paintings of flowers, houses, and temples of the spirit world which caused such a sensation among the number of learned inquirers of that time. The paintings were all the more remarkable in that they were pronounced by artists to be beautifully executed, although Mrs. Wilkinson, who was then in her fortieth year, had never previously shown any artistic merit whatever. Mrs. Wilkinson, to the end, found great consolation in Spiritualism, and almost her last words were an assurance of the firmness of her belief; that she was very happy; and that Swedenborg's description of the new state was true; and it may gratify your readers to know that on the very day of her departure she read with evident interest the current number of "LIGHT" (October 13th). Among the large number of letters of condolence received by her surviving relatives was one which fully expressed in these few words a full appreciation of Mrs. Wilkinson's character—"She was *one of the best of women and mothers* and her loss is deplored by all."

'SCIENTIFIC HAND-READING.'—A practical treatise on the art commonly called palmistry is announced as being 'so clearly written that the veriest novice may by a careful study of its text and illustrations, become thoroughly acquainted' with hand-reading. The author, Mr. William G. Benham, carefully eliminates 'planetary influence' and other so-called superstitions, and depends upon 'a surprising array of undeniable fact.' Messrs. Putnam's Sons will publish the volume under the title 'The Laws of Scientific Hand Reading.'

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF SPIRITUALISTS IN PARIS.

(Continued from page 505.)

THE HERMETIC SECTION.

Those studying the deeper, more theosophical phases of Occultism, were exceedingly well catered for in the above section, under the direction of Dr. Papus. Papers and addresses on every subject connected with psychical research were contributed, and most interesting discussions were frequently started. This society does not claim to found any school or lay down any laws; neither does it exact a fee for membership. The sole aim and object of its leaders is to promote study and research in all branches of spiritualistic and progressive psychology without reserve, and forms itself into an invaluable centre of knowledge and mutual assistance to its members. Hermetic occultists carry on their work with far more catholicity of spirit than is shown by the Bhuddistic school of Occultism; and as their researches and studies run on almost identical lines, free from all dogmas, those taking up any special subject, such as Kabbalism, alchemy, symbolism, or mysticism, cannot do better than put themselves in touch with this industrious group of workers in Paris. In their leader, Dr. Papus, they will meet an energetic and clear-headed scholar, one who is ever ready to give a fellow student the benefit of his experiences or advice on any work with which he is acquainted. A monthly journal called 'L'Initiation' is edited by him, with the assistance of Dr. Rozier, M. Barlet, and M. Sédir, all of whom proved valuable coadjutors during the Congress week.

On the Monday morning this society held its first meeting, when their chairman, M. Néhpluyeff, a distinguished Russian philanthropist and humanitarian, read an interesting paper on his psychical experiences. He related how as a child he had quite clear recollections of a previous existence but that as he grew older this memory wore off and other phases of mediumship took its place. He thus obtained constant and direct communion with the invisible world around him, is clairaudient, and has had some strangely prophetic dreams.

Dr. Papus, who followed him, devoted the whole of the morning to the exposition of some wonderful researches carried on by a deeply initiated occultist, the Marquis de St. Ives. His discoveries are far too vast and complex to make any brief reproduction of what was said possible; his remarks bore upon a splendid synthesis this thinker had evolved dealing with colour, sound, and form as related to numbers. All these manifestations were expressions of one universal essence capable of mathematical resolution. An interesting little instrument was exhibited which set in motion a cardboard disc having certain colours painted on it, and this disc, when rapidly rotating, threw off a rainbow-like effect and revealed every known *nuance* of colour. Some fine diagrams of architectural appearance were also shown as having been obtained by his instrument, registering sound vibrations and acting on flat surfaces covered with sand. Two cathedral-like structures were shown which had been produced through the vibratory conditions acted on by the names of Jesus and Mary when spoken in their original purity of pronunciation. Relative to these names Dr. Papus mentioned an interesting fact, viz., that his friend the Marquis de St. Ives had been able to trace their origin back some thousands of years by researches into some ancient Chinese manuscripts. Although these names differ considerably in spelling and pronunciation now, they still bear some essential resemblances, as it was through the relationship which exists between letters or sounds to numbers that this gentleman was able to trace accurately the history of these sacred names. Dr. Papus added that through this invaluable key to things the Marquis had been able to master the Chinese language with comparative ease, and in a remarkably short space of time.

Mention must be made of a scholarly and deeply studied paper contributed later in the week by a student of considerable experience, M. S. V. Zanne. He gave a *resumé* of the history of the human races on our globe, and some

account of the lost Atlantis, and finally a few translations from the original book of Genesis. Questions of great complexity, and discussions of deep interest, followed this lecture.

A paper of more than usual interest to all of us was given by M. Barlet to the Spiritistic Section. It is too good to be done justice to through the quotation of small excerpts, and is worth reproducing in its entirety later on, as it embodies many excellent suggestions. He pointed out how necessary it was for all those who investigate phenomena of a spiritistic character, and who work with special mediums, to know something of the laws of mesmerism and the magnetic passes, as there was necessarily so much relationship between the spiritistic and hypnotic experiments. In his opinion no medium who works often for supernormal phenomena should be without his or her magnetiser, and he considers it would be far wiser if mediums were always put into the trance states by a practised magnetiser instead of leaving this to be done by unseen agency. He considers that the usual forms of debility, broken physical and mental health, too often observable in professional and even private mediums, are due almost entirely to the unprotected state in which the medium is left after the work is over. The spirit side has done its work but is unable to restore the right physical balance necessary after such supernormal conditions have disturbed the system; consequently the medium suffers from loss of vitality and other at first imperceptible ailments. If every medium worked in co-operation with a magnetiser these dangers might be entirely avoided. On the return to the normal stage after a séance, the magnetiser would wake the subject in a proper manner and then, treating scientifically by magnetic passes, restore to the subject the fluidic and magnetic equilibrium. As an occultist he thinks that mediums are far too lax in allowing these subtle and psychical experiments to be repeated over and over again when the unseen processes at work are of so deeply metaphysical a character that the majority could not realise their dangers without long study, and the ignorance and indifference to all this are generally pitiable and even appalling. Mediums are robbed of their vital and psychic fluids and subject to all manner of spiritual disturbances when holding séances, and it is contrary to scientific research to suppose that they can continue their work indefinitely without harm unless a magnetic agent is present, through whom the psychic can receive back the forces of which he or she has been depleted. This, in a few words, is the gist of M. Barlet's most instructive paper. It was scientifically thought out and apparently justified his theories.

Several novel features had been thought out by Dr. Papus for the amusement and instruction of his members. Walks were taken on certain days through the Oriental and Indian sections of the Exhibition, to discuss the occult symbolism and architectural designs of these departments. On one occasion he engaged a troupe of Algerian fakirs to come from the Exhibition, where they perform, and give a representation on the platform in the large hall, so that all Congress members could see this if they wished. The performance of these people, called the 'Aissaouahs,' was chiefly interesting from the physiological fact that they seem able to arrest all flow of blood from the injuries they inflict on themselves. Pins and daggers were run through the skin, and glass was eaten and swallowed. In one case blood was drawn by the man who hammered a nail into the scalp of his head. One of the doctors present detected a small drop, otherwise no appreciable ill effect was apparent from all this self-mutilation. Prayers and incantations preceded all these strange manifestations, and a small spirit lamp was kept alight on which aromatic herbs were burnt.

A third matter of interest was the permission obtained by Dr. Papus to bring a number of his members to witness the going under control of the latest sensational medium here, Madame L. Fonvielle. This lady's particular phase of mediumship is the power her spirit guides have to incarnate themselves in her body, and take direct control. In many cases this has been done by spirits outside her circle, and so she is largely sought after, in the hope that direct communication with deceased relations will be obtained. Madame Fonvielle goes under and comes out of control

in exactly the same manner. She is seized with a sort of sobbing convulsion which lasts two or three seconds, her hair is shaken down; then with eyes shut and restored calm, she speaks in a transformed voice and style. The spirit who controlled her on this occasion spoke to one or two in the audience but made no endeavour to address us collectively on any subject; neither was any phase of clairvoyance presented analogous to the clairvoyance we are privileged to hear in England on our public platforms. As far as I can judge, this particular line of work seems non-existent in France.

In closing these remarks on the Hermetic work gone through during the Congress, mention must not be forgotten of M. Jollivet Castelot, who presided over the discussion on Alchemy; M. Karl Nyssa over that on Swedenborgianism, and M. Ourdeck on the occultism in Freemasonry. All of these men presented valuable contributions to the work of their society.

J. STANNARD.

(To be continued.)

THE FALL OF THE SPARROWS.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. H. K. HASLAM, RECTOR
OF OLD, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father.'—MATTHEW x. 29.

The text seems to bring before our minds at least four great facts. The first of which I shall speak is the *essential unity of all life*. Our Lord here asserts that the life of man, and the life of the birds, for instance, though different forms of manifestation, are alike in this: that they spring from the same Source, and are watched over and preserved from harm by the same Heavenly Father, apart from whom nothing can either live or die. Of the actual origin of life, except that it proceeds from God, we know little: and all the investigations of physical science have not been able to elucidate the mystery which overhangs what we call the breath of life. In fact, in that respect, I do not think they have carried us, or are ever likely to carry us, beyond the old-world ideas of the Book of Genesis, where we are told that 'In the beginning the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters,' and caused the production of the various forms of life in due gradation, until the climax is reached in man, when 'God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.'

We may say that life has, broadly speaking, four forms of manifestation—first, the unconscious; second, the conscious; third, the self-conscious; and fourth, the God-conscious; and all these stages are described in Genesis. Its lowest form may be seen in the bare rock; the second in vegetable life; the third in the animal; and the fourth in man. These forms, no doubt, closely touch, and are inter-related to one another. There is no great gap between them, and the life is essentially the same in all. In the lowest it is more quiescent, more dormant; but as it rises in the scale its motion increases. Is it, then, the same life in man as in the stone or the flower, in the wild beast or the bird? Yes, precisely the same, only in greater fullness, or more highly developed. As far as that side of us, our manifested being, is concerned, we are entirely at one with all Nature. This life is ever seeking fresh manifestations; when driven from one form by the change of death it seeks another; and so, pressed on by the Father's will, it seeks constantly to manifest itself, and pulses through the chain of the universe, flowing ever round and round in great cycles from God to God.

The next truth our Lord teaches is the supreme *value* of all life. Man is, of course, of more value than many sparrows, because so much higher in the scale of creation, but all forms are alike the object of God's love and care: 'Not one sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father.'

But apart from some spiritual revelation it might seem very different to us. Looking upon only one side of Nature—the only side that is ordinarily open to us here—there seems such lavish waste of life, such wholesale loss and destruction. And man, too, but lightly regards all forms of

life lower than his own, and indeed does not venerate his own too highly. But Christ tells us that all life, from the lowest to the highest, is precious to God who gives it, and who takes care that it shall ultimately return to Him. He makes the truth of the text an argument against our being afraid of any harm that may happen to the body. He says, 'If God doesn't allow any evil to befall even the sparrows, why should you be afraid for yourselves, for your own bodies, you who are much further advanced in life, and consequently of more value than many sparrows?'

But it might be said, viewing the matter merely with earthly vision, God's care for the sparrows is not more apparent to us than His care for man : for both alike fall and seem to perish here.

No doubt, in either case, to see it rightly demands the eye of faith, and the use of our higher spiritual faculties. But it is mere ignorance that makes us look on death as an evil.

And this brings us to the third and fourth facts in the text, of which I have to speak, viz., the two different sides of Nature, the physical and the spiritual. Ordinary men see but one side. Christ was different from ordinary men, in that He saw and knew them both. He could pierce through the veil and form of fleshly matter, and see life as it really is, in the bosom of the Father—all life equally produced and equally sustained by Him. All life manifested here on earth has also its other side in the unseen. What is to us only apparent death and loss is, from a higher point of view, but a further gain of life. So our Lord says, 'Not one sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father.'

To that, an objector may reply, 'Yes, but the sparrows *do* fall to the ground in countless numbers, God lets them suffer, God lets them die. Does it help to increase our confidence in His love to know that He watches it all? All life that suffers, from the lowest to the highest, and the higher the form of life, the more intense its suffering seems to be—does God regard it all unmoved, and with no intervening hand?' It was such a thought that troubled the mind of the poet when he wrote :—

'Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams,
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life?'

The apparent cruelty of Nature is an old and familiar theme. Nature in many of her aspects seems most cruel, vindictive, pitiless, working in some of her moods remorseless ruin and destruction. Violate one of her laws, and you must pay the penalty even unto death. Nature knows no forgiveness, and will not stretch out one finger to save you from the effects of her resistless forces. Utterly heedless she seems of havoc or suffering : for the individual she cares nothing, and but little for the type.

Yes, Nature as we see her *is* hard and cruel : the sparrows *do* fall to the ground, and human beings are crushed every day by misery, disease, and death. We have, as our side of life, this spectacle of 'the whole creation groaning and travailling in pain together,' and there is no touch of pity upon Nature's face. It has been argued, in fact, that because Nature is so cruel and relentless, and there is no help to be had from her, we have all the greater need for grace, and the comfort of religious faith. But we cannot thus separate Nature from God. It may be said that no religion is possible apart from Nature, contrary to Nature, outside of Nature. We ourselves are a part, and the chief part, of Nature : in a sense there is nothing, and there can be nothing, super-natural : and however much we tried, we could never escape from Nature and from Nature's inexorable laws and conditions.

What, then, is the explanation? How do you reconcile this apparent hardness and indifference on the part of Nature with any belief in the love of God? Why, the truth of the text, rightly understood, is quite sufficient, that 'not one sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father'; nothing happens but according to His will ; however much it seems to the contrary, His eternal love is everywhere at work.

For all this time we have been looking only at *one* side of Nature, that only which is accessible to our earthly sight,

the limited and the poorest side. But if we want an explanation of life, we need to look too, as Christ did, with spiritual eyes, at the other and the larger side—through the visible and the earthly, into the sphere of the heavenly and eternal. We have been confusing *life itself* with what is merely its physical manifestation, its earthly and perishable garb. But *the life itself*, God's eternal essence, is not touched ; because its outer covering or form falls off, it does but clothe itself afresh. The fact is, that no destruction of life is possible ; it cannot be, it never is, destroyed. Forms fall to pieces, but the life escapes and is manifested in some other way. Stagnation is not the best state to remain in ; life, even on the physical, and still more on the spiritual plane, means change, motion, progress. Pain is no doubt a necessary element in the process of our redemption ; like the great Captain of our salvation, we have to be made 'perfect through suffering' ; and if we did not suffer with Him, we could never be glorified together. So it may well be that what we call Nature is herself *not without a soul*, and we do not always see, like Christ, her true and better side. Everything that is—even the poor, despised sparrow—may have its spiritual as well as its physical side, its heavenly counterpart of the earthly form. It may well be that, after all, Nature is 'cruel only to be kind,' and that when she most destroys she does but preserve and save : and that we should, as the hymn says of the Highest One—

'Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace.
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.'

Men too often *seem* unkind to us, simply because we do not understand them rightly : and still more must it be with God, when with our puny earth-bound minds we so miserably fail to comprehend His purposes. Jesus could contemplate the fact of the sparrows' falling to the ground without sadness—and so might we with His faith and purity of soul—because He understood it all, He saw what was behind, He saw the other side of Nature, He knew that they fell not without His Father, and with Him all was well.

And if that be so with the lower life of birds, how much more fully so with man ! In Christ man dies but to live anew. When we pass over we leave the lower forms of life behind, taking only the higher ; we are clothed upon with a new and spiritual body. Why should we fear the loss or destruction of this poor earthly form, believing with Christ in that other, better side of Nature, observed at present from our grosser sense, yet beautiful even now at times to our spiritual insight : when the flowers bloom more brightly, and the birds sing more sweetly, and man moves forward on the path of progress, rejoicing in the eternal sunshine of God's love. 'That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual.' Let us be sure that 'as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.'

Let us believe with Christ and with one of the noblest of His disciples —

'That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete ;

That not a worm is cloven in vain,
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.'

' L I G H T . '

As an inducement to new and casual readers to become subscribers, we will supply 'LIGHT' for thirteen weeks post free, for 2s., as a 'trial' subscription, feeling assured that at the termination of that period they will feel that 'they cannot do without it,' and will then subscribe at the usual rates. May we at the same time suggest to those of our regular readers who have friends to whom they would like to introduce the paper, that they should avail themselves of this offer, and forward to us the names and addresses of such friends, upon receipt of which, together with the requisite postal order, we shall be pleased to forward 'LIGHT' to them by post, as stated above ?

WORKS BY THE PRINCESS KARADJA.

The literature of Spiritualism has just been enriched by the translation into German of three little books by the Princess Mary Karadja, a well-known Swedish writer who is a recent convert to Spiritualism.

In her introduction to 'Spiritistic Phenomena and Spiritualistic Communications,' the Princess tells us that the first spiritualistic séance at which she was ever present, took place in Stockholm, on April 2nd, 1899, with a clairvoyant medium. Up to that time she had never taken any interest in occult subjects; but she was so impressed by what then occurred that she determined, when on a visit to London the same spring, to devote her whole time to this interesting study. She goes on to say that she had no acquaintance among Spiritualists in London and it was only through seeing an advertisement in 'LIGHT' that she resolved to attend a séance with the well-known clairvoyant and psychometrist, Alfred Peters. The description of this first séance, which was a turning point in her life, is extremely interesting. She tells us that she went to him as a perfect stranger and found herself one of ten persons, all of whom were utterly unknown to her, as she was to them, and says that, as she speaks English like a native, Mr. Peters was not even acquainted with her nationality. What occurred at this séance is—I think—worth giving in her own words. Premising that no one spoke to her and that she took her place without uttering a word, she adds:—

'After the medium had psychometrised several persons with good results he turned to me and said: "I see a spirit close to you" (then followed a description which I recognised in the minutest details as that of my deceased husband). "I hear him call, Mary! Mary! His name is John; he wishes to say something to you." Thereupon followed a long communication of a private nature, concerning facts about which no one except my late husband could possibly have knowledge. Among other things, he reminded me of a fire which broke out at Castle Bovigny while his body was in the coffin. He was conscious of seeing his coffin burning and myself falling fainting beside it. This remarkable and terrible event was of course unknown to anyone present, nor was I thinking of it at the time. After a short pause the medium continued: "I see a female figure near you," which he described minutely. I said I had never known such a person. Mr. Peters said: "She gives her name as Bremer." I said he must be mistaken for I had never known anyone of that name. After a long pause and with great effort, he added, "Fred-rika Bremer."*

'To my astonishment, the voice of the medium changed and he said slowly in Swedish, "Hjälp den svenska kvinnan" (help the Swedish lady).'

Princess Karadja seems to have attended many of Mr. Peters' séances, and she partly attributes the unusual success she met with to the fact that she discovered that she herself possessed strong medial powers. With another medium she likewise on several occasions saw the materialised face of her husband, who was also able to speak to her, and she gives the names and addresses of persons who were present, among whom was Dr. George Wyld. She seems to have highly enjoyed her visit to London and says: 'I had the great happiness during my stay in London of making the acquaintance of many eminent men of science, among whom were Sir William Crookes, Mr. Myers, Mr. Sinnett, Mr. Douglas Murray and Dr. George Wyld, from whom I obtained much information.'

The Princess's stay in London was terminated rather abruptly by a command from her husband—on the seventh occasion of his appearing to her (June 18th, 1899)—that she should immediately leave London and proceed to the Chapel of Schloss Bovigny. She accordingly set out on her travels on the following day, without any idea of why she was required to do so. What occurred on her arrival at Schloss Bovigny a few days after, I will tell later on.

The remainder of this little book, as well as another called 'The Gospel of Hope,' is principally devoted to the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism. Princess Karadja, though very earnest and even enthusiastic in her endeavours to proclaim what she justly calls 'the evangel of hope,'

writes with great moderation and without exaggeration; her diction is clear, and her style marked by great good sense; and Sweden may be congratulated on possessing among her daughters a lady of such rare gifts and talents, who is not afraid of devoting them to an unpopular cause. She says but little of her own medial gifts, but it appears that she is not only impressionally endowed and possessed of the power of automatic writing, but she has likewise that of automatic drawing, a rare gift and one requiring great physical power. Two of her 'spirit' drawings appear as frontispieces to 'Spiritistic Phenomena' and 'The Gospel of Hope.' The first represents the soul body immediately after the decease of the physical, with the eyes closed, still unconscious, and the cord connecting it with the mortal body not yet dissevered. The second is a symbolical drawing, executed in the presence of two Swedish ladies—whose names are given—on January 16th, 1900; an explanation of this was given in writing later on and appears opposite it. Both drawings are beautifully executed.

The third of these little books, 'Into the Light,' is an inspirational poem, translated into German by Alfred Wocher von Trauchburg from the Swedish original, and the remarkable manner of its production may be best given in the authoress's own words from the preface. I will just say that I feel scarcely competent to judge of its merits as a poem, being, as it is, a translation from one foreign language into another; but it appears to me to be full of beauties, while the interest is so sustained I could not lay it down till I had read the last line. Princess Karadja writes:—

'When I was in London last spring I received a series of spiritistic communications from my deceased husband. . . In the last one he requested me to leave London immediately in order to receive a communication from the spirit world in the chapel of Schloss Bovigny. I obeyed, and on St. John's Eve I was told to provide myself there with paper and writing materials. My hand then automatically drew a sun and wrote the words "Mot Ljuset" (Into the Light); and then was written "*In memoria aeterna erit justus.*" I have never studied Latin and am ignorant if this is a quotation.

'What followed was not written automatically but through inspiration. When I took the pen in my hand I had no idea of what was going to be written, in spite of which I wrote hundreds of verses without once pausing for a word. It seemed to me at the time as though the temperature perceptibly became lower and I was freezing in spite of the oppressive heat of summer. My soul was wrapt and all my senses sharpened to an extraordinary degree. I seemed to perceive the whispers of spirits so clearly, it was as though I was being dictated to.'

The poem itself is addressed to the medium in the first person by the supposed spirit of one who says his name has long been forgotten on earth. In his earth life he was a materialist, and wholly given up to selfish and sensual pleasures; when he had exhausted all that earth could give him and was tired of life, he thought to ensure eternal rest, or annihilation, by putting an end to it, which he did by committing suicide by shooting himself. The horror he experienced when, after a short period of unconsciousness, he awoke to find that, although his body lay dead before him weltering in the blood he himself had shed, he himself was as much alive as ever, but in total darkness and despair, is very graphically depicted, as are the events which follow, through which he was finally led 'into the Light.' The poem contains many instructive passages, and throughout the Gospel of Hope is proclaimed, in that it sets forth that there is hope for the greatest sinner who ever lived when he can once be brought to send forth a cry of penitence and a prayer, however feeble and despairing, to that Heavenly Father whom in life he had ignored and denied.

The German editions of these three little books are entitled respectively 'Spiritistische Phenomene,' 'Das Evangelium der Hoffnung,' and 'Zum Licht.' They are very daintily got up, are printed in large clear type on very fine paper, and published by Max Spohr at Leipzig, at the price of one mark and a half each. M. T.

* This was a well-known Swedish authoress and philanthropist, who flourished in the early part of the century and whose works, translated into English, I was very fond of in my youth, but which are rarely met with now.—M.T.

ANGER is the worst kind of intemperance. 'It changes saliva into poison.' It debilitates and opens the whole system to disease.—'Banner of Light.'

OFFICE OF 'LIGHT,' 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
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EDITOR E. DAWSON ROGERS.

Assisted by a Staff of able Contributors.

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THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE.

This is the not very happy title of an important work by Ernst Haeckel, translated by Joseph McCabe (London: Watts and Co.). About six months before its publication, its translator heralded its coming in a long Supplement to 'The Literary Guide,' from which we take the following:—

The great problem of dualism or monism, with all its subsidiary problems, has been solved; there is no longer a basis for theism and ecclesiasticism.

The brain is the origin of thought, sensation, and volition.

He enumerates, fully and correctly, and dismisses in one page, all the poor sophisms that are put forward in defence of personal immortality.

Every form and phase of Theism is denuded of argumentative basis.

We stand face to face, at the close of the nineteenth century, with one sole enigma—the nature of the great substance that underlies matter and force. The nineteenth century has magnificently achieved its task of unifying nature and banishing the phantom of supernature. It leaves the 'world-riddle' of substance to its successor.

These remarkable statements give an excellent idea of the spirit and tendency of this book: and the closing extract almost amusingly shows where Haeckel completely breaks down, or, let us say, why, after all, he ends up a tree. So long as he keeps to his bottles, his knife, his microscope and his scales, he is masterly: but, beyond these, he is either comical or puzzled, indulging in not over nice jokes or struggling with new knowledge that threatens the old.

Haeckel belongs, *facile princeps*, to the old school,—a genuine materialist (though that is repudiated), and a monist in a hard sense; and he does not seem to see, any more than his translator does, that a Spiritualist can be an ardent evolutionist, an anti-supernaturalist, and a monist. The Spiritualist knows his limitations too well to profess solutions where the symbols end and the Reality begins, but he is quite satisfied with Haeckel's Enigma, locked up in that profound 'substance that underlies matter and force'; and he certainly thinks it odd that, having lost his 'Matter' in that inscrutable primary ocean, he (or his translator) is so curiously certain about his ability to dismiss God, to wipe out the folly of belief in immortality, and to 'enumerate fully and correctly, and dismiss in one page' all our 'poor sophisms' concerning it. 'In one page'! and he relies upon physics; and yet he sees every atom of his 'Matter' and every throb of his 'Force' disappear in something which he knows nothing about, and which he leaves, as the legacy of his nescience, to the coming century! What if the secret of God and the soul is in that abyss of causes which lies beyond the veil?

A chapter on 'The Law of Substance' is remarkably instructive as showing precisely where Haeckel has crumbled. He addresses himself to the modern discoveries and inferences that centre in the Ether, like a man who has suddenly to make a very disturbing element fit in. He says—and it is a wonderful bit of modesty for Haeckel—'I am no expert in this department.' He stands outside, or on the threshold, with his apparatus and his purely physical theory of the Universe, and listens to the new men; and then presents a summary of notions that commend themselves to him. He endorses the doctrine of 'cosmic ether,' as a necessary hypothesis, seeing that without such a medium, the phenomena of gravitation, optics and electricity would be impossible, and he attempts, with pardonable anxiety, to annex this 'ultimate cause of all phenomena,' and to make it fall 'into line' with his theory that to 'mechanical causes' must be assigned 'phenomena everywhere': and, in doing this, he insists that he still 'rules out the three central dogmas of metaphysics—God, freedom, and immortality.' This is desperate work, indeed, at this hour of the day, and for a writer who is evidently out of his element in these new waters. He has worked hard and long, and with signal ability, on the physical plane, and dealing with physical changes, but now that it is brought home to him that these are not primary but only secondary, and what Herbert Spencer calls symbolical, he 'falters where he firmly trod,' or, if he does not falter, it is only because he stoutly asserts and plants his flag on the new ground by a *tour de force*.

The chapter on 'The Immortality of the soul' is chiefly remarkable for the author's scorn which interferes a good deal with his argument. It puzzles us to know why this or any other writer should be so zealously anxious to undeceive us on this matter. Does history show that believers in a life beyond the grave are less animated or useful in the life that now is? What harm has the belief done us or him? Addison referred to it as 'this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after immortality'; but Haeckel thinks he is wiser, and warmly preaches *this* gospel,—'The best we can desire after a courageous life, spent in doing good according to our light, is the eternal peace of the grave.' Is that really 'the best we can desire'? How does this sound, in comparison?—'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.' That, of course, may be only a dream; but it is much nearer 'the best we can desire.'

Of course, difficulties innumerable can be compiled by a workman as alert and as experienced as Haeckel, and questions, more or less satirical, can be asked which no wise man can hope to answer. The robust Paul made short work of these questions, when he said: 'But some men will say, "How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" Fool! . . . There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body . . . and, as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.' Paul also anticipated our most modern scientific knowledge when he said: 'The things which are seen are temporal: the things which are not seen are eternal': and this is precisely the truth upon which Haeckel now falls back—that the inscrutable and eternal Ether is behind all that we have been calling 'Matter,' and that it is 'the ultimate cause of all phenomena.' And yet, if this is so, we are only beginning, not ending, our inquiry into the origin and destiny of life.

But we do not want to end on a note of criticism or even of disagreement. The Monism upon which Haeckel insists may presently be accepted by us all. Men, working far apart in apparently antagonistic arenas, are curiously circling round to unexpected meetings and agreements. The tracing back to the Ether of all that we have known as

'Matter' is rapidly ending the old Materialism; and the recognition of the omnipresent Ether as the laboratory of all existence and life is as rapidly bridging the gulf between the two worlds—the unseen and the seen. Standing before the Unknown or the Unknowable, so stupendous in its powers, so subtle in its operations, and so masterful in its ascendancy, we do well to be chary of contradictions and dismissals. All things are possible, and we are abundantly justified in trusting 'the larger hope.' For the rest, as a truly modern thinker has said: 'The "hard-headed" scientist complacently finds himself supplemented by the idealist, the educator seeks the aid of the psychologist, and the physicist is rather happily surprised to find in his own latest researches that his very solid and real "matter," without any loss, is dissolving into ether—and perhaps into spirit.' Wallace and Crookes have arrived. Herbert Spencer is well on the way. We should like to bid Haeckel 'Good morning,' before long.

PROPHETIC CLAIRVOYANCE.

The October number of the 'Review of Reviews' gives a remarkable story by Countess Schimmelmänn which was printed in the 'Puritan' for October in a symposium entitled 'Wireless Telegraphy in the Spiritual World.' Before giving the narrative by the Countess Mr. Stead says:—

The subject is one which I have frequently discussed in *Borderland*, and it now seems to be gaining recognition even in the most orthodox circles. There is nothing very novel in any of the theories which are put forward by contributors, but the following story by Countess Schimmelmänn, who is described as the 'well-known philanthropist,' is interesting. Countess Schimmelmänn proclaims that she is a sceptic about the matter of telegraphy of thought. The only thing that she knows and is sure of, is the influence which her heavenly Father sends through His spirit and His angels. An instance of what she calls this telegraphy from heaven is a very good illustration of a phenomenon of which many instances are on record, namely, that of prophetic clairvoyance:—

'It is now two years since that I anchored with my yacht, the *Duen*, in the Lymfyord. My youngest son, a bright, golden curly-haired boy, was rowing with one of our sailors in a boat about a mile and a half from our yacht. In the clear air of the North they were yet to be seen, and I, watching them, distinctly saw the boy rise and overturn the boat so that it was filled with water. I saw him and his comrade struggling in the waves, and my lad sinking until only his golden curls were floating on the waves. All this took several minutes of time, and already at the first sight of the overturning boat I cried out for help and hurried the crew into the lifeboat. With great quickness they tried to reach the spot, but it was impossible to do so before the lapse of fifteen minutes. When they arrived they found the boat quite safe, and both lads fishing. They could not think what had made me see this, and turned to row home, but after they had taken several strokes homeward, the whole thing happened exactly as I had seen it about fifteen minutes before, but the boat being near, the mate was just in time to catch the golden curls of my boy when he was sinking, while the sailor was clinging to the boat; so both were rescued. I am not subject to sights of any kind generally, and I simply give this fact as we all saw it happen, and cannot give it any other explanation than that it was a warning sent from God to rescue the lives of the boys.'

An electrical engineer of the name of E. W. Roberts says that he has conducted a series of careful experiments which have proved to him that he is able to communicate telepathically with persons at 400 miles distance, not in a single instance, but repeatedly. He has also succeeded in receiving a message from one who was over 1,000 miles away. He claims also that he has abundance of evidence to prove that this ability to send and receive telepathic communications is possessed by everyone.

WHEN duty is severe, we must be more reverently dutiful; if love brings sorrow, we must love more and better; when thought chills us with doubt and fear, we must think again with fuller soul and deeper trust.—JAMES MARTINEAU.

EXPERIENCES OF SUPERNORMAL PHENOMENA.

ADDRESS BY MR. A. ROLAND SHAW.

A meeting of Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, Ltd., was held in the French Room, St. James's Hall, on the evening of Friday, the 19th inst., when Mr. A. Roland Shaw gave a very interesting narrative of remarkable facts and incidents which had come under his personal observation during a long course of investigation of supernormal phenomena. There was a very full attendance. Having been briefly introduced by the President, Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, MR. ROLAND SHAW said:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—Your President has been kind enough to invite me to give a brief narrative of personal experiences in respect of supernormal phenomena; and I responded to this invitation the more readily in consideration of the fact that my audience would be composed of individuals more or less familiar and in sympathy with my subject. I must ask you to forgive the personal form of the narrative, as I shall give an account of such events only as I myself have witnessed.

In the year 1880 I resigned a professional position as a public teacher on orthodox lines, and took up my residence in the City of New York, U.S.A. There I had my first striking experience of a supernormal character, in the summer of 1881. I had partially recovered from a severe attack of typhoid malaria when a child of the household, about three months of age and very nearly related to me, was seized with cholera infantum. The disease ran its course unchecked by the best medical skill, and at length reached the stage indicative of imminent fatality. From the early morning a comatose condition prevailed, with general indications of approaching dissolution. At nine o'clock in the evening the attending physician pronounced the case hopeless, predicting that death would supervene within three hours. I sat by his little cot watching the flickering breath until eleven o'clock, when with a convulsive effort to continue respiration he ceased to breathe. The physician came in about midnight, and after careful examination pronounced life to be extinct. About three o'clock following that midnight hour I was sitting in a room adjoining that in which the little lifeless body lay. The silent sadness of the presence of death hung over the household, and the loss of this child, to whom I was supremely attached, weighed heavily upon my spirits. Suddenly, without introductory sequence of thought, a suggestion seemed to be dropped abruptly into my mind—'You can bring the child to life!' I was startled and surprised by this idea and the suddenness of its interjection. Very naturally I was inclined to reject it as absurd, if not ridiculous. I sought, by effort of will, to rid myself of the suggestion, but in vain; until at length it developed into an *irresistible impulse*, under which I rose from my chair declaring to the two or three persons present, 'I am going to bring the child to life!' They sought to restrain me, thinking that grief had deprived me of mental balance. With great positiveness and in commanding tones (like the Gospel Psychic of old), I bade them *not to touch me*, and proceeding to the room where the body of the child lay I threw off the covering sheet, and began to make passes over the supposed little corpse. In this I acted without volition of my own initiative, and under a compelling impression that guided me in all my movements and actions. My mind was keenly alert, and acutely conscious of every action, yet without the power of dictating or controlling such action. I had never read any books on magnetic treatment and knew absolutely nothing as to the correct method in any effort to hypnotise, or treat by magnetic transference, suggestion, or otherwise. Acting under this impelling influence, my hands and arms moved with an intensity and rapidity of action that astonished me. This continued for the space of about fifteen minutes, except with occasional interruptions, when I was impelled to breathe into the nostrils of the child. At the expiration of this time, signs of returning life appeared in the quivering of the

eyelids, followed by the eye-balls moving wildly. I shouted to those in the next room, '*He is coming to life,*' and they eagerly surrounded the cot with expressions of astonishment. My passes continuing, inhalation was observed, and normal respiration followed. I called for brandy, placed it in a tin cup, heated it over the gas, saturated a flannel cloth and placed it upon the chest and body, covering the same to the neck; and I placed some drops of brandy and water between the lips of the now living child, who in a short time was able to take a little nourishment. In the forenoon of the day thus eventfully marked, I carried the child on a pillow, in my arms, to the farmhouse of a relative in the adjoining State of New Jersey, and in the space of three weeks I returned to New York with as plump and healthy a babe as one could wish to see. (Cheers.)

This striking experience naturally aroused my mind to a state of inquiry, and led me to search for an explanation as to the cause of my unaccountable impression, and as to the source of the controlling influence that came so suddenly upon me in the still watches of that sad morning; but the demands of a commercial occupation which I soon afterwards entered upon prevented any serious effort at finding an explanation, until about a year had passed and I had removed to the city of Chicago.

On this child's first birthday he had an attack of measles, and three days thereafter was seized with scarlet fever, the combined diseases producing spinal meningitis. In one of the resultant convulsions, he ceased to breathe and lay in my arms at the midnight hour in apparently a lifeless condition. Suddenly a similar state of mind was superimposed upon me to that which I had experienced in New York, vivid suggestions coming to me in clear but voiceless distinctness that were quite irresistible. In quick and commanding tones I called for the filling of the foot-bath with hot water, rapidly removed the child's clothing, and placed his limp and apparently lifeless form in the bath, sponging his head with the hot water. This treatment speedily produced indications of returning animation, and a messenger was despatched for the doctor, who, on arrival, pronounced the treatment I had resorted to as, in his opinion, the means of saving the child's life. Shortly before the second birthday, having returned to New York, it being now winter, this child was seized with pneumonia and attended by the physician residing in the house in which I was boarding. This doctor frequently attended the child, and endeavoured to arrest the heightening fever and rapid progress of the disease. On the afternoon of the third or fourth day, the inflammation reached the brain, producing delirium and every symptom of a fatal termination. The best medical skill was called in consultation, and the doctors pronounced the case to be utterly hopeless, predicting death within a few hours. Again this strange impulse came upon me in overmastering strength, and I commanded the child to be handed to me, and that the two physicians should leave the room; which they did, with curiosity and considerable displeasure written upon their countenances. I laid the child on my left arm, and with my right hand began to make rapid passes and called for hot water to sponge the child's head. This treatment I pursued for the space of about thirty minutes, by which time the fever had abated to such a degree that reaction set in and the child's body was bathed in perspiration and his life saved. A recognised medical authority in London on hypnotic *suggestive* therapeutics has proved to his own satisfaction that *no odic* force or magnetic energy is ever transferred from the hypnotist to his subject; that it is *suggestion*, and *suggestion alone*, that both hypnotises and heals. I asked him recently what force, by mental suggestion, could affect an unconscious babe in a state of suspended animation? His reply was, 'I don't attempt to explain it.' (Hear, hear.)

Shortly after these events I visited the city of Boston on business bent, in the pursuit of which I made the acquaintance of a distinguished lawyer, and accidentally overheard him conversing with a friend in the room adjoining the one in which I was waiting at his office. From the conversation I gathered that he was one of that deluded and despised class known as Spiritualists, and I was very strongly inclined to speak with him on the subject. When he came into

the room I said: 'Are you a Spiritualist?' He seemed surprised and not a little annoyed. He replied according to the Yankee characteristic by asking me a question, namely: 'Why do you ask me if I am a Spiritualist?' The interview that followed resulted in establishing between us a condition of mutual confidence, and I asked him if he could direct me to a reliable so-called trance medium, and thus put me in the way of investigating the subject of alleged supernatural phenomena, in the hope of finding some explanation that would account for my experiences on the three occasions I have referred to. He gave me the name and address of a medium he could thoroughly recommend as to personal character and as to the genuineness of any trance-phenomena. Being naturally of a cautious, critical and logical mind, I *immediately* called upon this medium, in order to preclude the possibility of any communication being made by the lawyer prior to my visit.

On arrival I was received in a small room by a small woman of about thirty years of age, who at once granted my request for her services. We sat down, and she having taken my hand seemed shortly to pass into a sleepy and apparently well-nigh unconscious condition. She, however, soon began to speak to me in a voice and style greatly differing from the normal, and the woman, or the unknown Intelligence giving expression through her personality, exhibited such astounding familiarity with my past record and present purposes; such accurate knowledge of myself, my business plans, pursuits, and the people connected therewith—in short, my conscious, unconscious, and sub-conscious self—of things long forgotten, of events recent and events remote, my secret thoughts and fleeting notions, my friends, my enemies, and the conditions surrounding me generally—that to say I was astonished and puzzled would be a mild description of my mental state. The communicating Intelligence made several predictions as to the future which have been fulfilled; gave suggestions, advice, warning, and counsel; described departed relatives and friends, giving names, relationships, and messages purporting to come from them, so that I got far more than I was fishing for, and, although astounded, I was greatly encouraged to proceed with my new line of investigation. I left, resolved to devote as much of my time as I could spare from my business engagements during my visit to that premier city of spiritualistic phenomena and notions that capture the credulous and the weak-minded. But surely, I thought, my friend the lawyer, so reputable, sane, astute, clever, and level-headed, could not be easily duped, and would be my best guide in respect of the available means for investigation; so I called upon him again, gave him a brief account of my experience with the trance-medium, and asked him if he could direct me to one of the most reputable, or least disreputable, of the so-called materialising mediums which this 'hub' city had so abundantly produced. He immediately responded to my request. 'But,' I said, 'the line must be drawn somewhere; you surely do not believe it is possible that the dead can be clothed with flesh and appear at the bidding of a few cranks, and present themselves in human form to be seen and talked with? Surely such pretentious and fraudulent foolery has not imposed upon you?' He smilingly replied, 'Go and see, and judge for yourself.' I went. But I took the precaution of inviting a level-headed business man about fifty years of age, who had never dabbled in philosophy nor taken any interest in spiritualistic phenomena, and also two ladies—quiet, practical, sensible women—to accompany me. Not one of these had ever been guilty of such disreputable conduct as attendance upon nonsensical meetings for materialisation, and it required considerable persuasion on my part to overcome their conscientious scruples and induce them to so far violate their sense of propriety as to attend such a gathering.

Arrived at the house, we were shown into a large drawing-room, where about twenty people had assembled. The gentleman in charge of the entertainment invited the company to inspect the room, and especially the corner of the room across which curtains were to be drawn. I accepted the invitation, examining the floor, the curtains, the solid walls, and satisfied myself and the friends with me that there was nothing unusual to be discovered in the

condition of the room. Chairs were placed in horse-shoe shape in front of this corner ; and myself and three friends were seated at the most distant portion of the circle from the curtains. A good and sufficient light, in which to clearly discern persons in the room, and accurately observe any occurrences or appearances, was provided, whereupon the entertainment began. An instrument was played by one of the company and some familiar hymn was sung. Meantime a lady, called the medium, seated herself in the corner, and the curtains were drawn, concealing her from view. In the space of a few minutes the curtains parted and the form of a female appeared, very unlike the medium. Some of the persons in the room appeared to recognise this apparition, which soon retired, only to be followed by others, sometimes two or three at a time, of varying heights and ages, and of both sexes, most of them being recognised by some one or more persons in the room. Presently the curtains parted, and there stood before us the form of a young man, thin, pale, about 6ft. in height, clothed in a white cotton shirt and a pair of blue trousers, of the military order. He pointed in the direction where I was sitting, whereupon the gentleman in charge remarked, 'This is a spirit we have not before seen, I think he is for you, sir,' pointing to me ; 'will you please come forward?' I crossed the intervening space and paused within about twelve inches of the figure of the young man, and as the light in the room was ample for careful observation and scrutiny of his countenance, even at a distance, I saw his features with absolute distinctness, standing as I did so close to him. I instantly recognised in his figure and features my eldest brother, who died in hospital during the Civil War of the United States in the year 1861, or about twenty years previous to this occurrence, and who was clothed in a white shirt and military trousers at the moment of his decease. Unwilling to believe the evidence of my senses, I said to him : 'I do not know you !' His countenance changed with lifelike facility, and an expression of disappointment displaced that of expectation. He stretched forth his hand, laid it on my shoulder, bending forward and bringing his face close to my ear, his lips moving as if endeavouring to speak ; and in a loud whisper he gave me the name 'Solon,' this being the Christian name borne by my eldest brother, then twenty years deceased. (Applause.) My surprise may better be imagined than described, since none of the friends with me knew that I had lost a brother, and all the other persons present were entire strangers to me. I replied, 'Can it be possible that you are my brother Solon?' He smiled pleasantly and gave me three familiar blows on my left shoulder with his right hand, which went through and through me like shocks of electricity, and this apparently material body, resembling with great accuracy the figure and features of my deceased brother, fell to pieces like a house of cards falling to the floor, except that there were no cards on the floor, and nothing else visible to the naked eye—a substantial form having totally disappeared, not behind the curtain, but apparently into the carpet, leaving no trace behind.

I returned to my seat, whereupon my gentleman friend excitedly asked me in a whisper, 'Was that your brother? I observed a striking family resemblance.' I replied : 'He gave me his name, which was the name of my brother who died in the war twenty years ago.' The ladies also observed a strong family resemblance, and the gentleman said, 'If this be reality and not trickery, I should very much like to see my daughter, who died at the time of the Civil War.' I was not aware that he had lost a daughter, and his remark was made quietly to me in whispered conversation. Several more forms appeared, and were recognised by persons present, and then a figure appeared dressed in the full uniform of an officer of the United States Army, and advanced in front of the curtains in a way that indicated the loss or absence of one of his legs, and as if a wooden leg had been substituted. He pointed to my business friend, who was requested to 'come forward and speak to the spirit,' who, it was stated, 'had materialised for his benefit.' This he did, and they held conversation in subdued tones for the space of about five minutes, when the figure retreated behind the curtain and my friend returned to his seat, exhibiting agitated and tearful emotions. In whispered conversation

he said to me : 'That was the officer to whom my daughter was engaged to be married ; he was wounded and one leg was amputated in the hospital in St. Louis ; my daughter went to nurse him, but he died, and within two months of his death my daughter also died of a broken heart.' Presently came tripping from behind the curtain a young girl, in appearance about fourteen years of age, dressed in white, gauze-like garments. Moving with lithesome grace and charming naturalness, she crossed the room half-way, in the direction of the young lady who was with me, and pointed towards her, with excited and eager anticipation expressed in her countenance. This lady became greatly agitated, and I was obliged to assist her to rise and come forward to meet the inviting personality. On approach, both threw out their arms and embraced each other, exhibiting glad emotion and conversing for several minutes ; my lady friend exclaiming, when she first came near the apparition : 'Oh, my sister !' She afterwards told me there could be no doubt in her mind that she had seen and spoken to her deceased sister.

I may here mention that all the so-called materialised forms were distinctly seen by all of the twenty or more persons present. I expressed to my friend a desire to see my brother again. This, being said in a whisper, could not have been heard by the gentleman in charge of the séance or circle. Immediately, however, my brother Solon emerged from the curtain, came half-way across the room to meet me, and we conversed for several minutes, he referring to incidents in the family history forgotten by me, and certainly impossible that they should be known to the medium or any person present. The evidences furnished in the conversation were to me *conclusive*, and thoroughly established in my mind a conviction, on the evidence, as to personal identity. I was fully satisfied that I had talked with my brother Solon and seen a temporary form resembling in minutest detail the earthly features of that brother. The gentleman who accompanied me was shortly afterwards again called forward to meet a young lady who walked from the cabinet to the centre of the room, threw her arms about my friend's neck in affectionate greeting, and stood conversing with him several minutes. When she disappeared he returned to his seat, his cheeks bathed in tears, and struggling with his emotion. He told me that it was his daughter who was engaged to the officer he had seen in the earlier part of the evening, and that her appearance and the manner of her greeting, as she placed her hands upon his cheeks and kissed him on his lips repeatedly, were the appearance, manner, and custom of his daughter when greeting him during her life. After some further materialisations for those present who were strangers to me, I was called forward to the curtains to take a hand which appeared as if put through the curtain without any opening therein, and the name of Sarah Burton (a deceased friend) was given by an independent voice within the curtains ; and this hand drawing the curtains aside, enabled me to see the medium in her chair in an apparently unconscious condition whilst this single hand and arm apart from any visible body moved the curtains, tied a knot in my handkerchief, rang a small bell, &c., the independent voice conversing with me in the meantime. Thus ended my first materialising séance and my first experience in respect of that kind of supernormal phenomena.

On my return to New York, I sought a well-known materialising medium and attended several séances, during which I had the pleasure and satisfaction of conversing for the space of ten or fifteen minutes at a time with my brother Solon, and was provided with additional, and to me absolutely conclusive evidence that the materialised Intelligence, as to *personality*, was none other than my brother, from whom I had been separated by death for twenty years. At a final séance prior to my taking passage for London in the spring of 1883 my brother Solon, speaking to me through a life-like materialised body, urged me to visit my mother (who was living in the State of Vermont) *before* sailing for London, and he further said : 'Do not be surprised should there be a death in our family soon.' I asked : 'Who will it be?' After some hesitation he replied, 'You know father is getting old, but don't fail to see mother before you leave for Europe. Tell her you have seen me and give her my love.' At this séance a materialised form, purporting to be the embodiment of Benjamin Franklin, invited me forward to give me some

definite instructions and encouragement regarding certain electrical inventions upon which I was engaged. In the course of a conversation he said, 'There is a gentleman present to whom I wish to introduce you; you ought to know each other'; whereupon he called upon Professor Elisha Gray, of Chicago, to come forward, and I then had the novel experience of being introduced to a stranger who had the distinction of being the inventor of quadruplex telegraphy, this introduction being made by Benjamin Franklin while occupying a temporarily materialised body. Two weeks thereafter I had the satisfaction of successfully conversing with a gentleman in Chicago, using a telephone transmitter of my own construction, aided by Professor Gray, to whom I had been thus introduced. Pressure of business circumstances led me to take ship for London at an earlier date than I had anticipated, so that I did not have time to visit my mother in Vermont, as I had desired and intended doing. A few days after my arrival in London I sought the office and editor of the 'Medium and Daybreak,' to inquire for some reliable medium through whom I could continue my conferences with Benjamin Franklin, Morse, and others. I was directed to an American trance medium well known in London, who had been residing here for many years. I called upon her, and said simply, 'I want a sitting.' She took my hand, and soon passed into the trance state. I had never seen her before, and am sure she had never heard of me. The controlling Intelligence caused her to throw up both her hands, and in tones of alarm and dismay she exclaimed, 'Your mother is dead!' I replied, 'I think not; she was well three weeks ago.' After a pause the communicating Intelligence gave accurate descriptions of my mother, my father, two brothers residing at home, the house, garden, the garden gate, trees standing near, and so forth, and went on to say, 'The events which have transpired, are now transpiring, or are about to take place, often seem to commingle, since we have no time with us, and it is difficult to discriminate, or determine what *has* happened from that which is *about* to happen. I now see that your mother is not dead, but apparently in good health, but she will die within three months; your brother Solon urged you to visit her before leaving for Europe, you will be sorry you did not do so; she will die suddenly; her illness will not extend over twenty-four hours. The difficulty will be about the heart. She becomes easily tired and has to lie down and take a nap during the day.' As this was quite contrary to my mother's habit, I doubted this statement, as well as the prediction with regard to her early death. Within a few days I wrote to my mother, making special inquiry as to her state of health, but of course saying nothing about what I had been told respecting her. In due time I received her letter in reply, saying that she was perfectly well, had not had a day of illness for three or four years, but sometimes felt she was getting old as she became *easily tired* in attending to her household duties and was often obliged to *lie down and rest* for an hour or more during the day. This confirmation of the statement made through this medium caused me to be somewhat apprehensive that the other statement, respecting her decease within three months, might also be confirmed. It has recently been said by a journalist that 'America has produced cranks, dyspeptics, and clever business men.' I think we may add, and also some very useful and highly evolved mediums; but that journalist would doubtless consider the mediums properly classified if included among the cranks. After the lapse of about two months, on rising one Sunday morning I was seized with unusual depression and nervous agitation. Thoughts of my mother were constant, and my desire and affection for her assumed an acute and trying form. I could not eat, rest, read, or engage in anything but walking the floor in a state of agitation and painful apprehension. This lasted until the afternoon, when I was able to calm myself and write her an affectionate letter, enclosing some hawthorn blossom which she had asked for. The next day I received a telegram that she had passed away on that Sunday, and by letter I subsequently learned that she was seized with pain in her left side on Saturday afternoon. The attending physician said she would require careful watching, as she was threatened with neuralgia of the heart; she, however, recovered from the severity of the

first attack and was able to be about the house on Sunday forenoon, and as she laid down to rest about two o'clock, took a cup of tea from her daughter-in-law, drank a portion of it, and falling back upon her pillow, suddenly expired.

Shortly after this I had occasion to call upon Dr. Nichols, of South Kensington, to whom I had a card of introduction. I found him from home, and while conversing with the servant in the hall a gentleman came from the drawing-room and asked me to step in and leave my message with him, as he was writing to Dr. Nichols. In the course of our conversation, he being an entire stranger to me, he suddenly asked me, 'Are you a Catholic?' I replied in the negative. He said: 'I see a young lady standing near you dressed like a nun; she is trying to give me her name. I think it must be a fanciful name. She says it is "Posy." She also tells me that she gave you her name in Boston, that she spoke with you through the medium you visited there, that in earthly life she was French in nationality and a nun, that she passed out of the body when about nineteen years of age, that she was strongly attracted to you the first time she met you through the medium in Boston, and that she is now often with you when her services are not required by her medium.' I then recalled to mind the fact that 'Posy' was the name given to me by the control in Boston, and that she said through her medium that she was a French nun. This gentleman went on to say, 'There is a gentleman standing by you who has passed to the spirit life, and I think he is a relative; he gives the name of Ely; says he is your brother, and that he met with his death whilst serving as a soldier in the Civil War of America.' This was quite correct, and was the name of my second brother, who died during the war. Shortly after this I engaged the services of a sensitive unconnected with Spiritualism, and opposed to the spiritualistic hypothesis. I held with him daily sessions, of an hour, for a period of several months, and received messages by means of the table-tipping alphabet, thus slowly spelling out names and sentences by means of which I was placed in communication one day with a discarnate personality purporting to be James Carey, the Irish informer, and by him was told (through the table alphabet) that an attempt had been made to blow up the Post Office of London, that the attempt had failed, and that he wanted me to help him to tell them how to do it. I replied: 'James Carey, you ought to be better employed in the spirit world than seeking to assist your wicked comrades on earth to continue their diabolical deeds.' This was too much for him and he suddenly left, whereupon the medium was instantly controlled and I was reprimanded for rebuking James Carey, as it was desired by the guiding Intelligences to give us a good test, and it was explained that an *attempt had been made* to blow up the Post Office, although the fact had not yet been made *public* by the authorities; that an account would appear in the five o'clock edition of the afternoon papers of that day. On leaving the room I made inquiry of several persons if they had heard anything of an attempt to blow up the Post Office, but no one seemed to have heard of it. I anxiously awaited the five o'clock edition, and then heard the newsboys shouting in the street, 'Horrible attempt to blow up the Post Office,' this fact having been communicated to me in the manner described some three hours prior to the announcement made by the Press.

(To be continued.)

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

A meeting of Members and Associates 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 next, November 2nd, when

THE REV. J. PAGE HOPPS

Will give an Address on

'MATTER—AND BEHIND IT!'

At the close of this meeting friends who wish to remain for a time for an informal interchange of thought on matters of mutual interest will be at liberty to do so.

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 1901.

'LES GRANDS HORIZONS DE LA VIE.'

This is the title of a small volume just published by M. Leymarie, 42, Rue Saint Jacques, Paris. The author is Albert La Beaucie. It is very simple and in easy French; anyone fairly familiar with the language would find no difficulty in reading it, and there are many who would profit by doing so. Not those, perhaps, who are quite unconvinced as to the facts and sources of Spiritism, for the volume has necessarily the defects of its qualities; it aims at being merely a *résumé* of a very large subject, viz., Modern Spiritualism. The aim is well carried through, but a *résumé* cannot be a convincing work; convictions cannot be gained by short cuts. The attempt to bring the various aspects of Spiritism together in the compass of a volume which can be read in a couple of hours necessarily entails the omission of much argument and evidence.

Neither is the book intended for experienced Spiritualists; it contains nothing new for them. It is likely to be of use rather to those, and they are many, who are *almost* persuaded; who already know that the facts here stated are well supported by evidence, but who are very much in a fog as to how to proceed, in what way to experiment; how, in short, to gain the personal experience which is necessary to enable them to omit that word *almost*; and who are still doubtful as to whether these facts should be taken more seriously than a laboratory experiment or an entertainment at Maskelyne and Cook's. To persons at this stage the perusal of this little volume may be useful.* The book can hardly fail to make any thoughtful reader recognise that Spiritism, whether it be regarded as a philosophy or a science, can engender and stimulate very high ideals and very spiritual and ennobling aspirations. Anyone who is still hesitating as to whether or not its origin is evil should read these earnestly written pages in the light of the Master's principle: 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

On pp. 83-4 the writer gives some excellent advice to those beginning to exercise mediumistic powers, from which we extract the following passage:—

'We urge beginners, in their own interest, not to take up the pencil (*i.e.*, for automatic writing) or to sit at a table (for communications) at any free moment, without rhyme or reason, for disorder in experiment is one of the first and most serious dangers to be avoided. An absolutely strict rule should be made not to attempt the effort more than once every other day, during about a quarter of an hour.'

When insisting on the importance of a right attitude of mind, the writer says:—

'In one of our séances a lady, who showed marked exultation in perceiving that the table obeyed all her commands when only in contact with her fingers, was suddenly deprived of her remarkable power, which never returned.' 'If the medium becomes conceited he will lose all the fruit.'

This remark is open, of course, to question. Sometimes mediums may retain their powers and also their vanity. But we are entirely in agreement with the author in believing that if the communications are to be kept at a high level interior watchfulness is requisite, and that perhaps nothing tends so much to encourage unreliable or foolish messages as personal vanity and egotism.

The passage in which M. La Beaucie touches on the after-death condition of souls spiritually undeveloped is certainly sad reading, but his statements seem to be borne out by the messages which come to us from the other side; particularly we may compare them with the statements made in automatic writings published recently in 'LIGHT,' under the name of 'Minimum.' Facts must be boldly faced, however unpleasant they may be, and we have the immense consolation in spiristic teachings of the re-iterated assurance that darkness precedes dawn. As 'Minimum's' friend said: 'It is ghastly work, and yet good for me, I dare say; it teaches—and I have to learn too.' Many a person who has accepted the old conventional doctrine that endless torment awaits the man who dies impenitent, will shrink from M. La Beaucie's

statement as to the confusion and darkness and remorse and grief of souls who have lived at a low level whilst in the flesh. Why? because the other doctrine was *accepted*, perhaps rarely *believed*; this one is reasonable, and therefore it is realised to be not a statement of doctrine merely but of actuality.

The writer relates how he had been disappointed at the unsatisfactory results of a séance which he had attended with earnest and sincere purpose, and how, as he thought over it, he felt impelled to take the pencil and write. The counsels which his hand wrote impressed him deeply, and he inserts them. They are to the effect that the love of truth and the love of mankind burn with so low a flame that the higher presences are unable to find the co-operating agency needful for their work. The coldness, the inertia, the negative condition of even serious and inquiring minds are very far from the condition denoted in the words: 'The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force'; or of that traditional saying of Christ's: 'He that is near Me is near the fire.' This is the general tenour of the indictment made in the writing which came through the author's pen; it is not without force, it is glowing. Whether, as the writer thinks, it was dictated by a discarnate spirit or not, it is none the less worth consideration.

So also is the passage (p. 107) in which M. La Beaucie urges the great personal responsibility both towards God and man, and to himself, which devolves upon a convinced Spiritualist; how it should inevitably affect the whole life and conduct. 'For the aspect of many things has become altered in relation both to Heaven and earth.'

The last pages of the book are devoted to records of what are called, 'preuves experimentales.' Some of these might have been better chosen, at least, from the evidential point of view. (The semi-automatic writings, for instance, are quite unevidential.) But there are a few very interesting cases. The record of Victor Hugo's introduction to Spiritualism, by Vacquerie, is particularly so; not only because it is associated with so celebrated a name, but also because the communication which came from Victor Hugo's daughter seems, for the time at least, to have been to him conclusive evidence of identity. This latter fact, however, is stated, not on the testimony of Vacquerie, but of the 'Gaulois' newspaper.

We find also a letter of much interest from the father of M. Gabriel Delanne, whose name is well-known among French Spiritualists, and who spoke at the Spiritualist Congress in London two years ago. M. Alexandre Delanne, writing to his son, relates what occurred at a private séance which he held with some unconvinced friends. We translate the latter half, only, of the letter:—

'You know José Ballois, with his imposing manner. In a hesitating voice he exclaimed: "If these movements are due to occult force, I beg the manifesting intelligence to tell us its name."

'The table rapped the name of Joliot.

'QUESTION: "What was your profession here below?"

'ANSWER: "I was an abbé."

'QUESTION: "In what place did you officiate?"

'ANSWER: "Ballan."

'José, with agitation, continued: "That is the name of one of my uncles. I know the country designated. If it is you, my dear uncle, I beg you to answer one question."

'The table rapped one loud rap in sign of assent.

'"How is it that you communicate, since during your life you were hostile to the teachings of Spiritism, which you then regarded as tainted with heresy?"

'The ABBÉ: "When I entered the priesthood I swore fidelity to the practices of the Catholic Church, which opposes these doctrines. Death dissolved my vow. I have regained my liberty; now I adhere to the Christian morality taught by the superior spirits; in that is happiness."

'The piece of furniture became motionless. We asked that other friends in the unseen might communicate. The table soon began to move and José spoke again:—

'QUESTION: "Tell us your name?"

'ANSWER: "Claudine."

'QUESTION: "What was your occupation here?"

'ANSWER: "I was the humble servant of Monsieur l'Abbé Joliot."

'Then our good cousin, letting his heart speak, and with tears in his eyes, said: "That is the revered uncle who was the guide of my early days, who taught me with a devotion and generosity worthy of my utmost gratitude. The country he named is, indeed, that in which he lived for more than

* Since writing the above we have read the article, 'French v. English Circles' (LIGHT, October 20th). M. La Beaucie's book produces an impression which quite corroborates that article. If French Spiritualists conduct their private circles in the spirit of prayerfulness and earnestness which these pages indicate, it is not surprising that they obtain favourable results more frequently than do the ordinary English experimenters,

twenty years, and where he died. And Claudine! She is the excellent woman, the devoted servant who watched over me constantly, surrounding me with maternal cares, and who spared me the punishments inflicted by the kind but strict professor, by hiding the frailties and disobedience of the turbulent nephew. These are the two beings I have loved most in the world next to my dear parents, who confided me to their care; it is they who are the first to act for the removal of my intellectual blindness."

'We were all much moved. Finally the table rapped violently, as sign of rejoicing.'—ALEXANDRE DELANNE.

H. A. D.

SOME CHEERING ASPECTS OF DEATH.

To the scientific mind the fact that death is natural is very re-assuring. It is a phase of transition through which every living creature is bound to pass, not a catastrophe whereby an uncertain number are overwhelmed. We all know it is the unexpected that is terrible, and fear lives by suspense more than by certainty. Death can never be the unexpected to the thinking mind, even if it comes at an unexpected moment. There is another comforting reflection—to be drawn from the fact that *the fear* of death is also perfectly natural. It is shared in a greater or less degree by every living thing. I might call it a physical necessity; it is not decidedly, in itself, the sign of a cowardly spirit. Every one fears death; the only difference is that many conquer the fear. We have been most blameworthy in the past for having invested the angel of death with such sombre terrors. If it is true, as has been confidently affirmed by some, that the angel Azrael is represented by a *different entity* in the case of each soul; if he is simply the respective guardian-angel of every person—'a being whose voice has been more or less familiar with his charge throughout that individual's life—then indeed we have nothing to fear. No being, were he specially selected out of the length and breadth of the universe, could be more suitably chosen to usher us into the other world.' If he is aware of all our sins, our slips, and our falls, he knows also the very smallest effort we have ever made in the contrary course; he will therefore make allowances in summing up our account such as the dearest and closest human friend could never be in the position to render.

No one who has inwardly heard his guardian's voice has ever known it raised in anger, though he may have become sadly familiar with it remonstrating in grief. Our angels are emanations of the Father's Love, and must necessarily reflect His attributes. Therefore when the clairvoyance of approaching dissolution enables us to perceive our guardian's form, and we in turn behold him waiting by our side with extended hand, let us not tremble to depart with him; and in order that we may do so the more confidently, *let us cultivate his acquaintance now*. Even if we are content to dwell in a fog of flesh all day long, let us at least try, by controlling our *waking and latest thoughts*, to win a glimpse of him with our spirit-eyes, so that whenever the final hour strikes for each one of us, we may trust ourselves the more willingly to his guidance and rise with him towards the Master—whom he has so long and so patiently served.

HOPE HUNTLY.

HINDU ASTROLOGY.

Students of Hindu astrology will find much useful information in Mr. B. Suryanarain Row's translation into English of the 'Jataka Chundrika,' and the first chapter, only, of the horoscopolical 'Sarwartha Chintamani,' two Sanskrit works held in high esteem by Hindu astrologers. In each case the original text is given, followed by a translation and copious notes. 'English or Western Astrology,' it is pointed out by the translator in his introduction to the 'Sarwatha Chintamani,' 'is a degenerate system compared with that known to the ancient Hindu pundits. The grand conceptions, the esoteric teachings, of the Eastern original have disappeared, to be replaced by mere fortune-telling as unreliable as it is pretentious.'

From the same pen we have also 'An Introduction to the Study of Astrology in the Light of Physical Science,' a booklet of fifty odd pages of ingenious but not always convincing arguments.

Copies of either of the above may be obtained of the Editor of the 'Astrological Magazine,' Madras, India.

A. B.

LETTER 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.

'An Appeal for Help.'

SIR,—I see by the letter of 'H. W. T.' that he thinks this case is not one for pecuniary assistance; I therefore suggest sisterly help. Cannot such help be given by some of our sisters as will assist this one, who has done good work in the past, to overcome that which troubles her? This surely is as much our work, one to another, as teaching Spiritualism.

Lagos.

SOCIETY WORK.

FLEUR DE LYS PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY, 260, MARE-STREET, HACKNEY.—The meeting on Friday, October 19th, was greatly enjoyed, in consequence of the eloquent address of Mr. Taylor Gwinn. We have to announce that, except a committee meeting, there will be no further meetings until Friday, November 2nd, at 8 o'clock.—F. VERMULEN McDONNELL, President.

THE UNION OF LONDON SPIRITUALISTS.—The monthly conference of the above union will be held at Well-street, Stratford, on Sunday, November 4th, when Professor Timson, of Leicester, will give three addresses; at 11 a.m., on 'Clairvoyance'; at 3 p.m., on 'Trance Mediumship'; and at 7 p.m., an inspirational address. Mr. George T. Gwinn will preside. Tea at 5 p.m., 6d. each.—D. J. DAVIS, Sec.

73, BECKLOW-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—On Sunday last 'The Spheres: their Nature and Locality' formed the subject of an interesting trance address by Mr. Horatio Hunt, whose replies to questions evoked considerable discussion. An inspirational poem on the 'Origin of Life' was given at the close. Mr. Fielder will be our speaker next week.—W.

BARRY SPIRITUALIST CHURCH, ATLANTIC HALL, DOCK VIEW-ROAD, BARRY DOCK.—On Sunday last our speaker was Mr. E. S. G. Mayo, of Cardiff. Our own small hall being crowded out on his last visit, we took the Empire Hall for this occasion, where Mr. Mayo's guides gave splendid addresses, the subjects being 'Why are Men not Spiritualists?' and 'What is Spiritualism?' The evening meeting was a great success, the hall being densely packed by a respectable and intelligent audience, who were greatly impressed by the power and eloquence of the speaker.—E. J. T.

LEICESTER SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, LIBERAL CLUB LECTURE HALL.—The services on Sunday last were again most successful. The controls of Miss Cotterill gave very interesting and elevating addresses on 'The Kingdom of Heaven is Love' and 'Seek and ye shall find,' which were greatly appreciated by large audiences. Again we had to refuse admission to many. The chairman remarked that complaints had been made of late about the hall being too small. The committee will be pleased to receive any suggestions that may help to formulate a scheme for obtaining a larger hall, which is so much needed. Any assistance will be most gratefully received. Next Sunday, at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., Miss Cotterill will be with us again.—ALFRED O. WHEATLEY, Hon. Sec.

STOKE NEWINGTON SPIRITUAL SOCIETY, BLANCHE HALL, 99, WIESBADEN-ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON-ROAD (Near Alexandra Theatre).—Our social gathering was a great success on Wednesday, the 17th. A large number of friends assembled, including Mr. Morse, Mr. Peters, Mr. Godfrey, Mrs. Manks and daughter, and others. The songs and recitations were interspersed with dancing and the items, although few, were most ably rendered. Madame Nellie Cope was in excellent voice and rendered three songs with her accustomed style and finish. Recitation, Mrs. Tempest; piano solo, Miss Firth; mandoline solo, Miss Washington, and reading by our good friend and vice-president, Mr. Morse, who conducted this part of the programme. Mr. A. Peters assisted in the success of the evening by giving some clairvoyance with the usual clearness of detail, &c., and our friend was evidently in good form, judging by the successful results. The able manner in which the evening was arranged reflects great credit on Mr. A. J. Cash, who contributed a solo with much taste and feeling. On Sunday last the clairvoyance given by Mr. J. A. White was very successful, eleven spirits being recognised out of fifteen described. Next Sunday an address will be given by the president on 'God's Book and how to read it.' On Wednesday, October 31st, at 8 p.m., a trance address will be delivered by Mr. J. J. Morse on 'Spiritualism at the Bar of Reason.' Please note the date as we are anxious to secure a large audience to meet Mr. Morse.—A. CLEGG, 18, Fleetwood-street, Stoke Newington, N.