

# 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.

Once more 'Things to Come.' Now we are told (of Spiritualists) that 'the person attacked, the object of all their vituperation and anathema, is the Lord Jesus Christ.' We presume the writer of that astounding statement knows the document called 'The Ten Commandments.' We respectfully refer him to the ninth. He also says: 'The claim for Spiritism is that it is a new revelation for the present time.' On the contrary, it is older than the creeds and older than the Bible itself, for the oldest parts of the Bible testify that spirit-communion was in possession when it was written. Besides, we do not believe in revelations, in the sense accepted by 'Things to Come.' We accept nothing *because* a spirit says it: we 'prove all things and hold fast that which is good.' 'Things to Come' wants to know where 'the standard' is. There is no one standard but truth: and that is what we are trying to find: but we never expect to find the whole of it in one book, one church, one creed, or one newspaper.

By the way, why does 'Things to Come' spell Gerald 'Gerrald,' and twice on one page?

Mr. J. McGrigor Allan, writing in the 'Church Gazette,' gives us a translation from the French of part of Voltaire's 'Bababec et les Fakirs.' It turns upon the visit of a certain Omri and his friend to a great saint, named Bababec. This saint lived, naked and chained, in a cell. He sat on a wooden chair adorned with nail points which entered into his flesh. He was certainly very filthy and was said to be very holy. Even women came to consult and admire him, and he gained great glory. Conversing with Omri, the saint claimed that he would go to the thirty-fifth heaven, in consideration of his chain, his chair and his dirt, while Omri would, at the best, only reach the nineteenth. Upon this, Omri becomes satirical, and says that the nineteenth heaven will do very well for him. Then the story ends thus; (Omri speaks):—

'You amuse me to pretend to be lodged more highly than I. This can be but the effect of an excessive ambition. You condemn those who seek honours in this life. Why, then, do you desire them so greatly in the other? And, wherefore, moreover, do you expect to be better treated than I? Know that I give more in alms in ten days, than the nails on which you sit cost you in ten years. Much it concerns Brama that you pass the day naked, with a chain around your neck! A beautiful service this to your country! I esteem a hundred times more the man who sows beans, or plants trees, than all your brethren who uselessly afflict themselves.' Having thus spoken, Omri relented, soothed, persuaded, and at length engaged Bababec to leave his nails and chain, and come home with him to lead a respectable life. They cleansed the saint, rubbed him with

perfumed essences, clothed him decently. He lived fifteen days in a very rational manner, and avowed that he was a hundred times happier than before. But he lost his credit among the people; women came no more to consult him. He quitted Omri, and resumed his nails, to have consideration.

We have already mentioned 'Fred Burry's Journal,' as at least one of the liveliest of Canadian papers. And now here are Twelve Essays by Fred himself, on very great subjects, such as 'The Heart of the Universe,' 'The Birth of Consciousness,' 'The Determined Will,' 'Our Immortal Future,' and 'The Maturation of Thought.' Sometimes the opinions, or confidences, are startling, as when he ends an Essay with the cry, 'Yes, truly, I am God.' But this is only his way. He usually means something on a lower key, and he is very seldom anything but stimulating and breezy:—a rather romping thinker, but decidedly a thinker.

The Rev. J. L. Jones, in a pulpit summary of the literature of the past year, says:—

I rejoice that the fiction that has gone the farthest and reached the unparalleled sale that climbs up into the millions is Sheldon's 'In His Steps,' the preaching story of a Kansas minister. A few weeks ago I sought with you the secret of the success of that story. The other day I was in Topeka, and I investigated the problem further. I sought and found his workshop, a modest little knock-down church on the outskirts of the town, with a trundle-bed interior like our own, to be made down at night and made up in the morning. I found the coloured janitor sweeping the floor which had been cleared of settees and chairs for some weekday work. My guide hither had told me that Sheldon was a man who believed what he said and was respected as such in the city; that he was revolutionising 'Tennessee Town,' a coloured suburb; and the coloured janitor regretted that Mr. Sheldon was out of town because, he said, 'you ought to see him; he is one of the finest gentlemen in the city. Aye,' he said, with cumulative evidence, 'in the world. He is white all the way from his feet up. He wants to go to heaven, and he ain't going to let no black man stand in his way when he gets to the gate, so he treats all alike here, black and white.'

'He will not have to go to heaven,' I said, 'he is already there.'

'Sure,' was the response, 'he done got there long ago.'

'Prabuddha Bharata' has a discriminating eye for originality, especially in minor poetry. This, by W. P. Johnston, is as thoughtful as it is beautiful:—

Tell me O Sage! What is the true ideal?  
'A man I knew,—a living soul and real.'

Tell me, my friend! Who was this mighty master?  
'The child of wrong, the pupil of disaster.'

Under what training grew his lofty mind?  
'In cold neglect and poverty combined.'

What honours crowned his works with wealth and  
praise?  
'Patience and faith and love filled all his days.'

And when he died what victories had he won?  
'Humbly to live and hope—his work was done.'

What mourning nations grieved above his bier?  
'A loving eye dropped there a sorrowing tear.'

But History, then, will consecrate his sleep?  
'His name is lost; angels his record keep.'



We have received, but without sender's or publisher's name, a 'Manual and Scientific Review of Theology and Ecclesiastical History for Theistic Missionaries. Composed, compiled and translated by Amhen Ra.' There is, in this unique little work, a great deal that is fresh and most suggestive as to public worship. With slight revisions, the Liturgy and other 'Services' here offered might be profitably adopted by rational religionists. The Essays on 'The Nature of knowledge,' 'The definition of God,' 'Prayer,' 'Priestcraft,' 'Life Hereafter,' &c, are, at all events, original in tone and point of view.

'The Light that is in Thee,' by Harriet B. Bradbury (New York: Alliance Publishing Company), is indeed a book of 'light': not that there is anything particularly new in it, but certain familiar ideas are very tenderly and winsomely presented. We say 'familiar ideas,' but, after all, these ideas may not be generally known, as it is only lately that we have laid such fervent stress upon the reality of the indwelling God. But, familiar or not, the quiet reading of this little book might be for many like passing from Egypt into the Promised Land.

#### 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, February 9th, when

MRS. M. H. WALLIS

Will give an Address on

#### 'PSYCHICAL SUSCEPTIBILITY.'

Mrs. Wallis will speak in her normal state, but it is hoped that after the address questions will be answered by her under control.

After 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.

#### A SPIRIT MESSAGE IN GERMAN.

'I will mention a strange case of slate-writing which was told me by a friend in whom I have the utmost confidence. And this confidence, perhaps, others will share with me the more readily when I tell them that he was and is now an utter unbeliever in any communications from the other world; indeed, he does not believe in any other world, and says that he does not want to. He is a Jewish rabbi. He told me that he went to a slate-writing medium in Chicago—the account of this he gave me immediately after his return. He said that he wrote a brief note to his father, who had died years before in Germany. He wrote the note in German, spelling it out with Hebrew characters. This he did to preclude the possibility of the medium's knowing what it was, even if she had some surreptitious way of reading it. He said that he then placed this note between two slates of his own, tied them together, and at the direction of the psychic hung them on the chandelier over the table where they were sitting. After a little time he was directed to take them down and open them. On the inside he found, written on the slate, a reply to his note, signed by his father's name, and written in precisely the same way in which he had written his own—that is, in the German language, but spelled with Hebrew characters.'—REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

IN VAIN we ransack all Nature for a single instance in which Nature's instincts have deceived insect or bird. Does Nature use so great skill for guiding beasts, but become a blunderer in guiding man? Nay, further: Does Nature, through instinct of what awaits them, speak truth to wasps and spiders and sparrows, but tell lies to man of what awaits him? If man lives for this world only, then God is become a mere purveyor for the body.—NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

#### NOTES OF A PRIVATE CIRCLE.

By 'V.,' GLASGOW.

#### IV.

May 29th.—We sat for a time as usual at the table. I do not know why, but I found that the spirit friends, before they could control a medium, were able to give messages partaking of a test character through a table; but communications by control, when that was properly established, were, and are, to me, the more satisfactory. I, however, gladly accept table messages, impressions, automatic writings, personal, inspirational or trance control, or communications by whatever means may be most suitable or available. I do not object to the table, if that is the best for the time being; and yet as a matter of preference I should choose other methods, because the table, with the alphabet process, is *so slow*. Otherwise it is not less dignified or useful than the other means; indeed, sitting at the table is productive of quietness, patience, and on the whole leads up to, and prepares the way for, more effective controls.

To return—we sat talking of some past experiences which had come true, when the table commenced to move, the influence purporting to be my mother, who appeared to be cognisant of the fact that my sister, and confidante in spiritual matters, Mrs. B., had received messages about a Mrs. N. before and after her death, she (Mrs. N.) having passed over during the previous week. The spirit said, in reply to questions, that she had met Mrs. N., and through my mother, Mrs. N. sent a message to her family. Mrs. Coates then appeared to be controlled by Mrs. N., who, after much difficulty, said that 'she was not reconciled to her position; she was greatly worried about N., a daughter of hers, whom the friends were proposing to board out in—, and she 'did not want her to go there or to live with —,' which was another proposition. She made certain suggestions about her daughter N. that would give her pleasure to have carried out, &c.

I may say that N., the daughter referred to, is a very intelligent person, but, suffering from certain physical disabilities, she requires the presence and care of some sympathetic person; hence the mother's natural anxiety. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Coates knew anything of these parties, and yet the names and all these particulars about this girl's necessities came through Mrs. Coates. If this is not a test of identity, what intelligence was at work? Why should Mrs. Coates experience a state of anxiety about a person concerning whose life, character, and infirmities she was ignorant? These interesting controls were as convincing as they were unexpected. To my mind, they pointed to the conclusion that the information came from the source claimed for them, viz., the discarnate spirit who influenced the medium.

M., my wife, now controlled the medium, and appeared delighted to be able to address me more freely, and in something like her old familiar and happy style. I do not propose to enter into her message, save to say that it was both apposite and convincing. I certainly felt that my wife was addressing me. The sitting ended with a control by Uncle J., expressing his and Auntie J.'s best wishes with a hearty 'Guid nicht, John, God bless you.' The contrast between these two controls was very marked, and agreed with the originals, as they were intimately known to me while on earth. Be the explanation what it may, it gives me pleasure to record the facts, as given.

June 15th.—I held plates for psychic photography with Mrs. Coates. While doing so, this lady became controlled by a spirit who evidently knew me, but had not controlled before. Failing to speak, we elicited through the table that this spirit was a friend of mine; no relation, but a lady whom I had 'known in Glasgow.' I was much puzzled and could not think who it could be. Mrs. Coates passed under the control of my wife, M., and in reply informed me that the last speaker was Annie, who, she remarked, was very fond of me. I asked if Annie was aware that her uncle, 'Kennedy,' had passed over suddenly last night? 'Yes,' she said, 'and she had brought him here.' Annie had been trying to speak and did not succeed, although she had been often with me, and tried to influence me. M. continued



(she managed better with this control), and we conversed for some time about Annie and about herself, and about life in the spirit world; all of which struck me as being very natural and just what might be. M.'s sympathetic references to Annie, whose short married life and brief experiences had so much in common with her own, had a touch of sadness which doubly enhanced their close friendship on earth and now in their newer conditions of life.

When Mrs. Coates was released, we had a long communication through the table, from a new influence. The message came quickly, clearly, and decisively. It purported to be from a particular friend of Mrs. B., whom she had known in girlhood, and who now claimed to be the guide of her circle. I did not know him in the body, and knew nothing of his claims, but he appeared well acquainted with our family, with Mrs. B., and all her affairs. I asked the name; this was declined, but he said: 'Tell her (Mrs. B.) that I am her —, and she will be delighted to know, &c.' Upon going home I told Mrs. B., at the earliest opportunity, of what had taken place, and read her the notes from which the above is extracted, and she was surprised beyond measure. She recognised the accuracy of the whole communication. This was also the first intimation she had of his death.

My father, who now seems able to control more fully, is still interested in our family affairs and our business arrangements, and through Mr. Coates dealt with both. As to the latter, I cannot say much, but the advice appeared both sound and characteristic of my father. I was cautioned to guard against accidents, the nature of which was pointed out. Already an accident, in which a man hurt his hand, had been directly described by Mr. Coates, as well as the machine-room in which it took place.

June 25th.—We sat as usual at the table and had a communication purporting to come from my son H., who had already given me a message that morning through Mrs. B. The message now dealt with his experiences in spirit-life, his education there, with spirit photography, inventions, and the prediction of inventions to come. Of their correctness, or otherwise, I am not yet in a position to judge.

A new influence now came to the table. We ascertained that it was that of a friend, a lady whom I had known in the body, the same lady who had tried to control Mrs. Coates at our previous sitting. I thought that it might be Annie, already referred to. 'No.' Mrs. Coates then described a tall, dignified lady, in black silk dress, such and such a style, her appearance, &c.; and then told me she was my wife's mother. It was indeed a correct word picture. The message was of interest and the directions with regard to future sittings may turn out all right. I hope so; meanwhile we shall follow them out. At the beginning of most of these sittings we hold plates for psychic photography, and although we have failed to get distinct pictures, the mere fact of holding the plates seems helpful to the sittings.

July 2nd.—Mr. Coates was controlled by 'Dr. Warren,' and by one recognised as 'Pat.' I have no means of identifying these, but whether he is the scholarly Dr. Warren or the humorous Irishman, one is sure to get something of value, wisdom, philosophy, wit and instruction from him. I do not intend to deal with either of these controls, except to say that 'Pat' gave an affecting parable of the life of a merchant (neither better nor worse than many in real life), and the results accruing therefrom in spirit-life, which very strikingly brought home the old saying—'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'

This night Mrs. Coates was controlled by one 'Tom P.,' who appeared in great distress, and told us where he had died and from what cause. He desired me to tell his father, and give him his love, &c. 'Was he ("Tom P.") happy?' 'Yes—no,' was very sadly and slowly given. I talked to him sympathetically. He told me that he was very much in the dark; that he loved his father (his father is a distinguished theologian in the West of Scotland). His father was opposed to the idea of the possibility of spirit return, and was perfectly satisfied—'cocksure, as my brother, the captain, would say—but I love him all the same.' This was a great surprise. I was under the impression that 'Tom P.' was a ship captain, but in this I was wrong, as subsequently discovered. The captain was Tom's brother, hence the cor-

rectness of the above reference. (I was mistaken in thinking that 'Tom P.' was a captain. He was, I learned, a clerk, for some time in London, when last heard of. His death took place in Rio, in South America, of fever. This information, from the relatives, confirmed what was told us by the control, nearly two months before.) The control spoke about himself, my sister Mrs. B., and about the health of one of the family, and then went away, apparently reluctant to go, and in great distress.

Another control, a Dr. George I., gave us a message through Mrs. Coates; mostly private, and with reference to the young man (Tom P.), who, he said, was in darkness and could not see him; 'he had gone away, very sad, yet happier; he had been helped by a parable which he had heard in the circle that evening, &c.'

I knew both these controls when in the body, especially the latter, a well-known divine, who was a neighbour of ours. Both controls carried with them, to me, a certain amount of conviction as to their *bona fides*. The doctor had controlled Mr. Coates several months before, and surprised me by referring to private affairs, and among other things referred to Tom P.'s father, whom I happened to meet the previous day.

We had another new control this evening, namely, Annie's Uncle 'Kennedy,' who addressed me in his old style, which I knew so well. He spoke with dry Scotch humour mingled with pathos: 'When I saw ma sel' (his body lying on the bed) 'I wunnert whaur a' wis, an' a wunner noo. I wis awfu' sorry, mon, ye didna ca' yon day. I had a gran freenship for a' the family. Y're a fine lot o' weel daen fellows. A can see ma true freens noo, an' a tried tae touch some o' them at thae funeral.' Then he referred to the service at the Glasgow Cathedral. (He was a prominent Burgess of the City; held a high financial position, and in his way engaged in aiding practical philanthropic schemes.) On my referring to his good works, and the high respect in which he was held, he said: 'Hoots mon, mony a better mon, bit puir, gaes doon tae the grave, an' no a word sed aboot them. Am vera prood o' it a' the same. Na, there's na flatteries here.' He then spoke about the funeral and of the friends he had met on the other side, including my wife. 'Mr. Kennedy' visited my house the Sunday before. On the evening when he died, I was going to call but was prevented. He referred to this. The sensitive knew nothing of this person. Why should all these controls be so natural, and so like the originals, if they are merely evolved from the sub-conscious self of the medium?

Now a new control took possession of the medium. At first I thought it would be Annie or M., possibly the former. It seemed to be a strong control and fairly dominated the medium, who lost all consciousness, for on awakening she had no recollection of what had taken place. I tried to get the name. It was refused. I even suggested names; they were all rejected. I had thought of all possible persons. She was none of them. She desired me to think again and again. All of no use. She declined to give me the full name, as she wanted me to think. The manner was that of a young woman. 'Mary' was the name given. I then tried to get the surname, but in vain. I could not possibly think who she was. I then questioned her. 'Where had I met her?' 'In —.' 'Where did I meet her first, in my house or hers?' 'In her mother's house.' 'How old were you then?' 'About the same age as your own, twenty-one years.' Then came the name and the circumstances of the by-gone days and the friendship which then existed. She had married and gone out of my circle of acquaintances for many long years. She then gave the reason for declining to give her name, and I recognised both the wisdom and the justice of it. She gave her message, fully and clearly; entering into many details of private life, and what had passed in her own and mine. She said that she had been specially sent to tell me. I cannot attempt to do justice to her address. I recognised the woman; one educated through great suffering, who had been detailed to benefit me by her wisdom, and to say things to me which my wife would have refrained from saying. In the language of Burroughs, I was to learn:—

'My heart shall reap where it hath sown  
And gather up its fruits and tears.'



For such was the purport of her message, although I cannot furnish either her text or address.

M. put in a brief appearance and referred to the foregoing approvingly, and was sorry to go.

My father then controlled Mrs. Coates. There was no mistaking this control. Mr. Coates mildly objected to former controls, and Mr. —'s forcible methods, upon which the control turned upon Mr. Coates, just as father would have done, had he been crossed or contradicted. I think it was done more as a test of identity than anything else, for with a few kindly words to us all a remarkable sitting concluded.

I have one or two comments to make concerning this, our last sitting for some time. 'Dr. Warren' was not very sanguine of our success in psychic photography; he deprecated the use of the camera, and thought better results would come from holding the plates; at any rate the mediums were mental and not physical sensitives. They did not throw off the *aura* or magnetism necessary. We were urged earnestly to cultivate the higher and more spiritual forms of mediumship; the development of personal character, &c. He deprecated our anxiety about physical phenomena, though they had their place, &c.

The control of 'Mr. Kennedy' was most interesting, and the conversation was most characteristic of the man. Humour and wisdom were his prominent features; his Scotch Doric was free from all coarseness and vulgarity in expression, and came flowing from his tongue in the most pleasant and unaffected manner. He was always a great favourite with every member of our family circle. 'Am verra prood o't a' the same,' refers to remarks as to his healthy influence in life and the sincere expressions of regret at his death, &c., made by many at his funeral. All of this is so very human, and opposed to our general ideas of what spirits are, and how they would conduct themselves were they permitted to come back to us.

As to Mary W., whom I knew and greatly admired, as the control said, it was quite correctly stated that I was twenty-one years of age when we became first acquainted. Mary came in her calm, gentle, and thoughtful manner, as I first knew her long ago. Now, it is to be remarked that I had wholly and completely forgotten for the time being her very existence, till, step by step, she recalled herself to my memory at this memorable séance.

My father's control at the end of the sitting was very striking in the firm, belligerent attitude he assumed as he turned Mrs. Coates round in her chair and faced straight up to Mr. Coates. The danger, however, was more apparent than real. The medium's manner was very realistic, and reminded me most amusingly of my father when engaged in earnest conversation or in expostulation.

I now conclude these Notes of a Private Circle, well aware that the narrative lacks in style; the facts in completeness, for I have had to suppress so much; and what are recorded will appear so little to seasoned Spiritualists. But they are very precious to me and may be of service to others, who may be encouraged thereby to persevere in their investigations of Spiritualism in the 'Private Circle.'

#### SUNLIGHT!

There comes a moment to the wintry scene,  
When sunlight gleams again upon the sward,  
The soft light, source of joy and health, outshines,  
And up in cloudland whitens one curved roll!  
It goes anon; and dampness supervenes.  
But in the soul is shed a hope of spring,  
A comprehension of the folded flowers  
That God has stored up in His thought, so soon  
To give and scatter over hedge and field.  
The myriad primrose sweetness is so furled,—  
The delicate joy of dainty daffodil,—  
And all the lavish sweets of violet,—  
The warm pink daring of the almond bough,—  
The pendant chastity of snowdrop bell,—  
The fragrance of the apple blossom pure;  
All the beseeching scents of God's spring flowers,  
That search the heart like heralds of that Heaven  
Which waits in Time for all prepared souls.  
Then shall not we, in our thoughts' secret, hold  
Some concept sweet, to work for others-joy!

EFFIE JOHNSON.

#### A FULFILLED PROPHECY.

In 'LIGHT,' of January 27th, the following is quoted:—

'The World's Advance-Thought and the Universal Republic' reprints the following from 'La Lumière' (Paris):—

'The Church of the "Sacred Heart" of Montmartre (Paris), has been the recipient of a warning from the over-controlling Divine Powers, that should cause all who oppose Spiritualism to pause and consider what they are doing. Recently a gigantic statue of the Christ standing upon the front of the church fell and was broken into a thousand fragments. The circumstance is inexplicable; for the statue was deeply set and sealed into the wall. Not a trace was left of this singular plucking out of the statue that could explain the phenomenon. It happened on the day when the priests of Rome were praying in this church to demolish Spiritualism.'

In the 'Arcana of Christianity,' Part III, published in 1867, T. L. Harris foretells a series of judgments to fall on the ecclesiasticisms which teach a pseudo-Christianity. He writes:—

'A fifth judgment will consist in the toppling down and overthrowing of crosses, and the images of angels and saints, in places profaned by idolatry: the good stone will refuse any longer to yield itself to impostures. The spirits of the stone, taking possession of the ultimate particles, and swept in their motion by the Divine Breath, will break the magnificence of ages, that they whose belief is a ruin may congregate in ruins. Before the invisible ark of God's holy city, New Jerusalem, which cometh down from Heaven, the effigies in every house of seeming faith must be destroyed. The Voice saith, "Woe, woe, woe, when the whirlwind rises and the new harmony sweeps forth to winnow the threshing-floor of nations" (par. 805).

I have been asked how these prophetic warnings were obtained by T. L. Harris, and also whether they have yet been fulfilled. I conjecture that he saw them as facts in the lower spirit-worlds, and knew that they would, as events moved on, be ultimated on the external plane. The prophecy recorded in par. 803 has been fulfilled; also that recorded in par. 809, though not, so far as I know, in connection with the Greek Church. Others may have been often fulfilled, though not necessarily announced in the newspapers. It is but rational to conclude that, as spiritual evolution advances, the spiritual state of each, whether it be good or evil, will be manifested by correspondence in the body. Yet the evil may always be averted by repentance, because thereby the spiritual state is changed.

E. W. BERRIDGE, M.D.

48, Sussex-gardens, Hyde Park, W.

#### A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE WITH 'PLANCHETTE.'

The following curious story, related by 'Julia Banker,' is published in the January number of 'Revue Spirite':—

'One morning,' she says, 'being at leisure, I went to my room and took out planchette, as I was in the habit of conversing with it. I was much surprised at having these words rapidly written under my hand: "You have no notion of the noise you make when you come up the stairs."'

"I know I make a noise," I replied, "but I cannot help it."

"Yes, you can," said planchette.

"How?" I inquired, with some curiosity.

"By padding the steps."

"Ah, well," I thought, "planchette likes comfort." But as I knew that I had nothing to double the carpet with, I said: "But we have nothing to double it with."

"Yes," replied planchette.

"And where?" I inquired.

"In the granary. There are seventeen pieces for the staircase, and as there are just seventeen steps, you see you have what you need."

'I had no idea how many steps there were to our staircase, but I counted, and to my surprise found that planchette was right. I went to the granary and searched everywhere until I found, in turning over all the rubbish which lay piled together, seventeen pieces for steps, which had been left there, forgotten by the proprietor. The housekeeper, who is an honest woman, can certify to the truth of this statement. We unfastened the stair carpet together and padded the steps as planchette had suggested.'



## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

Under this heading, as already announced, we propose, from time to time, to reply, as far as and as well as we are able, to some of the questions which may be addressed to us by friends who feel the need of a little help in the pursuit of their investigations. The questions should be short and such as admit of brief replies, and should relate to mediumship, phenomena, personal experiences, and the development and exercise of psychical gifts. Metaphysical problems should, as far as possible, be avoided, as incapable of adequate treatment within the space at our command:—

13. Can you tell me where the first full-form materialisation occurred? Was it in America or in England?—ALPHA.

ANSWER: We believe that the honour of having been the first to observe manifestations in full form under strict test conditions belongs to Sir William Crookes. There may have been similar presentations in America, and indeed in England, prior to those attested by the eminent scientist, but, so far as we can ascertain, none of them were so well authenticated.

14. Should spirits be evoked, or, in other words, if we 'call spirits from the vasty deep' will they come?—SHAKESPEARE.

ANSWER: It is unwise to attempt to summon any special spirits, as they are hardly likely to do your bidding; and moreover, if you do so, there is danger, a real danger, that some 'dweller on the threshold' may seize the opportunity to amuse himself at your expense. If you observe the conditions and desire that some relative or friend will come to you, without pre-determining *who* it must be, the probability is that your love will form the bond of attraction and enable one at least among your dear departed to reach you. Patience, aspiration, and affection are needed.

15. Granting clairvoyance to be an actual fact, how does the clairvoyant perceive objects in darkness? In other words, what is the quality of the light in which the objects are perceived?—E.B.

16. Normal sight, as generally understood, is due to certain vibrations which affect the retina of the eye and are conveyed by special nerves to the brain; seeing that the usual channel is *not* made use of by a clairvoyant, as he may be blindfolded, or have the eyes closed, how are the sensations conveyed to the brain?—J.Y.

17. In clairvoyance is the sight directed into space for distant objects? If so, the law of perspective no longer holds good. Or does the Ego travel to the object to be perceived, as from all the descriptions given it would appear as if both the perceived and the percipient were actually present?—KRUGER.

ANSWER: These three questions can best be dealt with as one. Clairvoyance is in reality, for the most part, spiritual perception—feeling. Mrs. Denton speaks of the light by which she was able to see psychometrically as 'latent light.' The same thing is probably meant by the Theosophists when they speak of 'astral light,' and by others who designate it 'etheric light,' but by giving it a name we do not analyse or define it. William Denton claimed that rays of light continually emanate from all objects, readily pass through most, if not all, substances, and proceed at once to the brain of sensitives and give the sensation of vision without the intervention of the eye. This refined light, he says, 'passes at once through the portals and is admitted into the inner chambers of the soul.' Mrs. Denton says: 'While ordinary vision requires light, either direct, or reflected from some luminous body, to enable it to distinguish objects within its range, the other (the inner sight) finds a pebble no larger than a common pea sufficient to light up a world, while we read the myriad pages of its thrilling history. . . . In some instances, the impression appears to be made directly upon the brain, and when the individual (psychometrist) has learned to discriminate between these direct impressions and the creations of fancy, or the workings of imagination, they may be considered equally reliable with true vision.' According to Mrs. Denton, then, it would appear that clairvoyant per-

ceptions can be experienced by different processes—by sight and by impression. Whether the Röntgen Rays and Wireless Telegraphy will ultimately help us to an understanding of the qualities of this 'latent light,' and how the sensations are conveyed to the mind, remains to be seen; they do, at any rate, reveal certain subtle conditions of the *within* of Nature and indicate the probability of a scientific solution of some of her mysteries. Clairvoyance has been likened to a 'telescopic eye,' and the extended vision enjoyed by some seers seems to point to a power of perception by sympathetic relationship, as is the case in thought-transference. In other cases experience points to 'travelling' clairvoyance, in which the percipient psychically visits the distant place and describes what is witnessed.

18. I think I have some indications of the power of inspirational speaking. Can you tell me how to develop it?—R.H.L.

ANSWER: There is only one way to develop it, and that is to *try*. Take every opportunity to *express* the thoughts that come to you. Speak, and fear not. Facility of expression will come. You cannot expect that ideas will be poured through you unless you let them flow. Study elocution, if you like; the *way* in which things are said is very important, seeing that it has great influence upon the hearers. Do not be troubled about *who* the inspirers are if you receive and express bright, true, rational, and helpful thoughts. If you utter the thoughts that come to you others will follow, but if you do not speak out your first thoughts you cannot expect that others will be given you.

19. A 'minister of religion,' in the town in which I live, has been instrumental in the distribution of a leaflet, in which it is stated that the Spiritualists have an establishment in Ohio, where 'the most immoral, licentious, and debasing sins are practised as a part of their religion.' Can it be possible that there is any ground whatever for such an odious allegation?

ANSWER: There is no ground for it whatever, and never was. It is a wicked—well, a wicked *lie*; there is no other word by which it can be adequately described. This is not the first time we have heard of it, and some time since we made a searching investigation into its origin. An attempt was made, *forty years ago*, by a few strangers to the town, to establish a community in Ohio on the plan of Fourier. Not a single resident of the town was in any way connected with the movement, and our good friend, Hudson Tuttle, then a young man, *opposed it so vigorously* that the attempt was speedily abandoned. And yet the ingenuity of bigotry basely perverted these simple facts and manufactured a story by which it hoped to discredit Spiritualism! The time is coming, and that speedily, when the discredit will be found to attach, not to Spiritualism, but to those who have had recourse to such disgraceful weapons of opposition. But, strangely enough, every new movement, however pure and good, seems destined to grievous misrepresentations. Even Swedenborg wrote of the early Quakers—'The secret worship of the Quakers, sedulously concealed from the world, is a worship so wicked, execrable, and abominable that, were it known to Christians, they would expel Quakers from society and permit them to live only among beasts.' That calumny does no harm to Quakers, for nobody believes it, but it is somewhat of a tarnish on Swedenborg's own reputation.

NEW THOUGHT ESSAYS.—In 'The Mastery of Fate,' by P. Braun, we have, in booklet form, a reprint of the editorial articles which appeared in Volume II. of 'The New Man,' an American publication. Regarded as a whole, the articles constitute a plea for Mental Science. Man, it is contended, is an evolving creature. His body has probably reached the limits of its development. Mind is the next line along which evolution will proceed. Hitherto mind and matter have been regarded as distinct, but it is now beginning to be dimly apprehended that thought is at the back of everything, and that matter itself is but mind in different degrees of development. What environment has done for the physical side of man, purposeful thought concentration, it is claimed, can accomplish as regards his mental and spiritual unfoldment. Many of the essays are written from a very advanced standpoint. The subjects dealt with range from 'Pre-natal Child Culture' to 'The Cure of Poverty.' It is a suggestive and clever little work, but hardly suitable for general reading. Copies may be obtained of G. Osbond, Scientor House, Devonport.—A. B.



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EDITOR ... .. E. DAWSON ROGERS.

*Assisted by a Staff of able Contributors.*

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### THE RISE OF MAN.

There is, in Iowa (U.S.), a College which rejoices in a novelty,—'a Chair of Applied Christianity.' It was endowed by some good soul who stipulated that Professor Herron should occupy it and should be perfectly free to set forth what he believed was meant by the blessed Founder of the Feast, or, in other words, what Christ meant by Christianity.

For six years, the Professor has been letting down his bucket into the well, and, for something less than six years, certain rich men have become more and more restless, until, at last, in order to save the College generally from serious money troubles, he has resigned. But, before he did this, he delivered a Discourse before 'The Christian Societies' of the College; and this has been published in 'Mind' and is entitled 'The omnipotence of human life.' The circumstances give special interest to this original discourse, but it has an important message of its own, and is of special value to us: for, in the very first paragraph, the speaker says that there 'is soon to be fought the great human battle between the dominion of things and the dominion of spirit.' That, at least, arrests our attention. Let us look further into it.

We are surprised, as we read on, to find that what is prominent in the speaker's mind is the living presence or power of Jesus. 'From the midst of dead official faiths the real Christ has risen to human faith at last,' he says, 'and this is the significance and glory of our age.' That, we imagine, is spoken as a spiritual idealist. That is what we hope and believe will be true—some day—alas! not yet. 'For the first time,' he says, 'we are reading the fragments we call the Gospels in the terms of human experience.' It is partly true: but Professor Herron's practical expulsion from his Chair is a queer comment upon his faith.

Of course we agree with him as to the ultimate issue. It is the Spiritualist's special function to be hopeful, always hopeful, and to be sure that all the glorious spiritual ideals will be realised; but it will not help us to fancy it is August when it is only March. Professor Herron says of Jesus: 'That masterful and triumphant life, long since passed from the cross into history, is to-day mastering every human fact and interpreting the whole institution of life afresh. It is fascinating the common spiritual imagination, and coming from the bosom of the Father into the unnamed leadership of practical politics and economics.' From one point of view, that is very beautiful: but, from another, it sounds like mockery. If we speak from the spiritual

imagination to the spiritual hope, it is beautiful: but if we stand and look in the world's face and say it, it makes one ashamed or sad.

But let us look a little farther into it. Perhaps we can find a point of agreement in the proposition that Jesus is a revealer of the real man: or may we say, with certain modern mystics, that he is a revealer of the Christ in all men? That might be a very helpful thought, and might even enable us to say that he *has* 'made all things new,' not because the work is done, but because the *doing* of it is certain. What if the specialty of Jesus is that he is the revealer of man's spirit-self as child of the Spirit-God? What if, even approximately, it is true, that 'every man is omnipotent, and has at his disposal all that God has'? What if, as Professor Herron asserts, 'the whole meaning of what we call the incarnation is, that the common human life is the real presence of God'? It is only a purified and refined spiritual vision that can see and take this in. Let the reader ponder this; and ponder it again and again:—

There is no more heavenly place in the universe than the soul of the one who sits at your side; and your state of mind towards that and other souls is your heaven or hell—for heaven is a state of mind, with which time and place and death have nothing whatever to do. God is living a human life in every man and woman, in every human heart-beat, in every human ideal; and the humblest man who goes forth is Almighty God on human feet, at work with human hands. Even the blackest life is God's hid image, God's self-expression. All there is of God inheres in the being of the down-most man you know; and wherever one human soul helps another, there is a priest giving God's absolution to the soul. Until I find some centre of attraction, some indispensable worth, some shine of worship, in every human life, I am not heavenly minded. There is a universal and elemental chord, which will some day be found and struck by the master-hand, and to which every heart will at last ring true: then every discordant note will die away forever, and humanity will blossom with God.

We do not envy the man who does not bow his head before that lovely bit of idealism, and at least wish that it were true. But is it not true? Is there any other possible explanation of man and of man's life, if God is God and if, as God, He ever created man in His own image,—a living soul?

We may here find, and perhaps only here, a scientific basis for the most exalted optimism; a basis which is eminently possible for the Spiritualist. Man is spirit, and matter is only his instrument or temporary mode of expression. All that God is throbs in him, according to his measure and in his degree. He is a creature of Law, and of Law which is an expression of Love or Harmony: and the result is sure. All follies, errors, passions, revolts, sins, are incidents on the march. As sure as the reptile became the bird, or the ape evolved into the man, so sure is it that the ugly-tempered human animal will advance to angelhood, here or elsewhere, because there is the seed of Deity in him, and the divine power is bound to manifest itself in him, and cause all things, even all evil things, to work together for good.

Some day this discovery will dawn upon humanity: and that discovery will be the dawn of true Religion, because, at last, man will understand that inspired saying: 'Beloved, now are we sons of God.' Then man will work with God, consciously and happily, and 'the incarnation' will be the greatest fact of life, for Man will be a manifestation of God. It is just here that we come up with the significance of the title of Professor Herron's Discourse. 'The omnipotence of human life' simply means that man has at his disposal all the resources of God just as fast as he is able to understand and is anxious to use them. Man can and will make of the world just what he pleases. Even now some do it, 'creating an ideal world in their own consciousness, and living in that ideal, never breaking faith with it, refusing to make terms with anything else,' so that they can ride on the storm of the world's selfishness and ill-



temper, its sordidness and uncleanness, 'and, in the midst of all, be an omnipotent creator of the world of joy and justice, of the manhood and the harmony, that exist in their ideal.' And what some can do all might do. But, if all did it, we should have a heaven upon earth.

Such are the teachings of this Professor of Applied Christianity who is following in Christ's footsteps as one 'despised and rejected of men,'—a sorry sight! Well might 'Mind' say, in drawing attention to this remarkable Discourse:—

Believing, then, that all are sons of God—that there is one universal brotherhood—he contends that the natural gifts of God to man should not be withheld by any man, or by any body of men, to the detriment of others; that every good and every perfect gift is from God: that He intended that they should be like the sun, which shines for all, or the rain, which 'falls alike on the just and on the unjust.' And this is the pernicious doctrine for teaching which Professor George D. Herron has had to give up his chair of Applied Christianity in Iowa College, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-nine!

### LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

#### CONVERSAZIONE.

A *Conversazione* of the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, Limited, was held on Wednesday, January 24th, in the Banqueting Room, St. James's Hall, when there was a large and brilliant assembly.

MR. E. DAWSON ROGERS (the President of the Alliance), in a brief introductory address, expressed his pleasure at meeting so many of the friends, and after announcing that the Council had decided that the evening should be devoted almost entirely to music and social intercourse, he urged all to do their best to add to the pleasure of others; not to wait for formal introductions but to enter into friendly conversation with one another. He concluded with an expression of the hope that everyone would spend a very enjoyable evening.

The music, which afforded great pleasure to the audience, was under the capable direction of Miss Minnie Theobald, ably assisted by Miss Bessie Jones, vocalist, Miss Hedwig Cole, pianist, Miss Myrtle Lumsden, violinist, and Mr. Bertram Theobald, accompanist. Selections from Beethoven's pianoforte quartette and Mendelssohn's C minor Trio were charmingly rendered, and Miss Minnie Theobald, as on previous occasions, delighted the audience with her beautiful violoncello playing, especially in two brilliantly executed solos. The sweet and sympathetic voice of Miss Bessie Jones was heard to great advantage in 'Hush a ba Birdie' and Mackenzie's fine song 'When Twilight Gathers,' which had the additional attraction of a violoncello obligato. Two Scotch songs with trio accompaniment by Beethoven, a work but little known, added a further interest to this refined and well-chosen programme.

The grand piano used on the occasion had been kindly lent by the Messrs. Brinsmead.

During an interval Miss MacCreadie, in a very pleasing manner, gave seventeen clairvoyant descriptions of spirits, fifteen of which were readily recognised; and a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to her, on the motion of the President, for her acceptable services. Miss MacCreadie, in feeling terms, bespoke the sympathy of the audience for Miss Rowan Vincent, who was still too unwell to be present, but although absent was not forgotten.

THE JUDGE REPORTED HIS OWN DEATH.—'I know of a case of a little boy, but two or three years old, who had been put to bed and was asleep. He had a friend, a judge of some prominence, living in the place, who, having no children of his own, was very fond of this particular little boy—used to come often to see him, bring him presents, and make a pet of him. On this evening the father and mother were sitting in the next room, when they heard the little boy crying violently, as though his heart would break. They asked him what the matter was, and he called out: "Judge — says he's dead! He has been here and told me that he is dead!" The next morning it was found that the judge had died at about that time the night before.'—REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

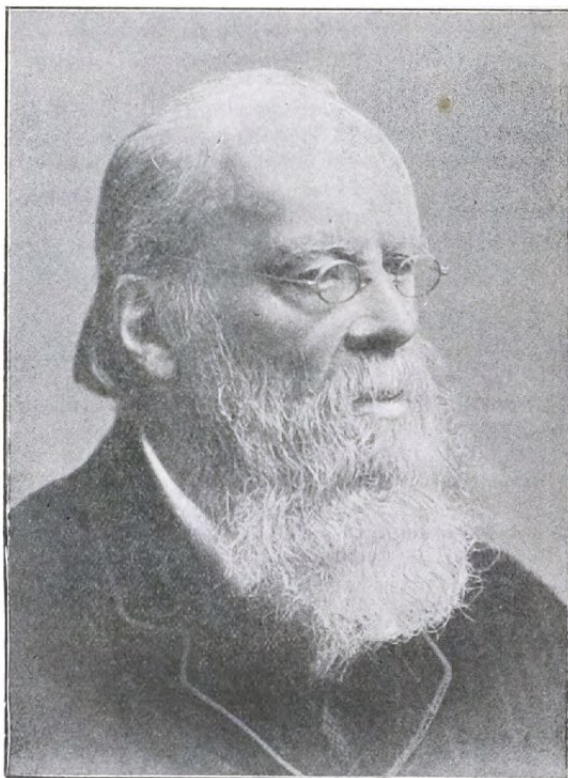
### 'IMPROVISATIONS FROM THE SPIRIT.'

ADDRESS BY THE REV. JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

On Friday evening, 12th inst., at a meeting of the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, held in the French Salon, St. James's Hall, the Rev. J. Page Hopps delivered an address on Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson's little volume of poems, 'Improvisations from the Spirit.' Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, the President of the Alliance, occupied the chair.

After some introductory remarks by the President, MR. PAGE HOPPS addressed the meeting.

He explained that he had chosen the subject which had been announced, not because he thought it would be gener-



THE LATE DR. J. J. GARTH WILKINSON.

[From a photo by Martin and Sallnow.]

ally interesting, and not because there was anything very sensational or attractive about it. He chose it for two reasons—first, because he had a very strong impression that Dr. Garth Wilkinson was a really great man, and that his life and writings were worthy of earnest consideration and study. The second reason was that the book he had selected as the theme of his remarks that evening was really a very remarkable little volume.

He had noticed at the time of Dr. Wilkinson's passing on that the newspapers which chronicled the event mentioned the book as being exceedingly curious and very scarce. He had made several attempts to obtain a copy, but he could not discover one until at last a notice in 'LIGHT' procured the copy which he had brought with him that evening. It was a very quaint, curious, and interesting little book, but it was not possible to get an accurate idea of the true proportions of the values in it, unless they bore in mind what the author of the book was like.

Of course if the person who produced the book, whether as composer or as medium, were a commonplace person the book would have very little value for them; they might put it aside as mere doggerel. He did not mean to imply that the whole of the book consisted of doggerel, but only that if the volume had been produced by an ordinary person it would not possess the same interest and value for them.

The central idea to be borne in mind was the fact that the man who produced the book, whether as composer or as medium, was an exceedingly able man in every way, as a scholar, a scientific man, a profound thinker, a man of vast reading, a man of wide experience, and a very clear, beautiful and competent writer.



Now they had got to bear that in mind, because, unless they did, they would not be able to appreciate some of the queer things in the book.

By way of illustrating his point concerning the personality of Dr. Wilkinson, Mr. Hopps then read the following extract from Ralph Waldo Emerson's Essays on 'Representative Men,' in which, dealing with Swedenborg and his voluminous works, Emerson wrote :—

'He [Swedenborg] has at last found a pupil in Mr. Wilkinson, of London, a philosophic critic with a co-equal vigour of understanding, comparable only to Lord Bacon's, who has restored his master's buried books to the day, and has transferred them, with every advantage, from their forgotten Latin into English, to go round the world in our commercial and conquering tongue. . . . The admirable preliminary discourses with which Mr. Wilkinson has en-

doggrel. In one part the writer seemed to anticipate the criticism of people concerning the doggerel, for he wrote :—

'Now this is deep-laid song :  
Not seen at once this lay :  
But thou would'st do it wrong  
To cast it quite away.  
So put it by this time,  
And know that themes full oft  
Are not within thy chime,  
Are higher than thy loft.'

That was all very simple, and yet in that stanza there were three extremely clever, subtle phrases. 'Now this is *deep-laid* song' was a wonderfully fresh and novel expression.

'[They] are not within thy chime,  
[They] are higher than thy loft.'

Those lines were a kind of anticipation of the verdict that the verse was mere doggerel.

Those persons who were familiar with passive writing and some grades of trance-speaking would find in the book much that would remind them strongly of the queer writings and strange chaotic talk that came even from fine-minded and clever people who practised passive writing and trance speaking.

There was a great deal in the book, too, which recalled William Blake in metre, simplicity of diction, and in the odd, out-of-the-way, childlike imagery.

It was to be remembered that Dr. Wilkinson was sufficiently scientific and philosophic to observe and take note of his own experiences. He was so trained in observation, so patient and careful in investigation, that in producing his curious poems he watched himself and told us how they came into existence.

'This little volume,' he wrote, 'which I neither value nor undervalue, is one man's earliest essay to receive with upstretched palms some of these long travelling, most unnoticed, and yet unchangeable and immortal rays. It was given just as the reader reads it, with no hesitation, without the correction of one word from beginning to end, and how much it differs from other similar collections in process it were difficult to convey to the reader. Suffice it to say that every piece was produced without premeditation or preconception; had these processes stolen in, such production would have been impossible. The longest piece in the volume occupied from thirty to forty-five minutes. Altogether about fifty hours of recreation, after days not unlaborious, are here put into print. The production was attended by no feeling and by no fervour, but only by an anxiety of all the circumstantial faculties to observe the unlooked-for evolution, and to know what would come of it. For the most part the full import of what was written was not obvious until one or more days had elapsed: the process of production seemed to put that of appreciation into abeyance.'

That was just the acute observation of a scientific observer: production was one thing, and discrimination was another. It was true of a great number of the very best thinkers and of many fine orators, who, if they became entirely self-conscious, might stammer, blush, become commonplace, and there would be an end of their inspiration.

In a very remarkable note at the end of the poems Dr. Wilkinson had stated that as a rule it occupied him twice as long to copy a poem as to write one.

Bearing this in mind, let them listen to some extracts from two extraordinary little poems on Turner, the painter. He would read the last three verses of the second of the poems on Turner's art, and ask them to imagine how any man could have written the verses in the way and in the time indicated by Dr. Wilkinson's note :—

'Believe me there are ways of painting things  
That are allied to the great morning's wings,  
Ways godlike, and the first of ways is this,—  
Seize your own hand and mantle your own bliss.

Let the world seize it: not the little world  
Of sighs and sneers and doubts and dandies curled,  
But the great world of rivers and of suns  
Through whose great door the godward glory runs.

Leave something to thy fellow men also,  
Leave them the right in seeing ways to grow :  
They'll cluster round you if you heed them not,  
But do *you* stand within the Egerian grot.'

riched these volumes throw all the contemporary philosophy of England into the shade.'

That was a very remarkable statement from a man of such knowledge and critical power as Emerson.

In another volume, 'English Traits,' Emerson wrote :—

'Wilkinson, the editor of Swedenborg, the annotator of Fourier, the champion of Hahnemann, has brought to metaphysics and to physiology a native vigour with a catholic perception of relations, equal to the highest attempts, and a rhetoric like the armoury of the invincible knights of old. . . . There is in the action of his mind a long Atlantic roll not known except in deepest waters, and only lacking what ought to accompany such powers, a manifest centrality.'

That was extremely high praise, as certifying that Dr. Wilkinson was a man of extraordinary powers—strength, knowledge, patience, eloquence, logic, and a faculty of expression wonderful even in the estimation of Emerson.

It was to be remembered that Dr. Garth Wilkinson, so strong on the mental side as a doctor, a scientist, and a scholar, had very sensitive affinities with all spiritual subjects. That was a blend we wanted, but it was a blend we very seldom got.

Before proceeding to read extracts he wished them to bear in mind that, although the expression might be doggerel, the thought might be profound. There was nowadays too great a tendency to look merely at the expression instead of at the underlying idea.

In the poem on 'The Human Ear,' for instance, they found some remarkable thought and some remarkable



The next poem dealt with by Mr. Hopps was the one on Turner's state. Anybody who was acquainted with the life of Turner would understand that there was a great amount of meaning in the poem, the opening lines of which Mr. Hopps considered to be remarkably fine :—

TURNER : PAINTER—HIS STATE.

'Look to the valleys where the corn  
Ripens yet more the mellowing morn ;  
Look to the hills where the bright mist  
Rolls robes of white by morning kist.

Look to the woodlands where the doves  
Crowd with their murmurs green alcoves ;  
Look to the skylands where the clouds  
Mantle the East with their glory-shrouds.

Look to the desert where the sand  
In the glowing fingers of day is spanned ;  
Look to the sea where the foamy brine  
And the starry vaults are in mystic twine.

Look to the hills of the golden day,  
Where the temple of light doth shift and play,  
And moveth its columns from space to space,  
And smiles out anew each moment's face.

Look : but when looking has had enough,  
Then prythee look upon other stuff ;  
For without all looking the world goes on ;  
And without all looking God's crowns are won.

Now look then at me : 'tis a sorry look ;  
My little old face is a dirty book,  
My little old feet are with tramping sore,  
I have left my marks on the spirit shore.

I came here once in a boat of gold,  
Like a sunset-warrior manifold,  
And the little arts around my way  
Spread a little tent of a little day.

I was fanned by trifling beauty's fans,  
And my boat was drawn by her seemly swans ;  
And my trumpet-blowers, with shells of pearl,  
Like mermaids around my boat did curl.

A change came on, and my retinue  
To ugliest age extremest grew ;  
And the boat itself dried up to a mat,  
And there with my naked feet I sat.

The squalors came and with palette dirty  
They painted me pictures one hundred and thirty,  
And I had to learn from the squalor's art,  
How to paint the pictures within my heart.

I'm still taking lessons from these hard masters ;  
And every daub is of real diasters ;  
And ugliness oozes from out of the brush ;  
And ferocity's eyes are there in their push.

For beauty is soul-born in spiritual world ;  
And it lies in good hearts in its floweret curled ;  
And the beauty of badness is ugliness ;  
And so I have that for my work-day dress.

But still on the Sundays I have best clothes ;  
And these are the wardrobe that wickedness knows ;  
I am let into paint for the best day of seven ;  
And there I sit rouged out till half-past eleven.

But at twelve by the clock of the spirit I rise,  
And the squalors come back with my work-day eyes :  
And again to my lesson of mud and of slate :  
And that is my painting and that is my state.'

That poem alone would take an evening to expound and illustrate. It was remarkable how the gorgeous splendour of the first half suddenly sank into the squalor and sordidness of the second half.

As illustrating the oddity, the poverty, and the often apparently meaningless character of some of the lines, Mr. Hopps quoted the following from a little poem, entitled 'A Landscape' :—

'Night slowly drops her shades,  
Browns deeper evening glades ;  
Candle on cottage hearth  
Gives light to cottage worth,  
And through the window pane  
Gleams frugal supper's reign.'

The last line, of course, was a notable example of sense being sacrificed to sound, but by far the most extraordinary verses quoted by Mr. Hopps in this connection were from

the poem entitled 'Astrology,' of which three stanzas may be cited as fairly representative of the rest :—

'The poisoned moonlight curdles,  
The star wands shiver,  
And in the magic hurdles  
Imps run a river.

Death's heads leap frantic  
And kiss in teeth ;  
They bite in moony antic,  
They form a wreath.

Matter is whipt for sin,  
For astrologic folly ;  
Magic hath lost its skin,  
It sleeps on holly !'

It was very singular that the mind which produced the gorgeous and powerful poems on Turner and the one on Mesmer—which was also a fine production—should likewise have written the hysterical and meaningless jingle just quoted.

Continuing, Mr. Hopps said he supposed that most of them had read great quantities of so-called spirit writings, which had apparently as little sense or meaning as the strange doggerel he had read. But he was one of those who valued the mere scribblings quite as much as the intelligent communications ; sometimes the gibberish and the nonsense might be better evidence of external action than sense and reason.

Seeking to frame a theory in the present instance, Mr. Hopps said : Is it possible for nine-tenths of a man to be quiescent while the remaining tenth is awake and active ? Is it possible that when a Dr. Garth Wilkinson, after a hard day's work in his profession as a physician, comes home to have his half-hour of amusement in the evening, nine-tenths of the man may be quiescent and one-tenth remain awake to write nonsense ?

He must dismiss that idea, however, because grand, beautiful and thoughtful things had also been written, and how was it possible that a small fraction of the man's intelligence could produce these things with the speed at which they were written ?

Then there was another theory. Some Psychical Researcher might possibly suggest that Dr. Garth Wilkinson's subliminal self was the agent. Well, that was a little better, because the subliminal self might be a great deal cleverer than the ordinary self. But there was another idea which had occurred to him, and he thought there was a good deal in it. He had been increasingly led to believe in what Andrew Jackson Davis called the *Diakka*. It did not really matter what you called these people. London contained a vast number of them—idle, thoughtless, flippant jokers and loungers. And it was obvious that there were an enormous number of them on the other side always ready to manifest themselves when there was an opportunity to play the fool. These were the people whom Andrew Jackson Davis called the *Diakka*, but amongst them were a number of intelligences who were very far from being fools and cheapjacks, although they loved sensation and practical joking, and had a mischievous bent. They were not vicious, but when they found they could live on the other side just as well as here, they began to look round for opportunities of amusement, and he was very much inclined to think that a good deal of what was produced by passive writing came largely from this class of people. A good many of these poems, for example, had a sort of elfish cleverness, a sort of Mephistophelean, shrewd, satiric ability that suggested the *Diakka*, for these people were often very clever and intellectual, and doubtless liked to obfuscate over-solemn and pretentious people. There might even be a class of serviceable *Diakka* who came to do this for a good purpose, to make people think and to teach them caution.

As an example of a poem which suggested a sort of *Diakka* inspiration and was utterly unlike anything Dr. Garth Wilkinson himself could be conceived of as writing, Mr. Hopps read the stanzas entitled, 'The Lawyers : What of Them ?' of which the following are specimen verses :—

'Ranged on stools, there they sit,  
Bench of fools, full of wit ;  
Bench of zanies, keen as knives,  
Free of tongue on all archives.



There they sit from age to age,  
Leathern soles of the world's stage,  
And for every hour they sit  
They do spoil the nation's wit.

Blame them not, but blame thyself;  
They are but thy tools of pelf;  
Thou dost put on their fine wigs,  
Thou dost feed all thine own pigs!

He cited the poem as suggesting a Diakka satire and ability, and not without the value of a sermon, for such uses might some kinds of Diakka have.

Mr. Hopps next read an excerpt from a poem on solitude containing what he thought was a most beautiful and impressive idea:—

'And love is solitude: it maketh one,  
Where two before their separate course did run:  
Oneness is loneliness, thank God above,  
And so the air of solitude is love.

And peace is solitude: for where no fear  
Can ever come, but gone is evil's rear;  
There in the populous happiness peace thrives,  
And maketh oneness in all angel lives.

Thus solitude and multitude agree,  
And even-eyedness of infinity  
Reconciles qualities of seeming strife,  
And makes our dark with many life-fires rife.

Then think not God alone; for vacancy  
Hath no one speck in all infinity,  
The fulness is an allness; and his Love  
Doth lie below thy mind, doth lie above.

And His great awfulness of solitude  
Is but the nest of His creation's brood;  
But in Himself no loneliness is found,  
No oneness, but the oneness of no bound.

His angels most and least alone have life  
Most social, and with deepest oneness rife.  
Their path is ever through the ways eterne,  
And more and more, twain into one they burn.'

The expansion of the idea that love was a solitude was most original and unexpected. But it is so, that love of many makes one. Hence the perfect solitude may be perfect love. Then there was a delicious little poem, delicious for its wisdom more than its beauty. It was entitled 'Kings,' and he prayed God that the world would one day have kings and rulers of the kind described in the poem, which was as follows:—

#### KINGS.

'Would'st know how kings are made: good kings, I mean?  
Strong man is taken in his roughness all:  
Obedience heaves her axe: chops self down clean;  
And leaves behind a little infant small.  
The oil of loving life, poured on its brow,  
Meets presently with crown of light above;  
And then mankind of willing right may bow;  
Obedient kings, obedient subjects prove.'

At the base there must be all the natural manly forces. Then the ruler must learn to obey, and become as a little child. Then love must become the crown of life: and so the true king may arrive, whom all may recognise.

Another poem which Mr. Page Hopps read as worthy of careful attention was that on 'Fearfulness,' from which the following stanzas may be quoted:—

'Hush, do not say a word,  
The truth is perilous;  
The great pool will be stirred  
And this were wrong for us.

Don't carry things too far,  
Martyrdom is not good;  
And crucifixion's star  
Shines o'er a distant flood.

Don't mention spiritualism  
Except when we're alone;  
Ours is the parson's chrism;  
We stand upon his stone.'

What a blend of shrewdness and sense,—of wit and wisdom! A man or woman who could produce a poem like that so rapidly that it would take longer to copy out than to compose would make a great name.

As an example of the quaint satiric humour before alluded to, Mr. Hopps next read a poem on Drunkenness, of which the following are selected stanzas:—

'Under the table there! holloa!  
Over the stars! quick bottle, go!  
Empty and full, empty and full,  
Brains of drunkards bright and dull.

Ah! but the drunkard's eyes are red.  
Ah! but his hand is in shaking shed;  
Ah! but his nose is buttoned up  
Ah! but his mouth is a reeking cup.

Let them sing and let them reel:  
Sliders they without orange-peel:  
First slide their brains, and their consciences  
Slip fast and loose from their slippery knees.

They are a genus by themselves,  
And they live in the world on their proper  
shelves.'

Mr. Hopps concluded his quotations by reading a poem on the year 1857, which, he said, would do as a benediction for 1900. We give the first two and last two verses:—

1857.

'Lord, bless the home in Fifty-seven;  
Be greater life within us given;  
More love of Thee, our Father King;  
And more of free-will offering.

Let self-denial be more oft;  
Let heart of stone be rendered soft;  
Let life be guided by Thy Word,  
And love-pools be by angels stirred.

Let child-love in the parent glow,  
And parent-love in children blow;  
And usefulness with strong embrace  
Bind all in one our little race.

So Fifty-seven shall have great gift;  
And our hearts' Father's mercy lift  
The veil that hides the world of love,  
And let our feet in lovelight move.'

THE PRESIDENT, in moving a vote of thanks to Mr. Hopps, referred to the fact that he had himself personally known Dr. Garth Wilkinson. About forty years ago he occasionally went, as did also Dr. Wilkinson, his brother William Wilkinson, and their venerable friend William Howitt, to a hall in Marylebone, to hear Thomas Lake Harris. Now, if they turned to T. L. Harris's poems they would find that while some of them were of a deeply devotional character, others were marked by the same strain of rollicking humour which Mr. Hopps had noticed in Dr. Wilkinson's lines. Those who remembered Dr. Wilkinson would be particularly struck with the absurdity of some of his verses, for he was a man of ponderous intellect, genial, but weighty, and everything he said savoured of deep, heavy and solid erudition. Those who wished to make acquaintance with Swedenborg he would advise above all things to read Dr. Wilkinson's 'Life' of the Swedish seer.

MR. W. THEOBALD said he had great pleasure in seconding the resolution. He had come there that evening attracted by the idea of hearing something of his dear old friend, Garth Wilkinson. Dr. Wilkinson was a man not only of profound intellect, but of sterling honesty and courage. As a medical man his resource was boundless, and he had shown wonderful skill in his treatment of some of Mr. Theobald's family who were under his professional care. They were all much indebted to Mr. Page Hopps for his highly interesting remarks on Dr. Wilkinson's verses.

The motion was then put, and having been unanimously approved, Mr. Hopps briefly responded, and the proceedings terminated.

The portrait of Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson which accompanies this report has been reduced from a beautiful cabinet photograph, published at two shillings, by Messrs. Martin and Sallnow, 416, Strand, W.C.

BELFAST.—An Inquirer of Belfast would like to have the help and guidance of Spiritualists in that city. Will any of our friends there render him service? We can furnish his name and address.



## 'LIGHT' SUSTENTATION FUND.

Friends who contemplate contributing to this fund will oblige by forwarding their remittances to the Treasurer, Mr. H. Withall, Gravel-lane, Southwark, London, S.E. Cheques may be crossed 'London Joint Stock Bank.' The following contributions are gratefully acknowledged:—

	£	s.	d.
'A Friend' ... ..	20	0	0
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F. S. A.... ..	5	5	0
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## GIFTED GIPSIES.

On reading Sir C. Isham's contribution in 'LIGHT' of January 6th, I was reminded of a gipsy experience in my own family.

A daughter, about thirteen years of age, living in Hull, had with two cousins, each a few years older, heard of a gipsy encampment a mile or two outside the town, and resolved to pay it a visit. The trio went, and found 'her ladyship' at home and ready for business. The inevitable hand-crossing with silver having been done, she told the first one, after a brief pause, that she would not tell her fortune, and returned the sixpence. The next passed through the same ordeal and met with the same result—the sixpence returned, but no reason assigned.

Then my daughter said: 'I suppose you will not tell my fortune, then!' The silver preamble having been gone through, the gipsy replied: 'Yes, I will tell you yours. You will be married and will have a family of four little girls, and will become a widow'; and she accurately described the future husband.

Up to date all she said has come true except as to the widowhood, for the husband is still living. Four girls, as predicted, compose the family. The two cousins whose future the gipsy declined to speak of, died quite young, and never were married.

BEVAN HARRIS.

Radcliffe-on-Trent.

## MR. HARRIS'S GHOST.

The January number of the 'Nineteenth Century' publishes a most remarkable *true* ghost story. It is contained in a posthumous letter to a friend, narrating a personal experience of no less a person than the celebrated author, Nathanael Hawthorne, and has never before been published. Briefly, the facts were as follow:—

Hawthorne was in the daily habit of frequenting some club or reading room in the town where he resided. Among the constant visitors was a shrivelled-up old gentleman named 'Harris,' with whom, however, Hawthorne had no acquaintance. One morning Hawthorne noticed him in his usual chair, reading his favourite paper—I believe the 'Boston Post'—there being nothing the least unusual in his appearance. The same afternoon he was told by a friend of Mr. Harris's death, which I think took place the previous evening; at all events, some time before Hawthorne saw him. But the strange thing is that this was not the solitary appearance of the ghost, for Hawthorne saw him in the same place and reading the same paper (probably a ghostly duplicate) many times afterwards. Sometimes he would be there and sometimes not, and no one besides Hawthorne appeared conscious of his presence. The latter was afraid of being thought mad if he mentioned it, and for the same reason he did not like to assure himself whether the phantom had any substance, by going up to it and touching it. After some weeks the ghost took to fixing his eyes on Hawthorne with an anxious, beseeching expression, as if wishing to ask some favour from him, but Hawthorne, for the reason before mentioned, dared not address what, to others, would have appeared an empty chair; so he never learnt what Mr. Harris wished of him. A curious circumstance, and one upon which Hawthorne himself comments, is the fact that he never had any frightened or eerie feeling in looking at the apparition.

The article will well repay the trouble of obtaining it to anyone interested in psychic matters, for this sketch is necessarily very incomplete; and it is significant that such a narrative should be published without comment by a journal of such prestige as the 'Nineteenth Century.'

M.T.

## INTERNAL RESPIRATION: AN EXPERIENCE.

I am permitted to send to 'LIGHT' the following experiences of a lady correspondent; the letters are dated January 11th and 13th, 1900.

'It is two years and ten months since I was first told of Spiritualism. I was at first astonished, and after considerable reflection, I determined to ascertain if such things were. I found that its glorious truths were often perverted to frivolous ends, many selling their precious gifts for gain; but still I found the true metal, the gold.

'About the middle of last December, I read some of "Respiro's" pamphlets; they were food to a famishing soul, and drink to a weary, thirsty traveller. I was astonished at their contents, and can verify very much that is stated therein. About a month previously I had received the divine gift of internal respiration; though I did not know what had come to me, nor had I ever heard of T. L. Harris, except from the newspapers, and then it was sometimes in derision and scorn.

'For over two years most magnificent visions have been shown me; landscapes, gardens, temples, and structures of shining, transparent glory. I have also been shown scenes too horrible to narrate. No vision came to me by desiring it; they were placed before me, sometimes lasting till I had taken in every detail, but sometimes only a glimpse; had not one such glimpse been withdrawn, I felt I should have died, the glory was overpowering.

'The opening of the respiration occurred in the middle of last November. I woke early one morning, feeling such delight through every part of my frame. Suddenly, low down in my chest, somewhere in the region of my stomach, something parted, like a giving way, and immediately such a feeling thrilled through my whole being. My first thought was "I am free." These three words were in my mind continually for days afterwards.

'On December 31st, of last year, I awoke suddenly about 3 a.m., and before me was displayed such a vision of glory, and the rising of the Sun of Righteousness was conveyed to my mind. All at once a thick, foul, black mist or smoke overspread it, though not quite obscuring it. I was filled with great terror, as it was choking me. In a moment



something struck upward from the back of the neck, entering into the base of the skull. So terrible was the pain, the thought flashed, "I am being destroyed." I felt no more. I woke late in the morning with, though my head ached for the rest of the day, a most blessed sense of being cared for and protected, which has continued. One marked effect from that time has been a great increase of my power of understanding, and power over my mind and will; but the temptations and wicked whisperings that have assailed me have been fearful, driving me almost to despair at times; but these have abated somewhat for the last few days. I am but as an infant in Divine things, and the New Life and the world are in terrible conflict within me; nevertheless I am progressing daily, literally living from hour to hour, depending on strength from the Lord. I ask the prayers of the Brotherhood of the New Life that I may hold on and not be overcome.

The opening referred to 'the region of the stomach' occurred in the solar plexus. The pain in 'the back of the neck' was in the medulla oblongata. The occult properties of these important nerve-centres are described in 'Respiro's' pamphlet 'The Impending World-Crisis.' In my opinion the last-named phenomenon was the attempt of an evil spirit to destroy the New Life by obsession; but the Brotherhood of the New Life are protected, and all such attempts recoil on the perpetrator.

E. W. BERRIDGE, M.D.

48, Sussex-gardens, Hyde Park, W.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

#### Astrology and the War.

SIR,—May I be permitted to recall to your readers an article in 'LIGHT' of December 23rd, wherein 'C. C. M.' very modestly foretold reverse and popular depression about this period. Well, in one week we have had two great depressions, one in the absence of news, and the account in the 'Leader' of January 27th, commencing 'Great depression was caused in London by the report that Spion Kop had been evacuated.' May it become no worse; but if there is any reliability in 'Zadkiel,' whose prophecies have also appeared in 'LIGHT,' there is worse to follow in March. What say our seers and clairvoyants?

J. C. D.

#### Conditions.

SIR,—One thing always impresses me forcibly when reading the contributions to 'LIGHT,' and that is the almost total disregard of *condition* manifested by Spiritualists. It comes out particularly in your issue of January 20th. In the 'Notes of a Private Circle' the writer says: 'I now, in my anxiety, made a mistake which anxious inquirers sometimes make. I wanted more—I pressed for another test, forgetting the difficulties of mediumship, and the supreme effort which must have been made to give me what I had obtained.' And this resulted in failure after remarkable tests had been given.

This is exactly how mediums are used; they give test after test, not to satisfy, but only to produce the desire for more. Then when the power is weakened comes the inability—or *fraud*, as imperfection in mediumship is too often called. Who can wonder at the sad end of so many good mediums? This will be the case until they can have the only condition which is suitable for spiritual communion—passive trust and confidence. Real tests cannot come when sought with materialistic conditions. The true tests come unsought, unlooked for. The 'Progressive Thinker,' of Chicago, does well to suggest 'a return to the family circle in all its purity and power.'

It is continually overlooked that we ourselves are spirits clothed in bodies exactly suited to conditions of life on this planet. But is this planet all? In the account of 'The Drawing Medium,' the writer says: 'What authority the "control" has for calling his flowers and uncanny "beasties" moon flowers and moon inhabitants does not appear'; 'there can exist neither flora nor fauna on the moon, owing to the absence of both atmosphere and water.' Of course, under the conditions which exist in the moon, we could not exist there in our earthly bodies, but we could exist there with bodies suited to the conditions. Beasts do not live in the sea, nor do fishes live on dry land. In all probability spirit life exists everywhere. Even in the raging fire-storms of the sun, it doubtless exists in bodies suited to the conditions to be found there. Look where we will in Nature, condition is suited to everything—or everything is suited to condition. I consider then that we have no reason to suppose there is

no flora or fauna on the moon, no *moon* inhabitants, no *moon* flowers. What is a flower? It is a pretty objectivity of our consciousness, obtained through the instrumentality of our physical senses; and on the moon can there not be such objectivities of consciousness obtained through other physical senses suited to the conditions of the planet?

SPIRITIST.

### SOCIETY WORK.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, 73, BECKLOW-ROAD, W.—On Sunday last an enjoyable address was given by Mrs. Boddington upon the 'Objects, Aims, and Teachings of Spiritualism.' She urged the necessity of patience and thoroughness in investigation, and the uplifting of our banner fearlessly when the truth was found. The address was much appreciated for its inspiring, sympathetic and spiritual nature. Mr. Watson next Sunday.—SEC.

CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT, SURREY MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—The very harmonious conditions of the morning circle allowed the description of many spirit friends, which, with one exception, were gratefully received. Despite the inclement weather, the interest increased in the series of addresses on 'Mediumship,' which will be continued on Sunday next, at 6.30 p.m. The public circle as usual at 11 a.m.—L.

CAMBERWELL, 33, GROVE-LANE.—On Sunday last the half-yearly meeting and election of officers were held in addition to the usual service. For the future we shall meet at 36, Vicarage-road, Camberwell, and hope we shall soon be crowded out of this place also. The mission has doubled both as to numbers and finances. Mrs. Holgate spoke enthusiastically of our future possibilities and the same theme was taken up by one of her spirit friends.—W. S., Sec.

BROMLEY VESTRY HALL, BOW-ROAD, E.—Under the auspices of the London Spiritualists' Conference, on Wednesday, February 14th, at 8 p.m., Mr. E. W. Wallis, secretary of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and assistant editor of 'LIGHT,' will lecture on 'The Claims and Aims of Modern Spiritualism'; chairman, Mr. J. Adams. Admission free; a few reserved seats, 3d. each. The Martin-street String Band and Choral Society will perform selections during the evening.

THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST CONFERENCE MEETINGS will be held on Sunday, February 4th. An open-air meeting, weather permitting, in the Grove, Stratford, E., at 11.30 a.m. In the Workman's Hall, Stratford, at 3 p.m., Mr. W. J. Colville will address the conference upon 'Socialism versus Spiritualism,' after which questions will be permitted. Tea will be provided by the Stratford friends at 6d. each. At night Mr. Colville will speak upon the question 'Has Psychology or Spiritualism a Message for the Present Time? If so, What is it?'—M. CLEGG, Sec.

STOKE NEWINGTON SPIRITUAL SOCIETY, BLANCHE HALL, 99, WIESBADEN-ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON-ROAD (Near Alexandra Theatre).—On Sunday last, preceded by an interesting and appropriate address on 'Our Conception of God,' Mr. Alfred Peters gave a number of very successful delineations, which, as usual, evoked warm approval. On Sunday next, February 4th, at 7 p.m., Mr. J. A. White will give a short address and clairvoyance. At 3 p.m., the Lyceum will meet; every Monday, at 8 p.m., a circle is held at 51, Bouverie-road.—MISS JOHNSTON, Sec.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—The audience at these rooms on Sunday last highly valued the able and explicit replies to questions given by Mrs. M. H. Wallis. The amount of practical teaching which these replies conveyed must surely result in lasting good being done to those who can and will apply such teaching, and judging from the close attention and evident appreciation accorded to the speaker, useful work must have been done. The inclement weather prevented many friends from attending. Next Sunday at 7 p.m., Mr. J. J. Morse, trance address.—L. H.

BATTERSEA SPIRITUALIST CHURCH, HENLEY-STREET, BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—Our meeting last Sunday was not so well attended as usual, owing, no doubt, to the inclement weather, but those who were present much enjoyed the manner in which Mr. Fielder and Mr. Boddington both dealt with the subject 'Is Spiritualism of the Devil?' each clearly showing that we find whatever we seek; if for ill we find it, if for good we also find it; and proved that Spiritualism is not of the devil, but of angels. Mr. Adams presided, and in his opening remarks gave a beautiful illustration of the angelic side of Spiritualism. On Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., public discussion; at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Bell-Lewis will deliver an address. On Tuesday, at 6.30 p.m., Band of Hope. On Thursday, at 8 p.m., Mr. J. J. Morse will give a trance address. On Saturday, at 8.30 p.m., a social evening will be spent by members and friends.—YULE.