

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

'WHATEVER DOTU MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT.'—Paul.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Materialists and Spiritualists, back to back and marching in apparently opposite directions, will traverse the circle some day and meet face to face. It will be a strange meeting. Already, the Materialist is losing his beloved Matter, and the Spiritualist is being forced into resolute definiteness. The Materialist has been sent hunting into something very like 'the spirit spheres,' and the Spiritualist is being hustled by the question, '*What* are your spirits anyway?' and the reply is forcing us into the affirmation of a spiritual Matter which promises to give us the missing link. A Professor of Physical Science, at the Government College, Lahore, has tackled the question courageously. He is all for the materiality of the spirit, and insists upon a master of the house who controls the body, but only as the possessor of finer powers. He says:—

Here, may lie a heavy mass of iron, say twenty seers in weight. At the command of the spirit, the arm rises, and the weight is lifted up. Here is another mystery to be explained. How can the altogether immaterial spirit lift up the altogether material and external weight of twenty seers? Replies the impatient reader, the weight is moved in consequence of the movement of the hand. But who moved the equally material hand? One may go a step further and say that the feat was accomplished by a regular contraction of the muscles, but the muscles are material still, and the question still remains, who contracted the muscle? Here the vain physiologist may say that there passed a nervous current from the brain and straight contracted the muscle. But the question still flutters before the mind, What stimulated the nervous currents? You answer, the will of the spirit. And here lies the question of questions, How could the *immaterial spirit* stimulate, by his *immaterial will*, the solid, white, fibrous, silvery *material* nerves to yield up their nervous fluid and contract the muscle? It is plain, then, that there can be no escape from the final riddle: and whence this riddle? Clearly enough from the pre-conceived erroneous notion that the spirit is an altogether *immaterial* vry nothing, phantom-like, or breathly something.

We have now no objection to being landed in this necessity for affirming the materiality of the spirit. As we have got our Materialist nicely into the Unseen, we will do all we can to comfort him: but, when we say 'materiality,' neither of us knows what he means. Perhaps 'reality' might be better. But, speaking generally, let us freely admit that some day Materialists and Spiritualists may have to face a lively 'Spring-cleaning' in both their houses.

Another puzzling book: '*Wisdom of the Ages: Revelations from Zertoulem, the Prophet of Tlaskanata*.' Automatically transcribed by George A. Fuller, M.D. (Boston: 'Banner of Light' Publishing Company). 'Puzzling,' we say. The lady who writes an Introduction to the book describes

it as a message floating 'grander pæans of Harmony than have hitherto blessed the world,' and thinks the manner of its production should 'inspire the soul with reverence and awe.' It is described as 'the work of angelic hands,' and as 'a grand, unique message.' The prophet, in what we suppose we must call his book, says of himself, 'I assist at the birth of worlds and universes.' And then, honestly speaking, we find a book that suggests a kind of highly illuminated Martin F. Tupper. In saying that, we mean no strong disparagement. Tupper, whose derided '*Proverbial Philosophy*' had really much merit in it, was genuinely serious, and interpreted life in many interesting phases, as a true thinker. But he wove platitudes, and beat out his '*Philosophy*' into a sort of moral gold-leaf which, though pretty, was hardly satisfying.

'*Wisdom of the Ages*' is a little like that: and Tupper, made wiser and stronger, might have produced it. There is some good thinking in it, and, occasionally, fine vigorous expression: but it is too often merely 'flowery' with rhetoric of a second-rate sort. And yet it has many noble thoughts in it, few of which, however, are particularly novel.

We are perfectly willing to believe that these somewhat pretentious, and in many respects able, books are the work of the unseen people: but who are they? They all seem to have a high opinion of their position and their 'revelations.'

Mrs. Eddy, defending and justifying her celebrated Text-book, says:—

My first writings on Christian Science began with notes on the Scriptures. I consulted no other author, and read no other books but the Bible for about three years. What I wrote had a strange coincidence or relationship with the light of revelation and solar light. I could not write those notes after sunset: all thoughts in the line of Scriptural interpretation would leave me until the rising of the sun; then the influx of divine interpretation would pour in upon my spiritual sense as gloriously as the sunlight on the material senses. It was not myself, but the divine power of Truth and Love, infinitely above me, which dictated '*Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*.' I have been learning the higher meaning of this book since writing it. Is it too much to say that this book is leavening the whole lump of human thought? You can trace its teachings in each step of mental and spiritual progress, from pulpit and press, in religion and ethics, and find this step either written or indicated therein. It has mounted thought on the swift and mighty chariot of divine Love, which to-day is circling the whole world.

I should blush to write of '*Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*' as I have were it of human origin, and I, apart from God, its author. But, as I was only a scribe echoing the harmonies of heaven in divine metaphysics, I cannot be super-modest in my estimate of the Christian Science text-book.

It is not for us to question these statements, and, of course, Mrs. Eddy may be absolutely convinced of their truth, although more credit is due to her than she supposes. All we venture to say is that this kind of assurance needs almost stern watching. It is so very easy to mistake strong feeling for Divine endorsement, and to attribute to 'God' thoughts which well up from a

deeply moved spirit. But what does the good lady mean by 'God'? The real God is an omnipresent and everywhere-acting Power. All good things are of God in varying degrees of perception and reception.

'Anton's Angel. A Romance,' by Anita Trueman (New York: The Alliance Publishing Company), is certainly an original story, and we should not be surprised if it indicates a turn in the road in which there may presently be many travellers. There is in it an ideal which will appeal to chosen souls, but which to others will be utter foolishness. We will not 'give away' the story, but will, with pleasure, single out the little book from the ruck, as meriting attention.

Mr. Frank Ellis sends us a lucid and clever shilling book on 'Twentieth Century Physiognomy' (Blackpool: The Ellis Family). The little work is an easy but quite sufficiently full introduction to this interesting subject, which needs an intelligent beginning if any good is to come of it. It is highly probable that this 'science' (as we suppose we must call it) can be over-driven, but there is excellent teaching in it.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

A meeting of the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance will be held in the French Room, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on Friday evening *next*, March 1st, when

MRS. J. STANNARD

Will open a Discussion on

'The Need of an Institute for the Psychical and Magnetic Treatment of Diseases.'

The doors will be opened at 7 p.m., and the Address will be commenced punctually at 7.30 p.m.

THE DIVINING ROD.

The 'Eastern Daily Press' (Norwich) reports that owing to the state of the water at Bury's Hall, Ashill, near Watton, Norfolk, the residence of Mr. W. Oldfield, and the scarcity of the supply in the well, it was considered necessary that a new well should be dug, but as the old well is 145 feet deep, the undertaking was considered rather a serious and expensive one. It was thought that perhaps water might be obtained at a less depth, and for that purpose 'Professor' Stone was consulted by the owner of the estate. He visited the premises and with a small forked branch of willow proceeded to slowly perambulate the ground at the back of the hall. At a certain spot the straight part of the divining rod turned and fell towards him. He then said that good water could be obtained 25 feet below. Messrs. Waters and Sons, of Watton, were set to work to sink a well at the spot indicated, and when the men had reached the depth of 24½ feet an abundance of excellent water was found, the supply being so great that it was found almost impossible to dig out the last half foot. Before the bricking-up could be completed, there were 13 feet of good spring water in the well.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LIMITED.—On Friday evening, the 15th inst., Mr. J. W. Boulding delivered a very animated and stirring address on 'Spiritualism—a Truth to Live By,' to a large audience of the Members and Associates of the Alliance. The meeting was ably presided over by Mr. Henry Withall, the hon. treasurer, and an interesting discussion followed, in which Mr. Arthur Lovell, Dr. Berks T. Hutchinson, Mr. A. Peters, Mrs. Bell, Mr. E. W. Wallis, and Mr. Bertram took part, and a cordial vote of thanks was given to the lecturer. We hope to be able to print extracts from Mr. Boulding's address when the pressure upon our columns is relieved.

PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY; OR, HOW TO BE HAPPY.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY

MR. RICHARD HARTE,

TO THE MEMBERS AND ASSOCIATES OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, ON FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1ST, 1901, IN THE FRENCH ROOM, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

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(Continued from page 77.)

Men of science now say that everything that lives has an independent life of its own—is, in fact, a 'monad.' Every tissue-cell in the body is a separate centre, not only of vitality, but of a certain kind of consciousness, intelligence, emotion, and sensation, and does its particular work conscientiously, expertly, unceasingly. Bone, nerve, muscle, hair, nails, are all collections of cells that have been differentiated from the original simple cell, very much as our lawyers, doctors, clergymen, merchants, ploughmen, and soldiers have been differentiated from the original simple boy. All diseases are now recognised as primarily diseases of the cells. Now, when those little living things suffer, they are unhappy, and their unhappiness translates itself to us as pain when it can enter our normal consciousness; as distress or melancholy when it cannot. Pain is the cry for mercy, or for help, of those little living creatures, to us in whom they live and move and have their being, and who, therefore, stand to them in the relation of gods; and whose function and duty it is to protect them, and to provide them with all they need. They repay us for all the attention we bestow on them by giving us good health; indeed, it is solely owing to their exertions that we continue to exist on this plane. The lately discovered function of the white corpuscles of the blood—to pursue, capture, and devour noxious microbes that manage to get into the blood vessels—gives us some insight into the debt we owe those little lives.

Our complete dependence on our little component cells for health and life, and their untiring, intelligent, conscientious work on our behalf, are no fairy tales, or pretty figures of speech, but hard scientific facts; indeed, one of our most distinguished men of science has shown that even the chemical atoms, which may be regarded as the tissue cells of our tissue cells, apparently display choice in the selection of the particular atoms of another substance with which they combine, and therefore, presumably, even they are independent centres of life, endowed with elementary consciousness, emotion, and volition. I may remind you that men of science now experiment in directions which to the ordinary man would seem absurd; but they keep those experiments to themselves. You remember, no doubt, how some philosophers were laughing together one day in ancient Greece, when one of them said, 'Let us be serious, here comes a fool.'

The person who thinks only of making his conscious self happy, taking no thought for the myriads of little lives entrusted to his care, is intensely selfish. It should be a matter of conscience and of duty for all of us to live in every way so that the little lives for whom we are responsible shall be happy, and shall praise us as their blessed god. We act as devils to them, not as gods, when we overwork them, when we breathe impure air, eat adulterated food, poison ourselves with alcohol or drugs, and inject noisome preparations into our blood. When we do our duty to those little lives they give us the blessing of good health, and we are sub-consciously happy; and no one can be truly happy who does not recognise his responsibilities, and fulfil his obligations, to the little lives to whom he owes so much, and to whom he stands in the relation of a god.

Now, just as we are gods to our tissue cells on this material plane, so are we tissue cells, so to speak, on the spiritual plane in a greater and higher personality, in whom 'we live and move and have our being' as our tissue cells do in our bodies; in whom we have what lawyers would call an 'undivided interest,' as our little cells have in us; a Great Being, who has nothing in common with the gods that introspection reveals as images in our minds; a

Great Being whom we dimly recognise, but utterly fail to comprehend, and to whom we give such names as God, or Christ, or Jupiter, or Jehovah, or call 'the Universal Man,' like the Kabalists, or 'Humanity,' like the Comtists. The 'Christ within us' and 'the Christ Spirit' express the same idea, as even does 'the Church' in its mystical sense of a body in which all Christians of necessity form part. When we fail to do the duty which Nature has appointed for us as what I have figuratively called tissue cells in that great spiritual personality, we sin, and therefore suffer, and our sins and sufferings may very well be conceived as not only giving pain to God, as theologians say they do, but as actually doing him harm. For the God in whom human beings are, as it were, the tissue cells, is a person, and therefore a limited personality, although a great Celestial Being, and must not be confounded with Deity, or the Universal Spirit of Life. The ancients did not make that ridiculous confusion, nor do Eastern religions to-day; and it is a stupid and almost impious blunder, similar to that which our tissue cells would make if they believed that the human body of which they form part is the Great All, the Absolute, the Infinite, the Eternal, the Good, the True, and so on.

Now, that which makes our God happy, that which gives him health, is that men shall lead happy lives and praise him for his goodness. To lead happy lives, they must be mentally as well as physically healthy; and it is not healthy for a man's mind to be full of envy, hatred, selfishness, jealousy, spite, anger, and cruelty, and other antipathetic emotions. People deny that they are the victims of those diseases of the soul because at the moment they do not happen to be suffering from an acute attack of any of them; but in most of us those spiritual diseases have become chronic, because our civilisation fosters them; insomuch that they are now almost necessary for self-defence and self-preservation; so accustomed to them, indeed, have we become, that they are often regarded as part and parcel of our human nature.

It is as necessary for the health and happiness of the Great Being in whom we are, as it were, component cells that we should live together in unity, help one another, and be filled with kindness for one another, as it is for our individual health and happiness that our organs and our cells should all work together in harmony. Injustice, malice, deceit, cruelty, bloodthirstiness, are on a par, on the spiritual plane, with scrofula, cancer, gout, and consumption on the material. In the former case we call them vices or sins, in the latter diseases; and that there is a causal connection between the two, as the Christian Scientists aver, seems extremely probable, but is a question which can be decided only by observation and experiment.

When we make the little lives miserable that are ourselves, and yet not ourselves, we are sub-consciously unhappy; when we give pain to the great Spiritual Personality who is ourself, and yet not ourself, we are super-consciously unhappy. In neither case can we tell off-hand why we are unhappy, for the causes of our unhappiness do not enter consciousness; we know only that super-conscious unhappiness fills us with mental distress, causing some people to feel a 'sense of sin' and to seek 'the consolations of religion,' and making other people endeavour to intoxicate themselves with pleasure, in the vain hope of getting rid of their wretchedness. But of one thing we may be certain, namely, that we cannot be really happy individuals, our lives cannot be really happy lives, our natures cannot be really happy natures, so long as we act as we do now to each other and to ourselves. We may dance and sing, and get rich, and kill our enemies, and be honoured by the world, but, do what we may, we shall never be happy men and women so long as we fail to do our duty to the lesser lives below us, and to the greater life above.

We have now come upon an immensely important point. He who regulates his life with a view to the happiness of his sub- and supra-conscious selves, lives and acts according to principle. A principle should always mean a law in the scientific sense of an invariable sequence of cause and effect, for a principle is the reason which justifies our conduct, the rationale of our acts; but in the vast majority of cases what we call our principles are laws in the sense of authoritative commands which it behoves us to obey, rather than

to understand. At present our principles are 'instilled' into us, that is to say, they are at best arbitrary assertions, or suggestions, which we mentally accept without question; but in most cases they are merely rules imposed on us by authority, which we obey through fear for our bodies or for our souls. When our principles are rules of conduct instilled into us by suggestion, our morality is in unstable equilibrium, liable to be upset at any moment by counter-suggestions; when our principles are rules imposed on us by authority, we are in the condition of a compressed spring, ready to fly out when the pressure is taken off; and that is the moral condition of the vast majority at present. But, when our principles come from within, when they are natural growths, springing out of a knowledge of ourselves in all three aspects, they are proof against immoral suggestions, we are in no danger of 'breaking out,' and our morality is in stable equilibrium.

Another very important point is that the New Psychology gives us a standard by which to estimate the relative importance and value of actions—namely, their tendency to promote happiness. At present, for want of such a standard, a man may do anything which the law permits and money enables him to do, however much it injures the health of others, or offends the public conscience. For instance, we consider it of more importance that a millionaire shall have a deer-forest for the occasional amusement of himself and his companions, than that hundreds of farmers should remain in their ancestral homes industriously tilling their land; so we permit the depopulation of whole districts that the rich man shall have a wilderness to wander in. We permit the wholesale evictions simply because the evictor happens to have the money to pay expenses, and the legal right to evict; we permit it, although he thereby throws tens of thousands of acres of land out of cultivation, drives a large rural population into the overcrowded towns, and breaks a thousand hearts. You, I, all of us, are participators in iniquities of that kind, because we are consenting parties; but were we imbued with the principles of the New Psychology, it would be impossible for us to allow such things to be done—as impossible as it would be for us to allow a millionaire to amuse himself and his friends by burning bishops at the stake, because he has the money to pay for firewood, and there is no law in existence to prevent him from hiring Smithfield for the occasion.

Another very important point is that the New Psychology gives to every one a feeling of responsibility for the unhappiness of mankind. We do not realise at present that we are personally responsible for every piece of iniquity that exists, every injustice, every cruelty, every fraud, because we think of ourselves as individuals, not as fractions of a great whole; we picture ourselves as trying singly to prevent this or that iniquity from being perpetrated, and we feel our powerlessness; and that lack of individual power is accepted by our conscience as a valid excuse for our collective apathy and callousness—for being, in fact, every one of us, participators in the crime. The New Psychology shows us how collectively to exercise a power that would make impossible the occurrence of the events we deplore; and it brings the fact home to our minds that no fiction, such as that we have delegated our individual responsibilities to the Government or to the Law, can absolve us from our share of personal blame for every evil that exists.

Still another very important point is that the New Psychology furnishes us with a power which nothing on earth can resist. At present, force is said to be the court of final appeal in mortal affairs; that is true only so long as the alternative is argument, so long as the choice lies between bayonets and votes; for behind force, and animating it, stand ideas, images, and beliefs; and force becomes impotence when those withdraw their support. The collective will is the master of force, to employ it or not; but there is no collective will at present, only collective prejudices and collective passions, which clever politicians make use of to drive us along whatever road they like, as geese are driven to market. We have no collective will, because we do not know either how to will collectively, or what to will; but the moment it is understood that anything that offends against the happiness of the human race is wrong, and that whatever is wrong is inexpedient, then

a collective will will arise, and Force itself will have to appear before the judgment-seat of Conscience.

Let us now consider where we have arrived. We have seen that the New Psychology is the science which occupies itself with the effects which thoughts have upon the body, and upon the mind itself, effects which are not cognisable by introspection; and that Practical Psychology is the art of inducing or promoting thoughts which will produce desired effects. We have seen that observation and experiment agree in declaring that the causes of those effects are beliefs; that those beliefs result from images in the mind; and that those mental images are created by assertion. We have seen that an assertion does its work by inhibiting the critical faculty, and that it is effectual in proportion as it is positive and authoritative, and that the person to whom it is addressed is in a passive or receptive state.

Then, again, we have seen that to be really happy one must not be unhappy in the parts of the mind that do not come into consciousness; and that therefore so long as the health is bad, or the sympathies and affections suffer injury, it is useless to expect real happiness to accrue from giving pleasure to the conscious self. We have analysed the sub-conscious and super-conscious parts of the mind, and found that the former is concerned with the needs and desires of the myriad little lives that make up the bodily part of ourselves, being the synthesis of all their little minds and consciousnesses; and that the super-conscious mind expresses the desires and needs of a great Spiritual Personality, to whom we as individuals bear a relation on a higher plane, similar to that which the little lives that compose our body bear to us on this one. And we have seen that this knowledge gives us true principles of conduct, and provides us with a standard of right and wrong, imbues us with a feeling of responsibility, and endows us with an irresistible power to establish the right—in a word, that it binds us together into one great magnet, united in purpose and in effort.

We know now what are the conditions and the requirements of happiness, but we have still to consider how we can profit by them; the dish is before us, all we want is the spoon with which to help ourselves. Now, the New Psychology proves that the image-forming and the critical parts of the mind are not only distinct and separable, but that the image-forming part is always the first to act. In mental things we obey the 'law of least resistance.' When people think, they think in the way that requires the least expenditure of energy; therefore, their first impulse is to believe what they hear. It is only when suspicion arouses the critical or reasoning faculty that we disbelieve. It is evident, therefore, that reason is useful to us to temper faith, and thus to prevent us from accepting false or pernicious assertions. But, unfortunately, the critical faculty comes into play only after the pernicious assertion has been made to us; and if that assertion or 'suggestion' effectually does its work, by at once creating belief, the critical faculty is thereby inhibited, and does not come into operation at all; and we are then in the helplessly deluded condition of a hypnotised person—able to reason only from the false or pernicious assertion as our premise.

We obviously cannot exercise the critical faculty with regard to any assertion before it is made to us; but we can do two things—we can constantly bear in mind our natural tendency to accept as true all assertions made to us authoritatively while we are in a receptive condition; and we can determine beforehand the kind of suggestions to which we will give ear. In fact, although we cannot avoid being hypnotised, we can choose hypnotisers who will give us only the suggestions that we desire to influence us—only the suggestions that will conduce to human happiness. In that way, and in no other, can we govern our lives by our reason; for it is belief, not reason, that causes us to act; the function of reason being to restrain action rather than to excite it. We boast of being reasoning beings, but it would seem that man's basic characteristic is 'suggestibility.'

The application of Practical Psychology to collective happiness is very simple and evident. There is an infallible touchstone for every institution, as there is for every action. That touchstone is whether the institution in question does or does not conduce to human happiness, both conscious and

unconscious. If Yes, then let it live and develop. If No, then it must be wiped out. It must go, not only as a matter of expediency, but also as a matter of principle. Crowded cities, adulterated food, foul air, overwork, everything that is unhealthy, must go; cruelty, injustice, callousness, blood-thirstiness, dishonesty, deceit, everything that stands in the way of the friendliness and goodwill of man to man, must go; and they must go at any sacrifice of men and things, and no matter what has to be torn down, or who has to be left howling. They must go, not only because their abolition is a necessary condition for the attainment of happiness, but because these are sacrifices meet for repentance; sacrifices which we owe to God, the only God whom we can ever know while we are on this earthly plane—the God within us.

You, perhaps, may think that the New Psychology will not be strong enough to do all this; but let me ask you how you would proceed to make a savage dog give up a bone. You would certainly not try to take it away by force. No; you would show the dog a tempting piece of meat, well knowing that it would immediately drop the bone, and come fawning up to you. When the promise and potency of the New Psychology are understood there will be no occasion to use force to take away from us the musty old bones which we so often call our 'time-honoured institutions.' And, indeed, there will be no one to use force, for all will understand that we have a powerful solvent in our hands, and that there is no need to go for a sledge hammer. When the scales drop from our eyes, as they assuredly will as soon as we understand how very simple are the means by which we are now tricked and deluded, the danger will be lest in our anger we make too clean a sweep of men and things; but that danger need not frighten us much.

For you must not imagine that the New Psychology means Anarchy. Anarchy is impossible. All through Nature there runs organisation, and organisation implies degrees of responsibility, of authority, and of power. Moreover, most men like to be told what to do, to be ordered about by those whom they recognise as having the right to command. Indeed, *true freedom* has more than once been defined as *willing obedience*. Our present civilisation seems an iniquity when we contrast the luxuries of the rich with the wants and sufferings of the poor; but the evil lies in the wants and sufferings of the poor, not in the luxuries of the rich. Were there no glaring contrast, and no causal connection, between the two, we should see that the doings of the rich and the titled, selfish as they often are, give us an immense amount of harmless pleasure by ministering to the spectacular instincts of mankind. The populace loves pageants; and millions of people take part in imagination in the bright and happy scenes about which they hear and read. They bathe with the millionaire in his bath of solid gold, and probably enjoy it twice as much as he does; they fly across Europe in the royal train; they marry American heiresses, surrounded by mountains of cut flowers, and then go joyfully to lift the hereditary mortgages and redeem the family plate. The Court Circular provides thousands with a trip to fairyland every morning, and is undoubtedly an immense stimulus to loyalty. It would almost seem that, if there were no millionaires and no princes, we should have to provide royal trains and golden baths, and hire someone to use them.

The application of the New Psychology to the procuring of individual happiness does not need much explanation. In the first place, a great deal of our individual happiness will be included in the general happiness, as every member of a club will understand. In the second place, a great deal of our happiness will consist in the pleasure of seeing others happy, of breathing a happy atmosphere—a rare experience now, for we keep our windows shut, and our blinds pulled down, for fear of letting in the foul air of misery that pervades the world. Much of our unsociability comes from the knowledge that most people whom we meet are in want of help of some kind, and that if we showed friendliness they 'would try to impose on our good nature,' as we call it. We are so much on our guard against our social instincts now, that we miss most of the happiness that would be reflected on us by our super-conscious self were we normal human beings, as the colours are thrown upon a crystal globe by the electric light, and make it beautiful. We envy the rich their luxuries, and seldom recognise a far greater luxury

that is in the reach of even the poorest of us—the luxury of doing a kind action, and saying a kind word.

But most of our happiness is personal, and depends upon what we ourselves are; and the experience of thousands who use the methods of Practical Psychology proves that we have the power of making ourselves almost anything we like, in health, in mood, and even in character. We can make ourselves well or ill, brave or cowardly, noble or mean, hopeful or despondent, industrious or idle, kind or cruel, according to the beliefs and disbeliefs, likes and dislikes, which we cultivate. At present it is accident, or circumstances, or someone more wily than himself, that determines what kind of a person anyone shall become; and we are, therefore, for the most part, the playthings of our environment, instead of being masters of our own destinies. And those experiences of thousands also prove that we can change ourselves, re-form ourselves, either by our own effort, or by submitting ourselves to the 'suggestive' influence of another. In the former case the power we exercise seems to come from the super-conscious personality, and we are actuated chiefly by the higher or theopathic emotions, as happens to the various 'Scientists'; in the latter case, the power which affects us appears to come from the sub-conscious self, as happens when we submit ourselves to a hypnotist; but these two powers are not in opposition any more than a good master and a faithful servant are in opposition. Some prefer to work through the sub-conscious part of the mind, others through the super-conscious; just as some people like to ring the area bell, and beg the servant to take a message to the housekeeper, while others prefer to knock at the hall door, and send their card to the master of the house. It seems to me that the 'Scientists' take the latter course, or try to do so, and the hypnotists the former; but both of them appear to attain their ends.

We are often told by moralists that we should forget ourselves, and think only of others; now Practical Psychology shows that the self which we ought to forget if we wish to be happy, is the conscious or 'empirical' self, which now receives almost our whole attention. The New Psychology shows us that what we call our normal consciousness is little more than the resultant of our sub-consciousness and our super-consciousness, the plane on which they meet and intersect. We say that the drunkard craves for drink, whereas it is his tissue cells that do so, to which he has given bad habits, and which force him, often unwillingly, to the bottle. We say that we are forgiving, or just, or kind, when all the time it is a ray from the super-conscious self that is shining in us. Now, you must remember that you—the mysterious Knower or Thinker who owns your manifested self—before you can succeed in making yourself what you desire to be, have to overcome the resistance due to the acquired habits of all your tissue cells; and you have to create new desires in all their little minds, to form little mental images there of what you want them to do or to become, and to give them new and better habits; and you must also remember that in most cases you have first to overcome your own old habits of thought and preference, as your awakened intelligence tells you to, and that this requires the assistance of your super-conscious self. All this is not the work of a moment; but you can do it more quickly and easily than you might expect if you go the right way about it.

If I have succeeded in explaining myself this evening, you now understand why I believe that the New Psychology, Practical Psychology, is destined to create an enthusiasm for Humanity, and to bring down to earth a considerable portion of the happiness which we are accustomed to associate in our minds with an after life in some celestial region; and that it will do so by first convincing us that this is possible, and then by teaching us how to alter the rules of the game of life, so that all may feel that game better worth the playing. And you now understand why I think that the New Psychology will accomplish that result by teaching individual men and women what they should desire themselves to be in order to be happy, and how to make themselves that which they desire. We are now endeavouring to build a habitable house with rotten bricks; the New Psychology will not only give us good bricks, but will build our house for us. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' is the conclusion which our philosophy reaches now; 'Sufficient unto the day is the good thereof,' is the conclusion which men will have reached before the end of this century. For the Christian Scientists are to a large extent right when they say that the evils from which we now suffer are delusions; and the New Psychology, once it becomes known, will quickly disillusion us, will quickly take away the great delusion under which we now groan, the delusion that sorrow and suffering are the inevitable portions of mankind here on earth, and that such is the will of God—a horrible blasphemy against the Great Spirit of Life, whose first commandment to every living thing is, 'Thou shalt be happy.'

SPIRITUALISM AND THEOSOPHY.

When I was president of the British branch of Madame Blavatsky's 'Theosophic' Society, she made the assertion that there was no God, Personal or Impersonal, while at the same time she used to utter vulgar and profane jokes against the person and teaching of Jesus Christ; but if I am to trust to the assurances of an old and enthusiastic Theosophist, with whom I was conversing only last evening, Theosophists are now pure Theists, doing all they can to put themselves into 'tune with the Infinite,' and confessing that in Jesus Christ they find the noblest theistic teacher known to man. I trust that it is so, and that Mr. Herbert Burrows will endorse the above confession of one of his favourite pupils.

If so, then there remains only the question of reincarnation to divide us. Now regarding reincarnation my argument is in the first place an arithmetical one, and I have always asked reincarnationists to answer it; but Mr. Herbert Burrows declines to do so because, as he says, it is a 'childish piece of arithmetic.' I say in effect $2 \times 2 = 4$ and no more nor less. This is so simple a proposition that the youngest child will admit it; but it is not the less a profound truth capable of wide application.

Mr. Burrows proceeds to state that the doctrine of reincarnation 'in one form or another has been believed in all times and among all races, and is to be found in all religions, and has been taught by some of the greatest spiritual teachers.' But surely he is going too fast in this, for the doctrine has been chiefly found among the dreamy, idle, and small-brained Hindoos, and it has never taken root among the practical nations of the West.

The Jewish monotheism does not contain a trace of it; Jesus Christ and his immediate followers utterly ignore it; and no Christian mystic or saint, to judge by their writings, ever had any conception of it.

But Mr. Burrows states that if I will account for the existence of souls without the doctrine of reincarnation, he may then reply to my 'infinitely little arithmetical question.' Well, then, I will now attempt to account for the continual increase of human beings with souls on this planet.

The union of the sexes is the cause of the increase of all animals, including man. In the early embryo, when it is as small as a wren's egg, can be discovered a circulation of blood, and an active life; and wherever there is life, there is, I hold, mind, in exact relationship to organisation—body and mind being alike due to the inscrutable and divine mystery of our being. Thus in every embryo there exists the germ of a soul, for I hold that the lower animals have minds or souls in relation to their organisation.

If, then, every human embryo has, in virtue of its life, a living soul, which from time to time responds to the emotions of the mother, we can account for the continual increase of human beings and souls from, say, one thousand originally, to the present 1,500,000,000 on our earth. But if souls were due only to reincarnations, then there would continue to be only the so-named one thousand original human beings.

But if it be said that only some human beings derive their souls from reincarnation, then I ask what becomes of the souls in these 'embria' which are displaced to give homes for reincarnated souls? And I would further ask what justification can there be for any foreign soul displacing the innate soul of any child?

Reincarnationists should explain these difficulties and give an explanation of the exact process of reincarnation.

Lastly, it is alleged that the object of reincarnation is to afford erring souls repeated chances of reformation. But surely, since the dawn of that faith which is ever spreading more widely, that the life beyond the grave is one of continual growth in all good, the ground for such a theory has entirely disappeared. In the day of almost universal belief that death ended all hope of reformation or improvement, the doctrine that the future promised renewed life upon the earth until finally the soul was purged from all imperfection might offer a welcome release from despair; but to those who hold the Christian faith that in the Father's house of many mansions the process of growth and purification is continuous, the theory that this can only be accomplished by a return to earth life must appear as among the many speculations which have arisen in the twilight of the world's history, and are doomed to vanish before the clear light of truth; while the idea of reincarnation for thousands or millions of years appals me as the fearful doctrine of an insane form of nightmare.

GEORGE WYLD, M.D. (EDIN.).

February 13th, 1901.

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TRUE LIFE IN CHRIST.

A few weeks ago we kept Christmas: in a few weeks more we shall celebrate Good Friday:—the great boundary lines of the story of a life which has more deeply moved, and perhaps more deeply influenced, the world than any other. We cannot, as Spiritualists, ignore that life: and we would not if we could. It bears witness to the being who apparently lived as near to the spirit-world as anyone ever did, and who was so mastered and inspired by it that, for its high behests alone, and not for anything the world could give, he lived.

What was his great secret? We find it in the word 'Life.' We have his own word for it. The most direct question that could have been asked of him is, 'And for what did you come?' We have his reply: 'I am come that they might have life.' That, then, is the deepest and most important thing he ever said, so far as the records go. It is his own direct and explicit declaration as to the object of his coming. But what 'life' did he come to impart? The smug and smiling, the well-favoured, the burly portions of his hearers, would shrug their shoulders and pass on and wonder at the folly of this poor half-starved itinerant preacher offering to give them life; but he spake from a plane which was not theirs. 'The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life,' he said. Of course he was not thinking of physical life at all. He was speaking from the spirit-sphere to spirits clothed in 'the muddy vesture of decay.'

Human beings may be roughly divided into two classes—the animal and the intellectual: and these two classes may differ far more deeply than is usually acknowledged or known. So much may they differ, in fact, that they may be said to live in different worlds. They actually do not see the same things; for one thing is many things, depending upon the eyes that see rather than upon intrinsic qualities. The sky, the river, the fields, the waving corn, the forest trees, market-places, pictures, the faces of little children, the faces of very old and sorrow-beaten people, are not seen in the same way by everyone. Moreover, standards of value are entirely different according to the valuer. The artist and the lout do not value Nature in the same way or on the same lines. They see different things; they live in different worlds. It is the same with pleasures. The animal desire is not the same as the intellectual desire. Sailing through the most exquisite scenery, how often has one seen the voyagers immersed in a novel or occupied at the refreshment bar!

The great differences are in the self—in that which ought to be called the 'life'—which probably ought to be called the life in that solemn saying, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' For this word 'life' is everywhere the central, the ultimate one. The history of the human race is simply the history of the forthcoming and unfolding of life, from stage to stage, animal, mental, ethical, spiritual.

We may now fairly claim to know how the human race began, or, let us say, how life first started on the great career which at length produced the human race. And from such trivial beginnings!—from specks of protoplasm: sensitive and nothing more. All we can say of it is that it is just alive. 'As this life unfolds and develops, what does it mean? It means that certain ether waves play upon this sentiency, and the capacity to feel grows and grows to more and more. Certain aerial vibrations play upon it, and ears gradually respond to what becomes sound. Certain other vibrations play upon it, and eyes come out to see all the wonder and beauty and glory of the world. Some other force plays upon it, and the ability to taste is developed; still others, and all the sweet fragrance of the world can be appreciated by the nerves that are sensitive in that direction.' And so it was that these wondrous ether waves came to give physical life.

But that is only the beginning of the mighty story. The five senses are only five gates. The master of the house, more or less asleep, more or less awake, is within. How did memory and anticipation, idealism and love, conscience and the sense of justice, logic and pity come? Whence came the desire and the power to subjugate the senses and to make them the vehicles of self-surrender instead of the instruments of self-assertion? By a similar process. Only, instead of ether waves, let us say 'experiences,' or 'necessities,' or 'lessons.' Just as there has been a gradual development of the ear, the eye, the senses of touch and taste, so there has been a gradual development of intellectual and ethical faculties and longings; and many, many helpers came, in this to give us life. We marched from unorganised protoplasm to the first rough sketches of fish and reptile and bird, by the same law that has been forceful in our march from the savage in his cave to Jesus on the cross—from the beast-man caring only for himself to the divine-man laying down his life for all: from the fighting brute to the idealist who sees the utter horror and devilry of war.

Life, then, may be considered as endlessly graded; and the supreme end of existence is to evolve and bring on the throne the higher and finer grades: and this, we submit, is the meaning of that saying, 'I am come to give them life'—the higher life, the life of the spiritual plane. In that sense Jesus was and is an uplifter, an inspirer, a saviour. Pity and sympathy belong to these higher and finer grades of life; and pity and sympathy thrilled through the whole of that beautiful existence of his. The whole tone of his life was far away from the pushing and callous life of the average man of the world. Again, the insight which enables one to penetrate behind the action to the motive, beyond the physical expression to the spiritual desire, is characteristic of that higher life; and it is here that Jesus is sensitive beyond all expression. He alone seemed to understand the spiritual value of the widow's mite, the deep gulf between the Publican and the Pharisee, and their relative positions on the plane of spirit-life. He alone saw the significance of the anointing by the 'woman who was a sinner.' He alone seemed to see that the wild flowers were more beautiful than 'Solomon in all his glory.'

But, last and highest and greatest of all, there is the

tremendous teaching of the cross. It is that which, properly understood, represents the highest grade of life. But, alas, how poorly is it understood! And yet, vanity owns its power, and the fighters kneel before it, and tyrants plot for its patronage. But it is farthest away from the brute; and man, stumbling on in the way of his wearying, clings to it but insults it, kisses it and puts it and him who hung upon it to an open shame. What if it is the secret of God! What if it is the symbol which shows the way of happiness for man:—not the beast's path of self-assertion, but the divine path of beneficence, surrender and love!

EXPERIENCES OF A 'MIDLAND RECTOR.'

INTERESTING COMMUNICATION FROM REV. H. R. HAWEIS.

Those who have read the account of some of my experiences published in 'LIGHT' not long ago, will have no difficulty in understanding the method and agency by which communications from the spirit world reach me. Some who expressed to me their deep interest in that account, and notably Mr. Myers, are with us in the same sense no longer. I may say that for many years I have been in the habit of receiving messages from all my friends who have passed on: nor can I recall a single instance of this satisfaction having been denied me, where there has been any established sympathy between us. Sometimes these communications have come unsought on my part, but generally in response to strong mutual desire. Their character has left no doubt in my somewhat sceptical mind as to the identity of the persons communicating. Two or three years ago a friend died, who, at our last meeting a short time previously, had promised to spend his next holiday at our house. On the day after his departure a very loud knock was heard by several persons in the house. At our next séance my friend told me that it was the signal of his coming to carry out his promise; and he proved his identity by informing me of facts in his past life, and in relation to his family, who were strangers to me, that he had never divulged before, but which I subsequently verified.

I am only mentioning this to show that the incident I am about to relate, in connection with a personality so celebrated as the Rev. H. R. Haweis, seems to me quite natural and not at all surprising, though to others unfamiliar with such occurrences it might be even past belief. Indeed, by us, knocks and raps of every description have been heard constantly, and almost daily, for so many years back, that only the cessation of them would excite astonishment. I had been for over twenty years a humble but devoted disciple of Mr. Haweis. In his books and other published utterances, I have found an unfailing source of inspiration and encouragement. Although, therefore, our opportunities of personal intercourse had been limited to one occasion, when we spent an evening together, the month before he died so suddenly, I know that that meeting marked an epoch in the lives of both of us, and the spiritual sympathy between us was always deep and strong. In the early morning of Tuesday, January 29th, before it was light, my wife and I were both startled by a loud bang in our bedroom, almost like a gun going off, and wondered what it could mean. Although louder than we ever heard before, its character, to those familiar with such sounds, was unmistakable. I did not strike a light to see the hour, but it might be any time after 3 a.m. The following day, I was shocked to read in the newspapers of the sudden death of our friend on Tuesday *afternoon*, and in some of the accounts I have seen the hour stated as 1 p.m. On writing to Miss Haweis for the exact hour at which her father died, she informs me at 1 a.m. on Tuesday. This hour, allowing a brief period for his awakening, corresponds very well with the time when we heard the explosion. As soon as possible afterwards we sat to await a visit from 'Vera.' At first she did not come, and we agreed to defer the attempt. When I had quite given it up for that evening, however, she suddenly arrived, saying that she had to be somewhere else at the time, and was so afraid we should not wait, as she was most anxious to bring

us into communication with our departed friend. Then followed a fairly lengthy conversation between Mr. Haweis and myself, in which he said that although he had been so thoroughly convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, yet he had sought in vain all his life for a personal proof and test. And so his first thought was, after awakening: 'How can I manifest myself, how can I give to someone else such a test as I always longed for in vain?' So he came to us. I asked how he was able to make so loud a noise so soon afterwards, and the reply was that he asked someone else to do it for him.

His death, he said, had been quite easy and pleasant; he had always wished it to be sudden: but he could not help regretting the separation from the congregation to which he was so deeply attached, and he was most anxious still to continue his life's work on earth. He assured me that, however great my sense of loss, he would now be able to do far more for me than if he had remained here. For the future he should inspire me and speak through me. I can only give briefly the gist of what he said; he is most anxious to come again and say more, as soon as another opportunity offers, but not more anxious than we are to hear. I only know that in preparing my sermon for the following Sunday I felt that he was there, telling me what to say: and some of my hearers have remarked the difference from my usual style, little understanding *why*. I have sent a copy of it to 'LIGHT' for publication. The rest remains for me to learn, but I know that to me, at any rate, the sequel of the story will be of the deepest interest.

A MIDLAND RECTOR.

[The copy of the sermon came safely to hand, but we are unable to publish it just now, in consequence of other demands on our space.—ED. 'LIGHT.']

REMARKABLE DREAM-VISIONS.

I think the following curious experiences may interest some of your readers, if you consider them fit for publication.

During the winter of 1881, we were in apartments in the town of —, waiting for the completion of a new house which was being built for us. That severe winter impressed itself upon my memory, principally, I expect, owing to the absence of home comforts, which must always be wanting in a strange house, one's own particular corner by the fire, the easy chair (now housed in a furniture dépôt), which fitted so well that particular curve in the back or neck, and all the hundred and one odds and ends that are inseparable from home and can be obtained nowhere else! The cheerful outlook of a nearly finished and comfortable new house, however, assisted us to bear these minor deprivations cheerfully.

One very cold night, my husband being absent, I retired to my bedroom early, and having piled up the fire, wrapped myself in good Welsh flannel, and, so defended, crept into my already well-warmed bed. The glow of good circulation, and creature comfort, for some while banished all thought of winter and its miseries, as exemplified not so very far off, outside my bedroom window. But, alas! all my wise precautions shortly became as so much tinder blown by the wind. I was no longer warm and sheltered in my comfortable bed. The wind howled: a dreary expanse of snow covered road and hedgerow, field and common, until all landmarks were lost in the white obscurity. In the darkness, the snow-covered ground looked wilder still by the faint illumination of stars that had no moon to aid their glimmering light.

I was driving with my father, a medical man, in the carriage in which he always visited his patients. Whither we were bound I did not know, but as we shivered and peered into the darkness I heard him say: 'We are off the road and in a drift; the horse is up to his hocks in it. I doubt how we shall get out again or find our way.'

The fright and cold, the fear and uncertainty of our whereabouts! who can say that they were unreal, a chimera called up by too vivid an imagination?

The sequel must speak for itself, for after what appeared to be hours of distress and cold, I, of course, awoke to find myself in bed.

The following morning I met my mother in a great state of perturbation over my father's experiences in the past night. Having been called up to a patient in a remote part of the country, he started alone on his journey, only to find that, when a few miles inland, the snow had fallen to such a depth that the road was almost obliterated, snow rising to the level of the hedges on each side. He soon found, before aware of his danger, that he was in a drift, the struggles of the horse to free himself making matters for a time look serious. The natural sagacity of the animal eventually, however, brought both him and his master out of the danger, but as, owing to the darkness of the night, my father had lost all count of his route, he was obliged to let the horse go as his instinct led him, and they were wandering for some time before daylight came to his assistance.

I can only say that in every detail of my father's experience during that miserable journey I suffered, in my bedroom miles apart from him, as severely and as acutely from the mental and physical distress that he was enduring as he could possibly have done himself, although to account for my curious experience is quite beyond my power.

On another occasion, I had promised to spend the evening at my father's house, which was only separated from the house we were in by a small lawn. Some unimportant domestic detail occurred which prevented my keeping the engagement, and I went to bed without giving much thought to the matter. Very shortly, I seemed to find myself in the library of a large country house. It was borne in upon me that I had quite unexpectedly come into possession of this house and property from some unknown relative, and the mingled sense of surprise and joy at my good fortune which filled my thoughts is quite vividly present now.

I was examining my new possessions, and more especially, just then, the books with which the library was lined from floor to ceiling. One, a little out of my reach, attracted my somewhat idle curiosity, and in standing on tip-toe to draw it from the shelf, it slipped from my hand, letting loose in its fall a folded paper from the cover. Gazing at the formal handwriting which was disclosed on opening it, some little time elapsed before my unaccustomed eyes took in the meaning of the legal phrases I there read. But gradually it dawned upon me that I was reading a will, the will, too, of the late owner of the place, by which, alas! if my eyes did not deceive me, all my new-found prosperity would vanish into thin air. Immediately followed a period of temptation, which even now is unpleasant to look back upon, for the dream, if dream it was, was of so lifelike a character that to say the facts that I am relating were really lived through is to use no exaggeration in writing of them. The longing to destroy the ill-found document, the voices in my ear which urged that no one could ever know, if I only acted immediately and at once put away all evidence that such a deed had ever existed! The struggle was fierce and long, but finally right prevailed and I awoke from this curious mental experience.

The dream naturally made a great impression on me, and as had often before happened on occasions of this kind I hastened to relate it to my mother. You will imagine my surprise when she told me that the *whole story* had been related to them on the previous evening, by a friend, as having occurred to a gentleman with whom he was acquainted. I say the *whole story*, but there was one part he left untold, and that was the period of strong temptation to dishonesty which followed, in my dream, the finding of the will. I have often wondered whether the real finder, all the other details being apparently identical, also went through the long and exhausting struggle which beset me, when in dream vision I stood in his place.

I enclose my name and address for your personal satisfaction, and as a guarantee of good faith.

M. E. H.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'AN OLD SUBSCRIBER,' 'R. P.,' and others.—Next week.

'S. A. B.' and 'A. E. I.'—Will use your kind contributions.

'A GRATEFUL PATIENT.'—Enough has been said on the subject for the present.

'THORA' (Lyon).—Many thanks; but it has appeared in 'LIGHT' already.

MR. F. W. H. MYERS: A SOUVENIR.

It was on a sunny day in December, 1899—just such a day as sometimes visits this clime as winter approaches, when spring and autumn seem to protest in unison against the bleak blast's coming. The sun, which streamed into my convent dwelling, had entered my heart as well; but, though feeling at peace with Nature and the world, I was very nervous. I was nervous because that afternoon—at any moment now—I was to meet, for the first time, one whom I had grown to look upon as the bugbear of Spiritualists, as the Hector of materialists, if not even of atheists—a veritable Polyphemus in the path of progress. Though my friends in London had assured me that he would come upon me as an agreeable surprise, I waited, in much trembling, the arrival of one who was (I told myself) going to storm my citadel of faith, and assure me that black was white.

A slight knock at the door, and a sister ushered in my dreaded visitor—the much-talked-of Mr. Myers. The sun had turned a corner, and left my room half an hour since, but as the gentle white-haired man entered I seemed to be bathed in a light better and purer than any solar system had to give me. Afraid? Instantly I forgot I had ever known discomfort, and, but for the law which registers, indelibly and for eternity, impression and thought, as well as word and act, I would no longer remember fancy's conception of one of the kindest men I have ever met. Here was no stranger, and certainly no enemy to the cause I loved: it needed no words on his part to tell me that I stood before one whose faith was as strong as mine. And I felt as though I had long known the spirit of this gentle man. How? Where? I cannot answer, but I only know that my own spirit told me that I was before another who was no stranger to me, however much of a stranger the earth form might be. And I found myself talking, as one can only talk with those one has long known and loved. I talked—I cannot say *we*; I had suddenly so much to say, and so little time for saying it. The dusk crept into my room, but the quiet, silent figure in the armchair in front of me seemed to say, 'Quick, tell me all you can, time presses.' Once he asked me, 'Have you any fear of death?' I think I replied, 'No: I pass through what is called death whenever I sleep, and I have never once awakened without a feeling of regret to find myself still on the earth.' Then, I remember, he said very quietly—and I still see the sudden wave of light which transfigured his face—'Spiritualism has done its work if it does no more than remove the fear of death.' Once we spoke of Mrs. Thompson, and as nearly as I can remember his words were: 'For a long time I received nothing.' (I think he said for six months, or even longer.) 'But it only wanted patience, for confidence I had already. And one day "Nellie" startled me. I do not know how, but somehow she had been able to enter into communication with my friends, and since then all has gone well. I have no more doubt.' He said that very firmly.

In some of his letters to me, Mr. Myers has so confidently expressed himself—and never with any desire for secrecy thereon—that I think it would give him pleasure were I to repeat a few of his words. Once in referring to mediums he wrote, 'I believe persons so gifted are to be congratulated as being, at the present epoch, of unique value to mankind; but their value depends entirely on the sobriety and modesty with which they themselves "envisagent leur rôle." And more than once he has spoken of how much he valued, and devoted his 'grateful and serious attention to the study of, that information'—obtained by mediums—'which money cannot buy.'

At one time I had grown somewhat downcast. I thought I had been greatly deceived, and, for a time, all my past experiences, and all belief, were tainted by what I thought was conscious fraud. Here is what Mr. Myers then wrote me—and it seems to me that we lay hold here of his heart; we see, standing firm as a rock and clear as any crystal, the great faith of a great man—'I should add to what you already know, that I believe there is abundant evidence for true possession of friendly spirits.' 'Your letter deeply touched me. Even if the worst came to the worst, and some mocking spirit deludes us and all

experiments fail, and we are all bitterly disappointed, I shall still be deeply thankful to have become your friend, and shall look forward to continuing that friendship in that world on which our thoughts are so deeply fixed.' He writes of mediumship as 'the rarest and most precious of gifts,' as affording 'the opportunity of entering further than has often been permitted to man into fellowship with the Unseen.' He speaks of his Society as 'a group of seekers after truth who have at least sought patiently, and who have already been rewarded beyond their utmost hopes.' . .

Once when alluding to the social ostracism that the exercise of mediumship entails for certain people—and the bitter moral pain to which mediums are often subjected by the opposition of their nearest and dearest—he says: 'I should hold it *impious* to doubt that the blessing of that heavenly nearness will outweigh the pain.' He calls mediumship 'the gift of God': 'We are all aiming at the same results—our own and the world's enlightenment.' . . Here is his advice to a troubled medium doubting the genuineness of his own phenomena: 'And now I would say—just go on trying experiments, &c., because you think it is the right thing to do, because you yourself wish to learn about the unseen world. Do not worry yourself with the fear of falsity. There is no falsity in you, even though puzzling mysteries should occur in the phenomena. You are not desiring falsity, or wishing to be admired for falsities. . . Simply remain in your habitual attitude of mind, knowing that there is no power in the universe which can attack or injure an earnest and humble spirit.'

In another letter on the same subject he says: 'I think it quite possible that fragments subliminally picked up may mingle in your automatic utterances with spirit controls. This was the case with W. S. Moses; they can easily be sifted out.' . . 'I believe—and I think that in your heart you believe also—that those are with you, higher at once, and nearer, than any earthly friend, who will not lightly suffer you to relinquish the work for which you have been called.'

We hear so much of the harm that the presence of a scientific mind exercises upon séances and mediums; and that the scientist is doomed to remain the materialist he claims to be. Can that be true? Surely Mr. Myers says 'No'? Is it not rather that the right medium, the strong medium, is wanting when phenomena cease before a competent mind? I know a lady—an old, old lady she is to-day—who has spent thirty years with mediums. She has developed many, received every phenomenon one can conceive—the materialised form remaining for more than an hour (exposed to the light) teaching, to the assistants, the philosophy of the spirit life. But she kept those mediums in seclusion, and exerted her utmost to prevent competent authorities from studying these same mediums (according to her) so marvellously and powerfully developed. What is the result to-day? The dear old lady may talk for hours, and write volumes, but what good has been done to science? What real good to the cause? Do you not think rather that the true scientist has a right to weep bitter tears if all that my old lady says be true? We are as sheep: and humanity is so busy with life's stern battle—or so indifferent—that the weary brain only asks to be led. As long as the trained intellect remains sceptical, the great mass will be sceptical also. I heard my old lady tell with joy how, twenty-five years ago, she had succeeded in thwarting a celebrated scientist—whom, by-the-by, she did not know personally. He—the savant—tried, but failed, to secure the services of a strong medium, while she, my dear foolish, foolish dame, succeeded in retaining him. For what cannot woman's gentle flattery and insinuation do against a man's honest bluntness? Had she been less blind the club-land of Spiritualism might, ere this, have owned as familiar forms, not only the scientist alluded to, but many others. 'What has become of your mediums?' I asked her. 'They are all dead.' 'How?' 'They all died early and painful deaths.' 'Why?' 'Their mediumship and health were broken to pieces by ignorant, sceptical, and indifferent sitters, or by magnetism.' Dear lady! she did not seem to think she was in the least to blame. I wept silently over the fate of those mediums. Would misfortune have overtaken them had each one—when strongly de-

veloped—been handed over to a competent scientific authority? Seven mediums for materialisation, and not one alive to-day! 'That information which money cannot buy, and which, if it could, I would willingly pay any price for'—such are the sentiments, I think, not only of Mr. Myers, but of all honest minds; but the medium must be 'earnest and humble of spirit,' filled with 'sobriety and modesty.'

Then, when we have thrown down the barrier of cold distrust lying between the man in the street and the man in the laboratory; when we have come to recognise that the hearth of Spiritualism may also be the hearth of science, and that the chamber of phenomena may be as truly the chamber of the scientist as of the labourer—when both sides have shaken hands over the common grave—'aiming at the same results—our own and the world's enlightenment'—then will the day of a true religion dawn, the only religion worthy of eternity, the religion of the science of Love. And then, don't you think that all will bless the memory of the student, of the quiet, gentle man who has just gone over the way? For, has he not—with others—patiently paved the way for the brotherly clasp of the hand in all that fuller understanding which the 'message from the grave' bestows?

'PHYGIA.'

Paris.

THE RESURRECTION BODY.

'A Seeker after Truth' will find the *rationale* of the resurrection of Jesus scientifically explained by T. L. Harris. The quotations, including an essay never before printed, are given in 'Respiro's' pamphlets 'The Divine Incarnation' and 'The Second Advent.' They are 1s. each. I can supply any inquirer with them if there is any difficulty in obtaining them in the ordinary way.

E. W. BERRIDGE, M.D.

48, Sussex-gardens, Hyde Park, W.

'A Seeker after Truth' is quite right in supposing me to have said that I regard Jesus Christ's appearance after the crucifixion as a 'materialisation,' like in kind, though possibly more advanced in degree, than those we now witness.

The difficulty felt by your correspondent as to what became of our Lord's physical body, is one which I found almost insuperable until lately, for the stress laid upon the statement that it was not found is made too much of in the Gospels, and in St. Peter's sermon (Acts i. 31), to be lightly set aside.

My reason for regarding the manifestations as by materialisation is simply founded on the conviction of the dependableness of natural laws, and that there is no 'miracle' in the sense of a break or contravention of them.

The orthodox view of Christ's resurrection makes it a unique occurrence, unlike any other human experience, and therefore, so far as we can judge, a breach of universal law. It raises enormous difficulties to the reason. But seen in the light of the phenomenon of materialisation (one which our experience can verify at the present time) it assumes the character of a result of natural law, though one the nature of which is still very obscure to us. Now, *dematerialisation* is also a fact which our experience can verify. Spiritualists know that solid objects can, given certain conditions, vanish out of sight and touch in the 'twinkling of an eye.' An instance of this is related in Madame d'Espérance's deeply interesting book 'Shadowland,' which I would strongly recommend as a study to a 'Seeker after Truth.' A Persian silk scarf worn by one of the circle at a séance was dematerialised by the spirit 'Yolande.' I have never myself witnessed a like phenomenon, but that it has often occurred there is far too strong evidence to doubt.

And in the light of such a fact the disappearance of Christ's body by dematerialisation, though, of course, as inexplicable as is the case above cited, becomes a reasonable assumption, and fits into human experience as like in kind to phenomena which occur at the present time.

The sermon in Acts i. lays special stress on the fact that in fulfilment of Messianic prophecy the flesh of the

Anointed One 'saw no corruption.' To those of us who regard Jesus from the point of view of St. Peter, there is nothing surprising in the statement that spirit-power should have rapidly dematerialised the body which had been so wholly consecrated to high uses, in which He had ever gone about 'doing good and healing,' and which had been the vehicle and instrument for the manifestation of the purest quality of mediumistic power, for the benefit of others.

A BEGINNER.

The question raised by your correspondent is only one of the many which cluster around the contemplation of the physical nature of Jesus Christ. It had often occurred to me; and in a séance, recorded in my 'Spirit Workers in the Home Circle,' your correspondent may be interested to hear a spirit's explanation of the mystery.

In conversation on the question of the raising of Lazarus, and of Jesus Christ himself, the following record was made at the time (page 50):—

'I asked the spirit, who was then speaking in the direct voice, "Was it true that Christ died?" and he replied,

"His body died."

"Then I suppose the body He rose with was a different one—it could do as you do and come through material substances."

"Matter is nothing to us."

"And what became of the body?"

"Part of His material body—the greater part—evaporated on the cross; the remainder, when the linen clothes were left in the sepulchre. The body He rose with was entirely spiritual."

"Then during those three days a change went on which in our case will take many years to accomplish?"

"Yes; it was an acceleration of chemical process."

"You are good chemists, I suppose, in the spirit land?"

"Yes—chemistry is no hindrance to us," &c.

The case of the raising of Lazarus by the Master was different, and the difficulty suggested by his return to the mortal life, with no record of the three days after his death, is wisely referred to by Tennyson:—

Behold a man raised up by Christ!

The rest remaineth unrevealed;

He told it not; or something seal'd

The lips of that Evangelist.

MORELL THEOBALD.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

Scenes which the mind of man has ne'er conceived,
Beyond the power of artist's skill to paint,
Unlimited in beauty of design,
Shall satisfy the soul that has achieved
Its victory over earth and mortal taint.
The spirit, clear and luminous, shall shine
Some where, some day!

All pains of human life shall be forgot,
All memory of grief shall flee away,
The heart that craved for love be satisfied,
And, in its wealth of joy, remember not
The lonely night, or dreary, irksome day,
But sweetly float on the ethereal tide—
So free, some day!

The clinging arms shall fold a loving form,
Affinity's pure brow be crowned at last,
An interchange of thoughts shall, like a dream,
Refresh thee with its calm after life's storm;
And in those finer realms, the battle past,
Thy life's ideals shall appear and gleam
So bright, some day!

ELIZAVETTA IVANOVNA.

PUBLIC TESTS.—Mrs. Ada Foye, the well-known American 'test' medium, has been holding successful public séances in Melbourne, Australia. Writing in the 'Harbinger of Light,' a correspondent says that, after giving her the names of two of her deceased daughters, Mrs. Foye, in the course of a 'message' from the spirit, made use of 'pass words' (consisting of four words), which was known only to a few members of her family, and repeated, almost verbatim, the last conscious words uttered by her daughter, who, before she passed on, had promised to use the 'pass words' as a means of identification if she could return.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

VERIFICATION OF A MESSAGE.

BY 'AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.'

In 'LIGHT,' of May 21st, 1898, I published an article regarding the return of a 'golfing caddie,' nicknamed 'C. W.,' belonging to a bygone generation of an old club of which I am a member, and gave details of the identification of a portrait in the club-house shortly thereafter by the clairvoyante as being that of this somewhat eccentric personage. At that time, although I made diligent inquiries of the club master and secretary regarding the life history of 'C. W.,' date of his passing on, &c., I could get no further information beyond this, that the portrait had for many years been hanging in the old club-house, and that it was simply transferred to the new one on its being opened, and no one knew anything of the original, simply because the bulk of the old members had long ago joined the 'great majority.' I was therefore content to abandon further attempts to verify what this eccentric personage had said to the medium on his visit, and also to give up any idea of getting an accurate reproduction or description of the mode and the extraordinary manner in which he 'arrayed himself' when he carried clubs for players, and which was quite apparent from the portrait in the club dining room.

Last night (January 28th), chance threw in my way, in the house of a relative in town, who is connected with the publishing trade (and who has often a great number of books and weekly magazines, old and new, lying about his smoking sanctum), a copy of an ephemeral weekly publication which only existed for a brief space of time, and of which I had never heard before. This paper was dated October 6th, 1894, and among other illustrations and articles I was surprised to find the portrait of the eccentric caddie, 'C. W.,' who had appeared to the clairvoyante in the year 1898 and given her his life history and other details. On showing her the portrait and allowing her to read the article, she said: 'That is exactly his history as he told it me, and the description of his extraordinary way of clothing himself contained in the article exactly corresponds with the man as I saw him.' The portrait and article are here enclosed for inspection by anyone interested; but for the information of any of your readers who may not be resident in London, I quote a few details:—

1. 'C. W.' wore his entire wardrobe at one and the same time on his person.

2. This consisted of three or four sleeveless coats, with the sacred red coat 'of the craft' outside all; also he wore three or four vests, with an old fur one outermost; also three or four pairs of trousers, with the worst pair exposed to the severest stress of wind and weather; and he had three bonnets, sewed one inside the other, on his head.

3. It was shrewdly suspected that he never undressed on going to bed.

4. Among his redeeming points were his speckless honesty and great frugality, his diet consisting entirely of bread and milk, winter and summer. He lived in a garret without a fire in the coldest weather, and out of his precarious and scanty earnings as a caddie on the links paid his rent regularly. Yet he was always cheerful and happy.

5. He annually made a visit to certain unknown relatives in the North country, and supported himself on his journey by selling tracts or those cheap stories which were sold in country districts in the beginning of the century, when libraries were non-existent.

6. He had always a horror of a pauper's funeral, and made it his boast that out of his 'frugal store' he had saved enough to pay his funeral expenses.

This eccentric personage bade the 'green-keeper' of this old golfing club a hearty farewell in the year 1829, on starting for one of his periodical visits to his friends in the North, and never returned, having either died on the road or among his relatives; and his disappearance was greatly regretted at the time by the frequenters of the links.

Now, the bulk of the details above specified, except the date, were given to me in 1898 by the medium on the occasion of his visit to her, and, as I have said, could not be

verified, and yet here they came to me in the most accidental manner out of a six years old weekly paper which I never heard of till it was picked up by me in my friend's sanctum, as before detailed.

It may be asked, how came this eccentric personage to visit the medium and disclose his identity to her? It is impossible for me to do more than theorise on such a matter; but I may state that within the past ten years automatic messages have come to me from the hand of this clairvoyante, and also at séances, from three men who were members of the club in question, and must have either seen, or at least heard of, 'C. W.' in earth life; and it certainly is probable that on the other side they may have met with this personage and sent him to the medium, who, I may also say, about 1898, often passed along the side of the links when paying visits to her sister. There I must leave the matter, with this further remark that the medium certainly never heard of 'C. W.' till he came to her in her room in the year 1898, as before detailed.

'WHAT DO WE MEAN BY THE SOUL?'

One of your correspondents asks the above question. He has been evidently puzzled by the many meanings that have been given to the word 'Soul,' not quite recognising that words are imperfect things, and that two persons may mean the same thing though using different words, and that there is as yet no universally acknowledged meaning for a word that suggests something beyond the sphere of our senses. In a case of this kind the wisest thing to do is to go to the best and oldest authority. Now the Oriental nations, the Egyptians and Hindoos, have confined their studies chiefly to the subjective, to the *within*, whereas the Westerns have balanced this by making their chief study the objective, the *without*. Another advantage they have is that they started their civilisation thousands of years before us, when we in Europe were only uncivilised tribes of barbarians.

In consequence of this they have had time and natural gift for the pursuit of this study.

Both the Egyptians and Hindoos separate the personality into *seven* principles; not that every human being has the whole seven principles in him at the same time, for this very subject in which we are now interested, the soul, is a graduated principle, and can be as low and unevolved as an appetital or animal soul, can rise to the dignity of a human soul, and be perfected by becoming a spiritual soul.

The names the Egyptians give to these seven principles are:—

Chat	The material body.
Anch	The vital principle.
Ka	The astral body.
Hati	The animal soul.
Bai	The human soul.
Cheybi	The spiritual soul.
Kou	The spirit.

The astral body is the refined yet still material body, that is freed from us at death, and forms the clothing of the soul, and partakes of its quality, and is so far material or refined just as the soul is, so that if this soul before death has reached spiritual evolution, the astral body may then be called a spiritual body.

The Soul, then, is the Ego, the individual, the real man, which is educated in this life through its enjoyments, its sorrows and trials, to reach as high a point as it can before leaving this body, so that it has the less sorrow on the other side in overcoming its sensual desires.

The Spirit is that spark of the divine essence we all possess, and the aim of our soul must be to be joined or married to this divine spark and reach the perfect condition of the spiritual soul.

I need not give the Hindoo names for these seven principles, as they have exactly the same signification.

J. A.

Yielding to none in my desire for light from whatever source, I was somewhat surprised on reading in your paper an article under the above heading. If the flesh is the body of the soul, and if the soul is the body of the spirit, I can

only conceive of the soul as the mind or thinking faculty; and the spirit as that germ of divine life which even death cannot destroy. The soul that sinneth dies. The reasoning faculties with which the All-Wise has endowed the most of us are to be used, not abused, and if reason is perverted to uncleanness or unrighteousness then the reason becomes lost, and lost reason is worse than the loss of the physical body, for to my mind lost reason is nothing more and nothing less than demoniacal possession. When the unclean spirit goeth out of a man other unclean spirits cannot enter without the soul's permission, and the soul that permits this thing must be dead to everything that can be rightly termed 'life.' The proof of these things is to be found in every-day life.

HERBERT HODGSON.

Very few seem to have attained the ability to realise how priceless a possession is the human soul, and if the asker of the question—What is the Soul?—has the vital object as his purpose in doing so, gladly should he be greeted.

If the world's most pressing need is an enlightened humanity, how can it be so essentially and powerfully aided thereto as by rationally realising its own inner or soul nature? Is it not the intellectual and spiritual principle which, as truthfully developed, becomes the more impersonal and one with the Supreme Intelligence?

Anyone earnestly desiring to promote the realisation of a system of social and religious truth logically based on an analysis of man's nature and endorsed by several of the most notable thinkers of the age, may hear of a soul-stirring essay thereon—now in its fifth edition—by writing to

Hindhead, Surrey.

A. C. SWINTON.

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.

Madame Zuleika.

SIR,—May I ask, through the columns of your paper, whether one is bound to accept persecution after punishment, because of an obsolete law, a year after that law has had its way? Being a law-abiding subject, as soon as I realised that the practice of my God-given gift of second-sight was called '*fortune-telling*,' and treated as such, I gave up the practice of it entirely, and only continued my mental healing work, which has to do with magnetism pure and simple, and needs no talking either by healer or patient. My cases are such as are not under the treatment of any doctors, and for which no medicines or drugs of any kind are ever given by me, or recommended by me. Yet not a week passes by but spies and detectives are sent to ask me to 'tell their fortunes.' I also receive by post newspaper cuttings of the March, April, June, and July newspapers of last year, when my case was before the courts, with comments on the same, and threats that I shall be 'taken up for fortune-telling.'

May I ask if England is a Christian country, or even supposed to be such?

I started a small class for occult teaching, and every study is type-written and open to the public; but I have been openly insulted regarding these classes and called 'a charlatan' merely because of the unjust conviction of last July.

I would take all this calmly, and think it a privilege to suffer for the good of my fellows; but it is my duty to do what I can to save others of my belief from the treatment to which I was subjected—a night in a detention cell and a year of unrighteous persecution from people who, calling themselves Christians, take away a good name as easily as they breathe, and merely because they do not understand the high and holy gift of psychic vision.

We who have striven to keep that which was given us as a birthright through the dense barriers of ignorance and prejudice, are only too willing to be tested on every point of our many experiences, and to give evidence, not only of the faith that is in us, but of the fact that we have brought happiness to saddened hearts and comfort to many who would otherwise have collapsed under the strain of their bereavements. Oh! *just* English law, which can allow gambling and actual fortune-telling at bazaars in aid of churches and charities, and betting at horse races, by the highest in the land, and yet can punish the use of a God-given gift! The crushing sorrow that

came upon me last year has been the means of making me almost an invalid for life; my health is simply gone; my eyesight threatened, and my nerves shattered from the shock of being 'taken up' for the practice of a precious gift, is what I cannot get over. I believe in my gift, as a musician believes in his music; I love my gift as I love the giver, the Great Divine Father of all light and truth, and to my dying day I shall feel the gross injustice which I have suffered in justice-boasting England.

ZULEIKA CAVALIER.

8, Cranbourne-court, Albert Bridge, S.W.

The Recently Deceased.

SIR,—Now that several prominent Spiritualists and psychical researchers have lately passed over, a very real danger presents itself, which I have been asked to point out.

It is well-known that the soul, after passing over, requires a longer or shorter period of rest, before entering on its new life.

Now, that rest ought to be religiously respected by those on this side, and no effort should be made by circles to enter into communication with those recently passed over, until they have received some unsought evidence that the soul is awake and ready to begin its work.

For circles to call on those but lately gone is to disturb their rest, and prevent them from easily and gently acquiring their new powers.

As the birth into this world entails a period of rest for the new-born infant, so the spiritual birth should be respected by us here as it is by those on the other side.

L. J. J.

Spiritualism and Theosophy.

SIR,—Will you allow me to ask Mr. H. Burrows how he can obtain proof, by Theosophy alone, of the continued existence of man after death—proof as clear as he can get from Spiritualism?

As a Spiritualist and a Theosophist, I have had, so far, to find my proofs of a life hereafter in Spiritualism, because I cannot get any in Theosophy. For a wider view of spiritual, or psychic, subjects I have had to fall back on Theosophy, as Spiritualism is too narrow, and Spiritualists too bigoted, to embrace anything higher than very plain evidences.

The folly of Theosophists is in thinking themselves above commonplace table-rappers, while that of Spiritualists is in thinking that they have arrived at the end of truth, and that beyond their ken there is nothing worth knowing. Both are very narrow in their views, and just as bigoted as the orthodoxy of which we complain so much. Both Theosophy and Spiritualism serve to fill a gap, the one doing what the other cannot, or does not. Let them live together amicably, as co-workers against materialism.

Bradford.

JOS. CLAYTON.

Handsome Donations to the Lyceum Union.

SIR,—Kindly accord me a little of your valuable space, in which to acknowledge the receipt of £10 in aid of the Lyceum Home, at Blackpool; and also £10 towards establishing a Permanent Secretary Fund for the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union, from Mrs. Selina Smedley, the esteemed wife of Mr. Alfred Smedley, of Belper, president of the Union, to whom I beg to tender my grateful thanks on behalf of the children who are in great need of the benefits to be derived from a week's or fortnight's stay in the Lyceum Home; and, also, on behalf of my executive committee for her very generous response to my appeal for funds.

All friends and lovers of the children are cordially invited to contribute to the above funds, as the same are urgently needed.

ALFRED KITSON, Sec.

Bromley-road, Hanging Heaton,
Near Dewsbury.

Psycho-Magnetic Society.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to make the following correction in Mr. Hallam's report of the preliminary meeting of the proposed Psycho-Magnetic Society? I was thought to have said it 'might be advisable to exclude magnetic trance,' whereas I inquired of Mrs. Stannard whether she proposed to exclude mesmeric as well as hypnotic sleep, as I thought they were quite different, my idea being that mesmeric sleep might be admissible.

ELIZABETH C. COOMARA SWAMY.

Worplesdon,
Guildford.

SOCIETY WORK.

THE UNION OF LONDON SPIRITUALISTS.—The monthly conference of this union will be held at 73, Becklow-road, Shepherd's Bush, on Sunday, March 3rd, at 3 p.m. and 7 p.m. Mr. George T. Gwinn will preside. Tea at 5 p.m., 6d. each. At 11 a.m. an open-air meeting will be held in Ravenscourt Park; chairman, Mr. J. Adams.—D. J. DAVIS, Secretary.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, 73, BECKLOW-ROAD, W.—On Sunday last Mrs. H. Boddington (from Battersea Society) spoke upon 'The Soul's Awakening.' It was a splendid address and was listened to with great attention by a sympathetic and appreciative audience. Questions were asked and ably answered and a large after-circle was held. On Sunday next, at 6.30 p.m., Mrs. Whimp will be our speaker.—C.

LEICESTER SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, LIBERAL CLUB LECTURE HALL.—On Sunday, February 10th, Mrs. M. H. Wallis was with us, giving us the benefit of her gifts of speaking and clairvoyance. On Sunday, February 17th, Mr. A. V. Peters gave us a stirring and beautiful address, followed by remarkable clairvoyance which caused many to realise the nearness of their spirit friends. On Sunday next, Mrs. Green will be the speaker.—R. WIGHTMAN.

EASTBOURNE.—A meeting was held in the Town Hall of this city on Saturday, the 16th inst. A large audience listened with delight to a beautiful discourse and a series of grand answers to questions by Madame Montague, the Californian psychic. Mrs. Andrews, a staunch Spiritualist, and a few of her friends, managed the proceedings, which were voted a great success. We hope that this is the beginning of a centre in Eastbourne.—VERITAS.

WOLVERHAMPTON—SPIRITUAL CHURCH, SHEPHERD-STREET.—On Sunday last, Mr. Macbeth Bain paid us his second visit and gave earnest spiritual addresses to fair audiences. In the morning he discoursed on 'The Bread of Life' and in the evening on 'God is Love,' his teaching being much appreciated. President Aldridge's keynote for the week was: 'There is no greater power than the power within me.' Next Sunday we are looking forward to a good day with Mrs. M. H. Wallis.—COR.

HACKNEY SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, MANOR ROOMS, KENMURE-ROAD, MARE-STREET, N.E.—On Sunday last, after the usual reading from the New Testament, the controls of Mr. H. A. Gatter (vice-president) delivered a somewhat novel address upon 'Silence: and its Powers.' Mr. Gatter afterwards gave normal clairvoyance, a few of the descriptions not being recognised at the time, but in most cases they were afterwards remembered and acknowledged to be accurate. On Sunday next, Mr. Ronald Brailey will be our speaker.—O. H.

CAMBERWELL—GROVE-LANE PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY, 36, VICARAGE-ROAD.—On Sunday last our leader delivered a very instructive address on 'What must I do to be Saved?' and Mr. Blackman gave clairvoyant and psychometric descriptions. A social party will be held on Saturday, the 23rd inst.; tickets 9d. each, children half-price. On Sunday next, at 11 a.m., a meeting will be held; at 7 p.m. Mrs. Barrell will speak; on Thursday, at 8 p.m., a public circle; and on Wednesday, at 8 p.m., a developing circle will be held.—W. H. D.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—The address delivered at these rooms on Sunday last by Mr. E. W. Wallis on 'Conflicting Theories versus Stubborn Facts,' gave ample proof of the ability of his controls in presenting the truths of Spiritualism to all hearers, being especially helpful to inquirers. The enthusiastic applause of the large audience amply testified to their interest and appreciation. The singing of a solo, 'Beyond Earth's Shadowland,' by Mr. E. W. Wallis, added greatly to the success of the meeting. Mr. Sutton kindly occupied the chair. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Peters will give clairvoyance; doors open at 6.30 p.m.—S. J. WATTS, Hon. Sec.

SPIRITUAL PROGRESSIVE CHURCH, BLANCHE HALL, 99, WIESBADEN-ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON.—The president gave an eloquent address on the 'Good Samaritan,' on Sunday evening last. The interest was maintained throughout and great appreciation was expressed at the close. Next Sunday, clairvoyance by Mr. J. A. White; on Monday, the 25th inst., social at Glendale Hall; on Wednesday, the 27th inst., at 8 p.m., meeting for members only. At Glendale Hall, St. Ann's-road, Stamford Hill, our vice-president conducted the service, with the able assistance of our co-worker, Mr. John Kinsman, editor of 'Psyche.' Valuable and interesting testimony in proof of spirit return was given. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., an address will be given by the president; on Monday, the 25th inst., there will be a social gathering. Music, recitations, refreshments, and dancing. Admission free, silver collection.—A. CLEGG, Secretary, 18, Fleetwood-street, Stoke Newington, N.