

# Light:

*A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.*

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

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## CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way .....	361	Hope for All .....	366
Premonitory Dreams .....	362	Séance with Eusebia Paladino .....	367
Old-Time Experiences .....	362	Blessedness of Suffering .....	368
In Defence of Frau Rothe. By		Reincarnation .....	369
Professor C. W. Sellin .....	363	Mr. Haweis in Spirit Form .....	370
'Your Mesmeric Forces' .....	365	Remarkable Psychic Experiences.	
Psychic Powers of Jesus .....	365	By W. J. Colville .....	370

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

We are glad to hear that the late Mr. Haweis' work on 'Christ and Christianity' is to be published in five books at one shilling each. The first, on 'The Story of the Four,' has reached us. It is done up in a paper wrapper only, but the print is good.

Mr. Haweis was a brilliant and rousing writer rather than a cautious and exact one, but we have always regarded his writings on Christianity as equal in value to those of Renan, on the score of exactness. Renan romanced a good deal; so did Haweis, though in a different way. Renan was somewhat of a novelist, while Haweis was a prophet. Renan wrote partly as an artist; Haweis entirely as a reformer.

Mr. Haweis freely admits his indebtedness to others. He expressly disclaims any 'credit for original research.' He pictures himself as an onlooker, discriminating between rival theories or personal impressions, and finally giving his own. That has a certain charm, especially as there is, in Mr. Haweis' case, an almost Victor Hugo-ish dash and freshness of style.

'The Four' are, of course, the four Evangelists, but, as John the Apostle is accepted as the writer of the Book of the Revelation, that work is included. For a similar reason, The Acts of the Apostles is also included. Mr. Haweis' spiritual sensitiveness always made him a good guide in these difficult regions, and he was always strong in edifying suggestions if not in critical interpretations: and he never failed to carry a shining light.

We always relish Mr. Frederick Lynch's short religious studies. They are so refined, so disengaged, so winsome with 'sweet reasonableness.' A late one, in 'The Church Union,' on 'Naturalness of Religion as seen in Jesus,' attracts by its very title. He holds that the teachings of Jesus were the outflow of experience and observation, and that they exhibit (especially in the parables) a practical knowledge of life and character and the processes of nature, and deep insight into spiritual laws that are working every day and everywhere.

The story of the Prodigal Son he cites as a case in point. He calls it 'The Gospel in miniature.' It is certainly the Gospel of homely common-sense and of pure human love and pity; and it cuts at the root of our modern setting up of artificial ways to God. He says: 'How many poor, despondent souls have burst forth into joy and singing when they have heard that old story which is ever new! We may say to the sinner, you must do this or that, believe

this thing or that, join this thing or that, to be saved; but Jesus says, "Turn straight to the Father who stands with open arms." 'Churches,' he says, 'are people organised to help one another home: but, to say that one church only is the true door, is to falsify the teaching of Jesus.' The following is simplicity itself, and yet how luminously it tells the secret of spiritual religion!—

To say that a man must be baptised this way or that, or eat the communion in this company or that, must believe this catechism or that, belong to this denomination or that; to say that a man must do one or the other of these things to reach the Father would be just the same as making this prodigal's father send a servant out to meet him and tell him he must come in through a certain door and wash himself in a certain way, and sign a statement he would find in the hall, and be ushered in by the chaplain of the house and then before he would shake hands with him, tell him with which company he came home. You smile—well, I do not wonder. God, also, must smile, if He does not grieve too much at some of our travesties of Him; making Him such an one as I have just described. No, Jesus says that when this father saw the repentant one coming he rushed to the door and threw it open, and before he asked a question, hugged him and kissed him, and shouted in his love and joy: 'My son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.' And Jesus told this story as a type of the heavenly Father's ways. This is the welcome awaiting every child of God who returns home—I care not how he returns—neither does God.

Is not this also very charming; and so obviously true?—

If Jesus intended any particular form of church to be the only true church, who can doubt he would have instituted it! But Jesus was not interested in forms. What he wanted was to give life to the world, knowing that the life would mould to itself institutions fitted for its preservation in every age, best adapted to the needs of changing times. Had Jesus cared anything about ceremonies—baptism, communion, worship and all others—most assuredly he would have spoken. But what he cared for was to get his spirit into the hearts of men, knowing that wherever his spirit truly abounded, insistence on peculiar forms would not long last. And it will not long last when his spirit is truly present in all our churches. We have not got over the threshold of Christ's heart yet. We have been so busy building dogmas and tearing them down; sticking for formalities and apostolical successions, and true churches, and creeds, and sacraments, all of which are merely garments, that we have not gotten behind the robe of Jesus to even catch a glimpse of that great heart of love.

Why will people spill on to good paper utterly unverified 'facts'? But who are the people that invent such things? Here, for instance, in 'The Progressive Thinker,' is a long article on Dr. Slade, containing the following amazing statement: 'In London, Slade was arrested and placed on trial, charged with fraud and trickery. He secured his freedom by allowing himself to be searched, handcuffed, gagged, and blindfolded, and while in that condition giving a séance in open court.'

Of course that is a 'boulder,' and a very big 'boulder,' too. Nothing of the kind ever happened. What happened was that Slade preferred to bolt rather than face the matter out in court. We do not blame him: but that is what happened.

We do not say that 'The Progressive Thinker' is

responsible for the above statement, as, in its first sentence, it refers to 'The Inter Ocean,' and then goes on, American fashion, without quotation marks, so that one does not know where quotation ends and remarks begin. American newspaper editing is apt to be very puzzling with its bold use of scissors and paste.

### PREMONITORY DREAMS.

Regarding premonitory dreams, I send you the story told to me by a landlady some years before I studied Spiritualism, and at a time when I would have scouted and ridiculed it. She said:—

'I dreamed of being in a large building having stone steps outside, and also some inside leading down into the basement. I descended these and saw dead human bodies! The dream left so vivid an impression that I seemed to have the place fixed in my memory, every turning in it and every cranny and nook. A few days afterwards my husband's father came up on a visit from Wales, and, my husband being too much tied to get away from business, I had to take my father-in-law round to show him the sights of London. After visiting for successive days many places of interest, I decided that we should go to the National Gallery. My father-in-law was a devout old Baptist, and one picture in the Testament Story of Christ engaged his attention. He seemed absorbed in contemplation, and then he staggered and fell at my feet. The attendants in the Gallery came forward and tried to restore him. Doctors came from Charing Cross Hospital and used their skill for more than an hour. But it was all useless, and the lamp of life flickered out. The public were excluded, and a screen was placed round the body, which was eventually removed on an ambulance, I following, for my husband, to whom I had telegraphed, had not had time to arrive. They carried the body to the mortuary—which proved the basement I had dreamed of! I recognised everything exactly as portrayed in my dream. My familiarity with the building surprised those who were carrying my poor relative.'

I may add that the lady is still alive, and her husband continues in a well-known place of business in Islington; and neither of them was a Spiritualist. I have been prompted to relate the story as it was given to me as a contribution towards an elucidation of 'what dreams may come' before we have shuffled off this mortal coil.

W. M. S.

Several of my dreams have been prophetic. When a boy I lived near the Thames, which used to overflow its banks during the spring tides. In a dream I seemed to be walking by the banks of a canal towards the locks at Wandsworth, when I picked up a cube of slate, and just then a relation came towards me in a great hurry, saying 'Run home! tell your mother the tide is rising rapidly and will be in the house,' and a voice out of space said 'Remember!' Everything occurred shortly afterwards as in my dream. I was walking down by the banks, picked up a cube of slate, the relation I had seen in my dream used the words I have mentioned, and the tide did come into our house.

Again I dreamed that I was by the banks of the canal and saw a funeral, but although I felt that it was a relation's body which was about to be buried, I could not get near the funeral, being apparently held back. Everything occurred as my dream foretold. I was witnessing the funeral of a dear uncle, who was followed by the members of my family; but I was then very ill and weak, so weak that I could not get near, and was prevented from attending the funeral as a mourner.

I also find that I can leave the body during the waking hours by simply lying passive, and wishing to go to a certain place. I have gone to see people in places which I have never seen in the body, and have described to them afterwards what they were wearing and doing, and all has been found correct. One friend, an Associate of the London Spiritualist Alliance, will remember how I described to her her studio with a top light, her painting apron, and what she was doing at the time my body was asleep in my own home. I find that distance is no bar to our travelling, for I have been as far as Labrador to a hospital there, where a friend of mine was, who corroborated all by letter.

ALFRED V. PETERS.

### OLD-TIME EXPERIENCES.

(Continued from page 356.)

One thing which seemed to amuse the spirits was my surprise and bewilderment at the way they dematerialised small articles under my very nose. I wanted to get a letter carried by the process of *apport* from New York to London, having heard of such things being done; and as a kind of 'preliminary canter' I tried to get a letter taken by the spirits across New York. A spirit that used to come to me at Mrs. Williams' agreed to try; and as this same spirit (or what purported to be the same) also materialised at Mrs. Cadwell's sésances, I thought there would be no difficulty in the matter. I knew that the letter would have to be taken from me and dematerialised at one medium's sésance, and rematerialised and given to me at the sésance of another medium; but I knew or believed (and still know or believe) that a dematerialised article can be kept in an immaterial condition for days, and rematerialised when wanted.

Now, I say that these two forms purported to represent or contain the same individuality, or to 'be the same spirit,' but I had, and still have, my doubts about it. The 'Susan' (let us call her) who came to me at Mrs. Cadwell's did not seem to have anything in common with the 'Susan' who came through Mrs. Williams. Each 'Susan' bore a general resemblance to her own medium, as might be expected; but they differed from each other in appearance, in manner, and in 'aura' too much for that difference to be wholly accounted for by supposing that it came from 'taking on the conditions' of the respective mediums; moreover, the one 'Susan' could never tell me anything I had said to the other, or she to me, at the sésances of the other medium. In fact, the only reason why I call them the same spirit is that they both stuck to it that they were so; and I do not like to contradict a lady, especially when she is a spirit; for then a member of the gentle sex brooks contradiction even less than when she is in the flesh—it completely upsets her. 'Susan,' by the bye, told me that I had not known her in earth life; but, in both cases, 'Susan' was a very sympathetic and charming little (polymorphous?) spirit, who said that she was strongly attracted to me, and was my guide (although I could never get either of her to give me an instance of her guidance).

Among their other points of difference was the manner in which they dematerialised small objects. 'Susan I.' (Mrs. Williams' 'Susan') used to take my letter (enclosed in an ordinary envelope) by one corner, between her finger and thumb, and hold it within six or eight inches of my eyes; in a moment the free part of the letter would begin to vibrate, or rather to oscillate or wave to and fro, slowly at first, but ever faster and faster, until it was a mere fan-shaped blur, the one corner of the letter and the hand that held it remaining perfectly motionless. Then, all of a sudden, the letter was gone; and 'Susan' slowly separated her thumb and forefinger, and allowed me to examine her hand. 'Susan II.' (Mrs. Cadwell's 'Susan'), on the other hand, used to take up the front part of her robe, apron-wise, into which you put any small article which you wished her to dematerialise; and then the sitters sang or hummed a certain simple tune (which I recognised as that of an old music-hall ditty called 'Up in a balloon, boys'), 'Susan' moving her apron up and down in time to the music; and after about ten or fifteen of these movements, the object (my letter, for instance), which until that moment had lain in full view, would suddenly disappear. I have watched the operation from so near that the apron has brushed my nose as it rose (a little bit of fun, I think, on 'Susan's' part); and the light at Mrs. Cadwell's sésances was always good 'sésance light.' I endeavoured many times, from both ends of the line, to obtain this *apport*, but although my letters were always dematerialised with ease my 'Susan,' or 'Susans,' never succeeded in accomplishing it. The letter was always dropped on the way across town; and the difficulty was stated by 'Susan' to be her inability to hold the letter dematerialised when at a distance from her medium.

Another point of difference between the two 'Susans' was that 'Susan I.' used to write me long letters in a minute and very pretty hand, whereas 'Susan II.' either could not or would not write letters at all. These letters were written

when Mrs. Williams used a regular cabinet, like a large press, raised about a foot high, on four legs, with a half-door that had a ledge to it, on which the spirit used to write, and a curtained aperture above it. When the medium discarded this cabinet for a curtain across a solid alcove, I got no more letters. Sometimes the letters used to be written inside the cabinet, while other spirits were manifesting—written on marked paper which I had just thrown in. I cannot say that these epistles contained anything very striking; I remember 'Susan's' instruction for developing clairvoyance was to 'sit in the twilight with the eyes open or shut.' If one sat in the twilight at all, one's eyes would necessarily be either open or shut; but I suppose it all depends upon the desire or intention, the existence of which 'Susan' took for granted. 'Susan' wrote best with my own pencil, and I am puzzled to this day to know how she made her exceedingly fine and small writing with a pencil which, like mine, was generally quite blunted by use, and this she undoubtedly did—I used to stand within a couple of feet of her while she wrote, and when she had finished, she handed me the letter and the pencil.

I have often pondered over the question whether there were two 'Susans' or only one; for I could get nothing certain about it from the other cabinet spirits. If but one 'Susan,' then it must have been a case of 'double personality' of a particular kind. I did not see my way to the testing of that hypothesis; more especially as the forms at Mrs. Williams' séances stayed out of the cabinet a very short time, being, as it were, pulled in again by their coat tails by other spirits eager to manifest, if they remained out longer than a minute or two; although, indeed, 'Susan' was permitted to greatly exceed the regulation time. In Mrs. Cadwell's case it was different; for the spirits there kept the floor apparently as long as they liked, often for a quarter of an hour; and Mrs. Cadwell's séances therefore lasted for three or four hours. Her spirits were also able to go much further from the medium than is generally the case. Materialised spirits sometimes show an almost childlike curiosity in regard to the new surroundings in which they find themselves; and nothing pleased some of Mrs. Cadwell's spirits better than to take the arm of a sitter whom they knew and trusted, and walk with him into the adjoining room, and look out of the window into the street below, shading their eyes from an electric lamp on the opposite side of the street; when that light shone full on them, it caused them no further inconvenience than to oblige them to close their eyes. I was one of those whose arm they took in that way, and I felt just as if I had a mortal woman clinging to my arm, who spoke in whispers, and was preternaturally fresh and clean, and exhaled a slight odour of sandalwood.

Another peculiarity of Mrs. Cadwell's séances was the evident enjoyment which the séances gave to the spirits themselves; and the happy aura, or psychic temperature, which they brought with them infected the sitters, giving them the impression that the spirits must have a much better time of it over there than we poor mortals enjoy here. Nelse Seymour, the chief control, had been a well-known and popular actor some eight or nine years before, and many of his old friends used to attend the séances. Nelse was brim full of real wit and genuine laughter; 'just as he was in life,' as one of those old friends told me, who, I remember, said that, as he had nothing to do that evening, he had 'just dropped in to have a chat with Nelse.' Even the recently departed who came to greet their friends at Mrs. Cadwell's evinced none, or at least hardly any, of the lachrymose tendency so common under the circumstances in other mediums' séances.

'CHRONOS.'

(To be continued.)

A TWO-EDGED SWORD.—A writer who seeks to demonstrate that 'the communications received by Spiritualists do not emanate from human spirits,' quotes the following texts of Scripture: 'There is no work nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest' (Ecc. ix. 10). 'In death there is no remembrance of Thee' (Psalm vi. 5). 'His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish' (Psalm cxlvi. 4). 'The living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything' (Ecc. ix. 5). These isolated passages favour the pessimistic conclusions of the materialist. We wonder our opponent does not see that he uses a two-edged sword that cuts against the belief in continued human existence altogether.

## IN DEFENCE OF FRAU ROTHE.

BY PROFESSOR C. W. SELLIN.

'Mrs. F.' recently published in 'LIGHT' (June 22nd and 29th) an exhaustive report of five séances she held in Paris with Frau Rothe; adding thereto a few introductory and closing remarks.

The perusal of this account afforded me the greatest interest, especially as I have myself insisted for months upon the urgent necessity for competent investigation of the phenomena produced through Frau Rothe's mediumship, and also because Mrs. F. expresses a wish that I should offer my help towards the bringing about of such an investigation, as far as my influence permits.

As the matter seems to me to be one of great importance I have already been working actively in that direction, but, unfortunately, until now, without success. Mrs. F. may therefore rest assured of my continued help. But I shall not, on that very account, fail to submit the Paris report to a serious criticism, in order that, in the future, time and power may not be so purposelessly wasted. For, to speak plainly, the proceedings, as they have been conducted in Paris, whether considered from the scientific or from the spiritualistic standpoints, are, to my mind, of wholly insignificant value. They certainly have served to illustrate how such séances ought *not* to be arranged, if good results are to be obtained; and this is, after all, a decided advantage over certain incompetent and worthless accounts which have been previously given of the investigation of the point in question, in the course of which utter confusion has prevailed, and the results of which have been freely exhibited to the wide public; as, for instance, in the book published by Dr. Bohm. So far, Mrs. F. has done nothing to dissipate this confusion, but has rather added to it. The number of mistakes made in Paris seems to me so important that they can scarcely be adequately pointed out in the limited scope of an article such as this.

Mrs. F. seems, indeed, to be aware of the shortcomings of her methods of investigation, when she, alluding to other reports of far better results, asks: 'Why is it we have never seen the like, nor even an approach to it?' My ready answer to this, from the standpoint of occultism, can only be: 'Because you did not afford the right and proper conditions, neither for yourself nor for your sitters, nor for the medium'; and on the other hand also this: 'You have really had very good results, but, unhappily, without being aware of them, nor giving an unvarnished account of them.' I think I shall be able to show this without difficulty, at least as far as space permits, to every reader who is acquainted with the peculiarities of mediumship. First of all, however, and before going into any criticism, I must beg to mention, from the store of my own experience, a few typical results which have not yet been reported in 'LIGHT,' and which will form a strong contrast to the apparently insufficient outcome of the Paris séances. These few facts will go a long way towards proving that in the case of Frau Rothe we have to deal with a powerful medium for physical phenomena.

I have obtained my facts in the course of a dozen of promiscuous séances, and of some private ones held without the presence of Herr Jentsch; also through occasional meetings with the medium, in the ordinary course of our acquaintance. This will not, I hope, influence adversely the value of my results as evidence; for indeed the absurd scientific hypercriticism which has endeavoured to reject as worthless any manifestation which may have taken place in the presence of Herr Jentsch, must be at last shown up as nonsense and put aside altogether, or the statement of actual facts would be materially and hopelessly falsified. The many objections raised against this unfairly treated gentleman might well be withdrawn, in consideration of the test séances which have successfully taken place in his absence. It seems to me that to throw doubt upon the genuineness of phenomena which, although occurring in his presence, are proved to be independent of his person or agency is, to say the least of it, in exceedingly bad taste.

The strange and erroneous impression, betrayed by Mrs. F., that the phenomena produced through Frau Rothe's

mediumship are invariably of the same nature, is sufficient in itself to prove how little the lady understands psychic manifestations. Frau Rothe is naturally, like all genuine mediums, entirely dependent upon conditions; indeed, she is more so than any other medium with whom I have experimented until now. If this has been overlooked, it is only because, on account of the almost uncanny power with which she is gifted, even under very unfavourable conditions, occurrences take place which are, if imperfect, if also at the expense of the medium's own life-forces, yet of a decidedly remarkable nature. The little gold charms, for instance, mentioned by Mrs. F., may, under good conditions, build themselves up in the sight of all sitters, upon the upturned, slowly closing hand of the medium, or fall, ready formed, as if dropping from space; or they appear,—and this is almost without exception, under adverse influences,—in the manner described by Mrs. F. The same variations apply to the *apport* of flowers, to the direct writing, and even to the import of the trance messages. Another circumstance which must not be overlooked is the fact that the most powerful and unmistakable phenomena do *not* occur at regular sittings, but on quieter and more private occasions, in friendly intercourse, visiting or taking walks, &c., when the manifestations take place quite spontaneously, during the course of the conversation, in the most surprising manner. When the sésances are badly conducted, when the sitters are inexperienced, and when dogmatic prejudice takes the place of courtesy and seriousness, these manifestations are naturally fewer and of an unsatisfactory nature. It is almost exclusively with such failures, laboriously strung together, that Dr. Bohn deals in his book, and the worthlessness of such a work will thus be evident to all. The competent investigator should keep in mind all the points above mentioned, and be ready for observation, not only during the sésances, but at all times, if the most convincing facts are to be secured. Quickness and keenness of observation are here, as with every medium, indispensable elements of success. Mrs. F. was scarcely prepared for the part she undertook, as is over and over again made evident through her report.

I will now give a few typical illustrations of the different phases of Frau Rothe's peculiar faculties. For no one who understands anything about mediumship will for an instant be in doubt as to the bare fact of her power in that direction. This question is also settled in the mind of Mrs. F., in spite of the extraordinary 'rubber-bag' notion which seems to haunt her brain, probably being the outcome of Dr. Bohn's suggestion. The matter is therefore narrowed down to one issue, namely, the possibility of extraneous help or collusion. But I must point out that in the case of a private physical medium, and moreover, in the presence of such superabundance of psychic energy, such a suspicion must dwindle down practically to nothing. It is therefore all the more important that good conditions and competent methods of investigation should be secured in order to obtain genuine results. Absolute trust and undisturbed sympathy are the first and last *sine qua non* between sitters and medium, and these have formed, throughout a series of sittings, the basis for the following results:—

I will first mention a few cases of *apport* and *transport* which have been published before, but not in 'LIGHT.' *Apports* of flowers, with or without contact of the medium's hands, has been so frequent and usual an experience of mine that I may be allowed to pass them over; with the remark, however, that, so far as I am concerned, I have never seen the flowers in the faded and crushed state described by Mrs. F.; numerous other witnesses could testify to the same effect on this point. Might Mrs. F.'s experience be due to post-hypnotic suggestion? For other members of the circle do not seem at one with her concerning this particular statement. The first case of *apport* with which I shall deal took place in Chemnitz, this year, on January 25th, at a private sitting with Frau Rothe, in the house of a friend of mine, and without the presence of Herr Jentsch. My friend, K. B., his wife, and myself were the only sitters. Frau Rothe had been invited to take coffee with me, and about an hour after our arrival we moved to a brightly-lighted room for our sitting. I pass over the phenomena which followed and proceed at once to the most important

manifestation. During or after a trance message, for the delivery of which Frau Rothe had risen from her chair, she presented to Herr B. a bunch of flowers (*mignonette*, &c.) which appeared in her left hand at a distance of one or two feet in front of us. On taking it from her, Herr B., who carefully examined the flowers, drew our attention to some little lumps of snow which were sticking between the stems of the flowers, and which, in the warm room, soon melted and disappeared. Both Herr B. and his wife would gladly corroborate this statement. Surely such an occurrence as this would satisfy even Mr. Podmore that the flowers must have been taken from out of doors and brought direct into the room, and he would no doubt consider it a perfect and fully satisfactory test case. Whether he would ascribe it to a strong exteriorisation of the medium's psychic force, or to the agency of individual entities, is his own business.

Another *apport* or *transport* took place on February 6th, also in Chemnitz, but this time in Herr Jentsch's room. The latter was sitting with me on the sofa, while Frau Rothe sat at the end of a three-foot long table which separated her from us. I was busy putting down notes concerning an article by Herr Bohn, and made some humorous remarks about the lack of logic displayed therein, when I saw Frau Rothe, who had fallen into a state of trance, suddenly rise and step away from the table, stretching her arms upwards. I naturally kept my eyes closely fixed upon her and suddenly I saw a flower-pot, containing a blue hyacinth, appear in her hands. The bringer, a late citizen of Chemnitz, who had passed over some three years before, gave his name and described some of the circumstances of the last years of his life, before he placed the flower-pot on the table. A few minutes later, a solid object was transported from an adjacent room into the one where we sat, the door of communication being locked. As I was joking about Herr Bohn's theories concerning the alleged conjuring abilities of the medium, the latter became again entranced, again stepped towards the same spot where she had stood before, again stretched her hands above her head, and this time received an ivory statuette, about fourteen to fifteen inches in length, representing Queen Louise. I well knew this object, having seen it before in the next room. In this case also, the bringer, after saying: 'This is the way we do it!' gave name and information before he placed the statuette on the table.

Now, if anyone thinks it possible, that a man who, like myself, has spent years in investigating the occult, and who is in the full possession of all his faculties, could be deceived and tricked as to what takes place, in a perfectly plain and simple manner, at a distance of a few feet in front of him, then of course there is no more to be said. The notion that Herr Jentsch, sitting on my left, could, before my eyes, dexterously throw flower-pot and statuette to the medium without my noticing it, belongs to a class of argument that cannot be qualified in parliamentary language. Were Herr Jentsch capable of such performances, he would with far greater profit to himself turn at once professional juggler, instead of unselfishly undertaking to accompany and protect a medium who without him would be at the mercy of every inexperienced sitter.

A fourth *apport* took place in my own room, eleven days after the death in Rome of Mr. Myers; and on that occasion the flowers appeared, not in the hands of the medium, but quite eight or nine feet from either of us, being thrown apparently through the ceiling on to the floor. I allude but briefly to this occurrence, as it has already been described in a short report sent to the Society for Psychological Research. On another occasion, during a cab drive in Paris, in full sunshine, and while I was closely watching the medium sitting at my side, a branch of lilac in bloom was seized by her and given to me.

I will add but one instance of direct writing which, owing to special circumstances, seems to me the most genuine test I have obtained in twenty-one years of investigation. The writing was done on the lower page of a folded sheet of letter paper which rested on the table. I wrote two or three lines on the upper side, jotting down some notes, and my left hand remained all the while upon the paper, while the medium, half entranced, laid her hand over and upon mine. Upon her doing so, I felt at once

vibrations apparently caused by writing proceeding on the under side, and about one minute later I found the under side of the lower leaf, *i.e.*, the side which had lain next the table, covered with the well-known writing of one of the medium's guides. Here again, Mr. Podmore, had he been present, must needs have given in to the 'stubborn fact' The theory that we had to deal with some yet unknown psychic force would of course remain open to him, until for him also the time comes when he, like several of his colleagues of the S.P.R., can no longer put aside the spiritualistic hypothesis. Whether he will accept my testimony as sufficient and trustworthy, I leave him to decide. He would find it difficult to trace a single instance of mal-observation in my case.

Having given, I think, convincing illustrations of the powerful mediumship of Frau Rothe, I shall in my next communication offer a short criticism of the Paris report.

Berlin.

### 'YOUR MESMERIC FORCES.'\*

Mr. Randall is a professional mesmerist, and in the little book before us he gives us an account of how he mesmerises, and instructs us how to proceed if we desire to do likewise. 'Students and investigators of to-day,' he tells us, 'are free to use their own terms and technicalities according to the nature of their own partialities,' and he makes liberal use of this freedom. He defines Mesmerism as 'the direct application of your capabilities upon your fellow men.' Mesmerism he divides into *true* or *natural*, and *false* or *artificial*; the former being that which he employs and teaches, the latter being 'humbug and fraud,' which are 'supported and maintained by assumption, pretension, arrogance and deception,' and this form of Mesmerism is called *black magic* by 'the modern technicality.' Curiously enough, no mention whatever is made in the book of Hypnotism, either of the name or of the thing itself, although each of the three methods of mesmerising recommended contains elements of hypnotic procedure (suggestion). We strongly suspect that the author has Hypnotism in his mind when he speaks of 'false' or 'artificial' mesmerism. To become a good mesmeriser you must cultivate all the bodily and mental virtues, and train your eyes, hands, feet, lungs and other organs till they become supple and obedient to your will; then you must 'consider it a duty you owe to yourself to consult a well-known and reliable phrenologist, from whom you should be able to obtain the most profitable instruction as to how you may proceed to perfect yourself.' Having 'perfected yourself,' you may proceed to mesmerise; but first you must select likely subjects. The way to test a person's sensitiveness is to 'lay your hands upon his shoulder in a manner that will not arouse his suspicions. Speak to him quietly and earnestly upon an interesting and inviting topic, so that you both get into sympathy'; if he experience a peculiar tingling he ('or she, of course') will be a good subject. Or you can 'take hold of a person's hand in the ordinary way of salutation, remaining so until an equal temperature is established between both your hands; then, with a mental concentration, vigorously, though coolly, project a flow of magnetism up his arm.' With total strangers, Mr. Randall recommends his own method: 'My method was to allow my elbow to touch my neighbour's, who at the moment of my concentrated thought became curiously attentive, fidgety, or engaged in variously evident ways . . . Sometimes when the excitations had reached an unusually prominent height, the person has turned and looked wonderingly at me, with an expression of almost alarm . . . To vary this procedure, the contact may be made by touching any limb, such as knee to knee, arm to arm, foot to foot, &c.' We rather fancy that he, 'or she, of course,' would be very liable to misunderstand these little manoeuvres, and the consequence would be that the mesmeriser would be 'fired out,' and Mesmerism itself get into bad repute.

The author adopts the flow-of-the-fluid theory, the fluid proceeding from mesmeriser to mesmerised by physical contact. He says, 'In every stage or phase of Mesmerism

this contact is necessary,' which certainly is a teaching peculiar to the author himself. Indeed, judged by the methods and theories of other mesmerisers, Mr. Randall's system appears somewhat eccentric. He speaks of five stages of Mesmerism, which he calls 'controls,' these controls being 'passive, physical, mental, spiritual, and elevated'; but he does not seem very clear in his own mind about these 'controls,' for on page 90, clairvoyance, clairaudience, prevision, and introversion are put down as phenomena of the fourth, or 'spiritual,' control; while on page 116 they are said to belong to the fifth, or 'elevated,' control. We must say that we do not like that term 'control,' as applied to the various stages of the mesmeric condition. It savours far too much of Hypnotism, which dictates to the subject what he shall feel, see, and think; whereas Mesmerism seeks to develop the inner senses and intelligence, and to allow these to act of their own initiative, so that we may learn therefrom things beyond the reach of our ordinary opportunities. This, however, is a question of nomenclature and theory, and we have no reason to doubt that Mr. Randall's processes and practical experience enable him to carry out all that he claims in his book.

### THE PSYCHIC POWERS OF JESUS.

The editorial in 'LIGHT,' for July 13th, truly declares that Mr. Newton's explanation of the event recorded in John xviii. 5-6 is insufficient. It requires a knowledge of occultism to explain it. It is suggestive also that this scene is recorded only by John, who probably was the only apostle who understood its full significance.

A reference to the original shows that Jesus did not say, 'I am he,' as falsely stated in the Authorised Version; He said, 'I am'; in Hebrew, *Eheie*.

I have learnt from the Chief of the Rosicrucian Order that the pronouncing of certain names in a certain manner (which I may not disclose) produces certain effects. This is the key to the solution of the problem. When Jesus uttered the word *Eheie* in a certain manner He sent forth a current which struck His enemies to the ground, thus showing that His was a voluntary martyrdom. When He pronounced it the second time it was without the special intonation, and so had no effect.

Conversely, this throws light on the contest between Elijah and the priests of Baal. The latter uttered the name Baal in this special manner, in order to evoke the elementals which would form the image of their god; cutting themselves with knives, that the shed blood might better enable them to materialise (a horrible practice of the evil side of occultism, which cannot be too strongly deprecated). But the presence of the adept Elijah prevented the desired manifestation of the evil powers.

The occult signification of many of the 'miracles' of Jesus was described as long ago as 1858, in the 'Arcana of Christianity,' of T. L. Harris. This work is now out of print, but many of these details are quoted by 'Respiro' in his pamphlet, 'The Divine Incarnation.'

The editorial says: 'Jesus was essentially a psychic or Spiritualist medium.' The latter word is used in so many senses that it is capable of being misunderstood. Jesus was certainly not a 'controlled medium,' which is the conventional meaning of the term. Putting aside the question of His divinity, which would be foreign to the object of this article, there can be no doubt that He was an Arch-Adept, and so controlled both the physical and the spiritual forces of nature, but was not controlled by them.

Here is a question for the Church. Why does it exclude from the Canon of Scripture the Logia, or sayings of Jesus, recorded by other than the four Evangelists? They contain the most important teaching. But the Church has ever endeavoured to conceal the whole truth.

In the Vatican Library there is a copy of the 'Gospel according to the Egyptians,' containing the esoteric teachings of Jesus; also a large portion of the Hebrew original of the Gospel of Matthew, which does not altogether agree with the Greek version the Church has given out to the world. *This I know, from the evidence of one who has seen them.*

E. W. BERRIDGE, M.D.

48, Sussex-gardens, Hyde Park, W.

\* 'Your Mesmeric Forces and How to Develop Them.' By Frank H. Randall. Fowler and Co., Ludgate Circus. Price 2s. 6d. net.

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### HOPE FOR ALL?

In our first notice of Dr. McConnell's book on 'The Evolution of Immortality' we promised to return to it, for the purpose of testing the value of two or three apparently vital points in his argument. Dr. McConnell holds that it is goodness which is the condition of persistence of life,—that, in fact, it is by way of the conscience that man climbs to life eternal. Let us see.

He finely says, 'What is desired . . . is a law of eternal life which will exhibit that majestic sweep of movement, that same naturalness and moral equity, which nature shows, and which will be free from all charge of favouritism as nature is.' Good: nature, in her 'majestic' ignoring of 'favouritism,' evolves her persistent forms of being as much by the way of mere intellect as by the way of conscience. Nature seldom asks, 'Are you good?' she only tests your ability to stand your ground, by tooth, or claw, or brain. We do not deny that there may come a time when she will change her mind; and when, for some choice sphere of perfect evolution, goodness alone will determine persistence and progress. If that time should ever come, the uplifting goodness will be itself a triumph of intellect. But we have not yet arrived at that.

Dr. McConnell sighs over 'the philosophers' who 'have made eternal life to depend upon intellectual advance.' But, so far as we can see, the philosophers have made as good a guess as any: and, indeed, Dr. McConnell himself suggests it, when, in elaborating his argument for life beyond the body's fate, he says: 'Mind is something else than the product of organised matter.' Amplifying this, in a notable passage, giving a *résumé* of the Stewart-Tait theory of a physical basis of a future life, he says:—

Each thought we think, each emotion we feel, is accompanied by certain molecular movements and rearrangements in the brain. The psychical activity actually builds up a physical fabric for itself. But the material fabric is every moment disintegrating, and at death falls into ruin. Now, suppose that before that ruin befalls, the soul shall have been able to build up, as it were, a brain within the brain, a body within the body. . . . Then, when the body of flesh shall crumble away, there would be left a body, material to be sure, but compacted of a kind of matter which behaves quite differently from that which our sense perceptions deal with. It is a material which, so far as science has anything to say, is essentially indestructible.

This seems to give up the theory that it is goodness which enables one to persist beyond death. It cites thought and emotion as the builders of the spiritual body, and plainly states that it is psychical activity which builds up a physical fabric for itself. But it is plain that a demon

man might think, and have emotions, and indulge in psychical activity. Why then does Dr. McConnell slip in his 'From the individual spirits of just men made perfect this present "muddy vesture of decay" has dropped away, leaving them "not unclothed, but clothed upon"?' Why 'just men'? Are we not examining a natural process which knows nothing of 'favouritism'? But Dr. McConnell is as inexorable as he is self-contradictory. Having given us his account of how mind and emotion secrete a psychical body, or a subtle physical body serviceable for an emancipated soul, he returns to his theory of goodness as the condition of continued life, and goes so far as to say: 'Until moral sensibility become self-conscious, all question of personal immortality is irrelevant, because there is, strictly speaking, no personality to be immortal.' The painful inference is obvious;—there is no future life for infants and the, in various ways, immature. Dr. McConnell, of course, had to face this; and we must say he gets out of his dilemma very badly. He falls back upon a possible relief in the law of heredity, with an expression of the hope that (no, not hope, his words are, 'we need not despair' that) heredity will do for the soul what it does for the body. He actually relies on such a thin thread as that ethical qualities are transmissible. It is indeed a fragile thread! To begin with, it is purely an imaginary law that ethical qualities are always transmissible. Sometimes they are, but everyone is familiar with the fact that a saint may have a villain for a son. No: this thread is not good enough. In fact, it only suggests the 'favouritism' which elsewhere Dr. McConnell disavows.

But, beyond that, what of his own dictum that 'until moral sensibility become self-conscious, all question of personal immortality is irrelevant'? What self-conscious moral sensibility can there be in an infant dying in its first year, even though the child of a saint? No: there is no refuge from our simple explanation, as just as it is scientific, that persistence beyond death is conditioned only by the natural evolution of a persisting personality which takes account only of type, and not of age or wisdom or goodness. The persisting stage has been reached, by this type of animal: that is all we can say.

Dr. McConnell appeals to the Bible: but we are afraid with the usual result: for the Bible is a sort of 'universal provider' where you can get anything you want. He sets out a number of passages which appear to assign eternal life to certain characters, and death to others. But alas! there are plenty of passages which safely enough land devils and their disciples beyond the veil. We need not cite them. They are only too well-known. No one can deny that the Bible as vividly paints a hell as a heaven, and as sharply declares the survival of 'the devil and his angels' as 'the spirits of just men made perfect.'

We have only to add that Dr. McConnell looks our way, but with obvious reluctance. He quotes Professor Shaler as 'judiciously' saying: 'Notwithstanding this urgent disinclination to meddle with or be muddled by the problems of spiritism, the men of science have a natural interest in the inquiries of the few true observers who are dredging in that dirty sea.' Thank you, dear Professor! and you are quite welcome to the 'facts' which you say your friends with the gloves on have found,—'facts which indicate the persistence of the individual consciousness after death.' The judicious Professor further says that these present-day facts are fortified by other facts that lie in the past and that show us how persistently man has 'held to the notion that the world was peopled with disembodied individualities which could appeal to his own intelligence': so that the good Professor says 'we may fairly conjecture that we may be on the verge, &c.' What a brilliant discovery! what a lively hope!

## A SÉANCE WITH EUSAPIA PALADINO.

Signor Ernesto Bozzano has contributed to 'Il Secolo' a long and very minute description of a séance recently held, with Eusapia Paladino as the medium, at a private residence in Genoa—the sitters comprising Signora A. (the hostess), the Signora R., Signor P., Signor F. A., and the narrator (Signor Ernesto Bozzano). The séance was held in the dining-room, quite *à l'improvista*, and without preparation of any kind, the medium occupying a position at one corner of a small rectangular table between the lady of the house and Signor Bozzano, and at some little distance



EUSAPIA PALADINO.

from a big oak dining table. Nothing of a very striking character seems to have occurred, but the phenomena appear to have been so carefully observed as to leave no room for a doubt as to their genuineness. Under the circumstances we deem it unnecessary to give a full translation of Signor Bozzano's very long and minute narrative, and think the following extracts will suffice:—

On account of the limited space my chair was close up to the heavy oak dining table. There was a half light. The first sounds heard were a few solitary raps on the table. From being slight they became loud and answered intelligently to our questions, becoming louder or softer according to our request. Then the raps asked for less light. We lowered the gas but there was sufficient light from a candle in the adjoining room. Soon the big dining table became agitated and noisily moved to the other end of the room. The reason seemed to be to make more room. . . . A heavy and enormous hand was next placed on my shoulder and leaned on it forcibly. So big was it that it stretched from one shoulder to the other. Soon afterwards it was withdrawn but returned to give me three slaps. Next, my chair was drawn from under me. I tried to resist but Eusapia advised me to give in to 'John'; so it was taken away. With the seven knocks agreed on as a signal, light was asked for and when we turned it on we found the chair on the dining table! We took it back and again placed the room in semi-darkness. Our table moved quickly to the left, so

that I found myself opposite the open door from whence the light entered. Soon afterwards a huge head advanced and retreated in the illuminated space opposite me. I saw it quite close and could distinguish perfectly the profile, with its well-marked aquiline nose and pointed beard. Then began touchings of all kinds; our hands were pressed, my legs were felt and thumped; my face was caressed; there were jovial claps on my shoulders, and a hand gently stroked my beard. I saw the hands; they were of different sizes, some large, some medium, some feminine, some tiny and infantile. Hands also appeared from above at my right; they were isolated, and suspended in the air.

Shortly afterwards another hand fumbled in the folds of my coat. I felt it enter my back pocket where I kept a small *nécessaire* containing a comb, scissors, &c. The hand knew what it wanted and went straight there. Signor F. A. called out that an object had been brought to him. It was my *nécessaire*, which was shortly afterwards replaced in my pocket! . . . In a little while the cover of the piano, which stood at the distance of a little over a metre behind the medium, was noisily opened, and a hand played on it a solemn and melancholy melody; then it paused, and then began again; it seemed to be trying to recall an air long forgotten. It continued like this for some minutes, then suddenly left off and ended by playing an arpeggio over the whole of the notes.

Complete darkness was asked for, and Signor F. A. shut the door leading into the next room. Still light enough came from a chink in the window to distinguish a profile just opposite me. I was not very favourably placed, when suddenly the table was turned half round, causing us to change places, so that I found myself in the best place for seeing. . . . I distinctly saw an arm from above touch F. A. on the ear, then on the shoulder. He was opposite to me. Next appeared, between F. A. and the Signora A., the head of a child, with a distinct profile. Bowing slowly, it advanced and receded several times right in the rays of light. I saw it so clearly that I noticed every time it bowed a lock of hair fell over its forehead. Signora A. asked if it could be the head of her little brother Cesare, who had died at the age of three. 'John' had announced at the beginning of the séance that Cesare would come. For answer the table rapped out loudly 'Yes.' At the same moment the Signora was seized round the neck by two small hands and a child's face was pressed against hers, and she said that she felt a weight on her lap as if two feet were standing on her knees!

The table made a new departure, rapidly moving to the extreme angle of the room where it was darkest. When we had retaken our positions I found myself in the old place, most favourable for seeing and opposite the chink of the window. Then we heard a sound like the tinkling of glasses and then a familiar 'pop' as of a cork being drawn, and Signor F. A. called out that a corkscrew had been put into his hand. At the same time we distinctly heard liquid being poured out from the narrow neck of a bottle. An instant afterwards an object, round and solid, was gently pressed against my lower lip. To my astonishment I found that it was a glass of wine. Signora R., my neighbour on the right, begged of 'John' to be so kind as to give her some, and another glass was at once pressed to her lips, and the Signora drained it to the last drop. To the right of the Signora was seated young Signor P., who naturally also asked for some, and a third glass was served to him, but with this difference, that after pressing it to his lips his hand was opened and the glass placed in it. He had scarcely drunk the contents when the glass was snatched from him and we all heard it thrown down amongst the other glasses at a distance.

While all this was going on I had plenty of time to observe Eusapia. Not satisfied with holding her right hand I stretched out mine to feel her left, which was held by the Signora A. Moreover, the tray from which came the glasses was a couple of metres distance from her, and she could not possibly have reached them. And with the same scrupulous care I constantly watched the other members of the circle; and one important fact is that, owing to the position in which I was placed, I had the sitters absolutely under my observation during the whole séance. . . . Suddenly, two huge arms embraced me. My left shoulder was pressed

against a Herculean torso, my whole body against another. A perfectly-formed head was pressed against mine, and a hot breath swept over my face. Then the head turned, and I could feel the short and bristly hair. Then the form turned so that I could see his profile against the rays coming from the window. I abandoned myself to his embrace, and felt the form against mine; it was that of an athlete. But I could not make out what sort of clothes he wore. They seemed made of very fine linen or canvas. Feeling with my fingers, I could distinguish the uneven surface. After he had held me in this way for about a minute, 'John' retired.

Next I felt the light touch of a hand on my forehead, then on my left shoulder and then on my right. I understood that the sign of the cross was being made. The hand was next placed on my mouth. I imprinted on it a reverent kiss, and found that my lips rested on the delicate hand of a lady. The same hand began to stroke my face; then two arms were placed round my neck, a warm breath was breathed over me, and a mouth imprinted on my lips an ardent kiss. I felt at the same time as if a violent effort was being made to speak. The exhaustion of the medium prevented a more complete materialisation. I entreated 'John' and the invisible presence to tell me who she was, and at last a faint but distinct voice spoke two words; words that sounded to me like memory of a voice from the grave. Then a more ardent embrace and our souls were united in a supreme communion of love. The rest of the circle had also heard the kiss and the words . . . Five or six times, at my urgent request, the form returned to embrace and re-embrace me, and then before leaving me, she uttered with an accent of indescribable sadness the one word 'Farewell'!

For the portrait which accompanies this narrative we are indebted to the courtesy of the Editor of 'Rivista di Studi Psichici.'

### THE BLESSEDNESS OF SUFFERING.

'Sadness is better than mirth; for by sadness is the heart bettered.'

In these days, when so much is written on the subject of happiness, we are apt to forget that there may be a real blessing in sorrow and suffering. The highest perfection is not attained by ease and satisfaction, though it is our duty to cultivate cheerfulness and create as much happiness for others as may be possible or desirable.

Eckhard said: 'The swiftest steed that bears you to perfection is suffering.' The knowledge of this truth was probably the reason of the Catholic Church encouraging severe penances for penitents, as well as discipline equally severe in some of the monasteries and nunneries. And self-inflicted suffering is not confined to the Christian Church, but is almost as universal as religion itself. Suffering that appears unavoidable is so general (not a single soul passes through life without its discipline; the whole animal creation shares with us this law of suffering, and in many cases has far the larger share) that, whether we recognise it or not, it must have either a foundation or a goal of blessedness. No doubt much, if not all, suffering is due to ignorance of physical or moral laws; even vivisection—that cowardly crime of modern civilisation against all moral laws—may be the result of the materialistic mind ruling or blinding the spiritual nature.

Though parents rejoice in the happiness of their children they do not, therefore, put happiness before discipline. The sorrows, disappointments, and sufferings of after life are only a continuation of this needful discipline, and until the lessons have been taken to heart and the fruit shown in the life, so long will the discipline be needful. All progress, as Huxley says, entails suffering, though we may not always be able to understand the meaning and need of any particular sorrow, suffering, or trial. The noblest lives have ever been lives of suffering; not that every suffering life is therefore necessarily a noble one; but the good have spiritual consolation, which the evil lack.

'And angels came and ministered unto him,' was said of 'the Man of Sorrows.' If then He, the sinless one, was also

'the Man of Sorrows,' how can we expect to have lives of unbroken happiness?

Schopenhauer says, 'There is only *one* inborn error, and that is that we exist in order to be happy.' Life is something 'which should be disagreeable to us, and from which we, as from a mistake, have to return.' It would be more true, he says, 'to place the aim of life in our *woe* than in our *welfare*.' He even says right out that we 'have more to hope, for our salvation and redemption, from what we suffer than from what we do.'

Schopenhauer may carry the idea to an extreme, as no doubt he does, but amidst all the recipes given in these modern times for the attainment of happiness, we occasionally need a reminder that personal happiness, however much we may by nature crave for it, should not be 'our being's end and aim'; unless we know something of suffering how can we sympathise with others in affliction? As the storms of winter strengthen the oak and make it take firmer hold of 'mother earth,' so should we, through the cleansing fires of

affliction, gain strength. 'Blessed are they that mourn.' Nothing is said about the happy, in the way of spiritual blessing; they need not comfort. Yet we are to rejoice with them, so universal must be our sympathy. But so long as one of God's creatures is living in sin, sorrow, or suffering, perfect and lasting happiness should be impossible to any highly developed being. The time has gone by when one can believe in the happiness of Heaven being enhanced by the contemplation of tortured souls in Hell.

One time, when talking with a friend on the subject of happiness and sorrow, and the apparent unequal distribution of both in this world, and feeling that I was myself suffering from what I believed to be a needless injustice, I heard a voice say: 'You have had what happiness you deserve.' At the moment this was startling, for I had not thought of it in that light, neither did I believe it. Yet may it not be true for all, that, in consequence of some hidden law which we do not fully understand, we really do get what happiness we deserve, and sorrow too—the law of Karma!

Though it may be true that 'The path of sorrow, and that path alone, leads to the land where sorrow is unknown,' yet if we could but forget all these things (though it might be like the elimination of the minor key in music) and remember only the blessings of civilisation; the creations of man in art, literature, music, and the drama; the discoveries in science; the beauties of nature, the sea and sky, birds, flowers, and trees, mountain and moorland; the spirit world, its inhabitants, and God over all, it would seem as if, instead of mourning, our song should be in joyousness of heart—

'Life is so full of beautiful things  
We all ought to be as happy as kings.'

W., Ilfracombe.

MR. J. C. KENWORTHY.—We are pleased to notice that Mr. J. C. Kenworthy is extending his acquaintance with the provincial platform in connection with Spiritualism. He will speak for the Birmingham Spiritualist Union, on the 18th inst., and we trust he will have large and sympathetic audiences.

## REINCARNATION.

Under the heading, 'Progress or Reincarnation: Which?' in a recent issue of 'LIGHT,' occurs a quotation from a discourse of the Rev. Minot J. Savage, with comments, on which I should like to make a few remarks. I must premise by saying that I am a great admirer of Mr. Savage's writings, so that I approach him in a thoroughly friendly spirit; at the same time, I cannot quite agree with his commentator that he 'has dealt with this problem in his usual clear and sensible fashion.'

One thing that has struck me forcibly in the different letters that have appeared in 'LIGHT' from time to time in opposition to the theory of reincarnation is the strange want of acquaintance shown by the writers with what is really presented by its advocates. For instance, Mr. Savage propounds the possible case of the person he loves best dying, and being survived by him for twenty-five years, at the expiry of which period she may have reincarnated, and that so they may go on playing an everlasting game of hide and seek for a million or so of years. Nothing could be more improbable according to the theory which Mr. Savage is traversing. None but an exceptional saviour of the race, who had renounced Devachan for the good of the world, would be likely to reincarnate in so short a space as twenty-five years; the ordinary good and holy person, whose chief idea of heaven is reunion with a beloved one, would be likely to have that joy for a period answering to 1,000 or 1,500 of our mortal years. Moreover, the affinity which draws souls together in this life is a very real force, and is liable to cause souls to be reincarnated again and again in close contact with each other.

So again, with the question of parentage and heredity touched upon in another letter by Madame de Christmas, in which she quotes from Goethe: 'The greatest happiness is personality.' What Madame de Christmas, and all of us, long to retain is our individuality; the man of fifty is a very different *person*\* from the boy he was at fifteen, yet his individuality remains; and as we rise to the realisation of our higher and more real self, we shall cling less to the semblance of this one little personality which we now inhabit. We are born each time of the parents who are most fitted to give us the conditions necessary for the experiences to be gone through in that one life; and of all things physical, including the physical brain, we are their heirs; but spiritually and psychically we are the heirs of our own past selves, as surely as the man of fifty is the product of the lad of fifteen. Are we not constantly, even in one incarnation, 'framing new ties, and new *rapproches* with mankind?' The idea does not seem to me hopelessly bewildering.

But to return to Mr. Savage. He says he is puzzled beyond expression because the Hindus and the Buddhists are striving to get rid of the need of being reincarnated, while the Western world is 'taking it up.' Here, with all respect, it seems to me that Mr. Savage has fallen into a confusion of ideas that I should not have expected from one of his mental calibre. The question at issue is not what we *want* to believe, but what is the truth? The Buddhists are not striving to escape from the belief in reincarnation, but from the necessity of reincarnating, and the Western world cannot affect the truth or the untruth of the teaching by accepting or rejecting it. The death of the body is a fact from which many of us would like to escape, but we cannot evade it by saying that we do not believe in it. Many of us would have constructed the Universe on quite a different plan from the present one, had we been consulted, but we do not get rid of the law of gravity, or the order of the seasons, or the British climate, by asking what is the use of them. The Buddhists are seeking to be rid of the need of incarnation, as a boy longs to be through his school-time, and to enter on the higher privileges of manhood; but they know, as the school-boy knows if he is intelligent, that if the manhood is to be worth anything the school-time must be passed through and well employed. We Westerns, also, are all going through our different classes, whether we know it or not; but the conscious and intelligent scholar gets

more quickly through his training than he who blunders through his task unthinkingly; hence the use of knowing the truth of things. This, then, is the important question: 'Is the teaching true?' not, 'Do we like it, and shall we "take it up"?' We have not been called upon to reconstruct the Universe according to our fancy, but we ought to be learning to take it as it is, and to make the best of it for ourselves and our fellows.

Let me not be misunderstood. I hold no brief for reincarnation. At present I accept it as a working hypothesis, as the key that turns more wards than any other that I know of, of that complicated lock, the problem of life; but I do not accept it as a dogma imposed upon me by any fellow creature, and should I come across another teaching yet more elucidatory, I feel myself perfectly at liberty to accept it.

A. S. MAJOR.

I am very much surprised at the hostile attitude of many writers in your valuable paper towards reincarnation. Madame de Christmas, for instance, has a tilt at reincarnationists, and gives a quotation from Goethe 'The greatest happiness is personality.' But, what is personality? Certainly not the body; we might as well consider the clothes we wear the person; the body is only a garment which we wear for a time and which, when worn out, we cast off. The man does not die when he slips out of his body at death. We probably leave our body every time we fall asleep, and death is simply slipping out of the body for the last time.

Theosophy has no dogma; consequently it cannot insist upon reincarnation or any other teaching; the only thing binding upon a 'Theosophist' is a belief in the universal brotherhood of man without distinction as to colour, caste, race, or sex.

Regarding heredity many people must be struck with the fact that brain power and temperament in very many cases are certainly *not* hereditary; take Cromwell and his son as instances. But because certain Theosophists have expressed opinions on heredity it does not make it binding upon the Society or its members. A generally accepted truth is not necessarily a genuine truth, and if any of your readers will take the trouble to investigate the theory of heredity they will find that something more than heredity is required to explain the inherent faculties of children generally.

To those who are really interested in the matter I would recommend 'Reincarnation,' by E. D. Walker; 'A Fallen Angel, by One of Them,' published by Gay and Bird; also a careful study of the Old and New Testaments.

The Spiritualist Conference held in Paris, not long since, unanimously passed the following with enthusiasm:—

- '1. Recognition of the existence of God, the Supreme Intelligence and First Cause of all things.
- '2. Immortality of the soul: a succession of corporeal existences upon the earth, in the first place; and subsequently on the other globes in space.
- '3. Experimental demonstration of the survival of the human soul by mediumistic communication with spirits.
- '4. Happy or unhappy conditions of human life in the ratio of the anterior acquisitions of the soul, of its merits, or its demerits, and of the progress which it has yet to accomplish.
- '5. Infinite perfecting of the being. Universal solidarity and fraternity.'

Thus you see the Congress affirms reincarnation, so that instead of its being a theosophical dogma it is a spiritualistic one. Theosophy certainly teaches it although, as I said before, Theosophy has no dogma.

I have been looking very carefully, week by week, to see if any other explanation of the inequality of things in this life is offered by the people who so strongly oppose reincarnation, but I have so far looked in vain.

Ripon.

J. M.

In 'LIGHT' of June 15th, was an article on reincarnation in which the writer laid it down as a rule and guide in any mooted question, that we should not ask ourselves if it is distasteful, but 'Is it true?' Now the nature of our human mentality is such that we have no other guide in arriving at

\* Remember that *persona* signifies a *mask*.

truth of any kind than whether it is distasteful to our intellectual, moral and spiritual intuitions. If any answer to a question harmonises with our various faculties of perception, mental and spiritual, we accept it; if not, we reject it as false, and *we have no other criterion* by which to determine what is true. It is in this way that we should consider this question of reincarnation.

One of the arguments put forth in its favour is that it accords with the administrations of justice, as the sufferings endured by people now on the earth plane are for sins committed in a previous incarnation. But what should we think of a parent who should punish his child, and yet keep it in entire ignorance of why he was punishing it? And that is just the condition of the world's inhabitants, according to this theory. How can any such retribution be reformatory? How much more reasonable and in accord with the sublime truth of the oneness and solidarity of the human race is the idea that we are the products of, and inherit, our individual peculiarities and proclivities from our ancestry, back for generations, thus so intimately connecting our lives with the countless throng who have preceded us.

Onset, Mass., U.S.A.

FRANKLIN SMITH.

Reincarnation does not really admit of discussion. Each believes in it or not, as he pleases. In our search for truth we have come to believe this theory to have been founded upon the fear of death and the judgment. It is a vain attempt to put off the day of judgment and to evade the Law, on the part of those unable to perceive that Law is Love. Man, until spiritually enlightened, has always feared the hereafter, partly because his intuition told him there would be a judgment. Ignorance of the form it would take, and want of faith, caused that fear, and the priesthood, to prove their possession of knowledge which is power, preyed on that fearful ignorance and invented the celestial law-court and its terrors. As to the peasant and prince argument, God made the being, but man made the rank, just as man, not God, exteriorised the slum and the palace. All one's ancestors and all their doings are registered in the *anima mundi*, whence the brain can take impressions. When a selection from these images becomes, for some reason as yet undiscovered, very lucid and vivid, the recollection of previous incarnations arises! The Adept knows better and uses these images at choice, for purpose of story or otherwise.

H. W. T.

#### MR. HAWEIS IN SPIRIT FORM.

I have known a Mrs. Stevens for many years. She has been very far from worldly-wise, but I have always found her kindhearted and honest, and always speaking the truth, and she has been, owing to no fault of her own, reduced to abject poverty from comparative affluence.

From her I learn that on Saturday, July 20th, she was, at ten o'clock at night, in bed with her child, when the child, the weather being insufferably hot, begged her mother to get up and give her a drink of water. The mother objected, saying, 'Lie still, dear! it is too dark to get up.' Thereupon Mrs. Stevens, who for years was a member of Mr. Haweis's congregation, distinctly saw Mr. Haweis enter the bedroom dressed in black clothes. He took up a cheap box of matches and struck one but it did not light, whereupon he struck a second and lighted the candle. The child also saw the figure light the candle and the mother then got up and gave her child water to drink. The landlady of the house, about the same date, saw a ghostly figure going up her stairs. I believe these details to be accurate, and if so the story is one of the most curious and authentic ghost stories I have ever met with.

'M. D.'

AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.—A correspondent writes. 'As usual, when I can, I attended the meeting in Cavendish Rooms on Sunday last, when Mr. Peters was giving clairvoyance. I think only one case was unrecognised, and on getting outside my wife remarked to me, "I am positive that was my father whom the gentleman in front of me could not recognise, but as Mr. Peters was addressing him I did not like to say so." I think this needs no comment to anyone not biased by the antagonism bred of inherent ignorance. Every detail was exact, not only in appearance but also in mannerisms.'

## REMARKABLE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

By W. J. COLVILLE.

Being a constant reader of your truly excellent paper, which I see every week in Sydney, I have been particularly impressed of late by the contributions of 'A Midland Rector,' whose experiences with the Rev. H. R. Haweis are certainly intensely interesting; and seeing that I also have had some singular experiences of a similar character I venture to so far intrude upon your space as to request you to permit me, through your columns, to make public mention of them. To show that there was some sympathetic link between the celebrated London preacher and myself, I have only to recall the fact that Mr. Haweis was one of the last persons with whom I had friendly public relations before my departure for Australia. Not only did I attend his church on my last Sunday in England, February 4th, 1900, but I also lunched with him on the following Tuesday and spent a considerable part of that afternoon (my last in England) in his company, and, though he had an important evening engagement which kept him till fully ten o'clock, he very kindly appeared towards the close of my farewell meeting at 99, Gower-street, and gave a beautiful address between half-past ten and eleven, after which he made one of a numerous party in the dining room and remained with us, taking refreshments and enjoying social conversation, till nearly midnight, when, on taking his departure, he assured me that I should carry with me his very best of wishes for the success of my career at the Antipodes. Add to this the fact of my often reading selections from his admirable work 'Music and Morals,' as prelude to my lectures on 'Great Musical Composers,' and it is surely not difficult to trace a distinct line of connection between his public work and my own.

Now I come to what I consider the point of greatest interest from the spiritualistic standpoint. I had just returned from New Zealand to Adelaide (South Australia), when on Wednesday, January 30th, 1901, I had a most remarkable and vivid feeling that this good clergyman was sending me a mental message having some reference to an approaching Memorial Service to Queen Victoria, at which I had agreed to speak, on the following Saturday (February 2nd), in the Swedenborgian Church in Adelaide. I had received no intimation whatever that Mr. Haweis had dropped his mortal body, but was only conscious of some unusually distinct telepathic experience; and on the Saturday in question, during the service in the New Church, Hanson-street, I felt Mr. Haweis with me in the pulpit, seemingly suggesting ideas and relating incidents connected with the home life of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. At the close of that service a member of the congregation said to me, 'I have been reading a volume of sermons by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, and your style of delivery this afternoon reminded me so strongly of him that when I closed my eyes I could have easily believed that he was preaching.' Two days later (February 4th) my attention was called to the fact of his transition, which was announced in the local newspapers, but they contained no reference whatever to the manner of his departure from the body, nor did they refer to his latest experiences on earth; but late that same evening a message, purporting to come from Mr. Haweis, was written through my hand automatically: 'I went out in full harness; preached as usual on the Sunday before last. Not much difference here as yet; the two states of existence are not two worlds, but two aspects of one life.' Thus ended the first chapter of the experiences I wish to relate to your readers.

During the next six weeks I had no other similar experience, and being very actively engaged in various occupations the memory of the above incidents had begun to grow obscure, till I received a postcard from a friend in London who had been an active worker at St. James's, Marylebone, informing me that our good friend, Mr. Haweis, had preached two excellent and forcible sermons on Sunday, January 27th, and had passed away quite quietly on the following Tuesday. 'Simple collapse' were the two words used by my friend to describe the end of the earthly history of this illustrious clergyman.

Since then a friend has presented me with another charming book, 'My Musical Life,' by Rev. H. R. Haweis, from which I now often give public readings in connection with lectures on 'Richard Wagner and the Influence of Music as a Therapeutic Force,' on which occasions I often distinctly feel the presence of Mr. Haweis in spirit, though I most frankly admit that I often treat on his especial subjects without discerning his influence, while on other occasions, when the thought of him is not in my mind, and I am dealing with quite different themes, he suddenly makes himself measurably known to me. As your correspondent, 'A Midland Rector,' declares that he receives messages directly from our distinguished mutual friend, I should be very glad to know whether he can receive any communication in any way corroborative of, and supplementary to, this testimony.

Another very remarkable experience, and one by no means disconnected from what has recently appeared in 'LIGHT,' refers to the transition of Lester Morgan, the promising young son of our valued friend, Mrs. R. Morgan (then of Catfield), with whom I often resided during recent visits to England when her home was in Lancashire. Nothing seems to me more completely evident than the identity of telepathic communion between two individuals still living on earth and direct spirit-communion with friends who have passed over, and as this subject is now being very greatly agitated by thinkers everywhere, I deem it very important for us all to throw whatever clear light we can upon these interesting phases of psychic experience. The following narration is a simple unvarnished tale submitted to the public for impartial consideration. On Saturday, March 30th, 1901, I arrived in Melbourne from Adelaide, and though the weather was so warm that even the lightest overcoat would have been burdensome I felt an unaccountable desire to regain actual possession of a very thick winter garment which I had left in Sydney, it being entirely inappropriate to the Australian summer, which is kept at the Antipodes in the middle of the calendar's winter. That particular coat had belonged to Lester Morgan. I had found it extremely useful and comfortable during the earlier part of my voyage from London in February, 1900, but it was altogether too warm to come into frequent service in Australia. Not being able to gain access to the coat, I satisfied my desire to have something associated with that young gentleman in my immediate vicinity by fishing out from the very bottom of a travelling trunk a very pretty Christmas card representing a cat with kittens, which he had sent me from Catfield a few months previously, containing the following inscription:—

'CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

May you always have a merry part  
Keeping playful with a kitten-heart.

With hearty good wishes from Lord Peel to Wildcat.'

Needless to say that 'Wildcat' has long been my accepted *nom de plume*, while 'Lord Peel' was the title by which I was accustomed to address Lester Morgan when I was residing with his mother and himself exactly opposite Peel Park, in Salford. On the following day (March 31st), when I was lecturing to an immense audience in the great Athenæum Hall, in Melbourne, I felt myself suddenly transported to Liverpool, and experienced the sensation of being again on the platform of Daulby Hall on a Sunday evening, with Lester Morgan on the platform beside me. As he did actually officiate as president at one of my lectures in that place shortly before my departure from England, I attributed my very vivid impression simply to a singularly startling and seemingly uncalled-for reminiscence; but during the singing of a hymn following the lecture, and before the concluding poem, the words kept coming to me: 'You can see me without going to Catfield; be sure and write to my mother and tell her that I can speak with you.' This experience did not convey to my mind even the faintest impression that this young man had passed out of material existence, for I frequently receive messages from friends in different parts of the world, and have recently become so familiar with telepathy that I never think of what people call death when I receive a mental telegram or enjoy some sort of clairvoyant vision of a friend who may be hundreds or thousands of miles away from me. Beyond keeping the

Christmas card always on the mantelpiece in my room during my stay in Melbourne and also after my return to Sydney, and also writing one letter to Mrs. Morgan, with whom I have always corresponded occasionally, I took no special notice of the incident, simply regarding it as only another vivid instance of telepathy; but my attention was forcibly called to an entirely other aspect of the subject when, on Tuesday, June 4th, I again received an unmistakable message from Lester Morgan, who on this occasion distinctly impressed me to look for something referring to him which I could find in the latest issue of 'LIGHT' procurable in Sydney. Even then no other thought occurred to me than that he had probably accepted some office in a prominent society, or accepted a position of some kind of which mention was made in your columns. I was completely taken by surprise, therefore, when I found recorded in your issue dated April 13th (received in the School of Arts, Sydney, on June 1st), the announcement of his departure from material existence. While I cannot doubt that he actually communicated with me on both the occasions I have referred to, this interesting episode has only furnished me with another link in the chain of evidence, which I find is being constantly lengthened and strengthened, that there is in essence no vital distinction whatever between simple telepathic phenomena and direct proofs of communion between ourselves on earth and any who may be in sympathy with us who have laid aside their mortal garments. Trusting that these incidents may be of some slight interest to the general reader, seeing that they presumably furnish a little added evidence in direct support of Spiritualism as well as telepathy, and fervently hoping that I may soon have the high privilege of again living bodily in London, where I am sure I often live in spirit; and with many thanks for your frequent kind references to the work in which I am engaged, which I am glad to say is still abundantly prospering in Australia, I remain your sincere co-worker in the search for truth.

W. J. COLVILLE.

4, Norwich Chambers,  
Hunter-street, Sydney.  
June 14th, 1901.

#### 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.*

#### Organisation.

SIR,—Organisation is of two kinds, the gregarious and the segregate. The gregarious consists of societies, centres, and so on, whose members meet because most of them have not the time, or are too lazy-minded, to devote a little daily time to spiritual matters. Phenomena, too, attract them, and are good for beginners. These are they who complain of the decline of Spiritualism. Spiritualism is not declining; it is the subscriptions that do not flow in sufficiently to please the gregarious.

The other and superior kind of organisation has been described by Mr. Harte, and that is badly wanted. Several such are in America, and one, but on somewhat different lines, has been started in London. We need now a monitor and director of advanced spiritual attainments, who shall inaugurate this sort of organisation for us and instruct us as to times and seasons. To such guidance those who are now fitted would willingly respond.

H. W. THATCHER.

#### Direct Writing.

SIR,—Some months ago a lady came to me and, seeing a double slate in my room, she asked for some sheets of note-paper. I got some out of my drawer, perfectly clean and with no mark upon them, and she told me to put them between the slates. I did so. This took place in broad sunshine at eleven o'clock in the day; there was *no pencil orbit of a pencil* between the slates, simply paper. She invoked some spirit, and in a few moments, the slate being opened, the sheets of paper were found covered with writing to the effect that my work was to be crowned with success, and not to fear.

Will any of your readers or any occult students tell me how this was done or give me any clue, and will they explain how a conjurer can do the same under the same circumstances?

'INQUIRER.'

## 'A Prophetic Vision.'

SIR,—Under the above title, a correspondent relates in your issue of July 13th last that, when at Krugersdorp, in June, 1897, she had a vision of soldiers on the veldt which she could not recognise, because she did not know their light-coloured uniforms. Subsequently, when for the first time your correspondent saw soldiers in khaki, she recognised this as the uniform seen in her vision.

It may also interest your readers to hear that at a meeting held by the Occult Science Circle on February 10th, 1899, some experiments were made with a magic mirror. The members present sat in a semi-circle holding hands in front of the mirror, which was illuminated only by a feeble violet light.

After waiting a little while, one of our best sensitives saw a skull in the mirror, and then a man with a hooked nose. This was followed by a vivid picture of soldiers fighting up a hill. They did not advance in a body, but sprang from stone to stone, crouching down and concealing themselves. Their fire also was irregular. Naturally we tried to ascertain the nationality of these soldiers, and asked questions about their uniforms, and were told they were of a dirty yellowish colour. I could only think of a regiment of Spanish cavalry, who have very bright yellow tunics and dark trousers. But I was assured that the trousers of the soldiers in the vision were the same colour as the coats, and not bright at all—a dull yellow, mud or clay colour. So we were quite at a loss to think what this could mean, and it was not till eight months later that people began to talk of khaki and kopjes.

By the way, there was a very poor attendance, and we had only thirteen witnesses of this experiment; but it may be noted that the thirteenth card of the Tarot is the death card, and death has not been idle among the wearers of khaki.

Again, as the influence of Jew financiers has probably helped to bring about the South African war, there may have been some prophetic purport in the appearance of a skull followed by that of a head with a hooked nose.

THE PRESIDENT OF 'THE OCCULT SCIENCE CIRCLE.'

## An Appeal for Help.

SIR,—Spiritualists generally will learn with sorrow of the passing on of our late brother, James Ashby. For over twenty years he had been a worker in the cause, and had travelled many miles in all weathers to expound our glorious philosophy. He was also an excellent clairvoyant. Unfortunately about eight months ago he had a stroke, from which he never thoroughly recovered, but considered himself improving, so much so that on July 7th he accepted an engagement from one of the Birmingham societies (though he went against the doctor's orders). He returned home the following day and had another relapse, from which he never recovered, and passed away on July 15th. His mortal remains were laid to rest in the cemetery, the services being conducted by Mr. G. H. Bibbings and Mr. J. Chaplin, in the presence of a good number of Spiritualists. Mrs. Ashby was left entirely destitute with six children, only one being able to work and the youngest child is only one month old. It needs no further words to show that more than sympathy is needed. Mr. G. H. Bibbings, who knew Mr. Ashby and knows the circumstances, wishes to add his name to the names of those who are trying to help Mrs. Ashby and her children in this their greatest hour of need. We shall be glad to receive subscriptions, which will be duly acknowledged.

JABEZ CHAPLIN, President,  
32, Norman-street.  
ALFRED O. WHEATLEY, Hon. Secretary,  
20, Gas-street.

Leicester Spiritualist Society,  
Liberal Club.

## For Love of the Children.

SIR,—May I be permitted to return sincere thanks for the following donations received from kind-hearted friends on behalf of our Lyceum and Band of Hope Holiday Fund, through your courtesy in putting our appeal before the readers of 'LIGHT'? Hackney Society, 10s. 6d.; Miss Williams, 10s.; per Mrs. Puckle, 14s. 6d.; Miss E. M. Hodges, 5s.; Miss E. L. Boswell-Stone, 2s. 6d.; Mr. E. W. Wallis, 2s. 6d.; 'L. M.', 2s. 6d.; Mr. Penfold, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Potter, 2s. 6d.; Miss Cane, 2s.; Mr. Donnelly, 2s.; Miss Bixley, 1s.; Mr. A. Anders, 2s.; Doris, 2s. 6d.

On July 22nd our Lyceum children and teachers journeyed by train to Ashstead Woods where they spent a delightful day and were provided with a substantial tea, which was catered for to the satisfaction of everyone. They returned safely home in the cool of the evening, under the careful conductorship of Mr. Imison, heartily expressing their gratitude for the day's enjoyment.

On August 19th we hope to take the Band of Hope children and workers to Hooley Farm by brakes and provide tea. As some of the children's friends may have overlooked our previous appeal for help, may I remind them that the smallest contributions will be thankfully received to assist our further effort for the benefit of the little ones?

ANNIE BODDINGTON,  
President Battersea Spiritualists' Church  
and Conductor of Band of Hope.

99, Bridge-road,  
Battersea Park, S.W.

## Progress in Shepherd's Bush.

SIR,—We feel quite sure that there are many Spiritualists who will be pleased to hear that the Shepherd's Bush Society of Spiritualists (73, Becklow-road, W.) are going to build a new hall. We are anxious to start upon the work as soon as possible, and we wish to raise funds to enable us to do so. We have had several offers of help. One gentleman has promised to draw the plans and superintend the building operations free of charge; another has promised to decorate the inside when it is built; and another has promised to provide all the sand that we shall require. Now we want the money necessary to buy the land and things required to construct the building. Can any of your readers help us? Our object is to spread the Truth of Spiritualism, and to benefit humanity. Our rooms are getting much too small for the audiences which attend our meetings, and any suggestion or help of any kind will be thankfully received by

MARY E. CHAPLIN,

Hon. Sec.,

Shepherd's Bush Spiritualists' Society.

73, Becklow-road.

P.S.—Letters should be addressed to 72, Askew-road, W.

## 'Freedom.'

SIR,—Please allow me to explain that the letter Mr. Leigh Hunt comments on, in last week's issue of 'LIGHT' was not mine, but my mother's. I think Mr. Hunt has entirely misunderstood the letter, however, for I believe it was not directed against societies at all.

ELEANOR M. BEEBY.

## SOCIETY WORK.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, 73, BECKLOW-ROAD, W.—On Sunday last Mr. George Cole delivered an address on 'Socialism and Spiritualism,' which was intensely interesting. Speaker on Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. J. Adams, from Battersea.—C.

CAMBERWELL.—GROVE-LANE PSYCHOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, 36, VICARAGE-ROAD.—On Sunday last we held our fourth anniversary services. In the afternoon Mr. Clegg gave a good address on 'Spiritual Gifts: And How to Develop Them.' The evening service was conducted by Mr. Holgate and Mr. Bullen. An interesting address was followed by successful clairvoyance.—S. OSBORNE.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday last Mr. A. Peters delivered a short address, and afterwards gave clairvoyant descriptions very successfully; twenty-six descriptions were given, and twenty-two fully recognised. Mr. Cooper, vice-president, ably presided, On Sunday next Mr. J. J. Morse will occupy the platform, when 'Tien,' Mr. Morse's control, will answer questions.—GEORGE SPRIGGS, Acting Secretary.

HACKNEY SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, MANOR ROOMS, KENMURE-ROAD, MARK-STREET, N.E.—The president opened the meeting on Sunday last with a reading, and Mr. D. J. Davis delivered an instructive address upon 'Doing Good.' He pointed out that the two prominent forms of 'good' wrought by Jesus were teaching and healing, and that Jesus taught, but did not coerce. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., the Rev. Holden E. Sampson will address the meeting upon 'The True Teaching of Jesus concerning the Holy Spirit.'—O. H.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALIST MISSION, QUEEN'S HALL, 1, QUEEN'S-ROAD, PECKHAM.—The fact that numerous speakers kindly offered their services to the committee during the past month is a convincing proof of the desire among Spiritualists to bring our cause prominently before the public. On Sunday last Mr. Adams, in an address on 'Prove all Things,' urged investigators into Spiritualism to approach the subject with an open mind and an honest desire for the truth. A reading by Miss Pierpont on 'Patience and Charity' was much appreciated. The after service circle, conducted by Mr. Adams, was attended by over forty sitters, and was very successful. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., public service; at 8 p.m., open circle. 'LIGHT' now on sale.—VERAX.