

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

No. 1,151.—VOL. XXIII. [Registered as] SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1903. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way	49	Spirit Identity. A Reminiscence.	
L.S.A. Notices	50	By 'An Old Correspondent' ...	55
Madame Florence Montague to her		Anti-Materialism in Sweden	55
Friends	51	Notes and Queries. No. II.	56
A New Spiritual Church	52	Experiences with a Clairvoyant ..	56
Thoughts of a Guillotined Head ..	52	Is it the Portrait of a Spirit?.....	57
Robert and Elizabeth Barrett		Some Startling Phenomena	58
Browning	53	The Frau Rothe Case	58
The Conscious Cosmos.....	54	Limits of Mediumship	59

'LIGHT' AND THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

We beg to remind the Subscribers to 'Light' and the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, Ltd., who have not already renewed their Subscriptions for 1903, which are payable *in advance*, that they should forward remittances at once to Mr. E. W. Wallis, 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. Their kind attention to this matter will save much trouble in sending out accounts, booking, postage, &c.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

'The Kent Messenger' contains a full report of a sermon by the Rev. W. H. Denovan, vicar of St. Paul's, Maidstone, on 'Dreams and Devils.' The reverend gentleman is excited, and, in his excitement, he has said things that will cut his very belief in God into pieces unless he pulls himself together in time.

He virtually says that this earth is given over to Satan and to demons, 'wicked dead men—sinful human souls departed, now working under the control of higher and mightier powers of darkness; living in our atmosphere, directing the wills of men, their passions, and leading the living into every kind of evil against God.' (We used to be told they were in Hell.)

And where are the spirits of the good? They have deserted us: they have all gone out to play, and left the baby to the rats: they are in Paradise. So thinks the Rev. W. H. Denovan. He says, 'Certain persons did not hesitate to say that some of the spirits were good spirits; but if they studied their Bible it would teach them that the spirits of the just were in Paradise.' More shame for them! And yet God seems to will that. Think of it! God arranges to let Satan and demons be our only 'district visitors,' and packs off all the good people to the everlasting picnic! Steady, friend Denovan! Think what inevitable inferences follow.

By the way, this vicar is great in texts—oceans of them, puddles of them! Anything in the Bible will do. He says: 'I admire the stern belief of the old woman who, when asked by a somewhat sceptical individual whether she believed that the whale swallowed Jonah, answered: "If the Bible says so, I believe it; and if it said that Jonah swallowed the whale I would believe that, too."' The teacher who can admire such idiotic credulity would believe anything, say anything, and, for all we know, do anything—even to the burning of 'witches,'—as his intellectual and spiritual ancestors did.

A little book of deep, brave and winsome thoughts concerning the development of Man and the discovery of God is Eldred Hallas' 'The Higher Life' (Keighley: Wadsworth and Co.). It deserves a better fate than consignment to a Keighley publisher—with all respect to that spirited little town. The book ought to have a good London publisher. The topics handled are 'Whence?' 'The Fall,' 'Cosmogonies,' 'The Gods,' 'Religion,' 'Hell and the devil,' 'Christianity,' 'Our Christian civilisation,' 'The Attainment.' The modest book is very modern in insight, knowledge and expression, and is only one shilling. It might be improved by a very little literary revision, chiefly in the matter of punctuation and the use of quotation marks, but no one need find fault with it as it stands.

Mr. James Macbeth publishes, through the Theosophical Publishing Company, London, a handsome volume entitled 'The Song of the Cross, and The Chant of the Labour of Satan.' He is a born radical and rhapsodist, and it is useless to criticise or quote. One must take him as he is and for what he is, wings and fire and all. His book is all ablaze with rapturous thought and flaming aspiration; and here and there rises to a high plane of fervent eloquence. His sub-titles and Dedications to the various parts of the Book are exceedingly quaint, reminding us of the old Puritan books of the seventeenth century. Here, for instance, is the title or sub-title to Part IV.: 'The Selfless Love, being A Mosaic of Chants, wherein the Mystical doctrines of the Holy Spirit of Love, the Divine Sophia or the wisdom of the Christ-soul, are set forth as a word of health concerning the one Power who can even yet regenerate the diseased and enslaved body of humanity. . . . Before the balm of healing we give the Bitter Herbs of cleansing, and it is followed by, Sing, O Christiania, De Profundis, and Let us Salute.'

This title suggests as well as anything the peculiar note of the volume, which, it may be well to say, is by no means a set dissertation or argument (it is anything but that). It is, on the contrary, a gathering together of scores, perhaps hundreds, of independent, or almost independent, bursts of fervid rhapsodies and ardent songs.

Concerning fear, and how it hurts, Helen Wilmans says:—

I have met adversity: at first I was afraid of it. Then I grew familiar with it and began to look for its *meaning*, for everything has a meaning. I found out that it was not a thing to run away from, but that it must be studied for the lesson it contained. After a long time—years and years—I learned the lesson. And then a strange thing happened. After I had learned the lesson and no longer feared it, there was no more adversity in my life.

To me—at this time—there is no such thing as adversity. When things begin to go adversely with me, I follow the example of the California stage driver. He was carrying a load of passengers down the mountain; the dust rising in blinding

clouds ; a precipice on one side. 'This is awful,' someone said, 'how do you know the position of the stage?' 'I don't know exactly,' said he, 'but when she lurches over too far I kinder squint round the sides to see whar she's gwine.'

There is sense in this. If that stage driver did not keep perfectly cool and fearless, the stage would soon come to grief. We have heard of the serene and beautifully confident face of the Indian who steered a big steamer down the rapids of the St. Lawrence. But we need not go farther than Cheapside and Oxford Circus omnibus driving and cycling, to see what self-possession and that wonderful 'squint round the sides' can do:—a valuable lesson for all life!

'The American Register' excites our curiosity—and secures a smile. It says:—

One of the recent scientific discoveries which goes far to prove how every mood and thought of the brain may not only influence our physical system, but may in a thousand and one ways influence the surrounding atmosphere and consequently the human beings with whom we are brought into contact, is the discovery made by Professor Gates, of Washington. It appears that Professor Gates has invented an apparatus by which the least change in the thought of the brain may be accurately recorded. It consists of a glass tube connected with a jar containing a chemical solution which, by the influence of the breath, changes to different colours according to the varying emotions of the subject. Professor Gates by his experiments has found, that for every thought of the human brain there is a corresponding colour in the chromatic scale, and that by means of this instrument he will be able to test criminals, as to whether or not they are telling the truth.

As some of our gay young friends say, 'This is too lovely for anything.' Not that we are denying it, or making fun of it: but, when things are too good to be true, we cannot help being excited in an amused sense. We shall certainly order a lie-ometer as soon as one is in the market. No editor should be without it.

Mr. Stead's Annual, 'In Our Midst: The letters of Callicrates to Dione, Queen of the Xanthians, concerning England and the English, Anno Domini 1902' (London: 'Review of Reviews' Office), is profoundly serious in intent but vividly entertaining in tone and style. It contains the imaginary reflections and remarks of a Heathen upon his introduction to London Christianity. We can imagine what that means, but everybody should read it.

SPIRITUAL PRAYERS

(From many shrines).

Almighty and eternal God, who revealest Thyself in our hearts as love ; we humbly pray Thee to give us Thy Holy Spirit to dwell in us in all pure affection, and constrain us to love Thee with our whole souls, and our neighbour as ourselves: so may we evermore abide in Thee and Thou in us; and may we be united in peace and concord, as members of Thy household ; serving Thee with gladness, and being delivered from all fear and distrust by that same spirit of faith and love which was in Thy Son, Jesus Christ. Amen.

NOT COMPLIMENTARY TO MR. W. Q. JUDGE.—In the course of the evidence given in a recent action for libel by Mrs. Katherine Tingley, head of the Universal Brotherhood, against the 'Times-Mirror' Company of Los Angeles, Louis S. Fitch, of Hartford, Conn., said that Mrs. Tingley had a dog named 'Spot,' and added: 'Mrs. Tingley told me that "Spot" was a great deal more than a pet. "I believe I know," said Mrs. Tingley, "that Mr. Judge's spirit entered into "Spot" at his death. Mr. Judge gave "Spot" to me at the time of his death, and at the time that I assumed the leadership of the Universal Brotherhood as his successor.'

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

A meeting of Members and Associates of the Alliance will be held in the Regent Saloon, St. James's Hall (entrance from Regent-street), on the evening of

WEDNESDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY 4th,

WHEN

MR. E. WAKE COOK

WILL GIVE AN ADDRESS ON

'Genius—in the Light of Modern Spiritualism.'

The doors will be opened at 7 o'clock, and the Address will be commenced punctually at 7.30.

Admission by ticket only. Two tickets are sent to each Member, and one to each Associate, but both Members and Associates can have additional tickets for the use of friends on payment of 1s. each. Applications for extra tickets, accompanied by remittance, should be addressed to Mr. E. W. Wallis, Secretary to the London Spiritualist Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

DRAWING ROOM MEETING.

In the interest of Members and Associates of the Alliance who find it impracticable or inconvenient to attend evening meetings, a DRAWING ROOM MEETING will be held in the French Room, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on the afternoon of Wednesday, February 11th, from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m., for conversation and the interchange of thoughts upon subjects of mutual interest. Afternoon tea at 4.15 p.m. Admission will be by ticket only. Tickets will be sent to all Members and Associates.

The Subscriptions of Members and Associates are payable in advance, and became due on January 1st.

Article XVIII. provides that 'If any Member or Associate desire to resign, he shall give written notice thereof to the Secretary. He shall, however, be liable for all subscriptions which shall then remain unpaid.'

SPECIAL NOTICES.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—Mr. Alfred Peters gives illustrations of clairvoyance at the rooms of the Alliance on Tuesdays, at 3 p.m. No one will be admitted after three. Fee 1s. each to Members and Associates; to friends introduced by them 2s. each.

DIAGNOSIS OF DISEASES.—Mr. George Spriggs gives his services in the diagnosis of diseases on Thursdays. Hours from 1 to 4 p.m. No fee is charged, but Mr. Spriggs suggests that every consultant should make a contribution of at least 5s. to the funds of the Alliance.

MEETINGS FOR PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT.—The next meeting (for Members and Associates only) will be held on Wednesday next, February 4th, and will be conducted by Mr. E. W. Wallis. Hours from 4.30 to 5.30 p.m. No person admitted after 4.30. There is no fee or subscription. Subsequent meetings will be held on Thursdays.

TALKS WITH A SPIRIT CONTROL.—Those of the Members and Associates of the Alliance who find it difficult to gain access to private séances will be glad to learn that arrangements have been made with Mrs. M. H. Wallis for a series of meetings at the rooms of the Alliance, at which pleasant and instructive talks may be had with one of her intelligent controls. The first of these séances will be held on the afternoon of Wednesday, February 4th (subsequently on Thursdays), and will commence at 3 p.m., prompt. The fee will be one shilling each, and any Member or Associate may introduce a friend at the same rate of payment.

ANIMALS IN SPIRIT LIFE.—Lady Coomaraswamy writes: 'It may interest lovers of animals to read of an instance of a child who apparently had a four-footed companion in the unseen world. As the story of "Stella" and similar playmates is accepted on the testimony of child-wisdom, why not the following? My own little son, when about three years old, constantly spoke of a pet mouse that was invisible to us. Again and again when out walking he would say he could not give me his hand because it held the mouse. It was closed as if holding something. I respected his belief and took the other hand, and I do not see any reason to doubt that the mouse was as real as "Stella." My mother also remembers a little nephew of her's having a similar experience, but with a different animal.'

MADAME FLORENCE MONTAGUE.

To her friends in Great Britain.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

January 7th, 1903.

'Let there be Light!' has been my cry for the last three weeks, as a delay in the delivery of our bright medium of communication has made me realise how dark *our* world would be without its weekly illumination.

Grateful acknowledgments are due to many of you, dear friends, for your loving greetings and charming cards, which were duly forwarded from Boston. It is painful to me to deny some of you who have expressed a desire for a personal answer. Sheer inability prevents me from complying, and I beg you will accept my reply in these hospitable columns, so generously opened to me, in order that I may speak to you from time to time. I came to Nova Scotia a fortnight ago, and the freaks of the weather have been such, during that short period, that I look upon the climate of the British Isles from quite a different standpoint, and have mentally resolved never to abuse it again. Here, at the present time, it is not unusual to witness, in the same day, a heavy snowstorm, a deluge of rain, and several degrees of piercing frost, terminating in a warm thaw and a sultry, spongy fog. Everything connected with this trip into the Dominion has been fraught with novelty, to put it mildly.

I left Boston sorrowing with and for our dear brother, Mr. Barrett, the Editor of the 'Banner of Light.' The news of his sad bereavement has no doubt come to you already, and I know that you have all felt the keenest sympathy for so great a calamity. God and His angels help him and his wife to bear their loss, which is intensified by happening at the joyous time of the year. The question will, *must*, come at this juncture, *why* should so sweet an existence be cut off in that tragic manner? The answer to it given by Miss Susie C. Clark (a most able writer, as well as a charming woman, whose inspirational articles have appeared in the 'Banner' recently) is very beautiful, and some of us will find it more than plausible. Still, there is room for interrogation, and man *must* seek and *find* the reason *why*, and solve the problem for *himself*, individually and personally.

Certain things cannot be done by proxy; and had I borne this in mind, I would not have trusted the buying of my ticket to Halifax to a hotel porter, who mixed and muddled things so hopelessly that I took the wrong train, which had neither sleeping, dining, nor parlour car, and had to sit up nineteen hours in the same cramped position, without food, sleep, or rest of any kind. Scores of other unfortunates were in the same plight, and by the time we arrived at St. John's, New Brunswick, we looked disreputable enough to be arrested for vagrancy. I had always boasted of our American cars, but on a long journey I had travelled in a 'Pullman,' and knew nothing of the discomfort of ordinary first-class carriages, which have no rest for the head, the top of the seat reaching only to the shoulders. Therefore in cases of crowded trips the room allowed each passenger is less than the corresponding space in an English railway carriage, and I modified some of my views on the spot.

Our stoppages were frequent but not long enough to allow a visit to the buffet, and we had to thrive, as best we could, on pea-nuts and pop-corn all the way. The main part of the journey was accomplished by night, as we left at 7 p.m., and the two incidents of the route were, first, the examination of our baggage by the Customs at three o'clock in the morning, when all of us had to march through the flying train to the luggage van to have our nicely packed-up things roughly tumbled out. Secondly, we had barely recovered from our ruffled feelings, when the health officers stepped on board, *demanding* that whoever could not produce a certificate of vaccination of two months' duration up to present date, should make ready for the operation, before crossing the *Line*. I knew that my opportunity had come, and I was up in a flash. Being the nearest to the door, I was the first interrogated, and I do not know what I said in answer to the question, for I must have been controlled. On returning to consciousness, I found myself in a state of exultation, closing a vigorous address to my fellow-

travellers, who applauded to the echo—and, 'what is more to the point,' everyone refused to be interfered with.

That was serious, for while one or two could have been easily put down at the station it was not so with several scores, some of whom were determined to reach their destination as well as elude vaccination. The conductor saved the situation by crossly declaring that there was no more time for fooling, as we were already four hours late, and without further ceremony he gave the signal to leave the station. And so away we rushed over the snows, crossing the boundary in the full exercise of our right to use reason or inclination regarding the welfare of our physical organisation.

St. John, New Brunswick, was the junction whence we all dispersed in different directions, and the moment you strike this point you realise that you have left Yankee life and enterprise far behind. 'Easy going' ought to be the motto of this picturesque centre, where old tumble-down buildings comfortably squat by the side of new and imposing structures. The luxurious Canadian Pacific cars, with their perfect accommodation, restored and revived our drooping energies, and by the time we reached Nova Scotia we were in the plenitude of all our faculties.

'The Paths to Power,' by Floyd B. Wilson, of New York, became the subject of an animated discussion between some of my fellow travellers, and as I have the honour of knowing the author personally, I was much interested. I am happy to say that Mr. Wilson is one of those men whom I am proud to meet in the ranks of Spiritualism. A lawyer, a scholar, and a gentleman in the best acceptation of the term, he is already playing an important part in the progress of the world. During our recent interviews in Boston he evinced deep knowledge of life's problems, and in a new work which is in a state of preparation, he will surely benefit mankind by his original views and scientific discoveries.

Since my arrival here I have devoted some time to the study of the psychic condition of the country, and the result is not very encouraging. Raw material there is in plenty, but cultivation is altogether wanting. The two predominant denominations are 'Presbyterianism'—as our sturdy Scots introduced it in the early days of colonisation, that is, in its most rigid aspect—and Catholicism, in its least enlightened form—mixed up with every kind of superstition peculiar to the peasantry of Brittany and Normandy at the time of their emigration. Both are really opposed to expansion and innovation, even when they involve individual soul-progression.

Whilst discussing the situation with one of the ablest journalists of this city—Mr. W. R. Dunn, Editor of the 'Daily Chronicle' and of the 'Daily Echo,' a man of profound learning, eminently progressive, original and tolerant—we came to the conclusion that only time and the introduction and circulation of advanced publications could bring about the desired revolution, and evolution towards higher views and broader conceptions. I wish that we had more men like Mr. Dunn at the head of the Press in our leading centres, to break through prejudice and superstition.

I was keen to know something of the native Indian, but I am disappointed to find that in this part of Canada he is so degenerated that retrogression is palpable and extinction in sight. The few specimens one meets are pathetic relics of a bygone age. Before returning to the States, I have arranged to visit their last settlement, about thirty miles from Halifax, and I will report anything of interest that I may find among these once war-like and proud 'Miennacs.'

And now I must offer the expression of deepest gratitude to the Editor of 'LIGHT' for allowing my ramblings to appear, thus giving me the happiness of answering your loving messages, and of assuring you of my constant and profound affection.

May the New Year bring you every blessing!

Yours, till we meet again,

FLORENCE MONTAGUE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'INVICTUS.'—We cannot insert your communication unless you send us your name and address.

A NEW SPIRITUAL CHURCH.*

The only bodies of a religious kind that exist among us today who acknowledge the real being and presence of a world of spirit are the Spiritualist groups (with whom must be included the Theosophists). I am of opinion that these bodies are sufficiently determinate in their beliefs, genuine in their practices, and free in their organisation, to form the stem from which the religion of days to come shall spring. I have the advantage of from time to time visiting one and another Spiritualist Church about the country, and I am bound to testify that I find among them growing audiences, audiences deeply attentive to and receptive of teaching for which even a hearing can hardly be found elsewhere. The *practical* character of people who come together to find *reality* in their religion, enables the ready understanding of doctrines, of philosophy, of morality and science; enables the teacher to readily convey truths which are generally supposed to be beyond the reach of ordinary minds.

The nature of this association in *practical* worship is to lead those who join in it by steps of experience. Among true Spiritualists progress has not to be invented, has not to be galvanised; it comes by natural growth along the line of facts.

The movement of Spiritualism now most marked is towards the attainment of a position which will give the two absolutely vital necessities of a living religion. These are:—

1. Right social activities.
2. A true spiritual 'ministry' or school of teaching.

The steady growth into Spiritualism of the secular movement at large, called Socialism, is a sign of coming fulfilment of the first need. A religion that is religion, being really and consciously related to the world of spirit, must of necessity receive and apply sound political, industrial, and social doctrines. No message given to Spiritualists fails to declare 'the Brotherhood of Man.' That being so, the ways of realising that Brotherhood must be found, learned and used. The true solutions of the mighty world-questions of the Land, of Industrial Organisation, and other questions of equal import, must become the doctrine and practice of Spiritualists in their lives. If Spiritualism were to flatly refuse to accept this, of necessity the movement would perish; not being real, earnest, in matters of earth, it could not maintain real relations to the spirit world, but would fall into mere creedalism and formality, as Christian ecclesiasticism and so much else has done. Every well-wisher to the spiritualist movement must, therefore, in season and out of season, urge upon the Churches the vital necessity of obtaining spiritual teaching (which will be found to be most sacredly secular!) in politics, economics, and social affairs generally. If this be done through and with the spirit-circle, in conjunction with fit teachers, the noblest results will come with utmost ease and clearness. I prophesy the early extinction of any societies which refuse their duty and advantage in this.

The complaint, continually heard, as to the want of equipped bodies of spiritualist teachers, is most seriously just. Teachers are lacking, not because men and women of sufficient mental calibre and spiritual faculty are lacking, but because the true means of creating a spiritual ministry have fallen out of mind and out of use in our times. For want of complete knowledge of how to order their ranks spiritually, and how to teach, to the one end of the coming of the kingdom of Heaven on earth, Spiritualism suffers from hunger of soul, confusion of thought, and poverty of life in its people; and from weariness of spirit, defect of hope, and inability to adequately restrain folly and charlatanism among its teachers. I urge, then, that an attempt be made to rediscover the formative process for a true 'ministry.'

A first and absolutely imperative step towards this is a gathering (*a great séance*, to use the modern word) of all who claim to 'minister' either by preaching and lecturing or by the use of spiritual gifts, such as clairvoyance, healing, &c. As the 'sitters' at an ordinary serious parlour circle submit themselves to guidance from the unseen, and receive in various forms com-

munications given to the end truly desired and needed by the circle, so a great gathering of true spiritual teachers and workers would receive magnificent results, proportionate to their powers and numbers.

We suffer fearfully because we do not ascertain our true spiritual capacities by the aid of the spirit world. Men prefer—even men who have practical spirit experience—to stagger and groan along the path of their work, using themselves wrongly, and therefore so far abusing those whom they might better serve. And must it not be true that those who fear, or object, to come to the light of the spirit world and to fuller consecration by its powers, are themselves not true believers in that world, and are not its fit servants?

I would most gladly correspond with those who would promote such a gathering, and would put at the service of those who might come together, information upon the matter which is now nowhere current that I know of, and has been to me of immense value.

JOHN COLEMAN KENWORTHY.

The Grey House,
Purleigh, Essex.

THOUGHTS OF A GUILLOTINED HEAD.

The following somewhat gruesome story of an experiment conducted with the painter of morbid psychology, Wiertz, of Belgium, whose works are found in a unique gallery in Brussels, will probably be new to many of your readers. It was given in a biography of the celebrated painter, written by M. Larelez, and has also been recently referred to in some detail in the Russian journal 'Navosti'; and a French Spiritist paper, 'Le Progrès Spirite,' reproducing a comprehensive *resumé* of the facts, expresses at the same time surprise that the great hypnotic schools have never attempted any experiments on similar lines of research, with a view to ascertain through sensitives whether decapitation or any other form of capital punishment does bring about the instantaneous death so generally believed.

Wiertz, it appears, was so haunted by the desire to know whether, as he believed, thought did persist for a time in a head which had been severed from the trunk, that he determined by some means or other to get some approximate knowledge on the subject. His wish was, according to the chronicler, facilitated through his friendship with the prison doctor in Brussels and another outside practitioner. The latter had been a hypnotic operator for many years, and had more than once succeeded in putting the painter to sleep. Wiertz, moreover, was regarded by him as an excellent subject. A plan having been formed, Wiertz, with the consent of the prison doctor, obtained permission to hide with his first friend, Dr. D., under the guillotine, close to where the head of the condemned would roll into the basket. In order to carry out the scheme he had determined upon more efficiently, Wiertz requested his hypnotiser to put him through a regular course of hypnotic suggestion, and when in the sleep state to tell him to identify himself with different people, and order him to read their thoughts and penetrate into their soul and mental states. 'Wiertz,' says the writer, 'acquitted himself admirably in these delicate operations':—

'On the day of execution, ten minutes before the arrival of the condemned man, Wiertz, accompanied by his friend the physician, with two witnesses, ensconced themselves underneath the guillotine, where they were entirely hidden from sight. The painter was then put to sleep and told to identify himself with the criminal. He was to follow his thoughts and feel any sensations, which he was to express aloud. He was also 'suggested' to take special note of mental conditions during decapitation, so that when the head fell in the basket he could penetrate the brain and give an account of its last thoughts.

'Wiertz became entranced almost immediately, and the four friends soon understood by the sounds overhead that the executioner was conducting the condemned man to the scaffold, and in another minute the guillotine would have done its work. The hypnotised Wiertz manifested extreme distress and begged to be de-magnetised, as his sense of oppression was insupportable. It was too late, however—the knife fell.

"What do you feel? What do you see?" asks the

* The word 'church' is here used in the sense of a circle, group, or body of people of united lives.

doctor. Wiertz writhes and replies convulsively, "Lightning! A thunderbolt falls! Oh horror! it thinks; it sees!"

"Who thinks? who sees?"

"The head. It suffers horribly. It thinks and feels but does not understand what has happened. It seeks its body and feels that the body must join it. It still waits for the supreme blow—for death, but death does not come."

"While Wiertz pronounced these terrible words the witnesses saw the head, which had fallen into the basket and lay looking at them horribly; its arteries still palpitating.

"Cursed hand! let me go, monster! I try to grasp you with my hands but I have no power. What do I feel? The blood flows. My head, my head!"

"It was only after some moments of suffering, moments which seemed an eternity, that apparently the guillotined head at last became aware that it was separated from its body. Wiertz became calmer and seemed exhausted while the doctor resumed his questions.

"What do you see? Where are you?"

"I fly through space like a top spinning through fire. But am I dead? Is all over? If only they would let me join my body again! Oh, men, have pity! give it back to me and I can live again."

"I remember all. There are the judges in red robes. I hear the sentence. Oh! my wretched wife and poor children! No, you can no longer love me, I am abandoned. If only you would put my body to me, I should be with you once more. You refuse? All the same, I love you, my poor babies. What, little one, you cry! Miserable wretch that I am, I have covered you with blood. When will this finish! Finish? Is not a murderer condemned to eternal punishment?"

"As Wiertz spoke these words the witnesses thought they detected the eyes of the decapitated head open wide with a look of unmistakable suffering, and as if beseeching ardently. The painter continued his lamentations.

"No, no; such suffering cannot endure for ever; God is merciful. All that belongs to earth is fading away. I see in the distance a little light glittering like a diamond. Ah! it is good up there! I feel a calm stealing over me. What a good sleep I shall have! What joy!"

"These were the last words the painter spoke. He was still entranced, but no longer replied to the questions put by the doctor. They then approached the head in the basket, and Dr. D. touched the forehead, the temples and teeth, and found they were cold. The head was dead.

"I have," concludes the writer, "striven to reproduce faithfully what is recorded, and wish that more experiments of this sort might be scientifically attempted, though it is hardly probable that the great painter will find many voluntary imitators in this line of research. It would be much more painful to enter into the conditions of a condemned murderer at the moment of death than to view complacently the process from outside, as a considerable public still do in some cases of execution."

The narrator does not discuss other modes of capital punishment, and their probable immediate after effects before complete brain consciousness would have left the body. If Wiertz's experiences can be relied on, they show many suggestive lines for research and experimentation on the part of scientists calculated to throw a more accurate light on certain after-death problems, and more particularly on that point which our modern physiologists have greatly neglected to determine sufficiently—the actual point of death.

Advanced psychical thought has always taught, and facts continue to teach, that cessation of perceptible pulse and heart action by no means constitutes death as is generally believed, for the consciousness has become centred in the brain and certain spinal nerves, and although bodily functioning is not possible, consciousness, or a hovering between two states, undoubtedly is.

The last issue of the 'Metaphysical Magazine' contains a communication from a Buddhist on this very question, and this writer expresses himself as follows:—

"When the dread kind Yavor lays his cold hands on his victim, and the great separation takes place, the divine potentiality withdraws with the subjective mind from the physical body. The objective mind, the carnal mind of the gross flesh-eating man, remains—being of magnetic nature, an individualised part or growth from the Universal Mind or consciousness; and being too gross to separate from brain cells, it is only stunned into an unconscious state by the shock of death and remains imprisoned in the brain. In this mind is the

earthly man with all his memories, loves, hates in the life which he had lived, a stranger to humanity. Now he is alone. His mind remains in this condition until the *decomposition of the brain cells*, when by a law of chemical affinity or attraction it is drawn together and forms a centre of consciousness. Then in many cases, a great many, it awakens to a partial or full realisation of its awful condition. Then there occurs a desperate struggle, which often turns the body completely over in its narrow prison—a fact which the occasional exhumation of bodies plainly shows. Conscious or unconscious, it must remain chained to that portion of itself still in the brain cells until their final decomposition. It is then able to free itself. . . . It was a knowledge of this that induced the Egyptians and other ancient peoples to mummify or crystallise the brain, so that the consciousness might fade slowly away without forming a centre."

If the Society for the Prevention of Premature Burial, of the existence of which but few people seem to be aware, would work on advanced lines in their honest desire to benefit science and humanity, they are here shown some of the lines of research they might take up, and thus help us to understand a little more clearly what we can do to assist and free our dead from these painful intermediate states before absolute decomposition has set in.

I hope soon to be able to give some translations from French occultists, on their teachings concerning 'After Death States.'

J. STANNARD.

ROBERT AND ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

As I was present on both occasions when the messages were given which were reported in 'LIGHT' of the 17th inst., the medium being my niece, I should like to add one or two details to the remarks made by my brother-in-law, and which I think will be of interest.

On the first occasion my niece was not in trance; the writing came fluently without a name, but was signed E. B. B. Strange to say, none of us thought of Mrs. Browning, although of course we are all familiar with her poems. I am confident that neither the medium nor the sitters connected the message, at first, with her, even though signed with her initials. One of the sitters asked: 'May we know who it is?' The reply came in writing that we should be told 'later on, not now.' After a few words of conversation between the sitters the request was repeated that we might be informed in course of time as to the source of the message. We were again put off; but the medium's hand wrote: 'Listen to our singing.' Some of us then recognised the lines, and exclaimed, 'Elizabeth Barrett Browning!' The pencil then moved with the energetic action which we have observed frequently follows upon our recognition, and which seems to denote a certain eagerness or emotion. We were told that we were right in our attribution.

I think we were rather disinclined to expect any message from one who had won public fame, and were a little disposed to misdoubt a 'big name.' The medium had certainly wished for a message from this poetess, but as it had not come she had ceased to think of it and the expectation had passed from her mind. Hence the message was a surprise to us all.

The second message, from Robert Browning, was written by my niece's hand while in a state of trance, deep enough to make her quite unaware, when she awoke, of what had transpired. She has read some of Robert Browning's short poems, but is not a student of his works.

H. A. D.

MR. E. WAKE COOK.—Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance are requested to take special notice of the fact that the next address in the Regent Saloon, St. James's Hall, will be given on a *Wednesday* evening and *not* on a Thursday as usual. On Wednesday evening *next*, February 4th, Mr. E. Wake Cook will speak on the subject of 'Genius—in the Light of Modern Spiritualism.' The name of Mr. Wake Cook is well known to our readers, as that of a very able contributor to the pages of the 'Contemporary Review'; and we hope he will have a large audience. We shall report his address as a matter of course, but to read it will not be quite the same thing as to hear it.

OFFICE OF 'LIGHT,' 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 31st, 1903.

Light,

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of 'LIGHT,' 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. E. W. Wallis, Office of 'LIGHT,' and not to the Editor. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to Mr. E. W. Wallis, and should invariably be crossed '— & Co.'

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—'LIGHT' may be had free by post on the following terms:—Twelve months, 10s. 10d.; six months, 5s. 5d. Payments to be made in advance. To United States, 2dol. 70c. To France, 13 francs 86 centimes.

'LIGHT' may also be obtained from E. W. ALLEN, 4, Ave Maria-lane, London, and through all Newsagents and Booksellers.

APPLICATIONS by Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, Ltd., for the loan of books from the Alliance Library, should be addressed to the Librarian, Mr. B. D. Godfrey, Office of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

THE CONSCIOUS COSMOS.

Our readers have read lately a good deal about 'Cosmic Consciousness.' The phrase has come into vogue very much in consequence of a remarkable book by the late Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, of the United States, who uses it to indicate what he regards as a new and unfolding faculty of Human Nature, at least as much higher than Self Consciousness as Self Consciousness is higher than 'Simple Consciousness,' the Consciousness, that is to say, belonging to 'the upper half of the animal kingdom.' 'The prime characteristic of cosmic consciousness is, as its name implies, a consciousness of the Cosmos, that is, of the life and order of the Universe.' On the attainment of this consciousness, man rises far beyond self-consciousness, and becomes 'almost a member of a new species.' He becomes aware of a life beyond his own life, of an order beyond the imperfect order of his old plane of thought and experience, and of a unity which, when felt, annihilates as it were his old personality, or merges him in a tremendous whole.

It is here that we part company with Dr. Bucke's immensely interesting book, original, charming and important as it is. He gives instances of the attainment or realisation of this cosmic consciousness, and cites a list including Gautama, Jesus, Socrates, Moses, Isaiah, Mohammed, Boehme, Wm. Blake, Pascal, Spinoza, Swedenborg, Wordsworth, Emerson, Tennyson, Walt Whitman, and Edward Carpenter. But we believe that what Dr. Bucke regards as an exceptional experience is a somewhat common one,—though not with the raptures and visions that occur under the influence of chloroform as well as in an inrush of enlightenment.

There is, however, a higher use of the phrase 'Cosmic Consciousness' which we shall perhaps better reach if we use the definite article, and speak of 'The Cosmic Consciousness':—not man's consciousness of the Cosmos, but the Cosmos' consciousness of man. This is a sort of transcendental 'Through the Looking-glass' which will well repay consideration.

All through the ages, man has been seeking God, and all through the ages man has also been dimly aware that God has been seeking him: but he has been hampered by an inevitable but, for the time, fatal humanising of God. He has been compelled to personify,—it was a necessary stage; but the personification of God has always been that which has made man miss Him. Man has imaged God as localised somewhere, and therefore excluded

Him from His manifestations, while, all the time, it was only in His manifestations that He could be truly found and understood.

The ancient Hebrew poet nearly won the truth in that lovely little interchange of confidences, in the 27th Psalm: 'When Thou saidst, "Seek ye my face," my heart said unto Thee, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek."' This sensitive thinker and lover probably had no equivalent in language for our 'Cosmic Consciousness,' but he had caught a glimpse of the Cosmic Consciousness which, beyond himself, was seeking him: and this is precisely what we are ready for and immensely need: for the old hard personality of God is fading away, and we urgently need something deeper and more real.

It is the consciousness of the Cosmos that the hour demands, and not only our consciousness of the Cosmos, whatever that may be. In fact, we need to dig deep into that mighty saying of Paul, 'In Him we live and move and have our being.' 'We'—including everything that exists, and not man only. Here is the Meeting Place where Boehme might clasp hands with Herbert Spencer, and Lizzie Doten agree with Swedenborg.

We arrive at the consciousness of the Cosmos long before we reach Man. What is behind 'The music of the spheres,' or within the Mathematics of planetary orbits and solar systems? What orders the symmetry of snow flakes and the clustering of crystals, or tells secrets to birds that utterly puzzle and outwit men? One, at times, is half inclined to think that all is illusion, or that nothing is as it seems to be, and that perhaps birds are higher and finer creatures than man, as the vehicles of ethereal beings and evolving gods. Are we certain about the so-called 'lower animals,' as to what they really are, as—shall we say—mediums or instruments? What about the foliage of trees, and the glory of flowers? Is the blush of a rose a manifestation of something in a way conscious behind the colour? What does the rose know about it,—that is to say, the rose as we know it? The consciousness of the Cosmos seems to be very intense indeed at this point of the great whole. What is the meaning of this beauty? Why should we assume that there is only one form of consciousness,—ours? For all we know, the consciousness of the Cosmos in a skylark's song, or a day-dawn, or the fragrance of a rose, may be a far higher kind of consciousness than that of man with his longing for pork chops and beer, or even for man with his newspaper, his House of Commons and his musical service at St. Paul's.

'Lift up your eyes on high,' cried the glorious old prophet of Israel, 'and see who hath created these, who bringeth out their host and numbers them, who calleth them all by names, and because of whom, for that He is great and strong, not one faileth.' Splendid! Yes, but that demands, not a mechanic God, but an immanent; and the consciousness that manifests itself and controls myriads upon myriads of worlds is the same as that which suspends the dew drop at the tip of a leaf, and emerges in the laugh of a child and the prayer of a saint.

We cannot understand it,—and that is well: but we are compelled to infer it—and that is our hope: for these great human inferences of man are the beckonings of God: and there is no trust like the trust of believing in glorious symbols beyond the point where we can see.

TRANSLATED INTO DUTCH.—A correspondent at the Hague, Holland, kindly informs us that the valuable 'Guide to Mediumship and Psychical Unfoldment,' written by Mr. and Mrs. Wallis, has been translated into Dutch by a contributor to the spiritualist journal (the 'Weekblad'), and will be published in the form of supplements to that paper.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

A REMINISCENCE.

By 'AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.'

In the early part of the nineteenth century, a relative of mine who had been born abroad and for some years thereafter had lived there with his relations, in Spain and Portugal, was brought over while a youth to this country as the *protégé* of a rather distinguished soldier, and spent the remainder of his life here. I never saw this person in earth life, but my father and mother had often spoken to me about his history, and once, when at school in the country place where he had lived after coming from abroad, I came into contact with an old woman who had known him well in earth life, and who stated to me that I bore a striking resemblance to him as she knew him when a youth, but I was, she said, not so tall as he was. The only relic we possessed of this ancestor was a New Testament, in which he had written his name, place of nativity, and residence, and the last time I saw this Book was some time in the early fifties, after which it must have been destroyed or had disappeared. Young as I was when I first saw the handwriting, it interested me as it proved the only link between this foreign ancestor and myself; and it is now matter for regret that I had not kept the memento of him for after reference. Our clairvoyante had never heard of his existence so far as known to me; simply because he had been forgotten even by myself in the process of years.

In 1889, as I have before mentioned, our clairvoyante first began to write, and in those days, and for some years thereafter, automatic writing was almost a daily occurrence; especially when we were living in the country. In July of that year the family were residing about forty miles from town, while I was usually making a flying visit from the City to them, as I found time to do so. During that month many messages came and several of them were sent to me in town for verification. Among others was a very short one giving the name of my deceased ancestor, his birth in a foreign country, and a strong expression of a desire to open up communication with me. On examining the handwriting I was struck with its similarity to what I had seen in the book before referred to, and accordingly took the earliest opportunity in the autumn of the same year, when visiting my father (who was then alive and in vigorous health), of showing him the message, and he at once confirmed the view that it was very like the handwriting of our late relative. On the next occasion, in the month of July, 1889, after receiving the above message, when I visited the family in the country, I inquired of the clairvoyante if she had seen my ancestor before or after the message was penned, and the reply was that she had seen him before it was written; and she also informed me that on a later evening in the same week, my mother (who had by this time passed over) had brought the same person to her and said, 'This is —,' giving correctly his name and designation.

About three years after this event I was asked by a friend much interested in psychic phenomena to attend a select séance at his house with a trance medium, a Mr. G. (a professional gentleman), who had lately come to town, and who was giving select sittings to the circles in which I then frequently mingled. On the occasion in question I was accompanied by my wife and the clairvoyante, and, being rather late, we entered the séance-room without being introduced to anyone, and separately sat down in the seats which we were invited to occupy in the circle, which was then in course of formation. The medium speedily passed under control, and his vocal organs were in turn 'taken possession' of by several spirit entities of varying power and individuality. One of them, I recollect, had been a native of Yorkshire, and had evidently died of severe head trouble; and the whole séance was extremely interesting to the circle present. Near its close the medium (still under control) slowly and 'totteringly' crossed the room to where I sat, and holding out his cold hand to me, speaking in somewhat broken English (I presume because of his foreign origin), uttered these words:

'I do ze best I can'; and then followed the name of the ancestor referred to. As the medium spoke in very low tones nobody but myself, and possibly the lady and gentleman on either side of me, could have heard his utterances, as, in reply to a question from my host as to the identity of the control, I replied that he was 'known to me,' without giving more details at the moment, although he was duly informed later on.

After the séance had closed, and on our way home, I asked the clairvoyante, who had been sitting at the other end of the drawing-room and consequently had no opportunity of hearing what had been said: 'Who was it that came and shook hands with me at the séance?' 'Oh!' she replied, 'that was —,' giving the name of my ancestor before referred to and who, she told me again, had written the message in July, 1889, and came to her as before detailed.

Now I hold on the evidence above narrated that the reappearance of this relative and his identity are well demonstrated, particularly by the mediumship of Mr. G., whom I had never met before, and who was even unacquainted with my existence till the close of the séance. The evidence in this case is cumulative, but in my judgment the identity of my ancestor is proved as far as possible without the aid of a photograph.

Before closing this article, and in fulfilment of the promise made in my last article on 'Spirit Identity,' in 'LIGHT,' of December 20th last, I have shortly to state that the further experiment there referred to with the trance medium I then intended to arrange for, took place in my house on the evening of Sunday, January 4th, 1903, and was a complete success so far as regarded the reappearance of my recently departed relative. She was seen by the clairvoyante as soon as the medium had gone into trance, and expressed her doubts of the power to use the vocal organs of the medium for the first time. But she did so successfully, and I, along with four of the family, had the satisfaction of listening to ten minutes of loving conversation, which left no doubt on our minds that our loved one had only 'gone before,' and has great gladness in giving us evidence that the life beyond is a great reality. I may also state that I selected this medium because he was the first with whom we ever sat, many years ago, with most excellent results; and consequently we trust ere long to have another meeting with him for spirit communion, in the hope that as good results will be obtained as those which I have now related.

ANTI-MATERIALISM IN SWEDEN.

Princess Karadja has now assumed the sole editorship of the new Swedish monthly 'XX:e Seklet.' The last two numbers are highly interesting, and may be heartily commended to any of our friends who read Swedish, which is a very beautiful language, and easily learnt. The Princess takes occasion to state definitely both what her magazine is, and what it is not. It is 'not a spiritualist organ,' she says in one place; and in another, that its 'chief mission is to combat materialism; and instead of exclusively employing theoretical arguments, we intend to bring forward practical proofs.' A series of 'historical facts' is opened by an account of the mysterious moving of coffins in a family tomb at Ahrenberg, after it had been locked and sealed, while ashes sprinkled on the floor betrayed no foot-marks. The editor has also an article on 'so-called exposures,' in which she lays stress on the influence of suspicious sitters on the super-sensitive mind of the medium, who, she declares, is often expected to cross the threshold of the unseen in company with spiritual contagion of the most dangerous kind. In fact, the anti-Spiritualists do not 'discover' fraud so much as they occasion it. In another article, in the December number, she suggests, with pungent satire, that the scientists may one day declare that in place of dead and gone 'Spiritualism' they have discovered a new and experimentally demonstrable science of 'Pneumatism,' or the same thing under another name.

Other articles refer to magnetic healing, and to Sir William Crookes, whose portrait is given, accompanied by an appreciative sketch of 'the first man of science who struck out on the new path' of experimental research into the spiritual domain. For a 'non-spiritualist organ,' the voice is wonderfully like that of Jacob!

J. B. S.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

II.

The most serious charge brought by Mr. Gilmore—and indeed, by another correspondent—against Mrs. Bathe's description of certain horrors to be found in the spirit world, is that suffering so terrible as that description seems to imply is quite incompatible with that reign of Love under which most Spiritualists believe that mankind lives. During man's earthly life, it is true, this Love, they think, is often latent; none the less trusting, however, that in the spirit world it wholly and visibly moulds his destiny. Is it possible, we are asked, that a love which is supposed to be allied with omnipotence can decree, or even permit, that great and prolonged suffering should be endured by any of its objects? Even if suffering is an indispensable instrument in the cure of certain evils, would not a Being who was at once all-benevolent and all-powerful prefer the alternative of preventing the occurrence of evils that need the application of so heroic a remedy?

To aid us in forming a sound judgment upon this question, let us begin by asking which of these two policies—that of Prevention or that of Cure by Suffering—a wise and affectionate earthly parent, conversant with human nature, would choose to pursue in the development of his child's character?

Some of my readers may remember Huxley's famous description of the Aims and Instruments of a 'Liberal Education'—a description too long to reproduce in your pages. His ideal—a most imperfect one, by the way, on the affectional and social side—included the training of each youth's 'body' and 'intellect' to the highest and most serviceable point compatible with the conditions, together with the subordination of both these elements to the controlling 'will.'

Now at this point I would ask the reader whether any average child can be trained up to that standard without his having to undergo, in the course of his training, a good deal in the way of privation of pleasure, and even of infliction of positive pain? Beginning with the Body—can perfection of health and of athletic ability be reached without a course of exercises that are anything but play? And if disease or accident befall it, will not its restoration to wholeness often involve a monotonous *regimen*, the imbibition of nauseous draughts, and at times very distressing operations?

The Intellect, too—is it not to it (largely at least) that Emerson's remark applies, that a study or a book does one good in proportion to the difficulty it presents?

Then as regards the Affections—why is it that 'the course of true love does not run smoothly,' except that, apart from the obstacles opposed to its current, there is no sure and certain way of testing love's constancy, tenderness and strength?

Lastly, as regards the Will—what is the epithet we apply to a child whose will has never been checked or disciplined, either from outside or from inside? We call him 'spoilt'; and spoilt he is, in truth, for many of the more important of life's purposes.

Take again the case of an adult, one whose self-love is of the strongest, and see what agonies he will often, in spite of his self-love, expose himself to if, say, he some day morally wakes up to find himself the degraded slave of an inveterate bad habit. Is there pain more intense, or, in some cases, more prolonged, than that to which this victim will voluntarily submit, in the hope that thereby he may achieve moral freedom?

With these thoughts fresh in our minds we can hardly help agreeing with one poet's dictum that

'Sweet are the uses of adversity,'

and with the sentiment thus voiced by another:—

'Who ne'er his bread with weeping ate,
And through night's sorrow-laden hours
Weeping on bed of languor sate—
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers!'

If again it be true that 'Hunger is the best sauce,' and that there's nothing like starvation to make men appreciate food, does it not seem to follow, by parity of reasoning, that

prolonged absence of joy, and still more, the experience of positive pain, increase a man's very capacity for joy?

Further, there can be no doubt that suffering carries with it the potentiality of blessing men morally. On the one hand, one who has suffered is in a far better position than one who has not, for sympathising with other sufferers:—

'A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.'

And on the other hand, every suffering member of a community yields to his neighbours the opportunity of exhibiting their sympathy for him.

Let us next ask what method Nature—by which I here mean the sum of the forces of the material world—follows in her dealings with us men. Huxley told us, when he remarked: 'It is not even a word and a blow, but the blow first without the word; and it is left to us to find out why our ears are boxed.' In other words, Nature, in her dealings with us, acts as if we were non-existent, or were senseless automata, simply following her own invariable laws, which are not indeed those of a capricious or vindictive tyrant, but yet are as mechanical as the action of a watch-wheel. Nature, in fact, meets every human action with its 'natural' reaction.

Further, as I understand, man is, on the moral side of his nature, as much, and in the same sense, subjected to a system of law as on its physical side—the consequences of his actions, whether the latter be good or bad, following their causes on a principle of uniformity. And just as men often have to learn through suffering what is Nature's mind in regard to physics and chemistry, and how to deal with her wisely in those respects, so from the sufferings that follow moral errors with the same certainty as they do physical ones, have they a chance of learning moral lessons and making progress in character-building.

Sutton Coldfield.

E. D. GIRDLESTONE.

EXPERIENCES WITH A CLAIRVOYANT.

Since reading Mr. Thurstan's article in your issue of December 6th, and the letters which it has called forth, it has occurred to me that it may not be possible in all cases for mediums to begin their clairvoyant descriptions by some definite fact calculated to throw the mind of the listener on the right track, and that it is not unreasonable to suppose that mediums describe the impressions in the order in which they receive them. All will agree, however, that the description should be so striking and definite as to indicate clearly the identity of the visitor, and be given, if possible, under conditions excluding previous knowledge on the part of the medium or those who may be present, and also any possible reading of the conscious mind of the sitter.

It was my privilege recently to receive descriptions of two relatives on the other side through the mediumship of Mrs. E. W. Wallis, and that under conditions which may fairly be regarded as fulfilling these requirements. A friend who is deeply interested in the subject of spirit return informed me that on the following evening she was to meet Mrs. Wallis, who was visiting Mr. Robertson at his residence in Glasgow, and she kindly intimated that if I cared I might also be present. I gladly accepted the invitation, as I had had no experience of clairvoyance, or, indeed, of any other phases of mediumship. When I called at Mr. Robertson's house I found a small party of visitors assembled. My friend arrived shortly afterwards, accompanied by a lady with whom she had been spending the afternoon. I had not previously met any of the party, and, except to my friend and her companion, I was totally unknown to them.

Shortly after our sitting began Mrs. Wallis became entranced by her control who is well-known by the name of 'Morambo,' and whose conversation was exceedingly instructive and elevating. After 'Morambo' had gone Mrs. Wallis again became entranced, the control this time being a young girl named 'Veina,' and described various visitors to different members of the party, who had no difficulty in recognising them. Meantime I had been concentrating my thoughts on a sister of my wife's, who passed over a few years ago. I did this as I believed that by so doing I should have a better chance of ensuring

her presence. Presently Mrs. Wallis began to speak of a lady who was standing near me, and she described her as wearing a cap, the style in which her hair was dressed, her age, carriage, approximate height, and a marked, but unusual physical feature. She then proceeded to mention the leading mental characteristics of the lady, and stated that a strong bond of affection united the visitor and myself; and she further detailed in what particulars our respective natures resembled each other. There was no room for doubt in my mind, the description was too searching and exact. It was my mother, now passed over about twenty years.

Mrs. Wallis next proceeded to describe a gentleman whose hand was resting on my shoulder. My mind, by the association of ideas, flew to the personality of my father, who also had passed over some years ago. She described fully the appearance and apparent age, &c., of the visitor. These details, however, did not correspond with my father's appearance, but I made no remark and wondered who it could be. She then mentioned that this visitor had died suddenly; that he had suffered from several attacks of the disease which finally carried him off; and that during these attacks his symptoms had been a severe pain accompanied by a sense of falling. Like a flash the identity of the visitor became revealed to me. The details of his appearance previously given were accurate. The visitor was my wife's father, who died suddenly from an attack of angina pectoris when seated one morning in a railway train.

Now I wish it to be observed that no one present but myself knew whether my mother was on this side or the other, and as I am under forty there was no great presumption from my age that she had passed over. Further, it was only known to two others—my friend and her companion—that my father-in-law was in spirit life. My friend had never seen him, and if her companion had it must have been over twenty years ago. Again it will be noted that when the first description was begun by Mrs. Wallis, my thought was fixed on another, and in a state of semi-expectancy, and therefore there was nothing in my conscious mind to be read; also that when the second description was begun the possibility of my conscious mind being read was excluded, as my mind was at once attracted to my father, and the possibility of the visitor being my father-in-law never for a second dawned upon me until the cause of his death was detailed.

This being my first experience I was much interested. My warmest thanks are due to Mrs. Wallis, her controls, and Mr. Robertson, for their great and gratuitous kindness to a total stranger.

VERITAS.

LORD ERSKINE'S 'GHOST STORY.'

'The Daily News' says that to Lord Erskine we owe 'one of the best ghost stories known,' and quotes his lordship's own narrative as recounted in Lady Morgan's 'Book of the Boudoir':—

'When I was a very young man I had been for some time absent from Scotland. On the morning of my arrival in Edinburgh, as I was descending the steps of a close, or coming out from a bookseller's shop, I met our old family butler. He looked greatly changed, pale, wan, and shadowy as a ghost. "Eh! old boy," I said, "what brings you here?" He replied, "To meet your honour, and solicit your interference with my lord, to recover a sum due to me, which the steward at the last settlement did not pay." Struck by his looks and manner, I bade him follow me into the bookseller's, into whose shop I stepped back; but when I turned round to speak to him, he had vanished.'

'Erskine sought out the old man, and found that it was, indeed, his ghost that he had seen, for the butler had been dead some months. He had told his wife on his death-bed that the steward had wronged him of some money, but that when Master Tom returned, he would see her righted.'

DR. SILVA.—A correspondent writes: 'Dr. Silva, when last I heard from him, said he might return to London this winter, but had not quite decided. The doctors in Lisbon brought him before the Criminal Court for curing those they could not cure. The judge happily dismissed the case, this making the second time doctors have thus persecuted him. Surely reformers and pioneers have not an easy life!'

IS IT THE PORTRAIT OF A SPIRIT ?

The above question, put by 'Perplexed,' is a natural one in reference to the psychic photograph of John Lamont, obtained by Mr. James Robertson, and also obtained by a young man to whom Mr. Lamont was a stranger. The same question has been put again and again in reference to other psychic portraits, obtained by other persons, with other mediums and operators, and in pictures blemishes or defects found in the first negative have been also found in the others. And yet it would be altogether a mistake to say in reference to these other pictures that 'they must be reproductions of flaws in an original negative of which these are reproductions.'

If 'Perplexed' will study *practically* the subject of spirit-photography with the help of a medium who has been developed, or who can be developed, sufficiently to obtain abnormal images on photographic plates, he will learn that the person who informed him that the two alleged psychic portraits of John Lamont *must* have been copied from another negative is not sufficiently informed on the subject of spirit-photography to be qualified to pronounce such a judgment.

I do not know whether the photographs referred to by 'Perplexed' were taken under test conditions. I do know that the operator is a good medium, and that he sometimes gives visitors every facility for the most complete testing; but, like many other mediums, he is not always in such a kindly mood. But I am not dealing with the question, 'Are these two photographs genuine?' I am dealing with the wider and more important question as to whether the facts stated by 'Perplexed' are sufficient, as a rule, to condemn as *fake*, or fraudulent photographs, those in which these mysterious identifications and duplications of blemishes are found. Most assuredly they are not sufficient evidence. If, on such facts only, a charge of fraud is brought against the operator through whom the two portraits of John Lamont have been obtained, the only just verdict must be *not proven*. Why? Because, as I have already said, exactly similar things have happened with other operators under strict test conditions. The honesty and ability of Mr. J. Traill Taylor are beyond all question. During his experiments with Mr. David Duguid, he used his own camera, his own plates, and conducted all the manipulations himself, and yet, again and again, with various sitters, he found on developing his plates, the abnormal image of a young man whom he did not know, and whose portrait—so far as he could remember—he had never seen. Sometimes the abnormal image appeared on one part of a plate, and sometimes on another part, but the abnormal portraits of the young man were all exactly alike in pose, size, light, shade, and outline.

Another instance which illustrates the same point, shows also how spirits sometimes try to meet the wishes of investigators when conditions are suitable. When on a visit to one of my daughters, I tried some photographic experiments; amongst other things I set up my half-plate camera in the dining-room, with a plate ready. Having focussed a chair I sat on it, and, as my daughter was not acquainted with the manipulations, I told her to be ready, when I gave a signal, to take off the brass cap, count three, and then put on the cap again. When I developed the plate there was on it—upside down—the portrait of a lady in dress and ornaments of a foreign description. I remarked that I would have liked to have the spirit lady on a plate by herself. Shortly afterwards I took another plate out of my pocket, put it in the camera, and told my daughter to sit on the chair which I had focussed, as I wished to take her portrait. On developing the plate there was nothing visible of my daughter, but instead, occupying this time the centre of the plate, there was the portrait of the same lady who had appeared with me. And this fact is noteworthy, that blemishes which were on the first one, on the face and dress, were exactly the same on the second one, not on the same parts of the plate, but on the same parts of the face and dress.

Several other instances of a similar character have happened with me in the course of my experiments.

A PRACTICAL INVESTIGATOR.

SOME STARTLING PHENOMENA.

Before Christmas I sent you an article dealing with some experiments which my wife and I had made, and which resulted satisfactorily. This article appeared in 'LIGHT,' of January 3rd, under the above heading, and since it was written our experiences have come with great diversity.

On December 19th, 1902, Madame Zora was about to write a letter to a friend, and for that purpose took a sheet of notepaper from a fresh packet just opened, and laid it upon the table. Before commencing to write she moved across the room to fetch something (probably pen and ink). On turning back towards the table she remarked to me: 'How plainly Polly shows herself to night! Surely you can see her.'

I replied that I would like to do so, and asked what she was doing, and in what part of the room she saw her.

'She is sitting in the seat I have just left,' said my wife, 'and now she is writing on my sheet of paper.'

My little girl was with us, and as we looked at the sheet of paper, to our intense surprise, writing began to appear on it. First one line at the bottom of the sheet, then another above it, and then a third above that.

I hastened to the paper as soon as my wife said the note was finished, and took it up and read the message, which was of a private character, but in the well-known handwriting of the one mentioned, who has gone to the higher life more than four years.

It is apparently in blacklead, and was done before three pairs of eyes in a brilliant light. The curious thing was that the writing was upside down. Thus the line at the bottom of the sheet was really the top line when the paper was reversed. Although clairvoyantly seen sitting at the table and writing, the spirit would have had to be in the centre of the table to write it as we write.

Later in the evening Madame Zora and I were alone when she suddenly felt some water splashed on her hand. She came to me and I thought it was scent, as she often gets scent thrown on her in that way. It was water, however. I did not say anything but watched her closely. A few minutes later she threw something down out of her hands, screamed, and jumped up on to a seat, crying, 'It's alive—its a frog!' I picked it up. It was some beautiful leaves of lilies of the valley, all wet and fresh.

On December 22nd we decided to try for writing, and for that purpose put three half sheets of notepaper inside a large book, one under each cover and one in the centre—each doubled and with the edges towards the binding of the book. Before sitting down I took each of them out and critically examined it before a good light, and placed it back again. At the last minute I decided to try without the book; so I took a new sheet of paper and laid it down flat on the table. I then took both of Madame Zora's hands and laid my right hand upon the sheet of paper, holding Madame's left hand in it, and with my left I held her right upon my knee. After a little while she said there was writing. I found her left hand immovable—being in a cataleptic state. I released it and pulled the sheet of notepaper from under it. To our surprise there was a doubled half sheet within, and on the inside of that were two messages, in blacklead (apparently). The first was in the handwriting of my sister, who has been dead about fourteen years, and was as follows:—

'A bright and happy Christmas from all the friends of the spirit world—Leila, Mother, Polly, Uriah.'

The signatures were in well-known handwritings. The other message was in a strange hand, and was as follows:—

'The new year will be full of brightness; we shall bring flowers to-morrow.—Zora.'

This is the spirit whose name my wife takes for magnetic reading or psychometry.

On examination I found that the doubled half sheet had disappeared from the centre of the book, which I had laid on the other side of the table.

I will omit many incidents of writing and of flowers, being brought, and come to Sunday, the 11th inst. On that day my

brother's wife and family from North London were with us to tea, and as we sat chatting together two large bunches of flowers fell in the centre of the table. One bunch consisted of beautiful fresh-gathered Parma violets, many of them with double blossoms. The other bunch was of flowers we do not know. They are somewhat like sea anemones in shape. The outer leaves are roundish, and of pearly colour. The inner leaves are like grass, long and slender, and heliotrope in colour, and the centre seems to be the seed vessel in a small round cluster of pale green. I have inquired of several friends, who think they are a Japanese flower.

D. WEST.

THE FRAU ROTHE CASE.

From 'Psychische Studien,' I take the following paragraph, which is the only mention of the 'Rothe case' I find in the German psychical journals. I may just say that in the previous number of 'Psychische Studien' there were a few editorial comments on the subject, of no special import, except that it was said that the Rothe family were in great poverty and distress. None of the other journals have alluded to the subject for some months:—

'From Berlin the news comes that among the incidents of the Rothe case, the impresario and accomplice of the "flower medium," Max Jentsch (as looking at the shifty character of, in our opinion, the principal culprit might only be expected), has cowardly withdrawn himself from his judicial responsibility, and has gone to another country (das Weitegesucht), whence he has even had the impudence to write to the State Attorney, saying that he had waited quite long enough for the trial to come off, and must now go to a foreign land to earn his bread; and therefore it was for the prosecution now to wait for his appearance! We learn from the same source that the former smith, Hermann Rothe, who was married to the daughter of the mason Zahl in her eighteenth year—she was born in Altenburg, in 1850—and has lived not too happily with her ever since—died on November 12th last, in Berlin. The funeral, which took place on November 15th, at the "Thomas cemetery," was attended by Frau Rothe, who was allowed to be present, accompanied by a warder; her request to go to her daughter's funeral in the spring having been refused by the authorities. Her appearance and manner, according to eye-witnesses, are much improved. Shortly before going to press, we learn from a Leipzig journal of December 13th that the trial of Anna Rothe will probably take place in January or the beginning of February. On the side of the prosecution some ninety witnesses will be called. Dr. Schwindt, the counsel for the defence, will produce a great number of witnesses, who are prepared to prove that they have been present at séances at which there could be no question of any imposture on the part of the accused, but that everything was perfectly free from suspicion. So we may look for all kinds of interesting particulars concerning the "Realm of the Fourth Dimension."'

To us English, the extraordinary delay in bringing this notorious case to trial does not commend itself to our notions of justice. I forget the exact date of the capture, but it must be some nine or ten months ago; and it is not greatly to be wondered at that Herr Jentsch, after waiting in Berlin all that time, finding himself unable to obtain employment there in his old occupation as teacher of languages, should have betaken himself to some place where he could gain his daily bread. Meantime the unfortunate Rothe family have had some sad bereavements, for first the married daughter and now the husband have quietly passed away. Whatever the cause of their deaths may have been, it is more than probable that distress of mind and privation, if not actually hastening them, have greatly added to their sufferings.

But little has come to light concerning Frau Rothe herself during this long period of detention. It has only transpired that she has been kept strictly secluded and has not been allowed to see her relations. On being told of the death of her daughter it is said she was overcome with grief—even a medium who is supposed to have been guilty of tricking may have natural feelings!—and the refusal to allow her to be present at the last sad ceremonies seems, to say the least, somewhat harsh. For some weeks she was taken to the Charité (a lunatic asylum) in order that the doctors might the better examine into her mental condition; as they found, however, that she was quite

sane, though of a hysterical temperament, she was sent back to her place of confinement. While at the Charité it is said the doctors held a séance with her, when, instead of flowers, stones were showered upon them, greatly to their amusement! but this rumour may of course be unfounded. It is to be hoped that no further delay will occur in the judicial trial of this case, and that the unfortunate woman may at last, after her already heavy punishment, have an opportunity of bringing forward what is to be urged in her defence.

M. T.

THE LIMITS OF MEDIUMSHIP.

There have been from time to time various expressions in 'LIGHT' concerning the doings of evil spirits. In your issue of December 13th, Mrs. Effie Bathe, in answer to a correspondent, says: 'I maintain that he cannot practically substantiate his assumption that there is no sorrow, suffering, nor mental hell after death.' Of course he cannot practically substantiate anything by mediumship. It is astonishing how ignorant many Spiritualists are in regard to the law of mediumship. It is very rarely that an independent statement is obtained uncoloured by the medium's mind. A great study with me, when I first became interested in Spiritualism, was the fact that it was so difficult to get a test that was really a test of spirit identity, until at one of Mrs. Billing's circles it was explained to me by 'Ski' that it was very difficult for a spirit to take possession of a brain, with all its preconceived ideas; and the difficulty of controlling it for the spirit's use was made quite plain to me, and I have never had any trouble since when failing to get a test of identity. I feel sure the same thing is true in regard to opinions expressed, purporting to come from spirits. It accounts for the fact that these communications are almost always coloured, more or less, by the opinions and preconceived ideas of the medium. For instance, the English Spiritualists, as a class, reject entirely the doctrine of reincarnation, while the French Spiritualists, who have been largely influenced by Kardec and his school, accept the doctrine.

The philosophy of embodiments as taught through Mrs. Richmond, it seems to me, answers this whole question more satisfactorily than any other formulated doctrine regarding it. It is taught through Mrs. Richmond that there are two modes of existence, one of embodiment in matter and the other of the soul state; that souls are eternal, divine in their nature, and embodied in matter for experience and satisfaction, not for expiation. These excursions into matter alternate with experiences in the soul state, through planets and systems of worlds, until every phase of experience is gained and the limitations of matter are triumphed over. It is taught that so-called evils find expression only in the material, and that when that is thrown off and the spirit state is gained, evil no longer inheres. A spirit will not necessarily be highly developed, but it will not be evil, so that the doctrine of retribution of any kind after death, or earth-bound spirits, utterly falls to the ground; and while this can no more be substantiated by spirit authority than the opposite view, it responds much more fully to a sound philosophy than the doctrine of eternal progression.

It is taught through Mrs. Richmond that light is positive and that darkness is negative; that is to say, there is no darkness except the absence of light. Precisely so in the matter of evil. Good is positive, evil is negative, and except the absence of good there is no principle of evil in the universe.

HELEN DENSMORE.

Long Beach, California.

SPIRITUALISM IN GLASGOW.—The annual report and balance-sheet of the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists indicate that the work of the association has been extremely successful during the past year. The membership reached 333 as compared with 250 in 1901, and the income was £203 2s. 10d., leaving a balance in hand on December 31st last of over £22. A high standard of platform work was maintained throughout the year, and closer relationships have been established with kindred societies in Edinburgh and Dundee. Over £10 have been dispensed in benevolence; and various circles, in connection with the association, report good results. We congratulate our Glasgow friends upon their success and the healthy condition of their association.

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.

Out of the Body.

SIR,—Having read Dr. Wyld's letter in 'LIGHT' about the projection of the spirit-body, I should like to tell you an experience of my own many years ago. I was lying awake in the night, when I felt a sudden violent shock go quite through me. It was like an electric shock. It began on the top of my head and went straight down to my feet, which ached the whole day after. I could not move in the least, though I tried to do so. I also tried to call out to my daughter, who was in the next room, but I seemed as if I were held in a vice. I wanted to go to Mary, and instantly found myself standing by the bed. I remember remarking how white my feet were. Of course, it being in the middle of the night, I could not have seen my feet if I had risen. Then I thought, 'I am better now; no need to go for Mary'; and, without a movement, I was lying in the bed in precisely the same position as before, and knew I had not moved. I was so fearful of the recurrence of this unpleasant shock that for weeks, when I felt any peculiar sensation in my head, I changed my position. I feel sure that for one moment my soul did actually leave my body.

Topsham.

W. GLANVILLE.

'Quite Deserted.'

SIR,—Can any of your readers explain this? For ten months we (my husband and myself) have sat at a small round table and had various messages spelt out, and we have also had written messages through the medium of Planchette; but all at once, about five weeks before Christmas, without any warning, these manifestations suddenly ceased. It seems as if all the spirit friends have quite deserted us, and now, although we sit fairly regularly, as before, we have the feeling that it is of no use. We are at a loss to account for the change, as we ourselves have not altered in the least (to our knowledge). We sit at the same table, and generally have a little music beforehand.

My husband has had an Indian described to him as his guide, and this spirit used to come and rock the table violently; but he, like the rest, has left us. We should like very much to hear if any others of your readers have had a similar experience.

M. S.

The Pentagram.

SIR,—In answer to an inquirer as to the occult significance of the pentagram, allow me to say that it was worn by the ancients, engraved in pure gold on white marble, never previously used and specially prepared, to force spirits to appear either during the waking state or in sleep, and was also greatly used in magical ceremonies, being the most potent of all the signs. It expresses the mind's dominion over the elements. It is the star of the Magi, the morning star of the Gnostic schools, the sign of intellectual omnipotence, and, according to the direction of its rays, it represents order and disorder. It is the figure of the human body with the four members and a point representing the head. A human figure head downwards naturally represents the demon. The empire of the will over the astral light, which is the physical soul of the four elements, is represented in magic by the pentagram and is also called the 'sign of the microcosm.'

33, Adolphus-road,
Finsbury Park.

KATHLEEN SKELLEM.

Miss Findlay's Mediumship.

SIR,—I have lately had a convincing proof of the continuity of life beyond the grave, through that excellent medium, Miss Findlay. She described to my son some two months back a young boy, who she said had lately passed over, and who stated that he had been with my son at his first school. She described him minutely, but my son could not recall him at the time and the incident passed. An old school friend was staying with him this Christmas and remarked 'Did you know that C. died in the summer of fever?' My son had heard nothing, but at once remarked, 'Why, that was the boy Miss Findlay described and whom I failed to recognise.' So many new stars keep coming up in the mediumistic world that people are apt to forget our older tried and trusted mediums of many years' experience. This is only one small instance of the correctness of the clairvoyance of Miss Findlay, who is indeed a wonderful medium.

Donham Grange,
Near Billericay.

M. FRASER.

The Recent Address by Mrs. Bathe.

SIR,—I read with extreme pleasure and interest the account in your paper of Mrs. Effie Bathe's most valuable lecture. It would have been a privilege to hear it, for it undoubtedly conveyed a fund of valuable information, most useful to the inquiring mind, proving unquestionably that Mrs. Bathe has made serious and profound studies in these occult matters, and has, too, the reverent mind, which is such a sure passport to the attainment of knowledge.

I am in accord with most of her lecture, but incomplete knowledge on my part prevents me from saying *I know*; rather that I have faith in the testimony of the many great seers who all have taught what Mrs. Bathe states, among other things, the suffering in the lower worlds after death by the sinful souls.

Mr. David Gilmore in his letter remarks that it is against 'the better instincts of one's humanity' that there should be such 'objective realities.'

Because they *are* truly against the instincts of humanity does not, however, prove more than that they are so, not that they are not facts. Other logic is required to do this. As to being 'objective realities,' it all depends which state of consciousness cognises.

On this material plane they would be subjective, and might be truly said not to exist, but on another plane they could be objective. *Each plane has its objectivity indigenous to the consciousness of the cognising man.*

The Idealism of Berkeley is the realism of *that* plane. No useful argument can ensue unless the combatants decide upon *which plane* they posit reality. We are taught truly that there is no reality, that is, *Eternal Permanence, save in the Absolute*; but when we are discussing less exalted subjects we must state our plane, and I argue that there is objective reality, such as Mrs. Bathe states, to any soul living in that state of consciousness, not, however, real or objective to this or other planes. There is no place for *sentiment* in these important matters. It is so, or it is not so. Pain in nature *is* punishment, that is, it is the disagreeable result of a cause. We may not like the word, but we all have to endure it; and the Saints 'rejoiced' in it. It is a short word to express the long story described at the end of Mr. Gilmore's letter—rather as he wishes than as things actually are. I would like to ask him what living man can throw a *stir on the character of God*? Reflection will tell him that nothing said, done, or thought by man can do any such thing.

With regard to the important letter of 'C. C. M.,' touching the subject of elementals and elementaries, it deserves earnest attention as supplying the truer view of the difference between these beings. 'C. C. M.' gives the occult reasons that seem, to my knowledge, to be the correct ones; and I would specially draw attention to a most valuable remark, that the reincarnationists hold 'no escape from this world is radical or final *unless* mediated by the activity of the spiritual principles in this world.' This leaves no room for mere sentiment or self-delusion, and for 'hoping' without grounds for hope or a 'nexus' to bridge the chasm.

ISABEL DE STEIGER, F.T.S.

A Strange Phenomenon at Death.

SIR,—Although I am not a believer in Spiritualism, and have only lately given my attention to anything of an occult nature, I cannot help feeling a little interest in the following experience, which was related to me by a lady of my acquaintance, who was present when the incident occurred.

The eldest son of a family with whom she was staying had returned from a long residence in India, and was soon afterwards seriously ill. It was on the night of his death that the incident happened. About an hour before he died, those who were in the room at the time, a doctor, the village clergyman, and my friend, saw upon the ceiling the shadow of a man's hand grasping a dagger. The shadow moved across the ceiling and pointed with the dagger towards the dying man's head. Thinking that it must be a shadow cast by some object, everything movable was displaced, including the lamp itself. The shadow, however, remained motionless; then slowly faded away. Within a few minutes of the poor fellow's death a strange rumbling noise was heard, seeming to come from below the boards, and the room was suddenly lit up by a strange red light. Those in the room at the time were terribly startled, but the mystery was never explained.

It would be interesting to know whether any of your readers have had a similar experience.

F. G. R. F.

[Will our correspondent ask his lady friend to be kind enough to supply the names and addresses of the doctor and clergyman who witnessed the phenomenon described?—ED. 'LIGHT.']

SOCIETY WORK.

MANOR PARK.—TEMPERANCE HALL, HIGH-STREET, N.—Speaker on Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. J. Kinsman.—P. G.

MERTHYR TYDFIL.—BENTLEY'S HALL.—It was pleasing to find such a capital attendance on Sunday last to greet Mr. E. S. G. Mayo, of Cardiff, whose logical address on 'The Second Birth' was ably delivered.—W. M. H.

CATFORD.—24, MEDUSA-ROAD.—On Sunday last an inspiring trance address was given by Mr. W. Millard on 'Love Creates its Sweetness Here and Hereafter.' Meetings every Sunday at 7 p.m.; séance follows.—A. G. A.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—TEMPERANCE INSTITUTE.—On Sunday evening last Mrs. Read, one of our members, gave a trance address on 'The Connection with the Spirit Spheres,' which was appreciated by a good audience. At the after-meeting several members gave clairvoyance and psychometry. Speaker on Sunday next, Mr. Elwin.—H. S.

PLYMOUTH.—13, MORLEY-STREET.—Meetings are held here by Mrs. Stephens for healing, spiritual development, and public work. On Sunday last Mr. Trueman gave a reading on 'Spiritual Unfoldment' and lectured on 'Practical Spiritualism' and 'Progression: Here and Hereafter.' Splendid clairvoyance was given by Mrs. Trueman. Captain Greenway presided.

TOTTENHAM.—193, HIGH-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. Geo. Cole's address on 'The Work Before Us' was eminently practical. He urged his audience to rise to the fullest heights of their obligations, that men might see, and be arrested by, their good works. On Sunday next, Mr. Cole will speak on 'What think ye of Christ?'—W. L.

HACKNEY.—MANOR ROOMS, KENMURE-ROAD.—On Sunday last the address delivered by our president on 'The World hath felt a quickening Breath,' was full of spiritual truths, and was listened to with close attention. Questions from the audience were ably answered, and Mrs. Webb gave convincing clairvoyance. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Alfred Peters.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD, HENLEY-STREET.—On Sunday last Madame St. Clair delivered a very intellectual and spiritual lecture on 'Prayer.' Mr. Adams presided. Mrs. Hodder sang a solo. On Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Boddington; on Tuesday, at 7 p.m., Band of Hope; on Friday, at 8 p.m., séance, to be conducted by Mr. J. J. Vango; on Saturday, at 8.30 p.m., social evening.—E. B.

FULHAM.—COLVEY HALL, 25, FERNHURST-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. H. Brooks, secretary of the Union of London Spiritualists, lectured on 'Practical Spiritualism,' and evoked an interesting discussion. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., clairvoyance by Mrs. Roberts, of Leicester. On Wednesday, February 4th, at 8 p.m., Mr. T. H. Holding will lecture on 'Amongst the Mormons, or Life on the Prairie.'—W. T.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—73, BECKLOW-ROAD, W.—On Sunday last Mr. Mitchell gave an interesting account of the progress of Spiritualism in Australia during the last twenty-five years, which was listened to by a full and appreciative audience. Miss Porter gave the invocation, also a few clairvoyant descriptions. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Miss Dupuis. Thursday, at 8 p.m., public circle.—P. H.

STRATFORD.—WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, E.—On Sunday last a reading from Longfellow by our vice-president, Mr. G. W. Lear, was followed by an intensely interesting lecture by Mr. R. King on 'Elementals,' and, judging from the frequent applause, the lecturer's cleverly illustrated remarks appeared to be thoroughly appreciated by the audience. Speaker on Sunday next, Mr. J. Adams.—W. H. SUCH, Hon. Sec.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday evening last, after a short address on 'The Use of Spiritualism,' Mr. A. Peters gave clairvoyant descriptions of spirits seen by him among the audience. Out of twenty-one descriptions eighteen were recognised. Many loving and helpful messages were also given which in most cases were fully understood, and gave much pleasure to those who received them. Mr. G. Spriggs, vice-president, ably fulfilled the duties of chairman. On Sunday next, Mrs. M. H. Wallis will deliver an inspirational address and give clairvoyance.—S. J. W.

CLAPHAM ASSEMBLY ROOMS, FACING CLAPHAM-ROAD STATION ENTRANCE.—On Sunday last, Mr. and Mrs. H. Boddington dealt with 'Science and Spiritualism.' Mr. Boddington showed that science was slowly veering towards our position, and Mrs. Boddington claimed that the investigating Spiritualist was more scientific than the speculative theorist. On Thursday, at 8 p.m., Mr. Ronald Brailey, clairvoyance. Tickets 6d. or silver collection. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. H. Fielder on 'Spiritualism the Saviour of the Churches.' The social of the united South London societies will be held on Saturday, February 7th. Tickets, 1s. each, if sold prior to the evening, benefit the societies that sell them.—B.