

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

A writer in the 'Daily News' respecting Mr. Ahrensmeyer, recalls the late Mr. Irving Bishop, whose performances were very similar to those of Mr. Ahrensmeyer. The suggestion is made that Mr. Bishop sacrificed his physical life to his psychical experiments. It is highly probable, and for the reason indicated in this writer's blunt way of putting it,—'Bishop's life was sacrificed to the showman's business.' There is point, too, in his moral: 'I trust the new thought-reader will resist the temptation to give people their money's worth at all risks.' That is where the physical danger lies: and another danger lurks there, also indicated in the interesting communication before us,—'I am pretty sure that he played tricks upon the public at times, simply because he could not exercise (regardless of moods and circumstances) those exceptional powers which he possessed. So it has happened that many people who recollect him as a public show regard him as nothing more than a clever trickster.'

All Spiritualists, and especially all Psychological Researchers, should bear these facts and suggestions in mind.

Dr. Carr, in 'Medical Talk,' talks wisely concerning the influence of the soul upon the body. He goes so far as to make health depend upon a forgiving and kindly disposition. He says:—

The physical body is greatly dependent upon the moral and mental faculties as to health. It makes little difference what your chronic ailment is. If you get right mentally and morally you have done a thousand times more than all the doctors put together can do.

Do you hate any one? Have you a grudge against any one? Are you harbouring revenge or malice toward any one?

No matter what the provocation may have been to cause you to have these feelings against any one, you can never get well as long as you allow them to remain.

As long as there is any one in this world whom you wish ill, you will try in vain to find a cure for your physical ailment. Your hatred operates as a perpetual waste of vitality. It weakens the sources of vital energy and deranges the nutritive processes.

Are you jealous of any one? Have you allowed jealousy in any form to creep into your life?

If so, neither wholesome food, nor proper exercise, nor the most observance of hygienic rules will make good your loss. Jealousy saps the vitality faster than an ulcer. It eats into the very core of life like a malignant cancer,

You have got to have a house-cleaning inside of you. You have got to get rid of malice and hatred and revenge before you can get well. Even though you have some incurable organic disease, getting rid of these things will do wonders toward improving you.

We are always trying to believe this; and there must be truth in it: but the world's records seem to show that the old and new hordes of men who are cruel and try to exploit their fellow creatures and the world do very well as regards health. Perhaps Dr. Carr's doctrine applies more to the civilised and refined than to the semi-savage.

We have received a privately circulated paper, by 'An Ex-Agnostic,' entitled 'Groping to God.' It is difficult to comprehend in some respects: in other respects it is almost over simple and childlike. There is one really beautiful passage in it. In a few impressionist strokes, the story is told of a great sufferer who, out of extreme agony, found his way to trust and peace. The following has true sunshine in it:—

This blind, deaf mute sits patiently by a window with eyes lifted always, smiling always, smiling sanely and serenely. Between him and the convalescent pilgrim—adept with deaf mutes—sympathy and communication are established through medium of hands, inter-clasping of fingers. And here is a song of life-long silence—a vision of the Unseen:—

I am never sad, always happy. It is *always* daylight. I *know* the birds sing—I *feel* their song. I cannot remember birth—I cannot imagine death. My mother comes to me every night and morning and God stays all the time. He is so good to me—I have nothing to pray for *for myself*—I ask Him to be as good to those who need His goodness more. It is always Heaven but only half-way. I am waiting to move on. God will know when it is time.

Condensed but literal in statement, such was the simple, loving faith of one whose existence had no purpose in Evolution—if mindless in principle, and rigidly utilitarian in ethical application. It was as a glow-worm in a glen. But the light of that faith shining in darkness was an enigma, and it was photographed in subjective impression for future explanation.

Some of our correspondents are evidently affected by the Time Spirit as to the being of God. When we come to really think of it, the main difficulty concerning the existence of God is, in effect, the same as the difficulty concerning the existence of Man. Everything in Nature seems to operate on its own account, and to mind its own business irrespective of a will of God. It is so with Man. In the human body, as in the great Cosmos, there are multitudes of busy workshops, infirmaries, laboratories, and institutions of various kinds, whose occupants proceed with their separate duties or enterprises as though they were tenants or lodgers, with a long or short lease of their holdings, irrespective of the interposition of landlord or lessor.

Looking out upon the various actors and activities of 'Nature,' in the infinitely great, many say, 'They do it

all: there is no room for God.' So, if we could look out upon the actors and activities of the human body, from an infinitely small, many might say, 'There is no room for Man.'

Another thing ought to be remembered by the people who cite Exodus xxii. 18 and Leviticus xx. 27 against us. These brutal passages from the old Jewish law command the slaughter of the 'witch' (sorceress or medium). If these are commands of God, why disobey them? If they are not His commands, why quote them? If 'witch' does not mean medium, why pretend that it does? But is not the reference, in any case, a mere exhibition of ignorance, temper, or rank prejudice? What have we to do with these old Jewish antipathies, except as memorials and warnings?

It is said that an ardent 'Christian' in Indiana lately beat his wife because she refused to join in family worship. That seems too absurd for belief, but wherein does it essentially differ from the major and minor persecutions of Christendom in all ages? It is only a very few generations ago that 'Christian' England persecuted Christian Englishmen, as though to repress free thought and to smite the thinker were one of the first duties of man: and, in truth, the Christian Church is still only learning to be willingly tolerant, scrupulously just, and really free. Nay, was there not something of the Indiana man's temper in the saying of the 'influential member,' who declared that he would never vote for a minister who was tainted with Spiritualism? We talk a good deal about freedom,—and mainly talk.

There are some 'spiritual' people who have quite fallen out with their bodies, of which they are more than half ashamed; and the remainder they take out in restless disgust. But spirit and its expression, or mind and body, are dear helpmeets, and, any way, the kindly earth is a good mother to grow from.

Here is a parable from 'The Flaming Sword':—

A beautiful lily once grew upon the bosom of a quiet lake. Tall trees flung their cool shadows over it, while night and morning its lips were kissed by the gentle breeze. Sedges and water plants with cardinal flowers and iris grew down to the water's edge. Sometimes they whispered to the lily but it heeded them not—in its own place it lived content with the air and sunshine. There came a day, however, when the lily lost its peace of mind. It began to think of its roots,—how they grew deep down in the mud and ooze at the bottom of the lake. So it fell out of heart with Nature, and the more it thought the more unhappy it became.

'If I could only be an air plant and get rid of that mud!' it kept saying over and over, until some of its petals began to wither.

'Let your roots alone,' counselled the breeze. 'You would die were they torn away from that black soil. You are not fitted to feed upon air alone. Be patient. Be content, and remember that all higher forms of life once grew like you, out of the earth's dark bosom.'

A friend reminds us of a saying attributed to Christ which, by itself, is a sufficient reply to the Rev. G. P. McKay:—Luke xx. 38, 'God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, for all live unto Him.' The case of the dying malefactor is sufficient, but this saying is all-inclusive. In effect, it says that God has no dead. It is we who have dead and living. There is no death in His sight. All are alive with Him. Mr. McKay, poor man! says, All are dead.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—Mr. Alfred Peters gives illustrations of clairvoyance at the rooms of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., every *Tuesday*, at 3 p.m. No one is admitted *after three*. Fee 1s. each to Members and Associates; to friends introduced by them 2s. each.

DIAGNOSIS OF DISEASES.—Mr. Spriggs will be out of town and unable to attend at 110, St. Martin's-lane, on *Thursdays, May 7th, 14th, and 21st, but expects to resume on the 28th of May.*

TALKS WITH A SPIRIT CONTROL.—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. These sésances are held every *Thursday*, and commence at 3 p.m., prompt. The fee is one shilling each, and any Member or Associate may introduce a friend at the same rate of payment. Friends who desire to put questions upon all matters connected with Spiritualism—or life here and hereafter—would do well to bring them already written.

MEETINGS FOR PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT.—The last two meetings before the recess, for the encouragement and direction of the cultivation of private mediumship will be held in the rooms of the Alliance, at 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., on *May 7th and May 21st, from 4.30 to 5.30 p.m. No person admitted after 4.30.* The proceedings are under the direction of Mr. Frederic Thurstan, who has devoted much time to a special study of the subject. Any Member or Associate of the Alliance earnestly desirous of self-development is welcome to attend, and more especially any promising psychic. There is no fee or subscription.

MR. W. J. COLVILLE lectures on Spiritualism and Occultism in the Lecture Room of the London Spiritualist Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., on *Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 p.m.* General topic, 'Occult Science and its Practical Benefits.' Questions will be answered after each lecture. Admission 1s.

A HINT TO MOTHERS.

Princess Karadja has commenced in Sweden, through her magazine 'XX:e Seklet,' the same kind of work as that which has been carried on by various societies for psychical research, and in France by M. Camille Flammarion. She has invited replies to the now classic questions as to remarkable personal experiences of apparitions, voices, and the like, as well as of dreams revealing previously unknown circumstances.

An interesting reply from the mother of Knut Fraenkel, the engineer who was chief assistant and companion to the intrepid but ill-fated André, is published in the April number. It has no reference to the explorer's mysterious fate, but relates to an examination which Fraenkel had to pass during his studies. The mother was very anxious that he should succeed, and one day fell into a doze, on awaking from which she asked her son, 'How would you build a wooden wharf?' One of his comrades coming in at the moment, she repeated the question to him, and the two young men fell to discussing it. The mother thought to herself that her son would have to answer that question at his examination! This, in fact, was the precise subject which did fall to him as a theme, and upon which he wrote a successful essay.

Madame Fraenkel's conclusion is, that 'there is a higher power which inspires mankind as to what is God's will. Between mother and son there is a bond of union which none but a mother who knows this can understand. It is God's power that unites them. Thus God can inspire a mother as to the difficulties that her son will encounter, but for which he is not yet ripe. It is every mother's duty to watch over her son so that she can receive the inspiration that will be of service for his future.'

J. B. S.

TALKS WITH A SPIRIT CONTROL.—The meetings held at the rooms of the London Spiritualist Alliance on *Thursday afternoons* for an hour's conversation with the spirit control of Mrs. M. H. Wallis, have been so much appreciated that they will be continued for a few weeks longer.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS IN PARIS.

The 'Revue Spirite' contains the following account of some interesting experiments which have been lately carried out with an apparently good mediumistic subject. The phenomena presented are automatic writing and insensibility of the arm. The writer, M. Magnin, an eye-witness at the experimental sitting, says :—

'We have too often heard complaints from the Spiritualists regarding the inertia of the Institute of Psychology in Paris, and are therefore glad to be able to announce that before long the savants of that assembly will be able to examine and study a very interesting medium. It is owing to the intermediary initiative of M. Sage, author of the well-known work, "Zone Frontière," that the Spiritists and the Institute owe their participation in this good fortune, and it was a séance to which, with Dr. Branly, Member of the Academy of Medicine, and M. Courtier, of the Psychological Institute, we were invited, which enables me to lay the following facts before our readers. Thanks are, above all, due to M. Mignon Falize, of Paris, through whose kindness and generosity the services of the medium were placed at our disposition for investigation. The communicating spirit had convoked the meeting and specified the day and hour when we should be shown the phenomenon of control with insensibility of the arm, generally manifested in all genuine mediumship for automatic writing.

'The medium, M. Albert Joumier, has been an employé in the business of Mignon Falize for some years. He is twenty-three years of age, is a married man and father, and enjoys perfectly sound health. His character is above reproach, and he has lent himself to these studies with the best of grace for some four years, never shirking his work for a single day. This is a point worthy of notice, as it strikes us that the majority of Spiritists are too inclined to think that mediums cannot, or should not, work. There are certainly occasional exceptions to be made in the cases of very great and rare mediums; but I maintain that the too general belief concerning mediums and work is fatal to their good development, and leads unconsciously to their committal of fraud.

'The hour for the sitting had been fixed by the medium for 4 p.m., and we took pains to be punctual. At 4.30 we thought it was time to commence and verify with precaution the cutaneous sensibility of the medium. We took his temperature as 36.7; the pulse marking seventy-eight beats. He then seated himself before a small table on which were some large sheets of paper and a pencil. In about a minute perceptible trembling commenced in the hand of the medium, travelling to the wrist, and being increased little by little till the whole arm shook violently and complete rigidity resulted. His face contracted slightly, and the heart beat rather more strongly, while he told us that he felt under the influence of the possessing force, which we hope to define. We found by light prickings with a needle on fingers and hand the progressive stages of anaesthesia as it rapidly travelled to the shoulder. At that moment the pulse indicated one hundred and twenty pulsations. The first written communication told us to pierce the medium's hand between thumb and first finger with a needle, which was done by M. Mignon Falize, and after another invitation from the same source M. Bourcke stuck a second needle between the index and middle fingers to a depth of nineteen millimetres. Employing then M. Durville's method of testing heat on the various brain localisations, we found that over the motor centre of the right arm cold waves could be distinguished, perceptible to all who assisted, including M. Courtier, of the Institute, who had just arrived. The third written communication was given in a less jerky manner, and more legibly, and this while the medium read a financial article from a book he held in the left hand. By this communication we were told to plant a third needle in the arm in the region of the triceps. M. Sage, and most of us, considered the fact of anaesthesia sufficiently demonstrated, but M. Falize wished that the request of the controlling intelligence should be absolutely obeyed, and inserted as desired another (antiseptically prepared) needle to a depth of 22mm., while we in turn continuously and carefully, as directed, depilated the arm, which is a very painful thing to do—and all this without producing any sign of feeling whatever on the part of the medium, he, on the contrary, declaring that he felt perfectly well and at his ease.

'Dr. Branly arriving at this moment examined with care the degree of insensibility, which was considerable, from the tips of the fingers to the shoulder. He asked whether we were perfectly assured of the sensibility of the subject before the sitting, and on our affirmative declaration concluded that he witnessed a phenomenon in auto-suggestion.

'Following from point to point the medium's written direc-

tion, we drew out the needles and found them unmarked by any sign of blood; a slight sanguinous discharge on the arm was alone visible while the needle fixed between the thumb and index finger was drawn out from the opposite side, passing thus right through the flesh. At this juncture the hand dropped the pencil, and little by little, after one or two contracting spasms, the normal sensibility of the arm returned. The gentlemen psychological investigators were then able to examine the medium at their ease, questioning him on his antecedents, his faculties and aptitudes; but scepticism still seeming evident, we asked the communicating force to work again on the medium's arm so that Dr. Branly could make some exact observations. The medium expressed willingness, and after a five minutes' pause the same series of phenomena were again manifested, complete insensibility supervening, and the doctor buried a needle in the arm to a depth of three centimetres. While this experiment was carried out the medium read a paper without exhibiting any distress, and the doctor bound the flesh of the arm, above and below the elbow, with a flat metal tape, though he did not carry out a further test, desired by the writing, that he should make an incision on a spot indicated. The different written communications were signed in the name of M. Falize's father; and the signature as existing on old documents was shown us in order that we might compare them, and the reproduction seemed exact. It is only fair to remark, however, that the medium knew the signature, since he had for several years acted as intermediary in the mediumistic correspondence of M. Falize and his father.

'On the departure of the communicating force the medium appeared to suffer from slight symptoms of congestion, his heart beat irregularly and strongly, while the pulse marked one hundred and thirty beats.

'A document giving full particulars of this very important meeting was afterwards drawn up and signed by all present, the two members of the Psychological Institute preceding their signatures with the words "Proved the fact of insensibility and contraction."

In a few closing remarks the writer adds that 'the arm having once more resumed a normal condition, the medium experiences no fatigue or inconvenience whatever, and no appreciable elevation of local temperature is perceptible. He also expresses the hope that M. Courtier, of the Psychological Institute, will not give way to that excessive distrust and fear of charlatanism too often displayed by scientific investigators; he knows enough of the law of suggestion to be aware that unjustifiable suspicion can have a very bad effect on sensitives, and even incite to a species of automatic fraud. When once the *bona-fides* of the medium has been established, and when the most severe conditions of test have been applied, it would merely create obstacles and prevent manifestations if the attitude of prejudice or hostility were still felt by the subject. Good faith must be exacted from the mediums; but against this, serious experimenters should also manifest a wholly impartial and neutral attitude. This is a truth which men of science occasionally overlook, but one which psychical researchers and Spiritists consider absolutely indispensable.'

A very different picture, dealing with a medium for automatic writing, comes curiously and coincidentally to hand in the current issue of the 'Revue d'Hypnotisme,' where in a short account headed 'Ecriture Automatique, non Hystérique,' we are presented with the sad case of a man who, giving way to disorderly conditions of life while exercising his mediumship, breaks down and finally drifts to Professor Raymond's clinic at the Salpêtrière. This doctor, who occupies the Charcot chair in that famous institution, when presenting this patient to the students, appeared to adopt a somewhat guarded attitude while analysing the case, and wisely refrained from dogmatizing on the mental and psychical nature of the phenomena operating through the patient. Indeed, he strikes more than one suggestive note of interrogation in his concluding remarks. The circumstances surrounding this medium as revealed by Professor Raymond are extremely full of interest to students of Occultism, for it is easy to read between the lines and realise that certain phases of witchcraft, with black magic, are not quite so extinct as many would like to comfortably believe. It is probable that had this unfortunate man been fated to meet with good protective influences instead of demoralising ones, degenerative hereditary tendencies might have been conquered and a highly useful medium been evolved. The events which led up to his becoming a patient at the hospital are as follows :

The man is forty-five years of age, and formerly (a few months ago) held a post as guardian in a cemetery, and when on duty frequently noticed a woman dressed in grey. Three times in succession he had to pursue her for infraction of rules, and hand her over to the cemetery police. Soon after this he lost his post, and then his wife died. Thoroughly broken down, and wondering what was to become of him, he brooded over the desire to know why his wife had died. One day it occurred to him to try and write automatically, and he succeeded. In the characters traced he recognised his deceased wife's handwriting. Once he read: 'I am your wife, who loves you.' Another day his hand wrote: 'You will remain with Madame Marie M—, who lives at 28, Avenue P—.' He sought the woman out, and discovered that she was no less a person than the woman in grey whom he had driven out of the cemetery! Marie M— is a card fortune-teller, and discovers that this man has 'an astonishing faculty for obtaining spirit communications,' and so she requests him to stay with her. He then settles down as a medium, and from that moment becomes a changed man; he feels as if something different had incarnated in him, or, as he expressed it, '*la tireuse de cartes est entrée en moi.*' During his sleep both good and bad spirits appear to him. Sometimes he sees elephants and rats, or feels himself embraced by crocodiles, while visions of the Virgin and Child are occasionally presented. He declares that the good spirits are of flesh and blood like ourselves, but that bad ones are like dead people, or, again to use his phrase, '*ont la peau morte*' (dead skin). These latter plague him, prevent him from working, rob him of vitality, and oblige him to write. Sometimes his hand can only trace hieroglyphics, but the good spirits who come reveal their meaning to him.

'Is this a real case of the hysteria of automatic writing expressing dual personality?' asks the professor, adding, 'In automatic hysteria the writing is sub-conscious, and the individual is ignorant of what takes place, while total anaesthesia of the right hand results. Here the sensibility is absolutely intact, and there exists no somatic sign of hysteria. The man has consciousness of all the movements of his hand; he knows that he writes, and what he writes, and could explain the meaning by pictures visual or motor. We have, therefore, a phase of mania to deal with; he obeys certain impressions and writes what the spirits tell him, which is the form his delirium takes. He feels he is wasting away, and from that to the idea that he is being persecuted is only one step. Seeking to know the cause for this fixes it upon the fortune-telling woman. Are we,' he continues, 'in the presence of chronic persecution mania, one of slow development, but with well-marked series of periods? No, for there the delirium is made up of hallucinations. At twenty-two years of age he contracted a disease, and he is inclined to drink. Stimulated by alcohol, he has developed hallucinatory tendencies very rapidly. He plays the rôle of medium because at the age of twelve or fifteen he became drawn into some spiritist séances, and read papers and books dealing with the subject, and joined groups. In delirium the patient generally reverts to first impressions. These psychic troubles have been evolved on a ground prepared through alcoholism. This man would become well if placed in good conditions of life, the drink eliminated, and above all removed from the sphere of influence exercised by the fortune-teller.'

These are tolerant phrases to come from one who occupies the great official position which Dr. Raymond does, and considering that the case is a frankly spiritistic one. In days when there was less activity in psychical research this man would have been disposed of as a hopeless and incurable lunatic.

J. STANNARD.

MANY-SIDED SYMMETRY.—'The ideal of all evolutionary development is many-sidedness, symmetry. As we study ourselves we find that our being consists of body, reason, conscience, the social instinct, the sentiment of worship, &c., and reason assures us that we must give due time and thought to all of these. We must have physical exercise, we must feed the intellect, we must be moral, we must express our affections, serve our fellows, and manifest the religious spirit. If we attend to all of these our life will be sound, beautiful, true, noble.'—HORATIO DRESSER.

DR. FUNK STARTLED BY A MESSAGE

FROM THE LATE HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We are indebted to several correspondents for cuttings from American newspapers which print more or less sensational details regarding an alleged message from the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, given at a séance in Brooklyn, to the Rev. Dr. Isaac H. Funk, head of the publishing house of Funk and Wagnalls. Here is Dr. Funk's own account of the incident as told to a representative of the 'New York Sun':—

'Recently I was invited by a friend to a private house, where a widow, seventy years old, was going to hold a service for a few friends of the family. The affair was private, no money was asked, and the service was the regular religious service of the Spiritualists that this family holds every night. I sought the invitation to this house myself, and until a very short time before I went there the widow didn't know I was coming, and I guess had never heard of me.

'Well, the old lady went through a performance behind a curtain, and a great many messages from the spirit world were received. After two hours I was getting a trifle bored, when there was a silence, followed by this inquiry from the controlling spirit, who is known in this household as George Carroll:—

'"Is there anybody here who has failed to return something he borrowed from Henry Ward Beecher?"

'I knew this must mean me, for the crowd there were all very poor people, and I was the only one who could possibly have known Mr. Beecher in life. I made no response for a moment, and then George Carroll's voice came from behind a screen with the same inquiry. I responded at once, saying I had known Mr. Beecher very well, but had never borrowed anything that I had failed to return.

'I asked if the spirit of Mr. Beecher was in the room, and was told that it was not but was near by, and that John Rakestraw's spirit was acting for him. For a long time I could not get out of John Rakestraw's spirit what it was that Mr. Beecher's spirit referred to, but finally the controlling spirit told me that Rakestraw had told him that I had once borrowed a coin, a very valuable coin, from either Mr. Beecher or a friend of his, and that the original owner of this coin was very much worried about my failure to return it, as it broke up his collection of coins. He added that I had borrowed the coin to illustrate some book that I had published.

'Now this startled me and I'll tell you why. Back in 1893 I knew Professor West very well. He and Mr. Beecher and I had been intimate friends and all members of the Clerical Society. In 1893, when we were getting up the Standard Dictionary, Professor West showed me a widow's mite he had, one of the only two in existence, he said. The other was in the Philadelphia Mint. I persuaded him to lend me the coin so that I could have a picture of it made for the dictionary. About the same time my brother, Benjamin F. Funk, got a coin that was said to be a real widow's mite, so I turned Professor West's coin over to him and he sent them both to the curator of the Philadelphia Mint to find out which was genuine. The curator sent them back with word that Professor West's was the genuine coin. I saw Professor West repeatedly up to the time he died, and always supposed that my brother had returned the coin to him. He certainly never said anything about its not having been returned to him.

'When the ghost of John Rakestraw accused me of holding on to this valuable coin I replied that Mr. Beecher was mistaken, as the coin had been returned. Rakestraw said it had not been, and we had quite a discussion over it. Then Rakestraw was silent for a time, but after a talk with Mr. Beecher and Professor West (by the way, he never mentioned the name of Professor West) he said the coin was in a big iron safe. First he thought the safe was in Plymouth Church, then said it was in my office. I couldn't get any more information out of John Rakestraw that night, but the next day I lunched with my brother, and in telling him of the matter, asked him what he had done with Professor West's coin. He said it had been returned. After we made our cut of it, he said, he gave it to Mr. Raymond, our cashier, who sent it back to Professor West.

'At the office I asked Mr. Raymond about the coin and Mr. Raymond remembered very distinctly that he had returned the coin. Then I told E. J. Wheeler, the editor of the 'Literary Digest,' about the matter and as he is a great scoffer at Spiritualism, we had a hearty laugh over it.

'Up to this time I hadn't as much as looked in the safe, but Mr. Wheeler said we ought to look if only in fairness to the spirit of John Rakestraw, so I ordered Mr. Raymond to make a search, and in a very few minutes he returned to me with an envelope containing both Professor West's coin and the imitation widow's mite. He had found it in a little drawer in

the safe, under a lot of papers. I must say that Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Raymond and I stopped laughing, and that we have been mystified ever since. I am not prepared to say how the thing was done. What I seek is an explanation.

'And now let me tell you another remarkable feature of this thing. The difference between Professor West's coin and the imitation is that the former is black and the latter light in colour. We made our cut from the light coin, believing that was the one the curator of the mint had pronounced genuine. I went back to this medium a few nights later and had the controlling spirit summon John Rakestraw. When Rakestraw was announced I demanded to know which coin Mr. Beecher was worrying about. Quick as a flash the response came: "The black one." I thought I had trapped the spirit, for knowing we had used the light one I believed that to be the one I had borrowed from Professor West. But the other day I again sent the two coins to the Philadelphia Mint and they sent them back saying the black one was genuine. Therefore that must have been Professor West's, as his was genuine.

'I have the coins still and am waiting for the spirit of Professor West to give me directions what to do with his. The fact that a salesman of mine named Roney is a Spiritualist may lead some people to think that a fraud has been put on me, but Roney is a man who has no access to the safe in my establishment, and he has made a sworn affidavit that he never knew the coins were in the safe or that I ever had such coins. I have presented his affidavit, with the other evidence, to the Psychological Research Society, and hope for some reasonable explanation of this thing soon.'

THE GERMAN PSYCHICAL JOURNALS.

There are many interesting articles in the April number of the 'Uebersinnliche Welt,' the longest and perhaps most important one being a transcription of an address given by Dr. Walter Bormann, entitled 'A Critical Discussion on Spontaneous Occult Phenomena,' which occupies seventeen pages of the journal. Dr. Bormann is a voluminous writer on occult subjects, his articles appearing in both 'Uebersinnliche Welt' and 'Psychische Studien.' He has recently published in book form an account of the celebrated medium, D. D. Home, and has now added in the February and March numbers of 'Psychische Studien' an account of the Lyon-Home action. This is rather 'ancient history,' and all readers of 'LIGHT' may not be acquainted with the facts, which are briefly these:—

Mr. D. D. Home.

Home had the misfortune to attract the attention of an elderly Jewish lady named Lyon. She was a widow, and a Spiritualist, and was possessed of great wealth. Her admiration and affection for Home reached such a height that nothing would satisfy her but the adoption of him as her son; and having thus adopted him, she showered gifts upon him, as well as caresses, which Home does not appear to have appreciated. He, however, accepted her money after some protests, to the amount of several thousands of pounds. After some years of this relation of mother and son, according to Dr. Bormann, the old widow took to tricking herself out with lace and jewellery, which had formerly belonged to the young deceased wife of Home, and redoubled her caresses and attentions to her adopted son. Dr. Bormann more than intimates that her affection for Home was anything but of a maternal character, but as she could obtain no return from him, it turned to hatred. 'Hell has no fury like a woman scorned,' and henceforth she did all in her power to injure him. Home returned a part of the money she had given him, but in 1867 she commenced an action against him for obtaining money from her by undue influence. He had many friends, who remained faithful to him during this unpleasant experience, among them being Lords Lindsay and Adare. The trial lasted ten days and resulted in a decision that the whole of the money must be returned, but that all the costs, of both sides, must be paid by Mrs. Lyon herself, concerning whose honour and credibility the judge remarked: 'The costs of the trial have become greatly increased, firstly through the unjustifiable attack of the complainant upon Mr. Wilkinson (Home's solicitor); and secondly by reason of the numberless untruths and the many important details, sworn to on oath by her, which were so palpably false as to cause great difficulty and hesitation on the part of the Court of Justice.' It is well-known

that Home afterwards went to Russia, where he married a Russian lady of good means and position, who was his faithful and devoted wife till his death, after which she published an account of his life and work.

In the notice of the newly published book by Dr. Bormann, is the following paragraph:—

'Daniel Dunglas Home did distinguished work for the cause of scientific occultism, by his sittings with Crookes and the Dialectical Society. He never took any money for his gifts, and during his thirty-five years of mediumship no "exposure" was ever recorded of him. He was equally distinguished by his mental culture and his amiability.'

Frau v. Pribytkoff.

Another interesting article running through the March and April numbers of 'Psychische Studien,' is headed 'Scientifically Confirmed Proofs of the Genuine Mediumship of Frau Elisabeth v. Pribytkoff.' This is taken (says the editor in a footnote) from the recently published 'Memoirs of Admiral v. Pribytkoff,' who was editor of the spiritistic journal 'Rebus' in St. Petersburg.

The Admiral here gives an account of a series of séances, in which his wife was the medium, which took place in 1881-2; the sitters being the following eminent men, besides the medium: Councillor Aksakoff, Professor D. Butleroff, Professor Wagner, Professor Livoff, M. P. v. Gedeonoff, Prince Emeretinski, and the Admiral himself, W. v. Pribytkoff.

After Madame v. Pribytkoff had passed into a state of deep trance, various kinds of physical manifestations occurred, including raps, direct writing, &c.; but I pass over these, to give an account of some photographic experiments which took place with the same lady as medium, in 1882. The Admiral writes that he was unable to be present himself at all these séances, and 'I am therefore obliged, in describing the wonderful mediumistic phenomenon which took place through my wife's remarkable mediumship, that, namely, of the transcendental photograph of a hand, to give the words of other witnesses.'

These accounts of 'other witnesses' are three in number. The first is by Dr. Wagner, by whom the experiments were conducted in his own house and with his own camera, which was an unusually large stereoscopic one. On the day before the experiment, he himself prepared the plates with collodion emulsion, the time was fixed by the 'controls' in direct writing, and it was expressly stated how many plates were to be used, and finally that on the *third* plate a mediumistic picture would appear. The experiment took place at the appointed time, of course by daylight, though it is stated that the light was feeble (it was in January), which doubtless was the reason of such unusually lengthy exposures. Raps directed when these should begin and terminate. The first two plates were exposed two minutes, but the third had an exposure of no less than three minutes; on this one, when developed, appeared the form of the medium sound asleep, her head leaning on the back of her chair, while about eighteen inches above it is stretched out a 'spirit hand.' On none of eighteen plates taken afterwards on precisely similar conditions was there any transcendental image.

A second account is given by Herr v. Gedeonoff, another of the five persons present on this occasion; and the third and most detailed is from the pen of Councillor Aksakoff. While the two first gentlemen seem inclined to think that the transcendental hand was that of the medium's 'astral double,' Herr Aksakoff describes facts which, he says, are directly opposed to this supposition. The first of these is that while the hand is undoubtedly a female one, it does not in the least resemble that of Madame v. Pribytkoff, and the second that it issues from an old-fashioned sleeve. This is remarked as well by the other gentlemen in their narratives. Madame v. Pribytkoff was on this occasion wearing a tight-fitting coat-sleeve, such as were universally worn at that period; while that from which the hand and wrist issues is loose and frilled. The illness of Madame v. Pribytkoff prevented a continuance of these interesting experiments.

With this article two pictures are given; one of them is a portrait of Madame v. Pribytkoff, a handsome and intelligent-looking woman; the other is a reproduction of the before-mentioned photograph, showing the entranced medium with the hand stretched out, as though in benediction, above her head. I enclose both these, and have no doubt that anyone interested in the subject will be able to see them at the office of 'LIGHT.'

M. T.

OFFICE OF 'LIGHT,' 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
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NATURE AND MAN.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sedgwick's new book, 'Man's position in the Universe,' (London: George Allen), is a highly transcendental, if strictly scientific, work; and, unless we are greatly mistaken, its central idea, which appears to have a good deal to say for itself, was, at all events partly submitted to certain scientists years ago, by a then not-to-be-noticed Spiritualist. This idea is one which carries us into the wonder-world of atoms and beyond them, in an attempt to explain the cause of the sorting and aggregation of the various kinds of atoms into molecules,—and onward. Incidentally, curious thoughts are put forth concerning the cause of what is called 'gravitation,' and the behaviour of electricity as a stream, or 'just like a substance,' as Professor Oliver Lodge once said.

But Mr. Sedgwick is not only concerned with the 'infinitely little': his theories and expositions of them carry him to vast issues, in the course of which he treats the movements of the solar system as parts of a process having for its end the clearing up of the *debris* of world-making; and this planet of ours is described as merely a kind of dustpan and brush, dealing with meteorites and rarefied gases loose in space. He thinks we are misled altogether by beginning at Evolution. Before Evolution, there was a process of atom-creating or atom-ordering, as a preliminary to the 'building' work,—long before Evolution could commence the task we usually associate with it.

Theories are started, and apparently well supported, which are very tempting, but it would be useless to attempt any account of them in the brief space at our command. We cannot, however, pass over the striking conclusion of the book with its fulfilment of the promise contained in the title of it,—'Man's position in the Universe.' But even here it is difficult to follow Mr. Sedgwick, so bewilderingly does he mix up his chemistry and his theology, his dynamics and his notions of the soul. And yet, more knowledge might lead to the discovery that these are intimately, vitally, connected. Why should the process of the evolution of a living and independent soul be less a matter for scientific investigation than the process of the evolution of a body? In several places, this ingenious writer suggests the quite natural building up of an inner self which can register the experiences we call 'memory,' and whose particles could be so held together that it could bear the strain

and shock of what we call 'death,' and persist. He suggests, too, that man may be here for this very thing.

But he arrives at this in a curious way, or, rather, in two curious ways; first by the route we have just indicated,—the spirit-self being a purely natural creation, a definite result of chemical and dynamic (or 'engineering') processes: and second, by an ethical route which we must really try to indicate.

Man is at length brought on to the stage as the great interferer with nature. He is 'out of place in this universe,' as a transgressor; not as a sinner, in the conventional sense of the word, but as a destroyer and waster of nature's work. 'All other animals' help nature in her dealing with the atoms, and in the balance of plant and animal life. But man comes in, burning and scattering what nature stores up, a rebel and a waster, and, as an animal, on the losing side. But there is an object in this. Man, though the waster and the rebel, is evidently being 'fought for,' and is 'greatly favoured and loved,' as the animal that is evolving a moral nature, and therefore he is allowed to make nature subject to him, and to use up her stores for his sustenance. 'Why, then, is man fought for and cared for, and allowed to overspread the earth, and overturn the order of nature? . . . It cannot be for any worth that man has here, either on his animal or on his moral side, that he is fought for and loved by the leader of the hosts of the energy of attraction. The conclusion is inevitable that it can only be for employment in another sphere that man is wanted. In the new heavens and the new earth there may conceivably be full scope for the employment of man's knowledge and powers of controlling.'

All this is blended with survivals of an old-fashioned theology which can be easily disregarded, or lifted and wrapped up by itself; but the general theory, especially when taken with the subtle exposition of his main argument, has value; not much value perhaps for the unscientific reader; but, on the other hand, as far as we can judge, it deserves serious attention on the part of those to whom we look for knowledge and for openness of mind.

'ONOMATOLOGY.'

I have studied Kabbalistic astrology for some years, like 'Asteros,' and have been much interested in the results, and should also be glad to hear more of 'Onomatology.'

In connection with this, it may be remembered that some families have a belief in certain names being 'unlucky' to them, and avoid giving those to their children when christened. At any rate, this is so in the family I married into; and when I wished to give one of my sons a certain name, to keep up remembrances, my father-in-law strongly opposed it, saying that those in his family so named 'never came to any good.' So this name was not revived; but it has been given to a young cousin, and certainly he has, so far, not been at all fortunate; we hope for a more successful future.

I called two of my sons, for a Christian name, 'Lawrence,' and was long afterwards told by another elderly relation that this was also considered to be an unlucky name in the family, as those bearing it generally died young. By a mistake, the first of my sons to be christened by this name had it wrongly spelt—with a 'u' instead of a 'w.' The elder one has had a singularly successful life so far; the second was drowned at the age of sixteen; and a cousin of his, bearing the same name, died at the age of fifteen, from scarlet fever, at school. I should say that by Kabbalistic astrology the variation of the letter would make no difference.

In my own family, we avoid the name of 'Thomas' or 'Tom,' all our relations of that name having been either unfortunate, or bad characters.

'ASTRA.'

'WEIGHTS THAT HINDER US.'

Address by MR. J. W. BOULDING to the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, in the Regent Saloon, St. James's Hall, on the evening of April 16th; THE PRESIDENT OF THE ALLIANCE, MR. E. DAWSON ROGERS, in the chair.

MR. BOULDING said: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is usual with lecturers for your society to take some subject that is more or less scientific, but I thought it might be an agreeable change if I gave you a lecture on this occasion of a practical kind: for after all, the best science is the Science of Life, and philosophical disquisitions are of little benefit if they do not lead to practical results. The conclusion of the Preacher in the Book of Ecclesiastes is a very sane one. We are told that because the Preacher was wise he taught the people knowledge: that he pondered and sought out and set in order many proverbs: that he sought to find out acceptable words, even words of truth: but after making many books, and wearying his mind with scientific researches and problems of philosophy, he was obliged to fall back on practical religion and the science of life as the only satisfactory and abiding end—'Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter, Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.' I feel, therefore, that I shall be in extremely good company to-night if I do the same; and though I am a very little Ecclesiastes, with no golden crown like Solomon, and not even a golden mouth like Chrysostom, yet I will do my best to 'point a moral,' even if I cannot 'adorn a tale,' and wind up the winter series of scientific and philosophic lectures which you have heard from this platform by a practical conclusion of the whole matter. And I hope you will not mind if I base my remarks upon the words of a man who was a greater Ecclesiastes than even Solomon—the reputed author of the Epistle to the Hebrews: words which happen to embody *our scientific knowledge as a society with its practical issues as individual members*: words which confirm our belief as students of the unseen while they direct our conduct as travellers thither—words which corroborate our faith as *Spiritists and should govern our lives as Spiritualists*.

For there is a great difference between these two persons; a *Spiritist* may not be a *Spiritualist* and a *Spiritualist* may not be a *Spiritist*. A *Spiritist* is a man who believes in spirit existence and spirit manifestation; a *Spiritualist* is a man who lives a spiritual life, though he may have no knowledge or experience of spirits out of the body. Hence a man may be a *Spiritist*, and yet a bad man, a false man, a perfect demon of a man; and the spirits he deals with may be like himself—bad spirits, wicked spirits, demons of darkness and not angels of light. And another man may be a *Spiritualist*, a good man, a true man, a perfect angel of a man, and yet may know nothing of good spirits, true spirits, angelic spirits, although, attracted by his goodness, they may be all about him, and continually ministering to his spiritual life. Now, the passage I am about to quote is suited to both these men—*Spiritists and Spiritualists*—and is confirmatory of the faith of the one and helpful to the life of the other. I will read you the passage:—

'Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.'

The writer, you see, whoever he was, likens our life in this world to a race, and he says the spirits of the dead are the people gathered on the race-course, and watching our career. He has been speaking of a great number of representative persons, Abel and Enoch, Noah and Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Joseph and Moses, David and Samuel, besides a vast number of nameless saints, prophets, witnesses, martyrs, *all of them dead long ago*. But he says they are not dead—they have, on the contrary, entered into life, have become citizens of the city whose Builder and Maker is God; have obtained an inheritance in a better country, even a heavenly, and being such as these, advanced and promoted to heavenly life and celestial citizenship, they have not been thereby separated from earth, or

alienated from its human interests and concerns; but he says they are all gathered together as earnest and even anxious witnesses of mankind. So numerous, indeed, are they that they are individually indistinguishable, and present the aspect of a great dense cloud, hovering and hanging round the course of our race, compassing us about with their living presence, their intelligent scrutiny, and their sympathetic love; and filled with intense and continual solicitude that we should run well, run unhindered, and finally win the immortal prize.

And does it not strike you that it is a beautiful thought—a delightful reflection—that we are thus sympathetically watched, and helpfully attended; that we are not alone in our life; *never* alone; that we are encompassed and closed about by the *living* dead, the *loving* dead, the *ministering* dead; that there is no difficulty in our life of which they are not cognisant; that there is no sorrow with which they are not sympathetic; and that there is no work, or duty, or labour of love on which they do not look with approving and encouraging eyes? To me it is one of the grandest and most exhilarating thoughts. I love to remember that there are other hearts beating with sympathy besides those that I can feel; and other eyes watching besides those that I can see. And when there is no visible eye to behold, and no tangible heart to feel, and I am all alone, and, perhaps, like Elijah, depressed with my loneliness, and the vanity of my life; how consoling it is to know that there is no solitude in God's world to a servant of God; that wherever there is a true man doing the work, and fighting a true fight, there the invisible witnesses are gathered; witnesses who are not prying, idle, lounging spectators, as men are here, but ministers and intelligent co-workers, thrilling with sympathy, helpfulness, and love. Sometimes when I have felt sad, depressed, and lonely, I have asked for the presence of my ascended mother, and no sooner have I asked than I have felt the touch of her responsive hand, and received through mine her consoling message. Occasionally I have been told that when I called for her she was not *locally* near: but the desire for her presence, the loving thought of her, has flashed to her spirit at whatever remote distance she may have been, and brought her with the rapidity of the light to my side. I used to doubt this instantaneous effect of my prayer or wish, but the marvel of Marconi's telegraphy has seemed to illustrate and even confirm my belief. Those wireless messages are almost akin to spirit communications. Flashing through the ether over three thousand miles of pathless sea, they seem to suggest that spirit communication is only a parallel to this marvellous process, and that the transmitter in my mind and the receiver in my mother's are illustrated by those finely-attuned instruments whereby the world is made a whispering gallery, and continents separated by solitary oceans become one by the sympathy of soul with soul. The conviction, therefore, is always strong, and the feeling sweet beyond the power of words, that there are currents of thought and emotion continually passing between me and the unseen; that the cloud which gathers and hovers about me is charged with spiritual electricity; that the lightnings of this subtle and mysterious force are perpetually flashing down in sympathetic influence; that in a higher sense than Byron meant

'The sparkle in the eye is caught
From Heaven and lightened with electric thought,'

and that in a spiritual and blessed sense I am never uninfluenced, and never alone, because these waves of spiritual power are continually playing round my mind and heart, and these unseen witnesses are always at my side.

When I mentioned this idea once to a friend of mine, he replied, 'What an awful thought! Never to be alone! Never to be by yourself! Never to have any privacy! Always to be watched by some invisible eye!' But I do not share his opinion. Why should we mind being always inspected if we are true men and are living honest and transparent lives? I did not know that *good* men objected to the Inspector. I always thought it was the thief that feared the policeman; that the watchman was rather a comfort than otherwise to the honest man, because he not only watches for him and over him, but against the *prowler* who might do him wrong. Why should I want to be so private unless I am meditating evil or doing it? Why

should I object to my beloved dead going with me everywhere, noting everything I do, hearing everything I say, and even writing it down in some immortal book? On the contrary, if I am really sincere in wishing to be good always, and to do good everywhere, I shall welcome the companionship of the good spirits, who will certainly approve and as certainly assist.

Whether, however, we wish it or not, depend upon it it is true, that we never *are* alone, never *are* unobserved. And if the *good* spirits are *not* with us—if they *cannot* be with us because they are repelled by our evil thoughts and driven away by our evil deeds—then be sure we are still accompanied, but accompanied by those who are evil like ourselves; there is still a cloud of witnesses compassing us about, only it is not a cloud of light and love, filled with the glory of the celestial skies, but a cloud of darkness that has steamed up from the deep abyss, a cloud that is dense with demon forms, and flashing with the lightnings of demon eyes.

I think I once mentioned to you the case of a distinguished public man who said to me when I was dining with him, and telling him some of my spiritual experiences, especially in relation to my departed mother: 'If I believed my mother knew all I did, I should be a very different man from what I am.' Yes, there is no doubt something very full of discipline and moral utility in the thought of some dear one's perpetual presence, oversight, and inspection. (Hear, hear.) Everyone, of course, believes that God sees him, or says he believes it; but what practical use is the belief to most people? It is too vague, too impersonal, too general, to have any close or tenacious hold of the ordinary human mind. There comes in the question, Who is God? What is God? This Infinite Something! This Nameless Mystery! This Universal Potency! This Incomprehensible Influence! It is too indefinite; too unfamiliar; too remote. But one's own *mother*—the face that is dearest to one's heart, and clearest to one's recollection; that is associated with all that is tender, beautiful and true; the face that one would never willingly darken with a cloud, or stain with a tear—to think of *that face*, always near, always watchful, always anxious and loving, he would be a hard man, a base man, I had almost said a *lost* man, who would wish such a face absent; or being present would dim it with a look of reproach, or sully it with a tear of regret. (Applause.) Let us be sure, therefore, every one of us, that when we meditate a wrong action, or when we do one, either from pre-determined thought or sudden temptation, let us be sure that we are not only observed, and the incident is recorded in some invisible memory, but that we send a shock of surprise, a thrill of pain, through some immortal mind—a mother, or a sister, a lover, or a child—and that although no soul on earth knows our sin, and no human heart is affected by it, we becloud the brightness of some celestial face, we heap a burden on some celestial heart; tears such as angels weep stream down the face of some ascended friend, and we have dimmed for him the glory of one celestial day.

Now, this is what I conceive to be the great distinguishing feature of Spiritualism. *It is so human, so practical.* It brings the realities of religion home to the *heart*. The orthodox ideas are often too intangible. Some of them are so divine, or what is thought to be divine, that they are not *human* at all. For instance, that one of God the Judge, the all-seeing Judge, writing everything down in the Books; the dead small and great standing before the Judge, the Books then being opened and the dead judged out of the things that are written in the Books, and everyone whose name is not found written in the Book of Life—which seems to be a sort of God's Family Bible Register, containing the names of His favourite children selected out of the vast population of rejected Esaus—everyone whose name is not written in this Family Register of chosen Jacobs flung into the lake of fire that roars, and smokes, and seethes beneath.

Now all this is too theatrical, too general, and too unrealisable to appeal to the conscience, or to move the heart. But when you drop this unimaginable and unsympathetic scene and introduce the domestic and the familiar; the persons that are nearest to the human sympathy, the relations that are dearest to the human soul; when you think, not of the awful Judge but

of the gentle friend; not of the hard books with the stubborn facts, but of the loving memory that longs to forgive, and will finally forget; of the gentle soul that pities and extenuates, excuses and weeps; of the charity that covers a multitude of sins, and that sorrows for them even as if they were its own; of the love that suffereth long and is kind; that believes against evidence, and hopes against hope; when you look upon these *human* elements as comprising that cloud of inspection and record which compasses you about, and follows you where you go, you cannot evade its claim on your conscience, you cannot resist its appeal to your heart. (Applause.)

Whatever be your condition, then, and whatever your circumstances, lift up your eyes to the encompassing cloud. It is a *bright* cloud, like that on Tabor. And there are voices coming out of it as there were out of that. And they are voices full of sympathy, healing, and help. If you are burdened with some heavy sorrow, there are eyes in that beautiful 'cloud' that ~~one~~ were wet with tears and are still tearful with human sympathy. If you are perplexed with some difficulty and your way is dark, there are hands in that 'cloud' that once groped like the blind, as yours do, and they are stretched out to you with a guiding wisdom and a grasp of love. If you are suffering for righteous principle and doing God's work against great opposition and with personal loss, loneliness, and pain; that 'cloud' becomes bright with hosts of martyrs who, through bonds and scourgings, fires and scaffolds, fought their way to the final scene; and their bosoms heave with sympathy and their hearts burn with love while they cheer you under the Cross, and beckon you to the Crown. So wherever you be, and whatever be your lot, think of the 'cloud'—the beautiful 'cloud'—the cloud that ascended from earth, but now abides in Heaven; the 'cloud' that never evaporates; the 'cloud' that distils its fulness, yet never diminishes, and never disappears; the 'cloud' that obscures no sunlight but is bright with it, and is only the medium for the transmission of its rays; the 'cloud' that has no earthly elements, save human pity, tenderness, and love, and has lifted these into the region of the eternal and divine; the 'cloud' whose only density is the strength of its affections, and whose only lightnings are the volitions of its power; the 'cloud,' in a word, that is ascended life, and descending energy, and ever-brooding, watching, blessing-giving grace; the 'cloud' that encompasses you, that follows you, that folds you in its living, loving embrace, and never leaves you, and never will till it draws you into its bosom, and you mingle your existence with its ascended life and eternal love.

Having looked at our witnesses, let us now look at ourselves and try to see ourselves as they see us. Let us borrow their eyes and see how we are *running* the race which they are *watching*. For if it is worth their while to watch us, it is surely worth our while to watch ourselves. And it is evidently the idea of the author of the Hebrews that we have no slight task in running this race; for he sees us *heavily weighted*; fearfully hindered by many incumbrances. And when I think of it, what a spectacle we must be sometimes to the watching angels! What a miscellaneous horde of heavily-weighted souls! Camels of the desert—horses of the street—mules of the market—they are lightly weighted compared with us. And we are running our race—or we think we are, and what is more wonderful, think we are running well, and getting on splendidly, when in truth we are so burdened that we can scarcely move, and are for the most part lying down and not moving at all. If you ask me what the 'weights' are I can hardly specify them; they are so numerous, and one seems to be so subtly entangled with another, that to separate and label them seems almost impossible. Still we must try; and perhaps with a great deal of patience, and assorting, and ticketing, we may be able to point out a few of the heaviest, and find out also a few of the most deceptive—those that appear so light and are really so heavy; and so deceive us with their fair appearances, that we think they are lifts and wings and chariots, when they are only loggers, and chains, and insufferable drags.

Of course the vulgar weights it is easy to distinguish. It requires no subtlety, or critical acumen to discover *them*. They are like 'a mountain, gross, open, palpable.' The money bags, for instance—we see them at a glance. They

require no singling out. There they lie, heaps upon heaps, Ossa on Pelion, hill on hill of glittering gold. And the owners are very often like Sisyphus, rolling his stone up the hill whence it always comes down again, so that they never get their gold where they want it, nor themselves either. These people never make any progress when once the gold weight has fairly got them under it. They tell you they want money. Money is everything. Brains are nothing unless to get money with, time is nothing unless to make money in : knowledge is nothing, intellect nothing : gold is their master, their end, their all. When I hear these people talk, I think of the classic fable of Midas. Midas asked of Bacchus the power to turn everything he touched into gold : and Bacchus gave him that power—as Bacchus often does, by the way : for beer and wine and such-like things which Bacchus represents, are often the source of fortune to their makers. But Apollo, the beautiful Apollo, the divine Apollo, counteracted the blessing of Bacchus, by turning the ears of Midas into those of an ass. And how often does Apollo do that now ! So that they hear no music, and have no ear for anything except the jingling of their gold. These long-eared gentry, how well we know them ! and how impossible it is for them to hide those long ears ! Midas tried but Midas failed. He succeeded for a while, but the Barber found him out : and the barber being afraid to divulge the secret, and yet unable to keep it to himself, dug a hole in the ground and relieved his barber-mind by whispering into the hole, 'Midas is an ass.' But that whisper would not be buried, as such whispers never will ; for though he filled up the hole there sprang from it a cluster of whispering reeds, which, as often as their old gossip, the wind, passed by, repeated in his ear, and sent him off with the story to breathe it about the world, 'Midas is an ass ! Midas is an ass !' And the old fable still lives and breathes ; and often when we have walked with the gold-worshipper in his domain, we have heard the trees sighing in his garden, 'Midas is an ass,' and the furniture in his rooms has creaked 'Midas is an ass.' And round the walls we have heard the whisper pass like a mocking spirit or an evil gnome, 'Midas is an ass.' And we did not need even these to tell us ; for there were the long ears, always covered, but never concealed, which told us that he was deaf to everything but the clink of the coins he worshipped, and that 'Midas had only the ears of an ass.'

That was a picture true to life which Shakespeare drew in his 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' where he represents Titania, the Fairy Queen, the beautiful Titania, the spiritual Titania, saying in a blind infatuation of delight to Bottom, the weaver, in his ass's head :—

'Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk roses in thy sleek, smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.'

And we have seen many Titanias, Queens of Beauty, and Queens for Delight, blinded by the gold of Midas, dotting on his fictitious and imaginary virtues, and kissing his ass's ears in a delirium of joy.

Well, these men are heavily weighted, fatally weighted ; and though they now and then relieve their consciences by giving a little of their gold to others, yet the weight is hardly lessened ; and they move slowly, heavily, and clumsily, and very often never move at all. As for running the race set before them, there is no 'run' in them ; they don't even walk, they don't even crawl ; and when Death 'unloads them' they will be found, many of them, just where they were ; and perhaps farther away than when they started on their immortal career.

And how many of these men are compelled, when they compare their fresh, spontaneous, beauty-loving childhood with their dry, sordid, unresponsive maturity, to repeat the lines of Wordsworth in the most tragic sense :—

'There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Appar-elled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.'

The false light [has obscured the true ; the eye has been dazzled by the counterfeit brilliance ; so that the real glory he can no longer see ; and the total result of the years of discipline and labour, energy and application, and all the qualities that have achieved for him success, is the poor reflection, the miserable consciousness, that he is farther from Heaven than when he was a boy.

But now I hear a poor man say, 'Well, thank God, that doesn't apply to me. I have no gold and never had any, so I am free from that weight at all events.' Don't be too sure of that, my friend. Don't exult in your freedom too soon. For, let me tell you, there's many a poor man that is more heavily weighted than the rich—weighted not with gold, but with the desire for it, the craving after it, the coveting of it, and the disappointment at not getting it—and while some who are rich are not weighted with it at all, but are as free, light-hearted, and spiritually-minded as if they had not a farthing in the world, there are men who are as poor as Lazarus but as weighted as Dives—weighted with the gold they crave for, the gold they covet, the gold they never had and never will have while the world endures ; weighted with the phantom of gold—which is only its weight without its benefit. The whole question of 'weights,' you see, lies in the *master-passion*, the *master-pursuit*. You may be *rich*, and your soul light as air ; you may be *poor*, and your heart heavy as lead. I wrote a poem some time ago on the question of worldliness, which, perhaps, elucidates this point better than my prose ; and if you will listen to me I will recite it to you :—

The world and the unworldly soul
Together often sit :
And he who nearest is, is oft
The *farthest* off from It.

I've seen the great and mighty walk
Heaven-high, the earth above :
But they oft love the world the most
Who have the *least* to love.

I've seen the coroneted *head*
With reverence bending *low* :
And *serv*ing men and maids behind,
As proud as Satan, go.

The Earl is simple as a child :
But John !—upon my word,
Did he not overact the part,
You'd think he was '*my Lord*.'

More oft with pence than fortunes staked,
Hell plays for souls of men ;
Why, Judas sold the Lord of all
For only three pounds ten.

There are who, in the purple born,
The pomps of power despise :
While Mary from her new stuff-gown
Can scarcely lift her eyes.

I have seen men of brilliant minds
Modest in deed and speech :
But brainless little nobodies
Like peacocks strut and screech.

And some there be of vast estate
Whose hearts are pure and whole :
While others in an acre-plot
Have buried all their soul.

So worldliness lies not in things,
But only in the heart :
Who lightly holds them, rich or poor,
Hath chos'n the better part.

Indeed it is wonderful what little things sometimes become *heavy weights*. And if it be true that 'thoughts are things,' what strange 'things' the spirits see as they look down upon us from that over-shadowing 'cloud.' They see this man carrying his estate, his house and furniture, and all that is his. Instead of the carriages carrying him he is carrying the carriages ; and instead of the horses pulling him he is pulling the horses ; and instead of the coachman driving him the coachman is sitting in easy content, and he is driving the coachman, with all his nerves in the greatest tension. And the lady is carrying her wardrobe, piles and piles of gowns, and hats and bonnets ; and only a woman knows what a weight even a bonnet may be ; a light, feathery thing like that may occupy so much of her consideration as to be an intolerable

burden and oppression to her soul. Emerson speaks somewhere, I recollect, of a woman 'being a meek slave to a bonnet,' and I am sure there are many of these meek slaves amongst us. And some women are carrying their servants about—cooks, and housemaids, and parlour-maids, and chamber-maids—all piled up on their elegant backs; and the weight of them is dreadful even to think of, though it is comical to reflect upon; and must make the emancipated spirits smile as they look from the 'cloud' and see the poor lady going about with her pile of domestics on her weary shoulders. You can see for yourself that this is so without even ascending to the 'cloud' and looking down from that exalted height; for the servant question is the chief topic in drawing-room politics, and every person in the place seems obscured by the presence of the absent cook. Indeed, I know of a servant who said to a friend of mine, 'I don't want to go to an "At Home," for my mistress always takes me; so I go without any trouble to myself: and am honoured by being the chief subject of conversation, and the most important person there.' (Laughter.) What a weight to carry about with one, to be sure! Of course one's home, which should be our relief and the lightener of our load, may be thus turned into a heavy weight, too heavy to be borne; and there is no wonder that some mistresses seem bowed to the earth when they carry about such cumbering heaps of humanity on their backs. Even one's hobby may become a weight, and the thing that a man takes up at home for recreation and amusement, or as a relief from business, may gradually so absorb his thought and occupy his leisure that it may become a care instead of a comfort; a burden instead of a benefit; and an additional 'weight' instead of a lightening of his ordinary load. Anything, in fact, that is invested with a fictitious importance; that is lifted to an undue and unmerited prominence; that disturbs the proportion, relationship, and equilibrium of the objects of life; whether it be business or home, profit or pleasure; or anything great or small connected with either; whatever it may be, it is a 'weight' if it destroys or impairs the equipoise of our being by bringing us into subjection to its disproportionate demands.

(To be continued.)

EXPERIMENTS IN PSYCHOMETRY.

BY EDITH HAWTHORN.

(Continued from page 173.)

There is, no doubt, a vivid contrast between the fragment of old linen, mentioned in my previous communication, and a knob of coal, yet the history of the latter will, perhaps, prove the more valuable of the two, in that most of the scenes described have a present, practical interest.

A correspondent, Mr. Samuel Jones, 6, Askew Bridge-road, Gornal Wood, Dudley, Worcestershire, was selected to be my assistant in the following experiment, on account of its being general knowledge that we had never met, nor had I ever visited his part of the country.

Mr. Jones was deputed to send me samples of soil and substances which should be known to me by their respective numbers only—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Upon their arrival I was directed to take notes of any impressions that might come to me whilst holding each sample in turn, and forward them to Mr. Jones, for him to report on the question whether they in any way agreed with the surroundings I described. I give my impressions, and subjoin Mr. Jones's comments within brackets.

This is the history of sample No. 5. On placing my fingers upon a hard, *invisible* substance, confined in a roomy package, I saw:—

'Two or three men looking at a black wall. One man was holding a lantern; another appeared to be making a general survey of the place, and was a long time arriving at some agreement or decision.'

['This seems a fairly good description of the inspectors who go down the pit first in the morning with a safety lamp, to examine the workings, and see if all is safe, before the miners go to their work.'—S. JONES.]

'I feel that this specimen is *coal*; there is nothing slaty in its nature; it is like a beautiful piece of black jet.'

['Perfectly correct. Heathen coal.'—S. JONES.]

'And was taken from a considerable depth.'

['The lowest layer in our mine.'—S. JONES.]

'Men are at work in a kind of black gallery at a lower depth than where I hear the rattle of trucks.'

['A light railway passes over the surface very near the spot where the sample came from. The black gallery is very probably a portion of the mine.'—S. JONES.]

'I also see men working in isolated groups, digging their way through black walls. Some of them are standing up, others sitting down, but all are in curiously awkward and cramped positions.'

['Miners do have to work in isolated groups. Remainder of this paragraph is a very good description of the workings in the mine.'—S. JONES.]

'My eyes are fixed now upon one man, working quite alone, in such a low, narrow tunnel that he is lying down in it. A sad, troubled feeling comes over me as I look upon him, and I vaguely hope there won't be a fall of coal to crush him.'

['No! no accident has happened in that pit for a long time.'—S. JONES.]

'Strange! his thoughts are not upon his work. He is thinking of "the missus" and of "the little 'un"! Now I look upon a country churchyard, full of the graves of humble folk; I see their simple inscriptions.'

['There is no church or cemetery anywhere near the spot; the nearest is about a mile distant.'—S. JONES.]

'I get a weird, unwonted idea, whilst looking upon this poor man, that many a sad accident has happened in this mine of which the world has heard nothing.'

['No; it is a comparatively recently-opened mine, and no serious accident causing loss of life has ever occurred there.'—S. JONES.]

'I see a black, impenetrable wall before me, as yet, I think, unexplored, and I feel I am near water. Indeed, so strong and vivid are the vibrations that I want to take my rod, and it would, I know, lead me to the right. I am almost frantic. I want to stem or dam that water. I must force it back! I cannot see those poor men drowned like wretched, helpless rats in a hole!'

['Exactly! Very good! There is a deal of water in the mine, and in that direction—so much, indeed, that a pit situated at a distance to the right, failed to reach the vein of coal on account of the abundance of water that interfered with the work. There is no real danger now. A miner would call the pit fairly dry; but still the water is in the earth.'—S. JONES.]

'I cannot now clearly define the succeeding impressions—they are so sad and conflicting. I am anxious and worried about some part of those unexplored black regions. I am heartsick at the thought of an invisible, indefinable danger. My head aches. My nostrils are choking. I feel ill and giddy. There is something besides water to be feared. I am choking. My lungs press painfully against my ribs. My mouth, nose, eyes, and ears are filling with a nauseous kind of gas. My head feels as if it must burst.'

['A very good description of the effect of damp, which is rather troublesome in this mine.'—S. JONES.]

'Oh! how terrible! I see the man I described before, lying upon his chest. His face is black, and blood is issuing from his poor mouth, nose, and ears.'

['Eureka! What's this! It has just occurred to my mind that twenty years ago, or just over, a man was fatally injured in the mine, which, I tell you, tried to reach this vein of coal but failed to do so on account of the water. The man died just four weeks after receiving the injury. This man's wife was confined with a baby boy in the morning, and in the evening of the same day her husband died. That baby boy—now a young man—is the fellow who brought this sample to me. Can this explain your sad influence?']

'I am descending far, far below this great bed of coal. I am going back in my mind centuries and centuries ago. Before Christ. I am looking upon a forest in which the trees are so tall and dense that, peer where I will, I cannot get a

glimpse of the sky. I also see bears, huge, greyish-black animals that live in caves. There is one immense creature standing on some grey boulders or rocks, leading to a deep pool or lake, and vaguely I connect that deep pool or basin with the hidden channel of water which caused me so much uneasiness when describing the men at work in the mine.'

[*'Well done!!! I am informed that the water which was in the mine sprang from below. There are many excellent hits in this sample, which comes exactly to or very near the mark.'*—S. JONES.]

Mr. S. Jones also appends the following note upon the sample psychometrised :—

This sample was a piece of coal technically called 'Heathen coal,' which term refers to the bed or layer of coal from which it is taken. There are several layers or veins of coal separated from each other by layers of other substances, and the 'Heathen coal' is the *lowest* layer in our mines.

The sample was brought to me by a collier. It would probably be carried from the pit in his hand or pocket; I could not be sure which it was.—S. JONES.

A PURBLIND SPECTATOR.

Three weeks ago 'The Spectator' had an article entitled 'The Widening of Man's Horizon,' a splendid subject. The writer summarised the recent wonderful physical discoveries; 'the liquefaction and solidification of air, the light cure for lupus, the Röntgen rays, the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy,' and the magical properties of radium. He then asked this sapient question: 'We have made discoveries about what we call material things; will it ever happen that we shall make discoveries about things that are non-material? Is it in any conceivable way possible that some day . . . it may be ordained that there shall come to man the direct revelation of a fixed law answering the eternal question, "What am I?"'

On reading that amazing question I rubbed my eyes and thought the printer's devil must have usurped the editorial chair. So I wrote to the editor, pointing out that a week or two before, in his own columns, a book was reviewed (Myers's 'Human Personality') which, had it been read with one gleam of insight, would have shown him that all these wonderful physical discoveries pale their ineffectual fires before the depth and splendour of psychical and spiritual discoveries all tending to answer this very question. But the Editor was not alert enough to seize the chance of putting himself right with well-informed people; he placed my letter in the editorial archives—*i.e.*, the waste-paper basket—thus endorsing the blundering of his purblind contributor. For this year of grace 1903, this is surely a monumental case of the wilfully blind leading the blind.

Is it not amazing that men posing as leaders of thought should nowadays put such a question in such a muddle-headed way, as if it could be answered in a pamphlet or an editorial? All history is the beginning of the answer; all discoveries—physical, psychical, and spiritual—are paragraphs in a detailed answer that will take an eternity to unroll.

The answer to 'What am I?' involves the question of what God is, and the What, Why, Whence, and Whither, not only of the visible Universe, but also of the grander Unseen Universe, light from which is flowing in upon us in a blinding stream. Light always has and always will flow in faster than we can open our minds to receive it. But to all this our ultra-respectable 'Spectator' turns his back, and wonders whether we shall ever be favoured with a dawn!

E. WAKE COOK.

MR. W. J. COLVILLE'S LECTURES.—The addresses delivered by Mr. W. J. Colville in the rooms of the London Spiritualist Alliance on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 p.m., are proving very interesting. Numerous questions are asked in connection with each discourse. On Friday, May 1st, the last of three lectures on Chirology (Palmistry) will be delivered. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 3 p.m., Mr. Colville has been addressing large audiences at the Higher Thought Centre, 10, Cheniston-gardens, Kensington, and on Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, at 22, University-street (see advertising columns). Arrangements are in progress for lectures in a hall adjoining King's Weigh House Church (particulars next week).

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.

Frau Rothe—The Flower Medium.

SIR,—Is not Mr. 'C. A. M.,' the 'magistrate,' a little too summary in his dealing with this case? Frau Rothe pleaded that the flowers were *real* flowers, and unless given to her must have been bought or stolen. These were dematerialised and then rematerialised in the air in the séance-room by a chemistry more subtle than our own, but of which we are already getting glimmerings. Now, this plea, if unsupported, might look as if 'made in Germany' for the occasion; but on referring to Mrs. d'Espérance's fascinating book, 'Shadow Land,' written long before, and with no such case in view, it will be seen that the plea is a valid one. So the only facts that the prosecution *proved* were in the medium's favour. The other alleged 'facts' are discredited by the discredit the prosecution brought on itself by its gross unfairness.

'FAIR-PLAY.'

The Pains and Perplexities of Life.

SIR,—Having recently read with intense interest the letters in your columns under the above heading, I venture to ask with special reference to a letter by 'Vernon Leftwich' in your issue dated April 25th, whether it is not entirely presumptuous, and, therefore, necessarily absurd, to presume to know that it would have been better for us to have been created in heaven and never to have gone through the trials of earth? Your correspondent begs the whole question by assuming that he knows what he cannot possibly know; and, indeed, his remarks concerning two possible courses of action stretching before a Creator limited in power though unlimited in benevolence are, to say the least, utterly undemonstrable. Let us conceive of ourselves as by no means omniscient but still possessing and exercising far greater wisdom than we at present enjoy; can we be at all sure that we should always carefully shelter the objects of our love from a discipline which, though painful and perplexing, results in ultimate benefit? I have no desire whatever to enter the ranks in this discussion, primarily as a controversialist, but as the subject is of such world-wide interest, and touches so closely what must be near the heart of every thoughtful human being, I trust I may be permitted to lay before your readers the following considerations:—

1. Are we justified by any reasonable appeal to the indisputable facts of human experience in even imagining that we should be ultimately better off had we been created 'in heaven' and not sent into 'a world of sorrow in order to make us fit to partake of His own spiritual pleasures'?
2. Does not your correspondent overlook utterly the necessity that a finite being, in the course of the unfolding of distinct self-consciousness, must be submitted to an educational career?
3. Is it not utterly beyond proof, as it is to many theists also beyond credence, that the means God is employing for the education of His dearly-loved children are the very best possible for their ultimate perfection?

To my mind, the pitiful error involved in all such questionings of God's power as are frequently indulged in by many evidently sincere and kindly people grow out of the absurd supposition that we can possibly decide, with our very imperfect knowledge, what is the best way for accomplishing the end of perfected human education; and if there be any truth in the idea that we can hold communion with highly progressed human intelligences in the spiritual world, we ought to be able to learn from them something fairly definite concerning the actual benefits which they now know they have derived from passing through that very painful and perplexing discipline which we are at present undergoing. As I presume our worthy friend, 'Vernon Leftwich,' entertains no sympathy for such theories as everlasting punishment or annihilation, he may safely trust that he will live to see the day when he will sincerely thank God for every trial and perplexity he has ever known. In these days of the breaking up of old and fearful superstitions, many persons are taking refuge for a season in a school of thought which closely resembles that of John Stuart Mill, but in my humble opinion we can derive immeasurably more help from a nobler estimate of all Divine attributes. However deep and dark the problem of temporary evil may be, it is quite reasonable to view it as completely in accord with the blissful idea that this world is both a school and a workshop, and that we are here for educational purposes. Analogies without number occur to the minds of all who contemplate this all-satisfying view of present circumstances. Though we cannot positively demonstrate infinite power, we

can see nothing in the condition of the Universe to force us to disbelieve in it, as well as in infinite wisdom and benignity. For all who are interested in the general subject I would recommend a careful reading of Sir Wm. Thompson's pamphlet, 'The Unknown God?' and the Rev. Chas. Voysey's recent publication, 'Religion for all Mankind.' Trusting that we may all increasingly come to realise that there is nothing in our present pains and perplexities to prevent our placing implicit and unflinching trust in the power, goodness, and wisdom of the One Eternal God.

W. J. COLVILLE.

22, University-street, W.C.

[We have other letters on the same subject, but are obliged to hold them over for another issue.—ED. 'LIGHT.']

Spirit Lights.

SIR,—In regard to Major Thatcher's letter in a recent issue of your paper on the question of 'Spirit Lights,' I should like to inform him that from experience (not theory) I know that this phenomenon can be very easily imitated. Perhaps the editor will recollect that some two years ago, or rather more, I wrote him warning him of an individual whom we caught tricking at the second sitting we had with him, he having fallen into a trap laid for him through suspicions which were aroused in the minds of three of the sitters, of whom I was one. He produced not only lights but other phases, some of them even when his hands were held by myself and a friend.

With a gullible circle and a clever scoundrel as medium, I can assure Major Thatcher that a very good imitation of genuine phenomena is quite possible.—Yours, &c.

'CRITIC.'

'Radium.'

SIR,—Permit me to express my sincere thanks to your numerous correspondents for their valuable information respecting the waxen effigies in Westminster Abbey. I take this opportunity of stating, in reply to Mr. H. Phillips' letter on 'Radium,' that in several instances I have proved the efficacy of the blue rays treatment in a troublesome and weakening disorder of the eyes. In experimenting upon sick plants, I also found that those subjected to the influence of the blue rays speedily improved, whilst those treated under red glass made no perceptible progress towards health.

EDITH HAWTHORN.

Satisfying Love.

SIR,—I desire to thank you for a *just* criticism of my little book, 'Satisfying Love.' If there is one thing a Mental Scientist, or a Spiritual Scientist (if you can separate them, for to me they are one) loves, it is *justice*. I write now, however, to say that Cartwright Brothers are not publishing the book. Their name as publishers is a mistake, as they very nicely printed it *only*. I am publishing myself at present, and the book can be had at 10, Cheniston-gardens, of me, or the secretary there.

LOUIE STACEY.

35, Newton-road, Westbourne-grove, W.

Manor Park Centre.

SIR,—Will you kindly permit me on 'behalf of the above centre' to invite subscriptions towards the expenses attached to the taking of a new and larger hall? It will be necessary for us to purchase more furniture in the shape of chairs, linoleum, &c., and also to guarantee ourselves to some extent against the greatly increased rent. Trusting this will meet with a hearty response from those interested in the spread of the movement.

PHILIP GREAYER,

18, Barrington-road,
Manor Park, E.

(Hon. Sec.)

Psychometry.

SIR,—I should like to call attention to Madame de Berg, who lives at 6, Edward-street, Cardiff. The tests which she gave me established firmly my wavering belief in psychometry. Her predictions can only be described as marvellous; one among many, since verified, being that I should receive an unwelcome visit from a male friend which would end in our friendship being quite broken off in some very spiteful letters. No one was more genuinely surprised than myself when this prediction was verified with the fullest accuracy. I am a total stranger to Madame de Berg, but I feel that when one 'discovers' anyone with superior psychic gifts, it is his duty to share the good fortune.

J. K.

SOCIETY WORK.

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

CATFORD.—24, MEDUSA-ROAD.—On Sunday last a trance address was delivered on 'The Realisation of Existences.' Séance followed. Meeting every Sunday at 7 p.m. Also a developing circle on Thursdays, at 8 p.m.—M.

TOTTENHAM.—193, HIGH-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. Tayler Gwinn's beautiful address on 'Life's Tapestry' was heartily appreciated. Good only can accrue from such a beautiful exposition of our philosophy. Speaker on Sunday next, Mr. H. Wright.—P.

FULHAM.—COLVEY HALL, 25, FERNHURST-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. H. Brooks, secretary of the London Union of Spiritualists, gave an address on the 'Deepening of the Spiritual Life.' On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Madame Clairbelle will give clairvoyance.—W. T.

HACKNEY.—MANOR ROOMS, KENMURE-ROAD.—On Sunday last, our president, Mr. H. A. Gatter, gave a very interesting account of his own personal experiences to a good and appreciative audience. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Alfred Peters will continue his address upon 'Ancient Religions.'—E.

PLYMOUTH.—ODDFELLOWS' HALL, MORLEY-STREET.—The usual week night circles were well attended, Mesdames Kelland, Pollard, and Evans, and Messrs. Clavis and J. Evans participating in the exercises. On Sunday last Mr. J. Evans discoursed on 'Our Relationship to God,' and Mrs. Kelland gave clairvoyant descriptions.—E.

PLYMOUTH.—13, MORLEY-STREET.—A number of good tests of spirit presence were given at our week night circle by Mrs. Trueman, assisted by Mrs. Stephens and Mr. Prince. On Sunday last Captain Greenaway gave an able address dealing with 'Right Thinking,' and Mrs. Trueman gave good clairvoyance. Speaker on Sunday next, Mr. Trueman.—P.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—ATHENÆUM HALL, GODOLPHIN-ROAD.—On Sunday evening last Miss Dupuis gave an interesting address on 'The Right to Live,' which was greatly appreciated. Miss Porter gave clairvoyance. Mr. Cuthbert presided. Speaker on Sunday next, Mrs. Roberts, of Leicester. (See advertisement.)

DUNDEE SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.—On Sunday, April 19th, Mr. George Young, one of the vice-presidents of the Glasgow Society, was our speaker, and proved himself a very able exponent of Spiritualism from a scientific standpoint. At the evening meeting, Mrs. Young (of Edinburgh) gave successful clairvoyance. Mrs. Inglis, our local worker, is still exercising her great gift of clairvoyance with splendid effect.

CHISWICK TOWN HALL.—On Thursday, April 23rd, clairvoyant descriptions were successfully given by 'Clairibelle' to a good audience, and an explanatory address by the president was much applauded. Non-members wishing to join the new séances, and others desirous of attending a class for psychometry and automatic writing, should at once apply at the society's new rooms, 118, High-road, W. Speaker at the Town Hall on Monday next, at 8 p.m., Mr. D. J. Davis, on 'Are Spiritualists Christless People?' Come early.—P. S.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday last a large number of friends and members of the Marylebone Association of Spiritualists assembled to hear Mr. A. V. Peters give clairvoyance. Twenty-five spirit friends were described, remarkable and lengthy details being given, coupled with helpful messages, so that twenty-three of the descriptions were readily recognised. Mr. H. Hawkins ably presided. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. W. J. Boulding will deliver an address; doors open 6.30 p.m.—S. J. WATTS.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD, HENLEY-STREET.—On Sunday last, Mr. Howes delivered a splendid address on 'Life's Mission,' and Mrs. Prangley kindly sang a solo. Mr. J. Adams presided. On Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. Veitch. On Tuesday next, at 7 p.m., Band of Hope; Saturday, at 8.30 p.m., social evening. The Lyceum anniversary services will be held on May 10th, at 3 and 7 p.m., when special hymns and recitations will be given by the children. Mr. and Mrs. H. Boddington will address the audience in the afternoon, and Mr. Adams in the evening.—J. M.

READING.—On Sunday last, Mr. W. J. Colville lectured at 3 p.m., in the Banqueting Hall of Willison's Hotel, Blagrove-street, on 'Our Spiritual Endowments,' and at 7 p.m., on 'Inspiration in all Ages.' Each lecture was followed by answers to questions and an impromptu poem. Great interest is being aroused in Reading through the indefatigable earnestness of a few enthusiastic local workers. Mr. Colville is announced to speak in the same place again on Sunday next, May 3rd, at 3 and 7 p.m., and arrangements are in progress for other meetings.