

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

No. 1,195.—VOL. XXIII. [Registered as] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1903. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way	577	Marriage of Mrs. J. B. Mellon	581
The Theosophical Society.....	578	'Aether and Gravitation'.....	582
L. S. A. Notices	578	Art <i>contra</i> the World, the Flesh,	
An Instructive Case of Materiali-		and the Devil. An Address by	
sation.....	579	Sir Wyke Bayliss	583
'A Strange Experience'.....	580	Some Reminiscences	586
Séances with Mrs. Mellon.....	580	The Gift of Tongues.....	586
Letters from Mr. J. J. Morse:		Mr. R. Harte's Automatic Message	587
No. 12	581	Self-Suggestion	587

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Our American friends are in somewhat of a flutter over what they call a Press conspiracy against Spiritualism. Mr. Hudson Tuttle appears to have started it. 'The Banner of Light' thinks he has proved his case, and says:—

He shows that Spiritualism is not only unjustly attacked by the secular Press writers, but that articles in its defence from prominent and scholarly Spiritualists are always rigorously excluded from the columns of all the leading papers. There are some notable exceptions in some localities, but, as a rule, Mr. Tuttle's sweeping statement is amply sustained by the facts. In some of the largest cities of the United States, Spiritualism fares worse and worse at the hands of the Press. Its followers are mercilessly cartooned and caricatured, the sayings of the speakers misquoted and distorted, and its mediums made the subject of abuse. . . Spiritualists realise the injustice and falsehood of many of these attacks, yet they complacently fold their arms and declare they can do nothing to change things. They look upon newspapers as their masters, and crawl at their feet as the veriest slaves, kissing the very hands that smite them.

Such Spiritualists deserve every castigation given them by the secular Press.

We should think they did! We know something of this cartooning and caricaturing in England, but we certainly do not crawl at the feet of the flippant young fellows who do the cheap saucy work for the newspapers; and, as for kissing their hands —! What are they about in America?

Dr. Peebles, writing in the 'Banner of Light,' says:—

A Master, replying to 'figures' relating to reincarnations, said:—

"Try to solve the problem of 777 incarnations." I can't say how that is to be done. I can only vaguely indicate that $7 + 49 = 343$, and that 434 is the difference between 777 and 343. It may therefore follow that if a monad were incarnated seven times during each of the periods, while the seven races of men which occupy this earth during this fourth round of its history were living upon it, then that monad would have suffered 343 incarnations here. Perhaps the other 434 incarnations may be accounted for somehow in connection with six other worlds, which are parts of the chain of which this earth is a link?'

I guess this is all so,—but don't know a thing about it. Honestly, who does?

Life is really too short for this endless game of guessing and puzzle-making.

The 'New Thought' books continue to flow. The repetitions are manifest, but so long as people want them it is a good thing to have an unending supply. They can only do good. Mr. Henry Wood is, of course, at the fountain, and sends forth a new work on 'The New

Thought Simplified: How to gain Harmony and Health'—over twenty wise little papers on right thinking, courage, calmness, scientific prayer, self-control, and New Thought outlooks concerning Hygiene, the Church, the Bible, the Medical Profession, &c. The book is published in Boston by Lee and Shepard.

The Rev. Charles A. Hall chimes in with a pretty little book (very daintily produced) on 'The Art of being Healthy' (Paisley: Alexander Gardner). Mr. Hall sees in the feverish rush, the self-indulgences, and the cramping of town life the source of most of our health troubles. He pleads for simplicity and contentment with moderate gains, a moderate pace, moderate enjoyments, and far more attention to the laws of health than to the cure of disease. Above all, he pleads for the healthy mind, and lays special emphasis upon 'the mental factor' in health and disease. The body is the servant of the mind. Keep the master in good condition, says Mr. Hall; the servant will respond.

Here also once more is Mr. Horatio W. Dresser, with a substantial book of over 450 pages on 'Man and the Divine Order: Essays in the Philosophy of Religion and in constructive Idealism' (London: G. P. Putnam's Sons). A brief Preface warns us that the book 'aims to meet various practical and philosophical demands without insisting upon any one method except the spontaneous development of thought.' And again, 'Empirical from first to last, the book will profit the reader in so far as the leading ideas are tested, not only by reference to accepted religious and philosophical standards, but in relation to the realities and ideals of individual experience.' This is all dubious, and a cynic might say that if it means anything it means—'Go as you please; and think what you like.' But the cynic would exaggerate. Mr. Dresser has his teachings rooted elsewhere than in himself, and is always worth attention. Some of the Essays in this volume, for instance, notably those on 'The Practical Idealism of Plato,' 'Plotinus and Spinoza,' and 'The Optimism of Leibnitz,' take him a good way out of himself into fresh fields.

A Manchester paper upbraids a parent in Manchester for neglecting to call in a doctor to his sick child, trusting, instead, to the prayers of himself and the elders of a certain chapel: and this, it says, actually happened in a city out of which Dr. Dowie was 'hounded'! That seems to the editor to be a conclusive reason for thinking that Dr. Dowie was not a healer. He was 'hounded' out of Manchester, he says, and yet 'there are still some credulous people who believe in him.' Dr. Dowie may be an impostor, but it hardly follows that he is so because he was 'hounded' out of Manchester. But this sort of *non sequitur* is very British in some quarters.

'The Harbinger of 'Light,' translating from 'Le Messenger' (Liège), says:—

It is a fact that the greatest artists on the American stage were, and still are, pronounced Spiritualists; Booth, Jefferson, Fenno, Florence, Scanlan, Miss Florence, Miss Lockyer, Miss

Thomson, and many others, have frankly avowed themselves to be so. Sarah Bernhardt has equally declared herself to be a Spiritualist. One day, when questioned on the subject, the great tragedian replied, 'Why should I not believe it? I have had so many inexplicable incidents in my life, which have convinced me, and have compelled me to recognise the facts of Spiritualism.'

Joseph Jefferson relates to all who are willing to listen how his first wife has often come to see him; that she has materialised; and that he has held conversations with her, while she was seated on his knee.

Edwin Booth, the famous tragedian, speaking of his father's death on a steamer near New Orleans, used to state that he intuitively received the news at the same moment, upon the stage in San Francisco. As there were no railways or electric telegraphs in those days, the death was not officially announced to him until six weeks afterwards, when the spiritual impression he had received was fully confirmed. Booth was an excellent medium, and this was his answer to those who alleged that mediums were no better than frauds: 'It may be that there are such; but I do not deceive myself; and my own personal experiences are the best proofs of the truth of Spiritualism.'

SPIRITUAL PRAYERS.

(From many shrines).

All-merciful God, the Silent One, I invoke Thee, to give me the divine power of silence. May Thy tender grace restrain me when I am tempted to utter false, vain, foolish or cruel words. May Thy Holy Spirit abide with me, and give me power and wisdom, to be discreet, free from boasting, and far from bitterness. May I remember the meek and patient Jesus, my master, brother, guide and friend. Amen.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The curiously erroneous assertions with regard to Theosophy and the Theosophical Society which frequently appear in contributions to the pages of 'LIGHT' are for the most part wisely left unnoticed by those whom they might possibly be supposed to concern, but I am inclined to think that the silence of indifference may perhaps be wrongly construed if a glaringly incorrect statement in 'LIGHT' of November 21st is allowed to pass unchallenged.

Mr. Thomas Green is entitled to hold what opinions he likes about prominent members of the Theosophical Society, and neither they, nor anybody else, will care a pin what those opinions are, but he is not entitled to state what is absolutely incorrect as to matters of fact connected with the history of the Society. I refer to his statements on p. 556 and the inference which he evidently intends your readers to draw, viz.: that the small coterie in which Mr. Green is a factor is the original Theosophical Society and that the existing world-wide organisation of which Colonel Olcott was and is the president, and Mrs. Besant, Mr. Leadbeater, and Mr. Sinnett are leading members, is merely a group of unimportant secessionists. A more topsy-turvy statement surely never appeared out of 'Wonderland.' The continuity of the Theosophical Society is unbroken; the leading officials, including the president, founder, treasurer, and many sectional secretaries, together with the great majority of members in Europe, Australasia, India, and many even in America, continued, after the Society had been purged of the late W. Q. Judge and his methods, to pursue the even tenour of their way, and at the present moment the Society is larger and more flourishing than at any previous period of its twenty-eight years' history.

The documents of the Society are in the custody of the president at Adyar—the official headquarters—and anybody who cares can read the whole history of the movement in the volumes of Colonel Olcott's 'Old Diary Leaves,' of which two are already issued, and a third is in the press, while a fourth is being issued in the pages of 'The Theosophist'; and this last instalment deals more particularly with the period about which Mr. Green has made his most astounding assertions. It is certainly a little funny to recall in this connection that when Mr. Green's friends elected Mr. Judge their president and adopted the name and symbol of the original society, they discarded its motto, *i.e.*, 'There is no Religion Higher than Truth.'

EDITH WARD.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

A meeting of the Members and Associates of the Alliance will be held in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East (near the National Gallery), on

FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 18TH,

WHEN AN ADDRESS WILL BE GIVEN

BY

MR. GODFREY DYNE

ON

'LIFE IN THE INORGANIC WORLD.'

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

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

In accordance with No. XV. of the Articles of Association, the subscriptions of Members and Associates elected after October 1st will be taken as for the remainder of the present year and the whole of 1904.

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

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF PSYCHOMETRY AND CLAIRVOYANCE will be given at the rooms of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., by Mr. R. Brailey on December 8th, and by 'Clairibelle' on December 15th and 22nd. These séances commence punctually at 3 p.m., and no one is admitted after that hour. Fee 1s. to Members and Associates; to friends introduced by them, 2s. each.

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 séances will be held every Friday, at 3 p.m., prompt. Fee 1s. each, and any Member or Associate may introduce a friend at the same rate of payment. Visitors should come prepared with written questions, on subjects of general interest relating to life here and hereafter.

PSYCHIC CULTURE.—Mr. Frederic Thurstan kindly conducts classes for Members and Associates at the Rooms of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., for the encouragement and direction of private mediumship and psychical self-culture. Meetings will be held on the afternoons of December 4th and 18th. Time, from 4.30 to 5.30 p.m., and visitors are requested to be in their places not later than 4.25. There is no fee or subscription.

DIAGNOSIS OF DISEASES.—Mr. George Spriggs has kindly placed his valuable services in the diagnosis of diseases at the disposal of the Council, and for that purpose attends at the rooms of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, Charing Cross, W.C., every Thursday afternoon, between the hours of 1 and 4. Members, Associates, and friends who are out of health, and who desire to avail themselves of Mr. Spriggs's offer, should notify their wish in writing to the secretary of the Alliance, Mr. E. W. Wallis, not later than the previous day, stating the time when they propose to attend. No fee is charged, but Mr. Spriggs suggests that every consultant should make a contribution of at least 5s. to the funds of the Alliance.

AN INSTRUCTIVE CASE OF MATERIALISATION.

In 'LIGHT,' of March 7th, 1896, I gave an account of some interesting experiments in the phenomena of 'materialisation' made through a public medium in Boston, Mass.

The main points of that account were as follows : My friend, who is a retired Indian officer, and settled in Ontario, spent the winter of 1895-6 in Boston, Mass., in which city he was a total stranger, in order, along with his niece, to enter into a course of investigations into psychic phenomena—a subject in which at that time he was a novice.

Attending some of the public séances conducted by Dr. Albu and by a lady medium trained by him, he and his niece had been called up to the cabinet and introduced to three spirits who had materialised, and who spoke in the direct voice. They purported to be his sister Fanny, his niece's sister, Cecilia, and a cousin John. The names were right but identity could not be established because of the curious fact that all three of these visitants had died in their infancy. I may here note that the return of infants as materialising spirits is by no means an uncommon phenomenon. Beginners ended with the time-worn notion that material life is a penance, and the mundane personal plane a place from which to be relieved, are apt to think that infants would have a greater difficulty and a greater repugnance to appear in the flesh than one who had long worn an earthly body. The reverse is the case—the process is easier to them, the motive to return more urgent. Leaving this plane more at the animal or elemental stage of evolution, they are readier to resume earth life at that stage than one who has evolved to more ethereal stages : they have also no aches, diseases, or sorrows to take up again on return to earth memories. For motive, they are naturally anxious to acquaint themselves with that part of their human nature which they have missed, the sensations of an earthly body and a personal recognition.

To resume. These three visitants appeared in grown-up forms, and each on further acquaintance developed a decided character. My friend's niece was informed that she herself was a powerful materialising medium, and they begged her to allow them to train and use her, and John said he was collecting a band for the purpose, including a spirit chemist. John seemed to be a practical man of business.

The niece consented, and began her development under Dr. Albu by sitting in his cabinet once or twice with satisfactory results, but, shortly afterwards returning to Ontario with her uncle, and afraid that the development was telling on her nervous vitality, she gave it up.

No communications with Boston or the circle were kept up, and seven years and more had gone by when this autumn my friend, having taken a passage from Boston to Genoa, and finding himself in Boston for a few days, called on the morning after his arrival at the old address of the séance room. I will now give his story in his own words, together with his comments, adding a comment of my own regarding what seems to me an important point for experimenters to note :—

'The door was opened by an elderly woman—an entire stranger to me, and I to her. She told me that Dr. Albu, who so successfully managed the former séances, was dead, and that his former medium had also departed, and that she herself, a later developed medium, still continued the séances, assisted by the presence in spirit of Albu from the other side. As my ship sailed before her next public séance there was no chance of my attending one. I expressed my regret and was about to turn away when she suddenly said, "I am impressed that your name is Major B— (correctly given). I am told so by 'Dr. Albu,' who is here standing by me, and who desires to say that he is glad to see you again." She then said that she would try to give me a special séance before my ship sailed, as Dr. A. seemed to wish it. She subsequently gave me an appointment.

'She generally has a lady assistant, but when I went to her she dispensed with her, saying she felt the séance would be all right with no one else present. She took me upstairs to the séance room, locked the door, turned the gas low, and entered the cabinet, after giving me a chair two or three yards off in front of it, and asking me to wind up the musical box if necessary. Very soon the full-form manifestations began, and I

held converse with the identical spirits which we met here eight years ago, viz., my sister Fanny, niece Cecilia, and cousin John. The first two were certainly the same persons, recognisable by me with the same absolute certainty as one may recognise people one meets again in daily life. John in his make-up was not the same as before. He used to come as a stout man ; this time he was slight. But they all three remembered and spoke about our doings in connection with them at home, particularly with regard to the attempted development of my niece's mediumship.

'A notable point was that Cecilia on this occasion appeared at first in outer appearance as an Indian girl. Although in a curious way her personality was Cecilia, yet her appearance and broken English were those of a regular cabinet-spirit Indian maiden. When I asked her the meaning of this, and why she could not speak proper English, she said that being out of practice in materialisation she had, to save time and trouble, got the power in this way by fusing herself with the regular cabinet attendant, but she would retire into the cabinet and appear again later *in propria personâ*—and this she did.'

With regard to the above experiences my friend remarks :—

'To summarise the strong points : First, the improbability of fraud or preparation because of : (a) the lapse of eight years without any communication ; (b) the former manager Albu deceased ; (c) the medium not the same and unknown. It is true that during the first interview at the street door she got my name (impressionally from "Albu," she stated), but that would hardly give her any clue to the names and characters of my spirit friends ; (d) we had very little talk together before the séance, and there was no fishing or questioning on her part, or giving away of information by me.'

Next as regards identification of spirit friends :—

'(a) The strongest point was that without leading questions from me they referred to our developing séances held with them at home in Canada. I had never written a word about them to Boston.

'(b) Fanny was identically the same as regards her appearance, the tone of her voice, and the tenor of her talk as she was eight years ago. Cecilia on her second appearance was also the same person. But John, as I said, was slightly altered. Was this due to the difference of the mediums ? Both Fanny's and Cecilia's English was better than that of the medium.'

The most interesting point to me of my friend's experience is the fusion of Cecilia with the Indian girl, in order to save trouble. Materialisation is evidently an art to be acquired, like swimming, and those who are not good swimmers get across the Jordan by clinging—metaphorically—to the neck of an expert swimmer.

Students should carefully notice this blending or fusion of spirits. It occurs much oftener than we think, and not only in materialisations. Even in control and automatic writing I have seen evidences of it. Spirits, like gases, have the property of interfusing and yet preserving identity.

FREDERIC THURSTAN, M.A.

'WE SHALL LIVE AGAIN.'—The readers of 'LIGHT' who have become familiar with the writings of the late Rev. George H. Hepworth, by the extracts from his 'Herald Sermons,' which have appeared in these pages from time to time, will be pleased to learn that fifty-four of those beautiful sermons have been gathered together and published in book form, under the title : 'We Shall Live Again,' which is the subject of the first discourse in the volume. The book, which is artistically bound, would make a very acceptable Christmas gift, and can be obtained at 'LIGHT' office, price 4s. 6d., post free 4s. 10d.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—In Mr. Grant Richard's 'World's Classics' series two new volumes, Charlotte Brontë's 'Villette' and a volume of Leo Tolstoy's 'Essays and Letters,' translated by Mr. Aylmer Maude, are to be issued almost immediately. The latter is the only volume of Tolstoy's Essays that has appeared in England translated by the same hand, and has not only had the kind encouragement of Tolstoy himself but valuable assistance from him in indicating certain errors and omissions that had occurred in the original essays. Some articles, which, it is believed, will be quite new to English readers, are : the two 'Letters to the Doukhobor Leader, Peter Veregin,' 'Thoughts on Matter, Spirit, Death, God, and the Soul,' the 'Speech by Zola,' &c. Of the retranslations the most valuable is, perhaps, that of Tolstoy's profound article on 'What is Religion ?' Nine other articles are presented in book form for the first time.

'A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.'

I am sorry that anything in my last communication should have been taken by 'R.' as a cause of offence, or should have driven him to resort to the rather doubtful instrument of satire as a means of making his position a little clearer than it was in his first brief note. Nothing was further from my intention than to attach any special personal application to my remark—which I intended to be applicable to a type of the genus of chronic pessimists, who affect to look forward to 'dreamless rest' as the highest good in this world or the next—that he was not fit either to live or die. I meant simply to convey the impression that those who indulge in such morbid views are not in a fit condition for the best discharge of the duties and responsibilities of life, and have not attained the fruition of a ripe earth experience which all 'true Spiritualists' desire to have before passing hence.

I thought it possible 'R.' might be one of earth's unfortunates, distracted, weary of the mundane struggle, with the odds all against him—striving for the true and the right, but doubting if such were attainable, or likely to crown *his* efforts—disappointed, it might be despairing—perhaps ready to use the morphine syringe and take a short route to the desired haven of oblivion. I advised him to climb the nearest hill and take a look around. There I knew he might have pure sunlight and the fresh air of heaven; there he might attain in the calmer, clearer atmosphere of a higher plane, a better perspective of the scenes around him; there in the solitudes of earth, air and sky he would be in the presence of the eternities, and if he looked up he might enjoy sweet communion with the wise and pure ones of the higher spheres, as the great Masters—and many of their followers—have ever done, and in such communion find rest and peace to his soul.

That was what was in my mind when I proposed the salutary exertion of hill-climbing as a tonic for his jaded soul. What is his reply? He ruefully shakes his head over the relative altitude, or littleness, of hills! Then in sarcastic humour he gives rein to his imagination and sees me on *my little hill*, clapping my hands and skipping for joy, and he derides me! Now if his object is, as he says, to get a little *sunshine*, he should be inclined to listen to the man he sees basking in it. It is just possible he may be able to tell him something. The sunlight, even that which shines on an ant-heap, is enlightening and invigorating. But he is so overcome thinking of the *littleness* of the hill that he does not think of that. It is *such* a tiny hill—a mere mole-hill, an ant-heap, in fact. He has been there himself long ago; but on the whole he seems to prefer to 'retire into earth's sad shades.'

Well, there is no accounting for tastes. For my part, I would rather be an ant—hopping and skipping, or even only creeping or running over my particular ant-heap, filling, to the best of my abilities, limited though these might be, my special niche in the great economy of ant-life—than the lordliest elephant from the jungle, gazing stolidly down at the strange phenomena, and unable to understand the significance either of the ant-heap or its interesting inhabitants. The sad and shady side of life has its uses; but I should not go there, myself, for my sunshine. In God's name, and for poor humanity's sake, *let us take all the sunshine we can into the sad shades of earth*; but do not bring forth the gross, pestilential humours born of the shadows into the streets, to pollute the thoroughfares of the community.

I had mistaken my man. I thought he was a humble inquirer, seeking for information. I find he has all the facts he wants, and will have nothing to do with 'assumptions.' His only desire is for a little sunshine to illumine his facts. I don't know whether he means by that some revelation of divine authority; if it should be so, he may wait another twenty-five years without getting it. Neither will he find spiritual agencies ready to do the work he ought to do for himself. The only way of solving the problem which he sets, so far as I know, is the scientific one of collation of facts, co-ordination and hypothesis—which he derides. If 'R.' has been collecting facts bearing on materialisations for twenty-five years, he must have a theory on the subject he has proposed. If he has not, he has

been remiss with his opportunities. Let him classify his facts and see if he can find a hypothesis to fit them. I have already supplied what I believe to be a possible explanation. Without examining it, or showing why it should be rejected, he simply laughs at it. It may have a more solid basis than he imagines; but if he has a better, then let him produce it. If he wishes us to believe that materialisation is a fraud and the mediums or the spirits humbugs, then let him say so, and try to prove it; but it is not sufficient to say that it *seems to him* that the physical side of Spiritualism is 'nurtured on the fog in which it lives and moves and has its being.'

I find the space at my disposal does not permit of my enlarging farther on the subject at present, but let me say, with regard to the note of 'H. C.,' that his proposal is one for the consideration of Mr. Husk, primarily. I should like to ask him, however, why he suggests that three of his friends should be present with him, while, apparently, only Mr. Husk and I are to be the other sitters? He claims to have the preponderating influence; is he aware that the sitters have a most important, though subordinate, function to discharge at such séances, and does he guarantee that his friends possess the necessary physical and psychic qualities? For myself, I like not those challenges that are flashed in one's face with the flourish of five-pound notes. A child can stop the most powerful and ingenious mechanism that ever worked if he be allowed to drop an obstacle among the wheels, or loosen an essential bolt. How much more easily, determined will resistance, hostile mental suggestion, prejudice, or even an antipathetic state of mind may retard or frustrate and injure the delicate mechanism employed in psychic experiments—of which mechanism the vital forces of all the sitters form an integral part—let the recorded history of Spiritualism say. However, I am not one to decline being present at a séance because I think it likely to prove a failure. We frequently learn much from our failures, and if suitable conditions can be arranged, 'H. C.' may count upon me as a member of the circle proposed.

London.

L. GILBERTSON.

SEANCES WITH MRS. MELLON.

Mrs. Kate Taylor-Robinson, of Manchester, sends us a report of four séances with Mrs. Mellon, at which some good phenomena were observed. Among other interesting occurrences a spirit form appeared, and held a conversation in German with first one and then another of her friends, addressing them in characteristic affectionate terms. Mrs. Robinson says:—

'The intense agitation of this spirit—swaying to and fro, convulsively clasping her hands, with expressions of great emotion—was wonderfully realistic in so shadowy and etherialised a form.'

The spirit excitedly called her nieces to her in German, and convinced them that she was in truth their aunt. The youngest of these girls, who had been a veritable 'doubting Thomas,' was directed to sit for automatic writing and on doing so she received messages from deceased relatives. 'Cissie' and 'Geordie,' Mrs. Mellon's well-known guides, were very much in evidence, and Mrs. Mellon and 'Geordie' were seen together particularly plainly. In conclusion Mrs. Robinson says:—

'It seemed as though, for once, everyone was satisfied, for I did not hear a single doubting or complaining voice, and the tender grave pathos of "Geordie's" farewell will linger long in our memories.'

A HINT TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Every week we receive communications bearing testimony to the excellence of the psychic gifts of various mediums; but, as in the majority of cases no evidence is offered of special phenomena, or of ordinary phenomena under special circumstances, we are unable to make use of them. They are, no doubt, generously intended as expressions of the satisfaction given to the writers by the mediums referred to, but are not of sufficient general interest or value to call for publication. Clear and definite particulars of good evidences of spirit identity, or of striking phenomena, are, however, always welcome.

LETTERS FROM MR. J. J. MORSE.

XII.

My last letter was written within sound of the waves of the Pacific Ocean. The present one is penned a short distance from the shores of the Atlantic, the waters of which almost wash the edge of this 'city of churches,' as Brooklyn has long been called. San Francisco is the Western portal of the United States, New York its Eastern door, and between them lie some three thousand four hundred miles of hill and vale, mountain and stream, plain and prairie, with innumerable cities and towns, large and small, each full of the bustle and hurry of what our cousins call the 'strenuous life' of to-day, which life appears to consist largely in what is aptly described as 'the-get-rich-quick' process. The overland journey is quite an experience, but previous to narrating some incidents thereof let me say something concerning

Spiritualism in the State of California.

The commercial capital is San Francisco, while the seat of the State Government is at Sacramento. The more important cities are Fresno, Merced, San Jose, Santa Cruz, Los Angeles, and San Diego. Meetings are held in the above-named cities, excepting Santa Cruz, but so far as ascertained in no place was the cause as vigorous as in former days, say seven to ten years ago. In one place, Los Angeles, the city imposes a license fee (fifty dollars, I think it is) on all mediums who give public or private sittings, the purpose being to drive the 'fakirs' and frauds out of the city. The desired end has not been entirely achieved. The Sunday meetings are mostly devoted to phenomena of varying degrees of excellence. As the societies are registered as 'religious' bodies, and many mediums are ordained ministers of the gospel of Spiritualism, the law permits phenomena in such meetings, as for the benefit of the church.

There is a body known as 'The California State Spiritualists' Association,' chartered by the National Spiritualist Association of the U.S.A. The State Association does its best to stir up interest, and organise new societies, sending out a missionary for this last-named purpose. The missionary undoubtedly works hard, but appears to achieve small permanent results. The State Association is directed by a board of earnest and sincere workers, whose aims are to uplift the cause and place the work on a better footing than that on which it stands at present. I attended the eighth annual convention of this organisation while in San Francisco, and the opinions expressed above are the results produced on my mind from listening to the official reports of the year's doings. Without making hasty or sweeping assertions, simply judging from the conditions prevailing in California to-day, it does not appear that the people of the State present the material best adapted for the making of Spiritualists. The fight for money, and the increasing love of pleasure, the lack of religious sentiment, and a morality which is none too manifest, make Californians to a considerable extent indifferent to our facts and philosophy.

The Cause in San Francisco.

My stay in San Francisco was limited to six weeks, and those weeks were in the middle of the summer vacation season. At the time of my visit there were three regularly organised societies, exclusive of the State Association. The oldest is the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, the next the Bible Spiritualists' Church, and the youngest the People's Spiritual Church, while a number of independent Sunday meetings are advertised every week. The first of the foregoing bodies was in vacation for three months, as its funds do not permit of it running meetings longer than nine months in each year. The second holds meetings all the year, but being almost exclusively devoted to phenomena, presented by several mediums during the evening, the name 'church' scarcely fits the proceedings. The last named is a nicely conducted meeting, and the speaker, Mrs. Anna L. Gillespie, is a refined and capable exponent of the higher aspects of our cause.

The independent meetings numbered nearly one dozen—to be exact, just eleven. In only one case was a lecture adver-

tised, all the others being devoted to 'tests' (?). Judging from some of the 'tests' presented the least said of them the better! The audience mainly consists of women; the messages usually refer to business, marriage, divorce, property, health, and worldly affairs in general. Little attempt appears to be made to establish the identity of the communicating spirit, and the 'communications' are so nebulous that scarcely any English audience would accept them as proof of spirit intercourse. Still, many laments were made to me at the degenerate condition of Spiritualism in San Francisco to-day.

Aided by a few devoted friends, a series of four meetings were held in a cosy little hall in the Oddfellows' building, which were attended by deeply sympathetic audiences of moderate dimensions. It was necessarily an independent effort, for no local society is financially able to engage speakers as in former years. Miss Morse did a little work in the city, and had a two Sunday engagement at San Jose, which was thoroughly successful. We met many former friends again, were cordially received and tendered a fine public reception on arriving from Australia. But the state of the cause was quite disappointing, and filled us with regret that the splendid times with Mrs. Britten and Mrs. Watson, in the early days, and myself in later times, had passed away, the times when instead of a couple of hundred we had audiences running over ten to twelve and sixteen hundred at our meetings.

We attended one of John Slater's meetings, which was the largest in the city, we were told, and at which about two hundred and fifty were present. Mr. Slater was as remarkable as ever, greatly pleased to see us, and asked to be warmly remembered to his English friends.

(To be continued.)

MARRIAGE OF MRS. J. B. MELLON.

A social event of considerable interest to the Spiritualist movement (especially locally) took place in Newcastle-on-Tyne on Monday last, November 30th, in the marriage by special license of Annie, widow of the late James Barr Mellon, J.P., of Sydney, N.S.W., and formerly of Newcastle-on-Tyne, to Mr. Henry Gleave, of the last-named city, the chairman of directors and founder of the large and successful firm of Henry Gleave, Ltd., clothing manufacturers. This gentleman has been for several years, and is still, president of the Newcastle Spiritual Evidence Society, and, as an earnest worker therein, he is deservedly popular amongst its members. This Society was founded in 1871 by the late Mr. John Miller, uncle of the bride, and whose operations have continued without a break from that day to the present. It was in its séances that Mrs. Mellon (then Annie Fairlamb) developed those psychic gifts for which she is so widely known, especially that of a materialising medium. It is not only as a medium that she is esteemed, but her personal worth and amiable disposition have won for her the kindly regards and love of all who know her best. It is a matter of remark amongst local friends that during all those years she has never been known once to stir up strife or be the cause of discord, but on the contrary has always done her utmost to preserve harmony when it was threatened. It is, therefore, not surprising that Tyneside Spiritualists unanimously unite in wishing both herself and her partner every happiness and joy which this life can afford in their charming villa at the west end of the city, and they feel certain that friends at a distance will cordially join with them in their hearty good wishes.

Immediately after the ceremony, which was specially desired to be a quiet one, Mr. and Mrs. Gleave left for Bournemouth, where, we understand, the honeymoon is to be spent. The bride has been the recipient of several handsome presents, among which are a solid silver afternoon tea set, hot water jug, set of spoons, &c., &c. At home on Wednesday, December 16th, at Clifton Mount, Grainger Park-road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

KING'S WEIGH HOUSE CHURCH.—On Monday next, the 7th inst., at 8.30 p.m., Dr. A. Wallace will address the King's Weigh House Church Literary Society, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, W., on 'Psychical Research in the First and Twentieth Centuries.' Visitors will be welcome. The hall is two minutes' walk from the Bond-street 'Tube' Station.

OFFICE OF 'LIGHT,' 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5th, 1903.

Light,

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

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

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

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

'AETHER AND GRAVITATION.'

Mr. W. G. Hooper, F.S.S., writes learnedly and enthusiastically on perhaps the loftiest subject of the day, 'Aether and Gravitation.' His book, a solid volume of over 360 pages (published by Chapman and Hall), is presented to us as an endeavour 'to solve the greatest scientific problem that has puzzled scientists for the past two hundred years,' and 'to perfect a theory which will bring aetherial physics more into harmony with modern observation and experiments.' 'By so doing,' he 'believes that he has found the key that will unlock the problem not only of the cause of gravitation, but also other problems of physical science.' The book, in fact, is a sturdy challenge to the scientific 'masters in Israel' which is all the more piquant because it largely relies upon quotations from their own writings.

We cannot undertake even to sketch, in our brief space, this writer's theory, much less his demonstration and defence of it; but there are certain suggestions which tempt us to follow him as far as we can, especially as, in the end, he walks right into our tabernacle and seems supremely happy there.

A good deal turns upon Mr. Hooper's notions concerning the 'Aether' (his spelling). He will not have it that it is frictionless and structureless, but holds that the theory now largely held concerning it violates two of the most important 'rules of Philosophy.' Aether he thinks is atomic, and therefore gravitative, and to it he attributes weight, density, elasticity, inertia, and compressibility. He suggests that electricity and aether are one and the same, and ultimately finds in electricity the one source of matter in all its many forms. He suggests that nebulae are formed out of the condensation of the electro-magnetic Aether that fills the Universe; and, as the nebula, according to the Nebular Hypothesis, ultimately resolves itself into sun, planet or satellite, it follows that the condensation of this electro-magnetic Aether forms the basis of all the various elements known to chemistry. 'Thus, the conclusion that we are compelled to come to in regard to the ultimate nature of matter, in its primordial condition, is, that all matter which exists in its varied forms throughout the entire Universe finds its physical origin and source in the universal electro-magnetic Aether, which is itself atomic, and possesses all the essential properties of matter.'

Proceeding upon this line of thought, Mr. Hooper boldly, and, we must say, vigorously attacks all the great subjects connected with Energy and Motion, Heat and Light, Magnetism, and Newton's and Kepler's Laws; ultimately developing a theory, or, as he would like us to say, an explanation of Gravitation, turning upon the

atomicity and gravity of the Aether, forming around every molecule and every world or satellite an aetherial atmosphere which acts electrically upon them in harmony with the laws of the centrifugal and centripetal forces. The conclusion seems to be that Light, Heat and Gravitation are all manifestations of one Universal Power, in which, by which, and from which all things live, or move, or have their being.

At this point we come up with Mr. Hooper in his great inference. Tracing all things to the all-operative One Thing which produces 'all the various elements which compose the infinite variety of forms that constitute the entire Universe,' he ends with the great cry for a spirit-world and spirit-God. We are vibrating, he says, in unison with vibrations that come from the unseen world. To-day we see spiritual things as through a glass darkly, and the question arises, What is the medium by and through which all these things are being made possible? The answer is a bold one, but it is by no means baseless; it is rather a very legitimate inference: 'May not the theory of an atomic universal electro-magnetic medium help us in our groping and searching after light in this direction? Who will uplift the veil? Already we peer almost into the spirit-world. A little more light, a little more truth, and then there will burst forth upon the hearts and minds of men the grandest and most glorious truth that Nature can reveal of her Creator, and then men shall come to know and understand the place that God holds in the Universe.'

The closing section ends there—with the God of this Universe who is behind and within His mighty and marvellous instrument, the 'universal electro-magnetic Aether,' the creator of all things, the veritable Logos of God. Mr. Hooper anticipates the suggestion that if all matter and all modes of motion find their physical origin in one common and primordial medium, the electro-magnetic Aether, there is no place for the hypothesis of an Eternal and Infinite Spirit. Upon that subject and upon spirit-life in general he proposes and promises a separate work: for the present he counsels 'the superficial reader' to learn the lesson of the Unity of the Universe, and to draw a worthy and adequate inference. He believes that before many years have passed 'the reconciliation of natural with spiritual phenomena will be an accomplished fact.' 'The fool to-day may say in his heart, there is no God, but ere long not only religion but Science herself shall expose his lack of wisdom and his folly.' The inference is inevitable that behind the stupendous instrument there is some one who evolved it and who controls it. 'In every living form there is the evidence of a hidden spirit which is the governing and controlling and sustaining power, and without which the organism ceases to be an organism. . . . Just as it is with ourselves, so it is with the Universe. For, look where we will, from the smallest atom to the great aggregation of atoms . . . the working of a secret and mysterious power or spirit meets our gaze—a spirit or power that is not the form nor the mechanism, but is separate and distinct from the mechanism, while at the same time it is inseparably connected with each and all.' We are not able to penetrate beyond the instrument to its mysterious user, but we know He must be there.

IDIOT AS MIRACLE-WORKER.—A little commune of South Brabant (Belgium) is, says the 'Advertiser,' greatly exercised by the doings of a young peasant, who, though half an idiot, is working the strangest miracles. Even the local doctor has come under his spell, and whenever he finds himself in doubt makes out his prescriptions under the direction of the medium. There is news of wonderful cures being effected by this means. The medium, who in his normal state can neither read nor write, makes out his medical directions in the purest Latin.

ART *contra* THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

BY SIR WYKE BAYLISS.

Address delivered to the Members, Associates, and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance, by Sir Wyke Bayliss, President of the Royal Society of British Artists, in the Salon of that Society, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, on Friday evening, November 20th; the Rev. J. Page Hopps in the chair.

SIR WYKE BAYLISS said :—

To one who is in earnest and intends neither to deceive his hearers, nor to be content with a dialectical flourish, there appears to be no reason for withholding even for a moment the thesis to which he invites assent. I will, therefore, briefly state, as a proposition, the argument to which I address myself to-night.

I say that Religion and Art are two forces—spiritual and æsthetic; moving in the same plane, that of human life and action; to the same end, the subduing of evil; against a common enemy, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil; but they move under different sanctions. In its fight against the World, Art does not look to the promise of another, but to the purifying of this. In its struggle with the Flesh, Art strengthens us, not by deadening our senses, nor by lifting us above them, but by quickening them to truer perception. In its conflict with evil—or the Devil—Art animates us with visions of beauty of which it, or he, is the destroyer.

If this be true, it will be seen that Religion can have no formula to determine what is true in Art, any more than Art can have a formula to determine what is true in Religion. And yet Religion and Art have always and everywhere seemed to be tied together in the relationship of mistress and handmaid. Among the Jews, Religion, being the stronger of the two, controlled Art. Among the Greeks, Art, being the stronger, controlled Religion. But the history of Art in Palestine, in India, in Persia, in Assyria, in Egypt, in Athens, in Rome, in Christendom, is the history of so many conflicting creeds. Art has been so much in the company of the immortals and has poured out so many libations—propitiatory and adoring—that one is apt to forget that she is not in one of the priest's offices. It is only in very modern times that Art seems to have found an independent existence. She comes to us now, no longer in the vesture of an acolyte or a sybil, but in her own sober garments. She is no longer the cupbearer of the Gods. Like Hebe, she has been dismissed, and for the same offence.

But though the relationship between Religion and Art may be no longer that simply of mistress and handmaid, there is a relationship still existing, and we should do well to consider it. Does the curate of a parish church quite know, in arranging the services, how far he is acting as a priest and how far as an artist? Does the painter in his studio, dreaming of Art as the regenerator of the world, quite realise that Art has never yet accomplished anything great, except under religious inspiration of some kind? What would be the effect of the separation of these two? How can they be separated?

Can they be separated and still exist? Let us examine for a moment the actual working of the alliance which has kept them together so long a time, and see if we can find any answer to these questions.

And I will begin by stating a case :—

A man, under the influence of strong religious emotion, determines to devote a portion of his wealth to sacred uses. The building in which he is accustomed to worship is magnificent in the extreme. It is itself a memorial of the piety and munificence of men who have felt as he feels, who have given as he is disposed to give, and now sleep quietly beneath its marble floors, or in high pomp within its stately mausoleums. But what shall his gift be? He has fought such a hard fight with evil, against temptations from without, temptations from within, assaults of the wicked one. And yet, by the grace of God, his feet are still within the precincts of the temple. In

his humility he feels that he is not worthy to approach the altar, or he would lay his gift there. But he will stand upon the threshold, and place within the door a font, asking no higher a position than that of the little children who are brought for baptism.

And the font shall bear upon it the marks of his life, carved in this fashion—facing the sanctuary, himself; behind him the World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

So far Religion, and now Art. The gift is tendered and accepted. The architect is consulted, the design approved, and the sculptor chosen.

There is the crux—for amongst the practitioners of Art there are as many varieties as there are amongst the teachers of Religion.

And what is the result? I will do my best to describe it.

The font is made four-square, the figures being placed at the four angles; that of the founder is an ordinary example of simple portraiture, showing us a man who might have been a merchant, or well-to-do tradesman. At the other angles are placed the unholy three. The World is a portly fellow, with money bags and a cruel face. The Flesh is a woman, with her face—a disagreeable face, full of wrath and cunning—tied up in a handkerchief—not pleasant to see. The third figure I need not describe particularly. It is sufficient to note that it is also the figure of a woman, but that appears to be merely a matter of ecclesiastical detail. The whole thing is one of the most beautiful examples of decorative sculpture that can be imagined.

Now how very satisfactory all this is. To us. I am not quite sure that it was so satisfactory to the pious founder. To him it may have seemed that just one mistake, perhaps, had been made. He was in grim earnest, but the sculptor chanced to be of a humorous turn of mind. Was that the World that had been so hard to overcome? Was that thing, with its head tied up, the Flesh that had allured him? Was that the — ?

Surely something has gone wrong. But it is too late now to ask these questions. He who visits a cathedral church must take things as he finds them, and he will probably note two facts. He will note :—

1st. That the font is exquisitely carved; that its lines are laid out in beautiful proportions; that it is, as a work of Art, perfect—as perfect as the words of the priest, who administers the sacrament of baptism before it, are orthodox. He will note :—

2nd. That Religion and Art say the same thing. 'Listen,' says the priest, 'this infant must faithfully promise that he will renounce the Devil, and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the World, and the carnal desires of the Flesh.' 'Look,' says the sculptor, 'it is not much to renounce; the World has a very sinister eye; and as to the flesh, see what the pretty face of a woman may become if the Devil of an evil temper gets into it.' What has happened is this: Religion, having a baby to baptize, asks for a font. Art supplies the font and receives in return a motive. The alliance is voluntary and complete. The very first step we take into the cathedral brings us face to face with a true, though of course limited, expression of the relationship existing between Religion and Art.

A limited expression, because: 1st, Sculpture is only one of many forms in which Art becomes associated with Religion. Painting and architecture, poetry and music, rhetoric and the drama, are co-partners with sculpture on equal terms; and 2nd, because the alliance between Religion and Art strikes far deeper than the occasional inspiration by the one, or application of the other, to purposes of decoration.

It is an alliance of two forces, moving in the same plane, to the same end, against a common enemy. The insignia of the two forces are indeed, at times, so similar and so intermingled that it is difficult to distinguish between them. And the question seems to arise whether Religion and Art are not two names for the same thing—whether Religion is not Art, and Art Religion.

It is true that our gods are not now made in the artist's studio. They are, for the most part, made in the minister's library, or leap from the fervid imagination of extemporary

rhetoricians, as Minerva leaped from the brain of Jupiter. But still, in its ordinary everyday alliance with Religion, Art finds enough to do. For Religion is the recognition of a relationship existing between us and God, by which we owe to Him the performance of certain duties, and submission to His will. And do we not submit to that will, and perform those duties in the most artistic manner? We are not quite sure, indeed, whether the sense of reverence that comes upon us when we enter a great cathedral, is reverence towards the Lord of the temple, or the temple itself, or the architect who built it; but at all events we are satisfied that the architect must have possessed fine religious feeling. And then, our dead await their resurrection beneath such finely-chiselled marbles and polished brass! Our children are baptized in fonts which are such miracles of beauty, or of humour, according to the bent of the artist's mind! Our souls are ravished with such sweet music in the choir! And though, when Whitsunday comes round, we miss the Passion-Play that used to be enacted in the nave, and the flight of the white pigeon from the little chink high up in the groining of the roof, to represent the 'descent of the Holy Ghost,' yet we are still strong at stage drill, and march through the market place, pleasing our eyes, and our ears, by firing volleys of 'Amens' and shouting 'Hallelujah' to the waving of red cotton pocket handkerchiefs.

We need not miss even the mummers. We have only to run over to Protestant Germany, or Catholic Spain, to see the Miracle plays still acted; at Ober-Ammergau the Cross, without the Passion; at Barcelona, clown and pantaloons, making love to the Virgin Mary. Let us look for a moment at one of these 'Mysteries' as they are performed on Sunday afternoons about Christmas time.

It is the eve of the Nativity, and a company of people, with Mary and Joseph, are on their way to Bethlehem. The crowd is sufficiently representative, for it includes, not only very much of the World and the Flesh, but *in propria persona*, the Devil, too. Among the company is a man who is tempted with an evil desire. He takes the Devil as his counsellor, and an agreement is made between them. The man shall have his desire. But in return he shall himself become a Devil. At once his tail begins to grow. He can conceal it at first, but inch by inch it lengthens, till presently it cannot be hidden from his companions. A consultation is held by the company, as to what they shall do. They decide to pull the tail off. They fasten the man to the wall, and proceed to pull—first one, and then another—but the tail, instead of coming off, only lengthens. The more they pull, the longer becomes the tail. Instead of inch by inch, it now grows yard by yard, but still they pull, and pull, and pull, like sailors hauling at a ship's cable, till the whole stage is covered with the hideous coil, and there begins to be no standing room left. There is a momentary pause, and a fresh consultation, resulting in a final and strong effort, the whole company, men and women and children, pulling together and with all their might. Suddenly the tail comes off. The Devil is cast out, and the man is himself again.

But when the Sunday performances are over, when the thunder of the organ has died away in the aisles of the Cathedral, and the laughter of the people in the stalls of the theatre, and we find leisure to reflect a little on what we have seen, thoughts, which have been all the while latent in our minds, begin to take definite shape, and we ask ourselves whether we have not been witnessing a mystery within a mystery; whether the same thing has not befallen Religion—in this, its alliance with Art—that befel the hero of the play. Whether Art has not grown, inch by inch, and yard by yard, until it threatens to fill the church, as the tail filled the stage. Whether, by any mighty effort the two can ever be separated. And finally, whether, if the two were separated, Religion would (like the man in the play) be quite itself again.

A formidable array of questions, and yet it is only the old question, 'Can two walk together unless they are agreed?' applied specifically instead of generally, and expressed in the concrete instead of the abstract form.

But are they not agreed, Religion and Art? If exception is to be taken to the Miracle play it must be on other grounds than that of its teaching. The moral of it cannot be impugned.

It is of the highest order. The evil of yielding to evil is the becoming evil. The tail grows! But when we see it grow, it is not for us to ignore the evil, nor to abandon our fellow. We must extirpate the evil. How? By united, and yet individual action. The first effort may not succeed; it may even seem to increase the mischief; but let us try again. With faith, and determination, and courage, and patience, and together. The World and the Flesh are strong. The Devil is stronger than either. But Love is strongest of them all. Can Religion, single-handed, teach us a nobler lesson than this?

The two, then, are agreed; why should they not walk together? I think they should walk together—but not in masks. The objection to a mask, like the advantage of a mask, is that we cannot see what face is behind it. But when we meet with religious Art, or æsthetic Religion, precisely the thing we most desire to know is, what face is behind it? Is there anything behind it? Or are we, after all, face to face only with a simulacrum? Let us distinguish clearly between Art and Religion, and give to each its proper place in the economy of life.

That is easily said. But you will not find it very easy to make the distinction. For instance, the Ark of the Covenant, and the Mercy-seat of the Jewish Temple, were they simply works of Art? The sacred narrative claims for the sculptor the most direct, personal inspiration. 'See, saith the Lord, I have called Bezaleel by name, and I have filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom and understanding, to devise cunning works. And Bezaleel made two cherubims of gold; and the cherubims spread out their wings on high, and covered with their wings over the mercy-seat, with their faces one towards another.' I know of nothing in any of our Cathedrals more beautiful than that. But if the Lord put it in his heart to 'devise' these things, Bezaleel was in all points an artist, as much as Flaxman or Canova, however closely he may have followed the pattern shown to Moses on the Mount. The record, however, goes still further; it says: 'The Lord hath put in his heart to devise, and that he may teach—to work all manner of work of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer in blue, and in purple and in scarlet.' This is nothing less than the establishment of a School of Art in the Wilderness.

Now observe a contrast. Four thousand years later, King Solomon determines to build a Temple to the Lord in Jerusalem. He also claims direct, personal communication with the Divine Being. But he makes no claim of inspiration for his artists. On the contrary. The beautiful works of Bezaleel are still in the tabernacle. Upon the brazen altar that he made, the King offers a thousand burnt offerings. But when Solomon begins to build, what does he do? He writes to a heathen King, the King of Tyre, 'Send me now a man cunning to work in gold, and silver, and in brass, and in iron, and in purple, and crimson, and blue.' The School of Art, born and nurtured in the Wilderness, having accomplished its high purpose in the enunciation of the Jewish religion, and finding under the restrictions of that religion no scope for further development, has passed from the tents of the wandering tribes of Israel to its natural domicile—the great commercial city of the world.

Thus, Art can become religious, and still be Art. But Religion cannot become æsthetic, or it ceases to be Religion. For Religion is the placing of everything in the hand of God, and the surrendering of our will to His; while Art is the taking of everything into our own hands, and controlling it according to our own will. See, now, how this simple formula will suffice to resolve into its constituent elements any amalgam of the two. I will take an instance in which religious emotion and æsthetic feeling are very closely allied, namely, Music.

We have been a long time in the Cathedral now. The font which we passed near the West door is left far behind. We have seen the memorials of the dead, we have passed up the long nave, and traversed the transept, and noticed the strange groining of the roof.

'We lift our eyes, and all the windows blaze
With forms of saints, and holy men who died,
Here martyr'd, and hereafter glorified.'

And the great rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's passion, and the angelic roundelays
With splendour upon splendour multiplied.

And now the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love.'

We stand listening at the choir gates. We know nothing of the white-robed choristers within, except that they are fulfilling the round of their daily task. Hark! do you not hear that fine note, rising, growing, swelling, lingering, dying? What does it mean? It may mean either of two things. Which we cannot tell. It may mean to the singer the perfect surrender of his will to God—or it may mean only the enharmonic employment of the flat seventh on C. It may mean to him Religion while to us it may only mean Art. He, the professional singer, may be the real worshipper, while we, whose worship he is supposed to be assisting, may be only amateur æsthetes.

Thus we are brought back to my first proposition. Religion and Art are two forces, spiritual and æsthetic; moving in the same plane—human life and action; to the same end—the subduing of evil; against a common enemy—the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. But they move under different sanctions. In our fight against the World, Art does not look to the promise of another, but to the purifying of this. In our struggle with the Flesh, Art strengthens us, not by deadening our senses, nor by lifting us above them, but by quickening them to a truer perception. In our conflict with evil (or the Devil) Art animates us with visions of beauty of which it (or he) is the destroyer.

But it happens sometimes that Religion and Art go into action together, and we hear a mighty shouting, and we think that surely the World, and the Flesh, and the Devil are overcome at last. When the smoke of battle has cleared away we see the old enemy still in force. And then we remember that what Art seeks in Religion is motive, and that what Religion seeks in Art is articulate expression; that Religion, although bearing the lamp of Divine truth, carries false lights also; that in either case it is itself dumb; and that Art, through which truth finds expression, can give expression as articulately and as definitely to a lie.

In what relationship, then, does Art now stand to the great struggle that is always going on between good and evil? How does Art help us to-day, in our conflict with the World, the Flesh, and the Devil? I say that Art still comes to our aid, and with forces greater than of old, or, if not greater, at least more subtle and more adapted to our needs. We have discovered that if Art comes into contact with Religion it is just because Religion is in part human too. Where the human element ceases, and the divine begins, there the connection between Art and Religion ceases also. If the pages of history closed with the record of to-day, Art would take up the story of our lives to-morrow; and if Religion had nothing further to tell us, Art would still go on, like the heavens, declaring the glory of God and showing His handiwork. The court of appeal is changed—that is all; but still there is a court of appeal. Art is now judged by its conformity, not to theological, but to scientific, tests. The sculptured angels overshadowing the Mercy-seat must submit the articulation of their wings to the anatomist. The blue heaven of the painter must appear no more as a firmament, but must satisfy the astronomer that it has unfathomable depths. The light and shadows of the sky are no more to be confused together under the family name of clouds, they must be distinguished even to the flightiest sister of the group, as nimbus, or cumulus, or stratus, or cirrus. The brown tree, that used to figure as a matter of course in every landscape, blossoms—like Aaron's rod that budded—into ash, and oak, and elm, and all the rest of the beautiful children of the forest. Thus Art becomes the reflex and record of all that Nature has ever said to any one of us, at every time, in every place. To one an impression may have been blurred or indistinct, but in Art it will have become clear and well defined. To one troubled with feverish dreams, a cloud stretched across the horizon may seem sinister in the extreme; to another the same cloud may seem gracious with the coming rain. And then, even if our impressions are clear

and true, how few they are! How very little do we know, each for himself, of the world in which we live, or of the great family of which we form a part. A few voices speak to us out of the throng, but the many are dumb. A few eyes kindle as they look into ours.

'Stars, stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals.'

A brother, a sister, a wife, two or three friends; this is, to most of us, the sum of our knowledge of mankind.

It is more than the sum! See how large an abstract must be made from it? The friend is estranged; did we then really know him at all? The brother is in a far distant land; will he be the same to us when he returns? The child, our sister, never will return—it is a long time since she died: should we not like to know a little more of her? Voices that used to speak to us are heard no more; eyes that used to be bright have faded into the darkness, and we are left alone—with Nature. We understand her language very well, but she has nothing more to say to us; nothing, at least, that we care to hear. Let us learn this new language of which you speak—this strange language of Art.

Listen, then, and I will tell you what Art is. It is eyes to the blind. It is strength to those who are weak. It is gentleness to those who are strong. It is manhood to the youth. It is restitution to those who suffer wrong. It is greeting to those who are absent. It is faith to those who are doubting. It is hope to the desponding. It is charity to all men.

This is what Art is to us, because it is the greater, and we are the less. It is one of the environments of our lives, that is daily shaping them to fair or foul issues. Nature is to us as a mighty organ, on the keyboard of which we lay a finger here or there. A flute voice answers us—or a vox humana—perhaps even a vox angelica; but we do not know the instrument until the master musician sits down before it and we hear the thunder of the diapason, the rush of mighty harmonies, the tender strains of melody.

And Art is our master musician. Erase from our lives all that we have received only through books and pictures; leave us each to our own personal experience of life and manners, of the surroundings of our homes, of the countries we have visited, of the vicissitudes and mysteries of the natural world; and very little will be left to tell us what man is, or whether God has been mindful of him at all. The books we have read, and the pictures we have seen, have become so identified in our imaginations with the things which they represent, that we forget sometimes that we see with the collective vision of many eyes—and think the thoughts of many minds; that in Art we live and move and have our being.

And then we have to face the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. What can Art do to help us? What can Art do to help the nation? to bring a more gracious element into the national life? I have shown that it is impossible to live the Higher Life in Art, without being led from one glory to another. Art stands alone in this, that it engages, not one or two special faculties, but every faculty of our being. Faith, reason, affection are alike exercised in its mission. Theologians might dispute for ever without the aid of the geometrician, but without his cobweb of fine lines Art could not have built these temples, these firmaments of stone, beneath which they worship. Mathematicians might still be analysing triangles and spheres, if Christ had not died, but without the hope of life of which he came to assure us, Art would have built no temples at all. Like the summer clouds that fill the sky, Art sweeps across our world, drawing into its bosom all our religious aspirations, all our scientific attainments, every tender emotion of our hearts. How beautiful are the summer clouds! now ranged in lines, like the battlements of a distant city; now massed together like an army with banners; now drifting through the azure, in a myriad of ethereal shapes, like a company of angels looking down on us from heaven. How beautiful is Art! in the splendour of its imagery, in its storms of passion, in its serene contemplation of things divine! But they are only clouds! But it is only Art! Does science say they are only clouds? How, then, are the furrows made soft with drops of rain? So, then, the clouds are of some account.

And Art—believe me, no tender thought, or noble aspiration, or high enterprise, is lost to us, because Art fashions them into beautiful shapes. They come back to us as the rain comes from the clouds, and they make our lives fruitful in faith, and wisdom, and love.

As to the artist—it is enough that he lives, and works, and dies. But Art does not die. It passes into the national life and becomes immortal. (Applause.)

At the close of the address the Chairman remarked that the beautiful address to which they had just listened itself stood out like a work of Art, a poem, or a picture. It had been an intensely spiritual address, and quite in accordance with the purposes of the Alliance—to give to the world beautiful ideals; not by standing outside of it, but by inspiring it with beauty and higher aims from within.

A cordial vote of thanks to Sir Wyke Bayliss was proposed by Mr. E. Wake Cook, seconded by Mr. J. Archer, and carried with acclamation.

SOME REMINISCENCES.

I think it is safe to say that everyone will agree with 'H. C.' that the experiences of Mr. Gilbertson with Mr. Husk are of little value to the inquirer, for the simple reason that Mrs. Husk sat next to the medium all the time. I had, in former days, many opportunities of witnessing the astounding phenomena of Mr. Husk's mediumship, and during several months I was kindly allowed by Mrs. Campbell to attend her weekly sésances with him. On those occasions he was not only accompanied by his wife, but he brought a friend, and the same friend, with him every time, and he always sat between them. Notwithstanding that suspicious arrangement, however, I had good reasons for never doubting the *bona fides* of what took place. On one occasion, for instance, my old friend, Mr. Guppy, came and talked with me for several minutes, and to prove his identity he spoke of many things we had done together. He acknowledged that the numerous photos taken of him, holding a card in his hand, with answers to questions written on it, were truly his likeness, and as a further proof of the genuineness of this manifestation, Mr. Burns, who was sitting beside me, said he recognised the tone of voice of our departed friend. Mr. Campbell used to be present at these sésances, notwithstanding his departure from earth life, and it was interesting and curious to hear him welcome the persons his wife introduced to him. Having had much experience of the mediumship of Home, Eglinton, and Williams, the great desire of my life has been that all the world should be convinced of the possibility of witnessing the remarkable phenomena to be obtained through mediums such as these. At one of these sésances of Mrs. Campbell's, 'John King' announced the presence of Tom Hood, and that amiable poet sang for us one of his own melodies with piano accompaniment. The pathos he put into that little sonnet, 'Oft in the Stilly Night,' was something never to be forgotten. I quite felt that he was sitting before the piano, playing the air himself. I fully realise how—as is said of him—when singing his songs to his friends, the pathetic charm of his voice and manner would draw tears from their eyes.

It is time that all doubt of the honesty of great mediums should cease, and they themselves in their own interests should do all they can to prove their undoubted rectitude. I remember well how Home always insisted that every precaution should be taken against the possibility of anyone accusing him of fraud. I know that things happen which appear fraudulent, but are not so, *e.g.*, an investigator once told me that before a sésance began he had surreptitiously placed some floss silk upon the keys of a piano which would probably be played. During the sésances some tunes were played, and afterwards some of the silk was found to be clinging to the cuffs of the medium, who was Mr. Husk. The gentleman, I think rightly, thought that the medium was not responsible, and said nothing. When, as has often been remarked by others as well as myself, the black cuffs of Mr. Williams's frock coat have been seen under the

drapery of 'John King,' it is no proof that it is the medium himself moving round the circle, as some think it is. In the days of the Davenport, while hands of different sizes and shapes were being thrust out of the cabinet through an opening at the top, an individual in the audience cried out, 'Put gloves on the medium,' which Mr. Ferguson refused to do. Upon my asking afterwards why he would not he said, 'Were I to do so we should have gloved hands shown.' He understood the law of materialisation. A partially materialised form, a mere torso without legs, that floated round the room, would allow us to put our fingers into her mouth to feel her tongue and teeth. I asked her if she could make a mouth without teeth. She replied, Yes, but that it would be more difficult because her medium had teeth. A correspondent in a journal which I have just seen, suggests that a sure way to guard against trickery by mediums would be to lock them in a portable wire cage.

J. H. GLEDSTANES.

Bouscat, Gironde.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

In traversing my remarks relative to the above phenomenon, your correspondent, Mr. E. T. Bennett, practically suggests that I am not competent to say whether the language I cited is Greek or not. It is true that I do *not* know Greek—but my husband is a 'competent scholar,' as any medical man may be presumed to be, and quite incapable of allowing a statement to be made without adequate knowledge. Neither am I accustomed to write of mere beliefs or thoughts without due qualification; hence, when I speak of the widespread nature of the 'gift of tongues' I do not state what I *think*, or *believe*, but what I *know*. I may add that on many occasions clients have remarked that of course I spoke both French and Italian, and when informed that I spoke no tongue but English, they have looked incredulous, saying I had been conversing with them in each! No doubt some of these clients will do me the favour to corroborate this in your pages. Again, there is a vast difference between what your correspondent calls 'unintelligible sounds' and a language having a definite structure, and noticeable inflections, and recurrent sounds. The hearer who could not distinguish a homogeneous language—however foreign to him—from mere 'unintelligible sounds,' could have a very imperfect ear only. But a very simple way to prove or disprove the question as to whether 'tongues' are spoken or not, would be to adopt a suggestion my husband has long been thinking of making, which is to obtain phonographic records of the utterances of 'controls,' and to submit the same to 'competent scholars.' However archaic the language may be, there will probably always be vestiges of root sounds which such authorities would recognise, and thus, even if the subject matter of the utterance could not be made out, an idea of the group to which the language belonged might be arrived at.

It has been my privilege to contribute to the pages of 'LIGHT' from time to time, but this is the first time I have ever been accused of having made loose or slipshod statements. As to the paraphrase of the scriptural passage, I think a great deal will depend upon what your correspondent would call a testimony as to the 'wonderful works of God.' Every psychic phenomenon is to me a declaration of His power and goodness; even the most trivial. From my daily life and the correspondence I have with persons in every part of the world (except America), as well as my intercourse with the clients who make use of my powers, I am in a position to see more of the workings of the human spirit as an *actual force* than any mere student can possibly do, and I am sure I have no other interest in burdening your pages than the desire to add, in ever so slight a degree, to the sum of knowledge on subjects only just emerging from a long oblivion. I trust that further research and inquiry may induce Mr. Bennett to reconsider his hasty criticism, as I am sure he will have no difficulty in ascertaining that what I have said is literally accurate; always supposing that he has not already made up his mind *not* to verify it.

BIANCA UNORNA.

Blackpool.

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.

Peculiar Dreams.

SIR,—I should be interested to know if any of your occult readers could give an explanation of the following dreams :—

1. I dreamt that I was walking up the aisle of a small church well-known to me. It was quite empty. At the steps of the chancel was placed a coffin. I walked up to it and looking down into it, I discovered that I was lying dead in it. I then awoke.

This I have dreamt twice.

2. I entered a large room full of people. On one side of the room I saw three chairs placed against the wall, on which were seated three people, two women and a man. I stood in front of one of the women and then became aware that she was dead. It was I. I was dressed in black, my hands were folded in my lap, my head thrown back, and my face deathly white. The two other people were also dead. I addressed my dead self, saying, 'There you are! so that is how you look when people say you are white?'

The atmosphere was heavy and the evidence of death very real to me. In neither case was I at all surprised.

A SUBSCRIBER IN PARIS.

Mr. R. Harte's Automatic Message.

SIR,—May I be allowed through the medium of your valuable paper to thank Madame de Steiger, F.T.S., for her reply to my query? I notice that in the reply she drops the 'dangerously unreliable' and uses 'unreliable' in place thereof, which certainly is an improvement. We all know that Theosophy is no new thing, as Madame says. I cannot agree that if Mr. Leadbeater is right, the Vedas and the Bible, Bœhme and Swedenborg must be wrong; it may appear so to Madame de Steiger, but it does not to me.

In reply to Mr. Thomas Green, I may say that his description of the *post-mortem* state is clearly and accurately stated, except that a man in many cases consciously lives, functions, or exists in his astral body for years, and it may be quite possible that it was not the shell but the 'Ego' of Mr. R. Harte who gave the message.

We will not argue as to which of the two camps of the Theosophical Society the epithet 'seceder' can be applied to; I will only say that I regret the split. When Mr. Green says that Mr. Leadbeater's and Mr. Sinnett's works must be regarded as having just the same value, and as being derived from just the same source, as the weird tales appearing in our Christmas Annuals, one is inclined to ask him if he is really serious, or if he has ever read any of the works.

That the authors themselves regard their writings as serious there can be no shadow of a doubt, and they issue them for the serious study and consideration of theosophical students, not as creeds which everyone must swallow.

When those people who cannot see tell them that they must of necessity be wrong, and cannot possibly see or know these things, they feel just as we should if a blind man told us we could not see the sun, or the trees, or flowers. Both Madame de Steiger and Mr. Thos. Green stand in the position of the blind man, and, not being able to see these things themselves, say very confidently that they cannot be seen by others. To most of us, no doubt, the absolute proof positive of personal knowledge will not come until we slip out of the physical body. Personally, I may say that intuitively I know these things to be true. Beyond that I cannot go. Each one of us has his or her individuality which will, and must, be the distinguishing characteristic of the Ego whilst imprisoned in the flesh.

Ripon.

JNO. MONGER.

Self-suggestion.

SIR,—My personal experience in the practice of self-suggestion may interest some of your readers, especially 'Doubtful,' who asked for information on the subject in his letter to 'LIGHT' of November 21st.

I was a delicate, nervous child, and suffered terribly, as such children often do, from bad dreams and nightmares, the memory of which even now gives me an unpleasant feeling. Someone, I forget who, told me that the thoughts we think just before going to sleep invariably influence our dreams. Acting upon this person's advice, I kept repeating to myself each night as I lay down in my cot, 'If I dream to-night I will remember that it is only a dream, then I shall not be so frightened; and if it is a bad dream I will try to wake myself up.' For a long time—I fancy it must have been many weeks, if not months—this had little or no effect, but the continuance

of the trouble caused me to persevere in my efforts to overcome it, and at last I acquired the power of controlling my dreams. When I began to dream I always knew that it was a dream, and if unpleasant, I was able to wake myself up. With patience and perseverance I believe that anyone could succeed in doing the same, and wonders can be accomplished by the aid of self-suggestion thus applied. For many years I only made suggestions to myself for the purpose of controlling my dreams and dreaming about the people and places that interested me, but now I use the knowledge for more practical purposes. For instance, when I wish to rise earlier than usual in the morning, I say to myself the night before, 'To-morrow morning you will wake up at six o'clock and get out of bed at once.' At six o'clock to the minute I awake, perhaps feeling very sleepy, but conscious that something must be attended to.

I have found the practice quite harmless and very helpful.
'YOGA.'

Canada.

SIR,—I would like permission, if you can afford me a little space, to add my testimony to that of Mr. John Murphy in your issue of November 21st, in favour of the climate of Canada. Most certainly no one should be deterred from going there by the absurd idea that seems to prevail in some quarters about the cold. It is true that the thermometer goes low in winter, but it is equally true that people do not feel the cold as much as in England. I have spent fourteen years there with health and enjoyment, so I speak from experience. The winter is short, covering practically four months, December to March inclusive, and is bright, sunny, and exhilarating. There is a magnificent summer, far exceeding in length, fineness, and heat anything known in England, and extending into a long fine autumn, marked by the beautiful October and November weather which your correspondent mentions.

Add to this splendid climate the fact that Canada is a land of plenty and cheapness, so that moderate means go about twice as far as in England, and that by living in the old settled parts of the colony within a few hours rail of Montreal or Toronto (instead of going off into the new, rough, and unsettled tracts as so many make the mistake of doing), one can be surrounded by all the resources and comforts of twentieth century civilisation. It should be added that the educational facilities are unexcelled and also very inexpensive. There is no finer country in the world for bringing up a family. These should be sufficient reasons to lead many families of moderate means to make the easy move across and reside in Canada.

I shall be glad to give fuller information to anyone who may be sufficiently interested to write to me.

G. M. BELLASIS,
Major Bengal Army (retired).

Care of H. S. King and Co.,
9, Pall Mall, London.

Spiritualism in Brighton.

SIR,—Will you kindly permit me to acknowledge in 'LIGHT' the very generous response made to my appeal for help towards the expenses incurred by the removal of the Brighton Spiritualist Society into a new and more commodious hall? Personally, I offer my best thanks, and the Society request me to add theirs, and at the same time an invitation to all Spiritualists visiting Brighton to pay a visit any Sunday evening they may have to spare to the Brunswick Hall. The following is a list of donations :—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. S. E. Coates	10	0	0
Anonymous	5	0	0
A Member	1	0	0
Mrs. Mackay	0	10	0
'B. R. D.'	0	10	0
Per Miss Christian	0	10	0
Total	17	10	0

'C. H. T.,' a clock for the new hall.

BESSIE RUSSELL-DAVIES.

Vegetarian Recipes.

SIR,—In reply to 'Bassille' I should like to say that there is a capital book upon vegetarian recipes entitled, 'Andrew Glendinning's Apple Tree Cookery Book,' brim full of information, and containing over three hundred recipes. It is edited by Albert Broadbent, F.R.H.S., and is to be obtained from E. W. Allen, 4, Ave Maria-lane, E.C., and from 34, London Wall, E.C. The price, well-bound in cloth, is 1s. 6d.

Walthamstow.

HERBERT EVERETT.

'A Solitary Explorer.'

SIR,—For twelve years I earnestly, as far as lay in my power, tried to obtain proof of a life beyond death, my object being to strengthen myself for the future, should those I loved be taken from me. All I feared came to pass. Up to that time I had not obtained an atom of evidence, but having been made more than ever determined and persevering by my loss, I continued my quest.

By chance (?) I asked a friend to sit with me. We used a planchette. For some weeks we only got scrawls, but after a time, writing. My friend puts her hands on the board, and I sit opposite her, as a rule without touching it. One or two sentences I received written through my friend, regarding what she was not aware of and without my hands touching the board, quite satisfied me that at last I was on the right path. We also got tiny raps, which are with each sitting becoming more pronounced; indeed, at our last sitting the raps responded to our questions in a curiously eager way.

What is at present very disappointing to me is, that when I sit alone I get nothing, and as my friend is very reluctant to sit at all, and only consents after great persuasion, I am most anxious to be able to manage without her. If any of your readers will help me with their advice, I shall be most grateful, for I desire intensely to have communication regularly with those I love who are in the other world. At first I used to think that if I only *once* had proof, it would be sufficient; but now, having received the proof, I long for more. It was stupid of me to think that *once* would satisfy me; as well expect one day's food to suffice for a lifetime. We need the *renewed* communion with our beloved dead to sustain the joy and courage of our hearts.

A SOLITARY EXPLORER.

Galvanic Batteries.

SIR,—Having regard to the undoubted benefit which sufferers have derived from the use of the galvanic battery, under the direction of what I will venture to call the medical faculty of the spirit world, it has occurred to me that something might be done to render the use of such appliances more easily obtainable than it is at present, and I think that, if some of those who take an interest in the matter would agree to hold little social meetings at their private houses, a sum might soon be raised, by collection, which could be expended on the purchase of batteries to be lent to patients at the discretion of some competent person hereafter to be appointed.

I would suggest that at these gatherings, psychometry, palmistry, &c., might be introduced, whilst the proceedings might be enlivened by a little music; and light refreshments, at the expense of the host or hostess for the time being, might be provided.

I am happy to say that Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Rex, who have already done good work in this direction, have promised me their co-operation and support, and I should be glad to learn whether any other of your readers consider my idea feasible.

For my own part I shall be delighted to receive any friends of the cause at this address as soon as the necessary preliminaries can be arranged, and I shall be at all times ready to give my own services whenever and wherever they may be desired.

If you will kindly consent to ventilate the matter by giving this letter publicity in your columns, some useful result might possibly be arrived at.

(MADAME) ZEILAH LEE.

15, Saltoun-road, Brixton, S.W.

National Union Fund of Benevolence.

SIR,—Kindly permit me to acknowledge, on behalf of my committee, the following subscriptions to the Fund of Benevolence received during November, and to most cordially thank each subscriber.

The generosity of all our sympathetic supporters is much appreciated, but it is to be regretted that a larger number of Spiritualists are not moved to contribute.

More applications for assistance are received than we are able (through lack of funds) to grant; and I earnestly appeal to the readers of 'LIGHT' to send before the end of the year a donation or subscription (however small) for the Fund of Benevolence, and so aid in relieving the sufferings of their needy brother and sister Spiritualists. All contributions should be sent to, and will be thankfully acknowledged by,

Yours faithfully,

'Morveen,'
Station-road, Church End,
Finchley, London, N.

(MRS.) M. H. WALLIS,
Hon. Secretary.

Amounts received: From Miss E. L. Boswell Stone, 2s. 6d.; Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, £1 1s.; Mr. J. Martin, 2s. 6d.; Mr. H. Withall, £1 1s.; A Sympathetic Friend, £2 10s.; Mr. E. Bertram, 5s.—Total, £5 2s.

SOCIETY WORK.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In consequence of the growing pressure on our space, and the large increase in the reports of 'Society Work,' we must beg our correspondents in future to be as brief as possible in their communications.

We must ask them also to take notice that on and after January 2nd, 1904, additions to the reports, in the form of announcements of forthcoming meetings, being in reality in the nature of advertisements, must be paid for. They must not exceed *twenty-five words*, and when sent must be accompanied by six penny stamps, or they will not be published.

Notices of future events *exceeding twenty-five words* must be inserted in our advertising columns at the usual rates.

TOTTENHAM.—193, HIGH-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. M. W. Green gave an interesting address on the 'Rationale of Prayer' and replied ably to questions from the audience.—F.

PORTSMOUTH.—LESSER VICTORIA HALL.—On Sunday evening last Mr. George Cole discoursed on 'The Heavenly Kingdom,' drawing many valuable lessons for his hearers.—E. R. O.

MANOR PARK.—TEMPERANCE HALL, HIGH-STREET, N.—Speaker on Sunday next, at 6.30 p.m., Mr. Green; at 8.15 p.m., public circle.—G.

CARDIFF.—87, SEVERN-ROAD, CANTON.—On Sunday last, at 6.30 p.m., an uplifting address by Mrs. Preece, on 'Behold the Kingdom of Heaven is within you,' was followed by good clairvoyance.—J. H.

CATFORD.—24, MEDUSA-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. W. Millard delivered an eloquent trance address on 'Spiritualism: Its Power for Good.' Clairvoyance at the after-meeting was much appreciated. Meeting each Sunday, at 7 p.m.—R.

SOUTHAMPTON.—WAVERLEY HALL, ST. MARY'S-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. E. W. Oaten, of Portsmouth, gave a splendid inspirational address to a crowded audience. Clairvoyance was given by Mr. J. Walker, of Glasgow.—H.

PLYMOUTH.—ODDFELLOWS HALL, MORLEY-STREET.—On Sunday last a good address by Mr. Blamey, on 'Lessons from the Life of Solomon,' was followed by good clairvoyance by Mrs. Short.—J. E.

LEICESTER.—LIBERAL CLUB, BISHOP-STREET.—On Sunday last Mr. W. E. Inman, of Sheffield, answered written questions from the audience, and gave successful clairvoyance. On Sunday next, Miss Cotterill, at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.—H. W.

LEICESTER.—QUEEN-STREET.—On Sunday last, Mr. Bibbings spoke in the afternoon on 'Gambling: How to Back the Winner'; and in the evening he showed how the present generation has improved on the past. Good audiences. On Sunday next, Mr. Bibbings at 3 and 6.30 p.m.—J. S.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD, HENLEY-STREET.—On Sunday last in an instructive address Mr. R. Boddington impressed upon the audience not to worship the god *self*, and also read an original poem on 'What is Love?' Miss Morris ably presided. On Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. H. Boddington. Tuesday, at 7.30 p.m., Band of Hope.—D. G.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—On Sunday last the attendances were smaller than usual. Many questions were answered at the morning circle, and the address at the evening service, on 'Spirit Teachings,' was well received. On Sunday next, at 11 a.m., public circle, conducted by Mr. W. E. Long; evening address by Mrs. Checketts, at 6.30.—L.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—TEMPERANCE INSTITUTE.—On Wednesday, November 25th, Madame Stone gave many good psychometrical tests, and Sister Finlay presided. On Saturday, the 28th, at a large open circle, many remarkable tests were given. On Sunday last Mr. James gave a splendid trance address on 'Life is Onward,' to a crowded audience. A good after-meeting was held.—H. S.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday last Mrs. M. H. Wallis delivered an inspirational address upon 'Spiritualism Many-sided.' This subject was ably dealt with, the whole discourse proving most helpful to both Spiritualists and inquirers. Mr. Fred Spriggs very ably presided. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. J. W. Boulding will deliver an address upon 'The Ordination of Dr. Sceptic.' Doors open at 6.30.—S. J. W.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—73, BECKLOW-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD.—On Thursday, November 26th, Mr. Mayo, of Cardiff, gave a deeply interesting address on 'If Spiritualism is Not True, What Then?' and Mrs. Atkins gave good illustrations in clairvoyance. On Sunday last, after Mr. Imison's stirring address, Mrs. Mason gave clairvoyance. Service on Sunday next, at 7 p.m. Monday, members' circle, at 8 p.m. Thursday, public circle; medium, Mrs. Atkins.—B.