

Light.

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said that the reasoning powers of a bigot resemble the pupils of the eyes. The more light you throw on them the more they contract. This is a discouraging and damping truth for the missionary, but there is a consolation. The eye, though so delicate, is an organ which wonderfully adapts itself to light. It is said that a liberated prisoner who, in the old days, had been kept in a dreary cell, begged to be taken in again when liberated and turned out to meet the glaring sun. That is quite possible, but the prison authorities doubtlessly very properly banged the gates behind him, and left him with the light that pained, in which case he soon got used to it and welcomed his freedom. So with the bigot. Let us gently bombard him with rays of light. He may not bless us for it, but he will be influenced. In spite of himself his eyes will open. At any rate, he will not be the same sort of bigot next year.

Perhaps Blanche Eryl's dainty little poem on 'The Upward Glance' may illustrate what we mean: but the bigot does not long, apparently: and yet even he is on the way:—

A little stone upon the ground
That could not breathe or move,
Dreamt inwardly:—'Ah would I were
A flower—that grows above.'

The Flower rooted deep in Earth,
Immovable—outbreathed
Hope's tendency:—'Oh shall I e'er
Be bird—with wing unsheathed!'

The bird and beast that roam at will
And watch man's work and way,
Cried yearningly:—'Oh would that we
Might human be—some day.'

And human beings—feeling God
Through all His works outshine,
With heart and voice for ever pray
'Oh! would we were divine!'

It is questionable whether the newspaper of to-day is, on the whole, a power that makes for righteousness and health. Since the fateful discovery of its enormous possibilities was made, a mob of exploiters have rushed in, with aims and tempers that are making for anything but righteousness and health. Financial papers, Society journals, and hustlers who live on excitement and 'ghastly details,' are not the only sinners in this vast field. Everywhere, in the newspaper world, the temptation to exaggeration, to work up crises, to rush matters, has become a possible peril to the nation. Julian Hawthorne's late

description of a sodden newspaper reader is hardly exaggerated:—

The area of his available information is, indeed, unrestricted; but he is also free to select from it only what he fancies, and these are items which tend to inflame, rather than to dissipate, his provincialism and prejudices. Finding, too, so many things apparently incompatible offered for his belief, he ends by drifting into scepticism; while his sympathies are bankrupted by the very multitude of the appeals to them. Thus he acquires an indifferentism which is rather that of impotence than of philosophy; for the indifference of the philosopher is due either to faith in a state of being purer than the earthly, or else to a noble superiority to destiny; whereas the mind of the newspaper graduate has simply lost virility. Instead of mastery of marshalled truths, he exhibits a dim agglomeration of half-remembered or mis-remembered facts; and because the things he cares to read in his newspaper are few compared with those he skips, he has lost the faculty of fixing his full attention upon anything.

The newspaper spirit, says Mr. Hawthorne, has closed above us the gates of the spiritual plane. But he detects the advent of signs of better things:—

There is a longing to re-establish humanity among human beings, both in their private and their public relations; to turn from the illusion of frescoed and electric-lighted palm-rooms, and to open our eyes again to the Delectable Mountains, with their sun, and moon, and stars. The premonitions of such a change are perceptible; and, along with them, a timid putting forth, here and there, like early spring buds upon the bare boughs of winter, of essays, sometimes in fiction, sometimes otherwise, which possess quite a fresh aroma of the spiritual genius. Some of them arrive from over seas, some are of native culture. They are at the polar extreme from the newspaper fashion, and for that reason the more significant. They have a strange, gentle power, which many feel without understanding it, and love they know not why. These may be the harbingers of a new and pure literature, free and unprecedented, emancipated both from the traditions of the past and from the imprisonment of the present. Man cannot help himself, but is succoured from above.

A not very well-known writer, J. Spencer Kennard, has produced a book on 'Italian Romance Writers,' which turns out to be a thoughtful attempt to analyse the Italian character, and to reckon up the factors in the creation of the Italian soul. Impulsiveness, individualism, ardent passion, and a certain pagan and sensuous adoration of beauty, are its dominant qualities, differentiating him from the Anglo-Saxon. Especially in regard to the relations between the sexes is the difference marked. Mr. Kennard says:—

Italians are gifted—or afflicted—with an impulsivity which leaves no time for conscious thought, no strength for interference of will, which sometimes makes a hero and sometimes a coward or criminal. It has also produced the two most objectionable traits of the Italian: violence and sensualism. Italians are over-sexed and over-ready with their weapons. These two tendencies, in greater or less proportion, are among the leading motives of an Italian's actions, and often a controlling element in his feelings.

The influence of religion upon these characteristics is but slight. 'In Italy no popular movement which betrays the soul of a whole people can be traced to a purely religious motive as can the Reformation in Germany. No popular leader has owed his authority wholly to religion: Francis of Assisi appealed to a poetic pantheism, and

Savonarola represented an ethical ideal and a political principle.' In the higher classes the tendency is to accept scientific positivism; and, in the lower, the drift is always into a semi-brutal indifference or to superstition. Spiritual religion based on rational thought has yet to find a home in a land whose loveliness might give it an added charm, and amongst a people whose prominent characteristics, once consecrated by it, would help to present it as a beauty and a joy. Still, such a religion has just a footing there, as Spiritualism has, and we may reasonably look and hope for better things and brighter days. The true modern Italy has yet to be born.

Spiritualism and freedom of thought blend so intimately that they might, for most purposes, be regarded as identical. But many good people are afraid of freedom of thought. It has somehow come to be regarded as equivalent to surrender of faith: but that is a mistake. Freedom of thought is really an enlargement of faith, or, at all events, a vitalising of it. True, it may lead to a breaking with the past, but that may only mean a closer alliance with the present, and a more hospitable outlook for the future. Freedom of thought makes one loyal to the past only so long as the present does not present a stronger claim; and it should ever keep us alert and willing for fresh light and extended roads. It means agreement between the outward fact and the inward thought. It means a receptive spirit in the presence of fresh disclosures. In a word, it is loyalty to the thing that is, and hopefulness as to the thing that is to be: and therefore every enlightened Spiritualist will value it as 'the pearl of great price,' which, indeed, it is.

'The Message of Life' (Levin, Manawatu, N.Z.) contains the following extract from a lament of the Maoris of the Wairarapa on the death of the late Prime Minister of New Zealand:—

Sleep thou, O Father, resting on great deeds done, so that to generations unborn they will be as beacons along the highway of history. Though thou art gone, may thy spirit, which so long moved the heart of things, inspire us to greater, nobler ends. Stay not your lamentations, O ye peoples, for ye have indeed lost a father. Verily our refuge is razed to the ground! The breastwork of defence for great and small is taken. Torn by the roots is the overshadowing rata! As the fall of the towering rata in the deep forest of Tana, so is the death of a mighty man—earth quakes to the rending crash. Our shelter gone, who will temper the wind? What of the Maori hereafter, unless thou canst from that distant bourne help inspire the age to kindlier impulse and action? So bide ye in your grief, bereaved ones. Though small our tribute, our hearts have spoken. Our feet have trod the sacred precincts of the courtyard of death. Our hearts will be his grave; love will keep his memory green through the long weary years.

'The Message of Life' says:—

One looks in vain through columns of reports of memorial sermons to find anything but vague references to life beyond the grave; there is no answer to the great question, 'If a man die shall he live again?' The Maoris of the Wairarapa, in their message, beautifully expressed their hope that the spirit of their chief would return and 'inspire them to greater, nobler ends.'

Mrs. LOIS F. PRIOR.—From a private letter from Mr. Wm. McLean, President of the Wellington Spiritualist Society, New Zealand, we learn that Mrs. Lois F. Prior, of America, a talented speaker and test medium, contemplates visiting London this year. She has just finished an eight months' engagement with the Wellington Society, and her work has been so much appreciated that she was offered a further engagement. Mrs. Prior, says Mr. McLean, 'is an excellent platform speaker, a splendid psychometrist, gives good direct spirit messages, and would give satisfaction to any society.' Should she come to London there can be no doubt that Mrs. Prior would be kept busy, as there is always room here for good workers.

THE GHOSTLY DESTROYER.

BY S. B. BANERJEA.

[19, Balam Ghose's Street, Shambazar, Calcutta.]

There was a time when I did not believe in ghosts and used to scoff and jeer at those who had faith in their existence. If anyone attempted to argue with me I would hasten to pour forth such an avalanche of cutting remarks that he would be silenced at once. Days wore on, and I remained as firm an unbeliever as ever.

One evening, when I sat in my drawing-room reading a newspaper, a friend called on me, and, in the course of conversation, asked:—

'Well, do you know Hajipur?'

'Yes,' I answered. 'Why?'

'Do you still believe in the non-existence of ghosts?' he inquired, laughingly.

'Of course I do,' I exclaimed. 'Now, what do you mean?'

'Well, I am ready to prove to you,' he observed in a confident tone, 'that ghosts do exist.'

'Oh, very well,' I said, mockingly. 'If you can show me a live ghost I will give you a reward of 1,000 rupees.'

'Done!' he laughed. 'But if you wish to see it you will have to spend a few rupees and remain absent from home for a couple of days.'

'I have no objection to that,' I observed. 'But pray tell me something about your ghost.'

'The fact is this,' he explained. 'I had occasion to go to Hajipur recently. There I learned, from a most respectable gentleman, that a ghost was living on the top of a banyan tree, which stood close to the railway lines. Now, this ghost is of a dangerous character. You perhaps know that the railway company have acquired a big plot of land in which the above-mentioned tree stands—near the Hajipur Station—to erect huts for their employes. They have made three attempts at building the same, but each time the ghost has levelled the huts to the ground. Don't think I am joking with you. The matter is very well known at Hajipur. If you don't feel inclined to believe me you can go there and inquire about it from anyone you like. Well, at this state of things, the company have become alarmed, and, at the advice of many respectable people, have resolved to perform a "riding" puja. It will be done this day week. If you wish you can see it with your own eyes, for it will be performed in an open place near the tree, and you can satisfy yourself about the truth of my statement. Will you go?'

At this I laughed aloud, and asked him to put himself under proper treatment without any delay, but he became offended and said: 'I don't ask you to believe me; but surely you will not hesitate to believe Mr. Sanders, the locomotive superintendent. If you care to see the work of destruction with your own eyes, you will, I am sure, not hesitate to say that it has not been done by any human agency.'

'Very well,' I observed, after reflecting for a moment. 'I will go to Hajipur with you. But mind, if the whole thing turns out a hoax, you will have to pay a penalty for my trouble.'

My friend agreed, and, after some further conversation, went away.

The day before the 'puja' was to be performed, my friend called on me and took me to the house of his uncle at Hajipur. There, all my acquaintances confirmed the story of the ghost, and, on going to the above-mentioned land, I felt sure that the destruction was the work of some supernatural agency, whether of a ghost or something else, I was not prepared to say.

Next day, at about 6 p.m., my friend took me to the place where the 'puja' was to be performed. I saw that already about a thousand people had arrived and were squatting on the ground, and talking with one another in whispers, no doubt about the ghost and his doings.

A few yards of land, close to the above-mentioned banyan tree, had already been scrupulously cleaned and purified by a

copious sprinkling of Ganges water. A carpet had been put upon it, on which sat an old Brahmin doing 'puja' in the usual manner. We took a seat close to him, and watched interestedly.

At 8.30 p.m. the Brahmin finished his 'puja,' and said that he would now proceed with the 'riding' ceremony. He then uttered some mantras rapidly, and threw some Ganges water towards the tree, at the same time asking the ghost to go away.

Presently a voice was heard coming from the direction of the tree, asking the Brahmin what he wanted.

'You must leave this place at once,' repeated the latter sternly. 'Why are you causing loss to the railway company?'

'Why have they disturbed my peace?' inquired the voice in a sepulchral tone. 'I have not done anybody any harm. I have been living here quietly.'

'That is no excuse at all,' the Brahmin interrupted. 'Tell me, where will the poor employés of the company live if you go on destroying their would-be quarters? Please go elsewhere!'

'I won't,' growled the voice.

'If you don't,' remarked the Brahmin, 'I shall then force you to do so.' And he began to utter some mantras rapidly and throw water towards the tree.

'Stop, stop, I pray,' cried the voice piteously. 'I will go away presently. Oh, do stop.'

'I give you just five minutes,' said the Brahmin, looking at the tree fixedly. 'And before your departure, you must show us your face, on pain of incurring my displeasure.'

No sooner had he said this than the tree began to shake violently. A sudden gust of wind began to sweep over the place. Presently a light was seen on the top of the tree. Within a few seconds it assumed the shape of an enormous human head. The light, we now saw, was proceeding from its eyes, which had the appearance of fire-balls, and were rolling in their sockets—an awful sight, which struck terror into the hearts of the multitude, and caused many an onlooker to fall down in a fainting fit. Suddenly we heard an unearthly noise, a violent gust of wind swept over our heads, and then all was still.

The whole scene lasted but two minutes, and then, when we had sufficiently recovered our composure, we eagerly went to the Brahmin, and, in reply to our anxious inquiries, learned that the ghost had gone away for good, and would never come back to injure the railway company or anybody else.

Trusting in the words of the Brahmin, the railway company erected new huts, which, strange to say, were never destroyed, and can yet be seen by anyone who cares to go to Hajipur.

I was thoroughly converted, and now believe as firmly in the existence of ghosts as I formerly did in their non-existence.

MRS. PEPPER IN GERMANY.

Mrs. May S. Pepper, the well-known test medium of Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A., has been visiting Germany, and in a letter, which appeared in the 'Progressive Thinker' of August 18th, she relates some of her experiences. Her control 'Bright Eyes' gave an 'exceptionally striking test to Professor Kredler,' who has been investigating for a number of years. Mrs. Pepper says:—

'He had read in the Berlin papers of "Bright Eyes" reading of sealed letters, and brought one sealed and labelled, asking in regard to a cousin of his. "Bright Eyes," immediately on his handing her the letter, said: "There is a man with his hand on this letter, and he says he is your Uncle William Kredler, your father's brother, and you asked about his daughter Veritas." The rest of the message was of a private nature, convincing to him, because the names were not in the letter. Taking my hands, with tears in his eyes, in broken English, he said: "At last I have some tangible evidence to meet the scepticism of my friends," and within himself he felt he had spoken with his dead uncle.'

Mrs. Pepper expected to be in America again, and fulfilling an engagement at the Lake Pleasant Camp from August 20th to 27th. We should have been pleased to see Mrs. Pepper in London.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

A CONVERSAZIONE

Of the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance will be held

IN THE THRONE ROOM OF THE

HOLBORN RESTAURANT, HIGH HOLBORN

(Entrance in Newton-street),

ON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4TH, AT 7 P.M.

Short Addresses at 8 o'clock.

Music, Social Intercourse, and Refreshments during the Evening.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Members and Associates may have tickets for themselves on payment of the nominal charge of one shilling each, and for their friends at the rate of two shillings each.

It is respectfully requested that Members and Associates will make application for tickets, accompanied by remittances, not later than October 1st, 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 1907.

JOURNEYINGS IN SPIRIT.

The principal article in 'Annals of Psychical Science' for August is a description, by Professor James H. Hyslop, of 'The Smead Case,' a singular instance of what psychologists call a 'subliminal romance,' and one which greatly resembles in many of its characteristics the now classical case of Hélène Smith, described by Professor Flournoy, of Geneva. The common groundwork is the assumption that the communications emanated from spirits who had visited, or were living on, the planet Mars. The messages in the Smead case were given by planchette-writing, and drawings of some curious features of Martian life and handiwork, made by the same instrument, are reproduced as illustrations to Professor Hyslop's article. As in the Flournoy case, there is a Martian language, with appropriate hieroglyphics, but the language in one case would be completely unintelligible to the other set of 'communicators.' One curious correspondence between the two cases is that in both of them a mountain is represented as having a tunnel pierced through it.

Other features of the Smead case are compared by Professor Hyslop with some of the results obtained through Mrs. Piper; the principal personality who manifested by writing through Mrs. Smead gave an account of himself which, when compared with official records, proved to be plausible and ingenious, but not true. Professor Hyslop says, 'The personality is perfectly natural, and satisfies all the criteria for a spirit, except the truthfulness of the narrative.' We are sorry to have to say it, but we do not think that the truth of the narrative is any criterion in the sense assumed. Nay, if it comes to a question whether invention and apparently wilful deception are to be attributed to a spirit or to the subliminal faculties of a conscientious and honourable person, we must confess that we cannot believe that any stratum of such a person's character would reveal its existence only to make up a deliberately concocted story. Yet we need not throw the whole blame on the spirits; it is quite possible that there may have been more intention in the communicator's mind to tell a straight tale than Professor Hyslop gives him credit for.

Later on in the same article Professor Hyslop mentions some phenomena with the same medium (Mr. Smead) which virtually compel belief in a supernormal source, i.e., in spirit communications.

In this magazine Colonel Albert de Rochas gives several instances of 'bilocation,' or rather of journeys taken in the 'astral' body either during hypnotic trance or as the result of a deliberate intention.

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Mrs. Pepper expected to be in America again, and fulfilling an engagement at the Lake Pleasant Camp from August 20th to 27th. We should have been pleased to see Mrs. Pepper in London.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

A CONVERSAZIONE

Of the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance will be held

IN THE THRONE ROOM OF THE

HOLBORN RESTAURANT, HIGH HOLBORN

(Entrance in Newin-street),

ON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4TH, AT 7 P.M.

Short Addresses at 8 o'clock.

Music, Social Intercourse, and Refreshments during the Evening.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Members and Associates may have tickets for themselves on payment of the nominal charge of one shilling each, and for their friends at the rate of two shillings each.

It is respectfully requested that Members and Associates will make application for tickets, accompanied by remittances, not later than October 1st, 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 1907.

JOURNEYINGS IN SPIRIT.

The principal article in 'Annals of Psychical Science' for August is a description, by Professor James H. Hyslop, of 'The Smead Case,' a singular instance of what psychologists call a 'subliminal romance,' and one which greatly resembles in many of its characteristics the now classical case of Hélène Smith, described by Professor Flournoy, of Geneva. The common groundwork is the assumption that the communications emanated from spirits who had visited, or were living on, the planet Mars. The messages in the Smead case were given by planchette-writing, and drawings of some curious features of Martian life and handiwork, made by the same instrument, are reproduced as illustrations to Professor Hyslop's article. As in the Flournoy case, there is a Martian language, with appropriate hieroglyphics, but the language in one case would be completely unintelligible to the other set of 'communicators.' One curious correspondence between the two cases is that in both of them a mountain is represented as having a tunnel pierced through it.

Other features of the Smead case are compared by Professor Hyslop with some of the results obtained through Mrs. Piper; the principal personality who manifested by writing through Mrs. Smead gave an account of himself which, when compared with official records, proved to be plausible and ingenious, but not true. Professor Hyslop says, 'The personality is perfectly natural, and satisfies all the criteria for a spirit, except the truthfulness of the narrative.' We are sorry to have to say it, but we do not think that the truth of the narrative is any criterion in the sense assumed. Nay, if it comes to a question whether invention and apparently wilful deception are to be attributed to a spirit or to the subliminal faculties of a conscientious and honourable person, we must confess that we cannot believe that any stratum of such a person's character would reveal its existence only to make up a deliberately concocted story. Yet we need not throw the whole blame on the spirits; it is quite possible that there may have been more intention in the communicator's mind to tell a straight tale than Professor Hyslop gives him credit for.

Later on in the same article Professor Hyslop mentions some phenomena with the same medium (Mr. Smead) which virtually compel belief in a supernatural source, i.e., in spirit communications.

In this magazine Colonel Albert de Rochas gives several instances of 'bilocation,' or rather of journeys taken in the 'astral' body either during hypnotic trance or as the result of a deliberate intention.

THE FATE OF THE WICKED.

Dr. J. M. Peebles seldom allows an opportunity to pass of getting a letter into the newspapers, and one of his most recent epistles, which appeared in the 'Progressive Thinker,' is based upon a letter written by a Methodist, Mr. John P. Espie, in the Detroit 'News-Tribune,' entitled 'The Fate of the Wicked.' Dr. Peebles asks:—

'Where dwell those who are *not* wicked—those who are *not* sinful? Where is the man egotistic enough, self-righteous enough, to say "I am sinless? I am perfect"? I know of only one such, and he, famous in two continents, is Dr. Dowie. But St. Paul writes, "Let no man deceive himself." And in the first Epistle of John, 1st chapter, 8th verse, we read: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

Mr. Espie asks if God 'can hold the child of the slums as responsible as that child who is born and reared in a Christian home?' To this another writer, 'Laic,' replied that 'God would make allowance,' and to prove it he quoted five or six passages of Scripture. Commenting on 'Laic's' reply, Dr. Peebles says:—

'This is comforting, implying compartments in hell; but the evangelical orthodox teach that there are but two places after death and the judgment—hell and heaven. (Matt. xxv. 46.) St. Paul spoke of a third heaven; would not that imply a third hell, in which are different compartments? Mohammedan theology has seven heavens and seven hells, the lowermost heaven and the topmost hell so interblending, like rainbow hues, that the subject therein considered can only say: "This is comfortable if not exquisitely delightful": but the Orthodox Church gives us not a glimpse of any such comfortable hell. In proof, there lie before me a portion of "Calvin's Institutes," the Longer and Shorter Catechism of the Presbyterians, and the "constitution" of the Presbyterian Church, published in Philadelphia. Here are extracts:—

'I. "God by an eternal and immutable decree hath chosen some men to eternal life, and also according to His sovereign power, He hath passed by and foreordained the rest to dishonour and wrath." (P. 165.)

'II. "At the day of judgment the wicked shall be set on Christ's left hand, and thereupon shall be cast into hell, to be punished with unspeakable torments, both of body and soul, with the devil and his angels forever." (The Larger Catechism, p. 219.)

'III. "The end of God's appointing this judgment day is for the manifestation of the glory of His mercy in the eternal salvation of the elect, and in the damnation of the reprobate. These reprobates shall be cast into eternal torments and punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of His power." (P. 152.)

'IV. "The punishments of sin in the world to come are everlasting separation from the comfortable presence of God, and the most grievous torments, in soul and body, without intermission in hell fire forever." (P. 175.)

'Here, too, are extracts from some of the straightforward pulpit preachings of Rev. Jonathan Edwards, Rev. Emmons, and other preachers of sixty, seventy, and seventy-five years ago, which I used to hear. (I am now eighty-five years young.) Listen to these sermons:—

'I. "The godly wife shall applaud the justice of the judge in the condemnation of her ungodly husband. The godly husband shall say amen to the damnation of her who lay in his bosom! The godly parent shall say hallelujah! at the passing of sentence on their ungodly child. And the godly child shall from his heart approve the damnation of his wicked parents who begot him and the mother who bore him."—Rev. Thomas Boston's "Four-fold State," p. 336.

'II. "The saints in glory shall be far more sensible how dreadful the wrath of God is, and will better understand how terrible the sufferings of the damned are, yet this will be no occasion of grief to them, but rejoicing. They will not be sorry for the damned; it will cause no uneasiness or dissatisfaction to them, but, on the contrary, when they see this sight, it will occasion rejoicing and excite them to joyful praises."—Rev. Jonathan Edwards' "Practical Sermons."

'III. "When they (the saints) shall see how great the misery is from which God hath saved them, and how great a difference He hath made between their state and the state of others who were by nature, and perhaps by practice, no more sinful and ill-deserving than they, it will give them more a sense of the wonderfulness of God's grace to them. Every time they look upon the damned it will excite in them a lively and admiring sense of the grace of God in making them so different. The sight of hell's torments will exalt the

happiness of the saints for ever."—Rev. Emmons' Sermons. (No. XVI.)

'It is true that preachers do not preach such sermons in the morning-time of this twentieth century, and yet if the sermons I have quoted from were Gospel sermons then, they would be Gospel sermons to-day; but if modern ministers did preach thus, their churches would soon be empty or occupied by lecturers upon education, science, philosophy, and the various reforms that are brightening and liberalising and making the world better. Gladly do I say that ministers, unless backwoods exhorters, do not now generally preach the dogma of eternal damnation nor punishment in hell fire forever; but they

"Smooth down the rugged text to ears polite,
And snugly keep damnation out of sight."

'Nevertheless, if the doctrine of eternal torments be true—if the evangelical creeds of the church be true—then hell has, and will have, most excellent society, for such great, brilliant and brainy souls as Baron Von Humboldt, Huxley, Tyndall, Victor Hugo, Garibaldi, Dickens, Thomas Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and Lincoln, and others constituting a galaxy of great souls—are lost—eternally lost.

'In his reply to Mr. Espie, "Laic" indulges in a rather sarcastic fling at Methodists, in these words: "But are not all Methodists, at least more than two-thirds, Universalists? Do they not all believe in universal redemption and universal grace? I think they do. If so, universal salvation but logically completes the case."

'Upon the whole, this is an excellent paragraph. I really think that two-thirds of the more intellectual and cultured Methodists are at heart Universalists; that is, believing in "universal grace," they naturally hope for and believe in the final restoration of all mankind, considering divine punishment to be disciplinary rather than retaliatory.

'It is reported that when an over-zealous evangelist was told that Universalists believed that all men will be finally saved, he exclaimed in horror: "I hope for better things."

'The doctrine of universalism, that is of the final holiness and happiness of all mankind, is a beautiful faith, and just what might be expected from a God of infinite goodness, wisdom and power. There is only one cult superior to this, and that is Spiritualism—not Spiritism or any form of Japanese and Chinese necromancy. Spiritualism is the antithesis of materialism, gives to investigators the most irrefragable proofs of a future conscious existence, and predicates the happiness of that existence in all worlds upon right thinking and right living.'

THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

The 'Harbinger of Light' for July says:—

'The "Reformador," the fortnightly organ of the Spiritual Federation of Brazil, published at Rio Janeiro, the capital of that Republic, is among the best, if not the best, of the spiritualistic papers in the Portuguese language. It made its first appearance in the year 1883, and contains sixteen pages, small folio, handsomely printed on good paper. Besides its ably written original articles, it presents a digest of spiritual news from the various "centres" in Brazil and from foreign countries. In the issue for March 1st, a full report was given of the proceedings at the annual assembly of the federation referred to above, from which we learn that there are forty spiritualist associations in the Brazilian Republic, and that it supports no less than eight periodicals devoted to the propagation of spiritual truths, besides the "Reformador"; that the federation held 157 meetings during the past year; that it has a special fund of mutual beneficence, and another for relieving the necessitous; that it conducts a school of secondary instruction, in which the French, English and Portuguese languages, arithmetic, philosophy, geography and natural history are taught, and from which 113 students matriculated in 1905; and that it has a library containing upwards of 1,000 volumes of spiritualistic literature, all of which goes to prove, as the report says, "the uninterrupted prosperity which God has vouchsafed to our beloved society."

In another paragraph the 'Harbinger of Light' says:—

'There are four spiritualistic associations besides the "Constancia" in Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine Republic in South America, and it may be interesting to add that there are several in Mexico, three in Salvador, one each in Cuba, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Ecuador and Chili, and no less than seven, together with a committee of propaganda, in Porto Rico. In fact, Spiritualism is making rapid progress in all Catholic countries in every part of the world, and the more fervently it is banned by the priesthood, the more vigorously it flourishes and expands.'

AUTOMATIC WRITING IN LATIN.

A SPIRIT-GUIDED DOG.

It is now a year during which we have held our sances regularly once a week. The circle consists of five members. The medium is a woman of but little physical force and about thirty years old. She is a seamstress, of such ordinary education that even her orthography in Dutch is not blameless.

We have our conversation usually with the unseen visitors by 'raps' on our table and also on furniture close by and on the floor. When music is given by one of us it is most accurately accompanied by the rappings. The written messages which we receive are mostly in reversed writing. We have had also repeatedly the movement of furniture without hands, the most remarkable instance being the pushing backward of the chair of the medium, while she is sitting upon it, to a distance of six yards; all these phenomena occurring in full light.

But what I would mention more minutely as of special value for the spirit hypothesis is the following:—

The member of the circle at whose house we used to meet, being out of town, and also two other members, I proposed to the Rev. H., who had been present at the last two sances, to hold a sance at his house. So he and his wife, the medium, and I the undersigned, met at 8 o'clock on July 25th, and the weather being very warm, we left the window a little open. The lamp was lighted, but we sat at a distance therefrom at a small table.

The manifestations having begun by rappings on the table, we had some questions answered, also by writing. When the Rev. H. asked, 'Do you understand foreign languages?' the answer was, 'I will try,' whereupon the reverend gentleman asked, 'Do you know Latin?'

The medium now wrote very slowly, whereas she ordinarily does so very quickly. As for me, I found that question hazardous enough and waited the result somewhat distrustfully. The writing having stopped, the Rev. H. took the paper and looked at it curiously. With astonishment he exclaimed, 'This is Latin!' but because it was in reversed writing he could not read it. We therefore took a mirror and, holding the paper before it, we read, '*Vivitur Parvo bene ubi Gratulitum.*'

The Rev. H. is the only one of us who understands Latin; but even he could not decipher the last word, because of the letters C and v; and asked for a repetition of the writing, but as it was given in an unaltered form he requested a repetition of the last words only. I may here state that the medium never knows what she is writing, and does not even look at it. The repetition was: '*VBI gratulitum,*' the only change being that *ubi* was written more plainly in capitals.

Though only partly understood, we presumed that it was some classic sentence, and on consulting a Latin dictionary I found that the first three words were borrowed from the Roman poet, Horace, and are to be found in his 'Odes,' lib. II., od. 16. As to the last word, I found that in archaic Latin there was no *g*, and instead of it a *c* was used. By changing, therefore, the initial *c* into *g*, we had now *gratuitum*, and the sentence was therefore, '*Vivitur parvo bene ubi gratuitum,*' the *v* having been, as was usual in Latin, always written for *u*. It was thus evident that there was no mistake in the sentence, as we had thought, but that the difficulty was caused by our own ignorance. After some days meditating I understood that the sentence was very appropriate for me, as I had that same week, great disappointment in my social position.

When we take into consideration the fact that the medium has not the least knowledge of Latin; that she cannot have found it in any book, the sentence being but partly to be found in Horace; that of the other sitters only the Rev. H. can have read in his youth the words of Horace, but that he in later years had never read or written Latin, and could not now decipher the last word of the sentence, and that none but myself knew of my disappointment, so that all influence from our side is excluded, what other conclusion can we arrive at than that another Intelligence outside the four sitters has inspired the medium, and that we have here a case in which the spirit hypothesis is clearly proven?

A. J. ROTTEVEEL.

The Hague.

[Will some of our readers who are classical scholars kindly give their views as to the correct rendering of the words of the message?—Ed. 'LIGHT.']

The 'Banner of Light' reprints from 'Zion's Herald,' Boston, the following interesting details of what is called 'an answer to prayer,' which details the Rev. W. T. Worth says were given to him by a lady, who was the principal person in the story, and are vouched for by the owner of the dog. The lady formerly lived on a lonely New Hampshire country road, only one farmhouse being near. One winter morning her husband and little son went to a town, ten miles away, expecting to return at night. As the day wore on a severe snow-storm began, and as night fell the wind blew furiously. She made a big fire and waited but could not rest. She says:—

'I wandered from room to room, and it seemed as if I should be insane from fright; for never before had I experienced a mountain storm. I have passed through many storms since then, but that stands out with a prominence which will not allow it to be ever forgotten. Going to the window and peering out into the darkness, I suddenly felt prompted to pray—not for my family's return for I hoped they were sheltered from the storm—but I prayed, "Give me strength, O Lord, to overcome this fear!" And before I finished my prayer it was answered. Above the roar of the storm I heard, under my window, the barking of my neighbour's huge dog. I let him in, all covered as he was with snow, and he walked over to the fire, and lay down, and looked up into my face with an almost human intelligence, as if he would say, "You needn't be afraid; I'll take care of you." With a thankful heart I lay down and slept sweetly all night.

'The owner of the dog told me the next day that during all the years he had owned him never had he known him to leave his mat at night; but for two hours they had tried to keep him in, and at last, fearing they would get no sleep if he stayed, they opened the door, and he bounded away into the storm toward our house.'

The lady adds: 'Now by what instinct was he guided? Did he know that the one who had fed and petted him was in deep trouble? I believed then, and believe now, that God sent him.'

The probability is that some watchful spirit friend, seeing the lady's distress, had exerted his influence and caused the dog to act in the way he did. Apparently he had done this before the lady prayed, as the dog had been trying to get away for two hours and was at the house before the prayer was finished.

A PERTINENT INQUIRY.

In a letter in the 'Psycho-Therapeutic Journal,' for August, Dr. J. M. Peebles quotes the following passage from Mr. Adolphe Smith's paragraph on 'the Subconscious Mind,' which appeared in the June issue of the journal, viz., 'In the subliminal or subconscious there is stored up knowledge and memory which it could not normally communicate to the ordinary mind.' Dr. Peebles says 'it may all be true, but there is ambiguity, a mental haze, about the reiterated words "subconscious," "subliminal," "subjective," "supra-subliminal," "subliminal consciousness," "the subconscious mind," &c., and, he exclaims:—

'This flood of "subs" appearing in our journals, on both sides of the Atlantic, is becoming puzzling.

'Permit me to inquire if the above words and phrases, sub-prefixed, are synonyms? Is it safe to use them interchangeably when connected with mind? And, if so, what do they literally signify? *Sub*, we know, means under; but what is under spirit consciousness? This is not asked with any carping intent, but solely to elicit clearer and more uniform definitions for practical purposes.

'Dr. Schotfield assures us in "Nerves in Disorder" (p. 19) that there should be included in the supra-conscious such a faculty as conscience, which is surely a half-unconscious faculty. Moreover, the supra-conscious, like the subconscious, is best apprehended, he informs us, when the conscious mind is not active.'

We do not wonder that Dr. Peebles asks 'what does it all mean?' The 'flood of "subs,"' and "supers," conscious but not conscious of their consciousness or of each other's existence, seems likely to drown out all sense and meaning from the words used by writers on these subjects.

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PITIFULNESS.

The beautiful spiritual grace of pitifulness is usually regarded as a tender emotion, to be expected in women and to be respected in some men, but hardly suitable for the rough wear and tear of common life, out of place in the factory or behind the counter, and hardly to be tolerated in business hours, and as between employer and employed. In the political world it is politely laughed at: in diplomacy it is a negligible quantity: in the treatment of subject and 'inferior' races it is simply a nuisance and in the way.

All this is grievously wrong, and only measures the painfully short distance which, after all, lies between the average man and his poor relations, the ape, the vulture, and the shark. Pitifulness is somehow associated with weakness, sentimentality, and unpractical softness of spirit, leading to bad business and the being forced into 'a back seat': and so it has been decided that, not 'the meek,' but the pushing shall inherit the earth. But Christ was right, in spite of the verdict of the majority, and the way of the world. Push prospers for a time; and, on some impersonal lines, it may prosper all the time; but, wherever persons are concerned, the meek, the gentle, the pitiful, have enormous subtle power. In the end, it is perfectly true, as again Christ said, that they who take the sword will perish by the sword: and it is always the brotherly spirit that is going on 'conquering and to conquer.'

All history proves it; all experience shows it; all lovers of mankind know it. In truth, the laws of Nature are so planned, and the common, inexorable, unwritten laws of life are so ordered, that sympathy is always a tremendous factor in the very evolution of Man. It is one of God's keenest and strongest instruments in the shaping of the Ideal Man. The historian has paid too much attention to rulers and fighters and diplomatists as agents in the work of civilising and ordering the world. Stormfully or cunningly have these made their way along and across Humanity's path, helping perhaps, but often hindering, and useful chiefly as producing the suffering which gives birth to sympathy, and the misery which urges to pity, but, all the time, the really creative and evolutionary forces have been working from home to home and heart to heart.

So then, pitifulness is not only the product of modern civilisation, it is also the creator of it. It is the product of sympathy, and sympathy is the result of sensitiveness;

and that is civilisation as distinguished from savagery, and differentiates the human from the bestial.

It is on these lines that the thoughtful Spiritualist sees his way to all the rights and duties of the nation. What a divine ideal it would be for a nation, especially for a colonising and widely spreading commercial nation, to use its gifts of experience, wealth, skill and organising faculty for the good of backward races, to help and not to exploit them; to lead them, not to enrich itself by them; to defend them, not to destroy them; to win their love, and not to incur their hate; to be willing even to lose by them while it educated and uplifted them, not to profit by them because they are uneducated and down!

That will be called 'Utopian.' Any way it is human, it is noble, it is Christian: and it is what every Spiritualist who has got to the heart of his heavenly truth must long for as the real as well as the ideal. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who is such a Spiritualist, has given us an aspiration which the greatest nation might well take as its national prayer:—

Hear thou my prayer, great God of opulence;
Give me no blessings, save as recompense
For blessings which I lovingly bestow
On needy stranger or on suffering foe.
If Wealth, by chance, should on my path appear,
Let Wisdom and Benevolence stand near.
Yet, in this intricate great art of living,
Guide me away from misdirected giving,
And show me how to spur the laggard soul
To strive alone once more to gain the goal.
If on the carrying winds my name be blown
To any land or time beyond my own,
Let it not be as one who gained the day
By crowding others from the chosen way;
Rather as one who missed the highest place,
Pausing to cheer spent runners in the race.
To do—to have—is smaller than to BE:
The greater boon I ask, dear God, from Thee.

But not only the Spiritualist: the shallowest man of the world might profitably enlist under this flag, for it shows the way to that most profitable of all assets—goodwill and peace. The human heart is so attuned that it at once responds to sympathy, that it will repay gladly in kind for goodwill. It is the survival of the beast in us that prevents us seeing this, that hurries us to think that force is a remedy, that bloodshed will set things right; and it is the survival of the beast in us which leads us to think of such things and exult in them. It is not the cant of unpractical sentimentalism to say that Love might make a new world of it. *It would.* If even London could for one blessed week live up anywhere near to the teachings of any Sunday, the memory of those six enchanting days would never be forgotten. Why cannot it be? Simply because the habit of our daily lives has been largely formed and is largely controlled by that same survival of the beast which haunts and pitilessly controls us in the selfish struggle of the streets.

There is one kind of pitifulness which is rarely spoken of or shown, because we are so easily moved to resent the repelling personal characteristics of anyone who does not quite please us. The way of the world is to put these into the pillory, and not to pity on account of them. That was lofty though simple teaching of Adelaide Ann Proctor:—

Judge not. The workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see.
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.
The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token that, below,
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

Be pitiful! Here is one who seems miserly. What if we know all?—heredity, the chill of poverty born in his bones; the rough early struggles, the intense concern for persons depending upon him, the unaided fight for life, the looming shadow of the future. Be pitiful! Here is an over militant spirit, aggressive and impatient of control. Be pitiful! Think how much the world needs compulsion, to make it do right; and what a mercy it is to have for a neighbour a wrestler against wrong. Be pitiful! Here is a tough dogmatist, entrenched in his fortified opinions. Be pitiful! Though he may cling to a falsity, he has a longing for the truth, and he may deeply feel his need of being fast held to something. Here is one whom we dismiss as irritable. Be pitiful! It is, as often as not, a case that is truly pathetic. It is all very well for the thick-skinned, and perhaps the thick-headed, to scoff at the sensitiveness of people they cannot understand, but the very characteristic that annoys them may have its origin in resistance to folly and injury. Carlyle's irritability was not all due to indigestion, excessive smoking and an ill disposition: it was much more due to tragic scorn of shams on the one hand, and tragic sympathy with suffering on the other. But it all comes to this; that I should deal with my fellow-creatures as I pray God to deal with me.

FROM MATERIALISM TO SPIRITUALISM.

In a recent number of 'Luce e Ombra,' says the 'Harbinger of Light,'

'there is a sympathetic reference to the death of the late Cavalier Nicola Santangelo, M.D., of Vanosa, who, like so many professional gentlemen of high culture in Italy, was a fervent Spiritualist.'

How and why Cavalier Nicola Santangelo became a Spiritualist is set forth by Signor P. Jacchini Luraghi, the writer of the obituary notice, as follows:—

'Twenty-three years ago a nephew, whom Dr. Santangelo regarded as a son, was foully assassinated. Up to that time, his uncle had been a materialist, who believed that death ended all. But, in the presence of this tragic incident, he asked himself, "Is all indeed finished? Can the hand of an assassin destroy for ever a young existence which was so full of promise?" He could not believe it; and, from that time, he began the investigation of psychic phenomena which was never afterwards relaxed. At the house of the late Cavalier Chiaja, in Naples, and afterwards in that of Alegiani, a celebrated painter in Rome, with Professor Ferri, of the university of that city, and other men of high intellectual attainments, he had many sittings with Eusapia Paladino and five other mediums of great repute, with the result that he obtained undeniable proofs of the continuity of our individual existence after death, of the reality of spirit intercourse, and of the utterly unscientific character of the materialistic ideas which he had previously entertained; and he thenceforth became an ardent believer in Spiritualism, expounding and indicating its foundation truths with an earnestness, a courage, an ability, a power of logic, and an opulence of scientific proofs which were irresistible. Like Professor Lombroso, he commenced his inquiries as one of its redoubtable adversaries, and like him, he frankly and honourably acknowledged that he had been mistaken, and that the phenomena which he had once endeavoured to account for by all sorts of ingenious theories and plausible hypotheses, were incapable of any other explanation than that they were occasioned by the interposition of discrete and incarnate intelligences.'

BLACK'S MEDICAL DICTIONARY, edited by John D. Combie, M.R.C.P., Edin. (second edition, A. and C. Black, price 7s. 6d. net), is an excellent and, we believe, thoroughly trustworthy guide to matters relating to health. Numerous illustrations make the descriptive articles very clear, and the causes, symptoms, and general treatment of the various diseases are concisely stated. There is a good account of the application of electricity in different forms to curative purposes, and a cautious note on hypnotism. Articles on ventilation, water supply, sanitation, and similar subjects are highly practical, and diagrams of suitable and unsuitable arrangements are given. The book is a mine of succinctly stated information on all medical subjects in which the general public needs to be enlightened.

SUBCONSCIOUS ACTIVITY.

For the last few years the question of the 'subconscious self'—or selves—has taken a prominent place in all discussions of the psychological meaning of various phenomena which occur in our daily life, or under special conditions regarded as indicative of outside influence. To some Spiritualists the words 'subconscious' and 'subliminal' are positively distasteful, as though the conception implied struck at the root of their belief in survival and spirit return. But we think that there is no need for any such alarm, for in our view the subconscious portions of the mind are just those by which sensitives come into contact with the spirit realm, and by which spirit phenomena are rendered possible. In fact, the subconsciousness of living persons is the link between the two states of existence.

Everyone knows that there are occurrences in our daily life, from the normal working of the bodily organs to our semi-automatic habitual and reflex actions, which do not depend upon the deliberate exercise of our will, and we therefore say that they are due to the 'subconsciousness.' These peculiarities of our ordinary lives form the main theme of a recently published book on 'The Subconscious,'* by an American professor of psychology, Joseph Jastrow. This work of 550pp. does not put forward any new or far-reaching theory, but rather serves as a description of the phenomena of subconscious action, and, as the author hints in his preface, as a corrective to certain misconceptions which attribute to this function of the normal self a mysterious and erratic nature.

Professor Jastrow compares the consciousness to a sea into which we are only at times, and for brief moments, able to plunge, in order to explore its hidden depths; the subconscious self he calls the 'night side of mind,' and says, 'It is certainly not easy to discover how this other half lives, and where it moves and where it has its being.' In chapters replete with incidents and homely illustrations drawn from ordinary experience, he shows how great a share this 'other half' has in the work of our life, and gives many amusing instances of the way in which it acts while the attention, or the conscious will, is withdrawn. He shows that as an action ceases to be deliberate, and becomes habitual—that is, passes into the domain where 'the subconscious' rules—the effort involved diminishes, the skill (adjustment of impulse to achievement) increases, and facility becomes an expression of the decreasing demand upon the directive attention.' In fact, what we do self-consciously we are apt to do badly, as when walking up a crowded hall with the eyes of others fixed upon us.

Absent-minded people may derive comfort from the reflection that their failing is due to 'a contraction of the field of consciousness' brought about by concentration on some absorbing thought or occupation, and the man who, when he ought to be dressing for dinner, winds up his watch and gets into bed, is merely the victim of his subconsciousness, which continues, in its own way, the chain of action initiated by taking off the coat, while the attention is diverted. Other curious effects of absent-mindedness are given, as, for instance, 'the inability to tell another person the time just after consulting your own watch, though your glimpse of the watch-face satisfied your own curiosity.' This is a good instance of what appear to be different phases of consciousness; it seems exactly as though the self which noted the time in obedience to an interior impulse was not the same phase or stratum of consciousness as the one which awoke or came to the surface under the stimulus of a question from an external source. The same tendency is illustrated by the statement made in this book with regard to Mr. Gladstone, that he 'sat at one desk for his political labours, and became the scholar when he transferred both his person and his range of thought to another corner of his library.'

In dreams, according to psychologists, we have nothing more than the subconsciousness running riot, unrestrained by

* 'The Subconscious.' By JOSEPH JASTROW, Professor of Psychology in the University of Wisconsin. London: Archibald Constable and Co., Limited; New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

reason, and inventing absurd details or climaxes to eke out its store of memories. The cases in which the dreamer is satisfied with preposterous logic or impossible mechanical contrivances must, however, be carefully distinguished from those in which problems are correctly solved, works of real art created, or the future revealed. These latter classes of dreams are conveniently ignored, and the author treats very lightly the subject of the awakening of a higher grade of consciousness under anaesthetics. He says:—

'The metaphysical condition of piercing the secret of reality is an experience frequently reported, and naturally by persons of philosophic, reflective temperament. So long ago as 1800 Sir Humphrey Davy, while experimenting with nitrous oxide gas, described the feeling that pervaded his reflection thus: "Nothing exists but thought. The Universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains." This metaphysical pronouncement is variously experienced, and occasionally with visual projection, such as the intent following of parallel lines or loops, in mystic symbolism, with a conviction that they reveal the nature of reality. One person said: "When under chloroform the Platonic ideas came to me that matter was only phenomenal, while the only reality was that which underlay matter, viz., its spiritual substance." Sir William Ramsay said: "An overwhelming impression fixed itself upon me that the state in which I then was was reality; that now I had reached the true solution of the secret of the Universe, in understanding the secret of my own mind; that all outside objects were merely passing reflections on the eternal mirror of my mind; some more, some less transient."

Professor Jastrow gives instances of attempts to record these impressions before consciousness had fully returned, and for the most part the expressions used are absolute nonsense, although they were uttered or written in the belief that they contained statements of profound significance. We think that we might argue from this that we cannot safely judge of the real experiences through which we have passed during sleep, merely from the recollection which we retain of them on waking. Probably we do not remember our real dream experiences; what we call dreams are possibly only distorted caricatures of them. The following curious dream has its bearings on the question raised on p. 388 of 'LIGHT,' and on the one discussed in 'LIGHT' last year, 'Does the Subliminal Self awake us?'

'A student impressed upon her own mind the necessity of waking at half-past seven o'clock. She awoke at the noise of the factory whistles at seven o'clock, and settled back to a short sleep. The dream begins with an impression that she asks her room-mate the time, and receives the answer, "Twenty minutes before eight"; then, that she arises and dresses and goes down to breakfast, where all proceeds regularly, except that the dishes are displayed upon a buffet. Breakfast over, she consults her watch, finds it to be only seven o'clock, and takes her room-mate to task for having misinformed her as to the hour. The latter denies having given any information on the subject, and in seeking to harmonise these conflicting testimonies the sleeper awakes to find that in the waking world it is just half-past seven. It would thus appear that the subconscious guidance, to which we entrust our responsibilities when we turn over for the coveted half-hour more, took this roundabout method of awakening the sleeper.'

Dissociation of personality, so-called, is described, with the stock examples: Miss Beauchamp, Rev. Hanna, and others. Automatic writing is introduced in a singular way to illustrate the action of the 'dissociated consciousness'; a young man is hypnotised, and after he wakes his hand traces words or figures referring to what was said to him during hypnotic sleep. This is considered to reveal the presence of a memory-registry, 'dissociated from the normal avenues of knowledge, and which the conscious memory does not reach.' Now we have only to suppose that this second sphere of consciousness is open to influences to which our 'normal avenues of knowledge' are closed, and that in the passive state this consciousness can produce manifestations such as automatic writing, in order to have, on psychological lines, a very fair outline of the *modus operandi* of spirit communications.

It must, however, be remembered that this 'subconscious' is not the 'subliminal' self of Myers, who, on p. 14 of Vol. I. of 'Human Personality,' thus defines the latter phrase:—

'I propose to extend the meaning of the term so as to make it cover all that takes place beneath the ordinary threshold,

or say, if preferred, outside the ordinary margin of consciousness. . . I do not, indeed, by using this term assume that there are two correlative and parallel selves existing always within each of us. Rather I mean by the subliminal Self that part of the Self which is commonly subliminal; . . . and I conceive that no Self of which we here have cognisance is in reality more than a fragment of a larger Self, revealed in a fashion at once shifting and limited through an organism not so framed as to afford it full manifestation.'

When Mr. Myers applies the one term to all portions of the true Self not ordinarily manifested, he groups together the subconscious faculties spoken of by Mr. Jastrow, and the 'higher subliminal,' if we may so term it, which, as Mr. Myers further claims, is responsive to suggestions from 'the metetherial,' the 'spiritual or transcendental world in which the soul exists.' The former group of faculties, it seems to us, is largely concerned with the direction of the body, the latter with the true spiritual activity of the soul.

VICTOR HUGO'S SPIRITUALISM.

Among the eminent men who, in the early days of the movement, boldly advocated the claims of Spiritualism the late Victor Hugo takes high rank. After having patiently investigated the phenomena and satisfied himself of their validity, he did not hesitate to publicly avow his convictions. In his work entitled 'William Shakespeare' he rebuked the physical scientists who refused to investigate psychic phenomena for their essentially unscientific attitude, and said:—

'Table turning or talking has been very much laughed at. To speak plainly, this rillery is out of place. To replace inquiry by mockery is convenient, but not very scientific. For our part, we think that the strict duty of science is to test all phenomena. Science is ignorant, and has no right to laugh; a savant who laughs at the possible is very near being an idiot. The unexpected ought always to be expected by science. Her duty is to stop it in its course and search it, rejecting the chimerical, establishing the real. Science has but the right to put a visa on facts; she should verify and distinguish. All human knowledge is but picking and culling. The circumstance that the false is mingled with the true furnishes no excuse for rejecting the whole mass. When was the tare an excuse for refusing the corn? Hoe out the weed error, but reap the fact, and place it beside others. Science is the sheaf of facts.

'The mission of science is to study and sound everything. All of us, according to our degree, are the creditors of investigation; we are its debtors also. It is due to us, and we owe it to others. To evade a phenomenon, to refuse to pay it that attention to which it has a right, to bow it out, to show it the door, to turn our back on it laughing, is to make truth a bankrupt, and to leave the signature of science to be protested. The phenomenon of the table is entitled, like anything else, to investigation. Psychic science will gain by it, without doubt. Let us add, that to abandon phenomena to credulity is to commit treason against human reason.'

His investigation of Spiritualism evidently convinced Victor Hugo of human survival after bodily death and led him to entertain a rational conception of the future life in a realm where the higher law or moral order obtains. To a mother who had lost her child and was in a paroxysm of grief he tenderly said, with the loving assurance born of confidence, 'Console yourself, for it is only a departure, and that for us alone. The dead are not even absent. They are invisible, but every time you think of your little one he will be heard you.'

When speaking of his own approaching death, he thus confidently and triumphantly expressed his convictions:—

'The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvellous yet simple. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, "I have finished my day's work," but I cannot say "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn.

'My work is only begun; I yearn for it to become higher and nobler, and this craving for the infinite demonstrates that there is an infinity. . . . Man is a reduced copy of God, a duodecimo of the gigantic folio, but, nevertheless, the same book. Though I am an atom, I feel I am divine, gifted with divine power, because I can clear up the chaos that is within me.'

JOHANNESBURG SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The annual meeting of the Johannesburg Society of Spiritualists was held on July 26th last, and the report of the president, Mr. George Leal, was an inspiring one. He said that during the year ending June, 1906, there had been a marked advance in the general efficiency and influence of the society. Greater expenditure had been met, and the assets had been increased. The society was in a flourishing condition. This result was largely due to the energy of the executive, to the hon. secretary, Mr. G. M. Horne, and to the devotion of the treasurer, Mr. Doyle. The executive heartily appreciated the efforts of the speakers and workers, including Mr. Back, Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths, Mr. Withycombe, Mr. Medhurst, Mr. Gott, and Mr. A. Wallace; they also thanked the many members who had worked enthusiastically to further the usefulness of the society.

Referring to the visit of Mrs. Ellen Green, Mr. Leal said that she endeared herself to the members and the public by the striking nature and value of her clairvoyance, and her good work for Spiritualism generally, which undoubtedly deserved the high praise. Mrs. Green's visit had resulted in a net profit to the society of £44 14s. 9d., after making a donation of £10 to the Durban Society, presenting Mrs. Green with a valuable kaross, £7 10s., and also a cheque for £47.

Realising the necessity of bringing good mediums from other countries, Miss Florence Morse, daughter of Mr. J. J. Morse, had been engaged, and was expected at Cape Town on August 26th, and the executive had written to Messrs. Colville, Peters, and the Rev. Lois Prior, among many others. An earnest appeal was made for disinterested workers, possessing business aptitude and organising power to assist in the work of the society. The musical arrangements, under the direction of the capable organist, Mr. Butters, had been of uniform excellence. The members on the roll numbered seventy-six as against sixty-three last year. Forty-seven new members had joined the society, but owing to the prevailing depression a number had allowed their subscriptions to lapse.

A profit of £30 had been made on the literature sold at the bookstall. The balance-sheet showed a cash balance of £75 9s. 8d., as against £19 9s. 9d. last year, and the total value of the society's assets were £238 5s. 2d. as against £204 11s. 8d. on last year's balance-sheet.

The important work of developing the mediumistic capabilities of members under proper conditions had been well attended to, and a members' circle had been carried on under the supervision of Mr. G. M. Horne, with good results, and sincere thanks were awarded to the mediums, Mrs. J. Horne, Mrs. Leyhle, Miss Mario and Mrs. Mario, also Mrs. McKeone who had kindly given their services gratuitously. The Lyceum (or Sunday School) was in a strong and flourishing condition, thanks to the untiring efforts of the conductor, Mr. A. Wallace (also his brother Mr. T. T. Wallace, late conductor), and Mr. J. Horne. The president was re-elected and Mr. P. Cartwright was appointed honorary secretary in place of Mr. G. M. Horne who resigned.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'C. E. H.'—Thanks! Next week.

'L. F.'—See our advertisement columns.

'A. M.'—We have acted on your kind suggestion, as you will see in duo course.

MR. LESTER, late of Sefton Park.—Will you kindly oblige us with your present address?

C. SHUMAN.—You did not give us your address, and we are, therefore, unable to communicate with you.

'THE BANNER OF LIGHT.'—The issue of the 'Banner of Light' dated August 18th was the last of the ninety-ninth volume, and also, we sincerely regret to learn, its last appearance as a weekly journal. In an editorial the following announcement is made as to the future of the 'Banner':—'Volume one hundred will appear in a new dress; and, as in form more useful, we trust in service more permanent.' The new 'Banner' will, therefore, be a monthly magazine, price two dollars per annum, postage extra to foreign countries.

'COINCIDENCES'—OR WHAT?

In an interesting article on 'Coincidences,' which appeared recently in the 'Daily News,' Julian Warwick relates how an unnamed psychic, after he had been blindfolded, requested a gentleman (who is called 'Jones') to take one of several letters which he had in his pocket, without knowing which, to crunch it in his hand so that no one could see a portion of it, and to hold it behind him. When Jones had done this, the psychic, after waiting a few minutes, said:—

"It comes from a distant town. It conveys an invitation. It refers to a former visit. It speaks of an illness. It speaks of a payment."

"When he had finished," said Jones, "and was unbandaged, I looked at my letter. I found it to be one that I had received that morning from Boston, in Lincolnshire. It was from the chairman of an organisation there, who wrote me saying that a former visit of mine had given so much pleasure that it would be very agreeable to his committee if I could give them a date for another lecture; that a fee, which he named, would be paid, and that he should have written earlier but that he had had a serious illness."

"After a while the stranger said to me, 'I seem to be receiving very strong impressions from you. Will you sit opposite to me, and all be very quiet?' His eyes were again bandaged, and we did as directed."

"I seem to see by your side," said the stranger, "a lad of eighteen. He is across the sea. His cheeks are hollow. His hair is very fair. He suffers here"—pointing to his chest. "He is in a state of extreme weakness. Now he is lying on a couch. He is either asleep or dead. You are speaking to him, and calling him Charley."

"I confess to you," said Jones, "that this staggered me, for the description tallied exactly with that of a young friend of mine, who a few weeks before had been sent to Jersey, suffering from chronic asthma. The name, too, was identical. Next day I wrote to the lad's father asking him, without saying why, to ascertain exactly where his son was, and what he was doing at the moment when the stranger was talking to me. In a few days the reply came that, feeling very exhausted, he had just lain upon a couch and dropped asleep."

Mr. Warwick relates another experience, as told by an individual whom he calls 'Brown,' who said:—

"Two years ago my wife presented me with a boy—the third—a fine, healthy-looking little fellow. Mother and child were going on first-rate, when, at the end of seven or eight days, I had to go to Manchester. At ten minutes past three in the morning I awoke with tears rolling down my cheeks, and the certainty that my wife was sobbing her heart out. In the dream-state which preceded my awakening, I seemed to hear in full harmony the sweet strains of that beautiful lullaby which ends, 'Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep!' and it was at the end of that line that I awoke. I felt very agitated, and, finding it useless to attempt to sleep again, got up and went for a walk. When the telegraph office opened I learned that the little one had been seized with a convulsion and had died at ten minutes past three that morning."

'THE NEXT STEP: WHITHER?'

Two useful little pamphlets reach us, entitled 'Immortality,' and 'The Next Step: Whither?' They are sermons by the Rev. H. Mayne Young, M.A., curate of St. John's, Westminster, S.W., and are outspoken and healthy presentations of latter-day spiritual thoughts. There is nothing new to the Spiritualist in the address on 'Immortality,' but as it embodies our views on the subject on many points it is pleasant to find that the truth is being proclaimed from the pulpit. Mr. Young contends for the 'spiritual resurrection body' and has a sly dig at those who hold that 'every particle of matter, which ever formed part of an individual organism upon earth, will be incorporated into the resurrection body.' He says: 'At this rate we shall begin the next life weighing several tons, which, to say the least of it, would be a most unwieldy condition in which to enter the spiritual world!' Mr. Young thinks that the spiritual body 'may bear a close resemblance to the physical—such a close resemblance as is borne by the astral body or by the wraith'—(but what is an astral body?) and that 'man must rise not *with*, but *from*, his corpse!'

In his sermon on 'The Next Step' Mr. Young deals with the three great transformations through which Christianity has passed, and classifies them as 'the Dogmatic, the Ecclesiastical,

and the Mystical,' and points to the unmistakable signs on all sides that a further step is about to be taken, as 'there is not a single confession of faith which serves to express the actual belief of even the most conservative members of any church which is supposed to accept such a confession,' and therefore, he thinks that the next step will be in the direction of 'salvation by conduct, deeds not creeds,' and, he continues:—

'The important thing is, not what you profess to believe, nor even what you actually do believe. Your destiny here and hereafter will depend upon your *conduct here and now*. "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father." You may believe much and have a low ideal. You may believe little and your ideal may be transcendently sublime. Many good people feel sad and anxious at the breaking up of the old orthodoxy, at the increasing disinclination on the part of the highly educated to accept the old ecclesiastical formulas and dogmas. But if for their comfort I suggest that along with all this so-called heterodoxy there exists, as I think, an ever-growing sense of the paramount importance of conduct, the world is, after all, progressing, progressing by means of those very changes which they so deeply deplore. After all, the old order changes, yielding place to new, and God fulfils Himself in many ways perhaps undreamed of in their philosophy.'

Clearly the 'next step' in Christendom is Spiritualism. When preachers, like the Rev. Mayne Young, get so far on the road it will be but another step to the recognition of the present-day ministry of spirits—of guidance and inspiration, and healing and voices from the unseen—and then man, the spirit, the Son of God, will come into his own.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.

The Doctrine of the 'Twice Born.'

SIR,—May I venture to enter a respectful caveat against the off-hand down-thump fashion in which your reviewer (on p. 383) dismisses one of the most suggestive and thoughtful books that has appeared of late years on psychic subjects? It hardly lies in the mouth of any Spiritualist to dismiss off-hand anything as 'simply incredible,' because it has not happened to fall within the range of his own experience. From the account which you give of the doctrine of the book, the first part seems to be identical with the teaching of all the greater mystics from St. Paul downwards, and the second part, which deals with the existence of the 'twice born,' raises a question much too momentous to be airily dismissed as 'stuff that makes the judicious grieve.'

It has been precisely in compelling the recognition of the truth of that 'sort of stuff,' regardless of the lamentations of the 'judicious,' that Spiritualists have been engaged for the last fifty years.—Yours, &c.,

A STUDENT.

['Quot homines, tot sententiæ !'—ED. 'LIGHT.']

A Spirit's Message Verified.

SIR,—An interesting proof of the power of our spirit friends was recently given to us. Early in the afternoon my mother, a young lady visitor, and myself went to spend the afternoon and evening at the house of a friend. As our maid was away on a holiday we left the house unoccupied, taking the key with us. In the evening we decided upon having a séance, and about half-past seven we sat round a small table. Almost immediately the names of my sister, who is in spirit life, and of two guides were rapped out, followed by the message: 'Go home, there is a letter from J—.'

The relative named is a sailor, and in a former letter had said that the ship might be leaving the port they were then in any day, and no one on board knew where they would be going to next, so we were not expecting a letter at any special time, nor did we know by what mail to expect one, nor the time of the mails.

Accompanied by the daughter of our hostess, I went home, and upon opening the front door found a letter from the gentleman named by our spirit friends. (One of my brothers had been in the house about seven o'clock the same evening, but there was no letter then.)

Although such tests as these are of no infrequent occurrence in our home circle, it is not always easy to prove them to the satisfaction of outsiders. As we happened, in this case, to have independent witnesses, I thought it might be interesting to

your readers, and the names of those who sign this is sufficient proof of their reliability to all who are acquainted with them.—Yours, &c.,

'Voelas,' Laburnum-road,
Fairfield, Liverpool.

C. M. WILLIAMS.

We, the undersigned, testify to the truth of what has been said above. We were the sitters who received the message, and saw the letter which Miss Williams and Miss Unsworth brought with them on their return.

K. HUGHES-JONES, 67, Hartington-road,
Southend-on-Sea, Essex.

A. WILLIAMS, 'Voelas,' Laburnum-road, Liverpool.

A. R. UNSWORTH, 28, Mulliner-street, Liverpool.

ELSIE M. UNSWORTH, 28, Mulliner-street, Liverpool.

'Meekness.'

SIR,—'Reader,' in his letter in 'LIGHT' of August 18th, p. 396, has opened up a very interesting subject. He asks whether Dr. Wayland Hoyt's interpretation of meekness—'a gracious self-control in face of irritation'—is the correct Biblical idea of the Beatitude, 'Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth.' Different people put different constructions upon the text, according as they view it from different standpoints, literal or figurative, the letter or the spirit. Christ, Himself, showed 'a gracious self-control in the face of irritation' when Judas betrayed Him and when Pilate gave Him up to the mob; although, when real necessity arose, as in the case of the Jews converting 'the House of God into a den of thieves,' He was capable of a courage rarely, if ever, exhibited by men much less meek, as the world generally understands meekness. No one possesses, or inherits, the earth, as regards His influence over the lives of men, so much as He. And, paradoxically, the earth has no better inheritance than His life and teaching. The saying of Christ that 'Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven,' is another illustration of the same power of meekness. Those who, by spirit communion, especially, have realised that 'the Kingdom of Heaven is within,' are not unconscious of the value of meekness. The phrase, 'inherit the earth,' seems to have given rise to much misconception. May I give my interpretation of it, modestly, but I trust with courageous meekness, in the form of a poetical parable?

A poor man, musing on liberty, looked up at his caged linnet hanging over his cottage door. He concluded that the bird was not as happy as it might be, so set it free and himself sang:—

The linnet is mine no longer,
And yet mine more than before,
It flits about in my garden
And hovers around my door.
I see it now at the window,
Its song has a sweeter tone,
It is free, and, while I hear it,
I will call it still my own.

And who will say that his real inheritance of the linnet was not greater than before? When he took his walks in the country he had the meekness even to be led into the finer perception of things by a little child, and could exclaim:—

How fair and beautiful all Nature seems,
With a dear, prattling child for company!
The birds sing sweeter and the sunshine gleams
More brightly on the laughing brooklets free.
The grass grows greener, the wild flowers more sweet,
Taller the trees and bluer is the sky,
Gladder all things I see, or friends I meet,
When a child's smile is on them; tell me why.

Is not the answer, 'Meekness'? The man who owned the grass, and the flowers, and the trees—and the birds, and the sunshine, if he could catch them—had no such inheritance. 'Blessed are the meek for they do inherit the earth.'—Yours, &c.,

WYNFORD BRIEBLEY.

The Séance with Mr. Eldred.

SIR,—In regard to the séance with Mr. Eldred, reported in your issue of August 18th, permit me to say that if Mr. Eldred desires to be recognised as a medium, I should like to remind him and all those of his followers who wish us to believe in him, that the offer made in 'LIGHT' is still open. Until that is accepted and Mr. Eldred makes good his alleged claim to materialising mediumship by submitting himself to absolute test conditions before competent and responsible sitters, and also considering that he was discovered only very recently in an infamous fraud, I hope that all true Spiritualists will remain with me, as far as he is concerned,—Yours, &c.,

'DISGUSTED.'

The Recent Séance with Mr. Eldred.

SIR,—We are informed that a slight mistake has been made in describing the clothes worn by Mr. Eldred during our séance at Sanvic, on June 28th last, and reported by my wife in 'LIGHT' of August 18th. The French words, 'gilet de corps,' have been erroneously translated by 'waistcoat,' the correct word being 'undervest.' As one of the four gentlemen before whom the medium undressed, I would describe this piece of clothing as a short undervest of a light grey colour. The medium took it off, and we carefully examined it, after which he put it on again. He would have remained without it, had we specially desired it, but he preferred wearing it for fear of catching cold, and as we had nothing at hand to replace it with, we did not think it necessary to deprive him of it.

Though this matter does not seem of great importance I have thought it better to have the correction made.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES LETORT.

23, Rue du Bac, Paris.

Auric Thought Forms.

SIR,—I am exceedingly anxious to obtain further evidence of thought vibration producing, in astral matter, definite form and colour.

Experience shows me that visualisation upon this plane is a distinctive phase of clairvoyance; and I should feel deeply indebted to such seers if they would send me coloured drawings (however roughly executed) of any thought forms that they have personally observed. These should also be accompanied by a brief description of the circumstances under which such results were obtained, as auric thought forms may be either spontaneously produced by intense mental disturbance, or built up through continuous concentration along some special line of thought.

Any reproduction of an auric thought form that I may be fortunate enough to receive, I should wish to make use of in my public work, duly acknowledging the kind co-operation of the clairvoyant.—Yours, &c.,

EFFIE BATHE.

2, Addison-road, Bedford Park, W.

'Human Magnetism.'

SIR,—In reply to 'Speedland,' who inquires in 'LIGHT,' p. 395, as to the remedy for the draining of a person's vitality by the aged and infirm, I hold the view that this is a case of 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth.' Healers are of different opinions as to the source of their magnetic power; some regard the loss of it as a drain on their own vitality; others think that a large proportion of it is restored from other sources, such as spirit influences; but I believe in a central source of Infinite Power, whence life and magnetism and all other modes of force stream ceaselessly upon us like the rays from the sun. In our minds are clouds caused by distrust, unbelief, and other states of negation and unresponsiveness, and these clouds stop the rays of power; hence those who cannot believe in their efficacy are just those who receive least influence from them.

To take in the influx of spiritual power we need no ceremonial or observance. If we just believe that it is there, it streams upon us like holiday sunshine. As a case in point, I am myself conscious of the drain which takes place whenever I sit with a certain aged relative; but the instant I recognise it I respond to it not by attempting to stop it, but by converting the loss into a free gift, and at the same time inhaling, mentally and physically, the spiritual force of which I have spoken. When I do this I never feel worse for the 'depletion,' but rather that I have received a fuller repletion with fresh power. My touch has a very soothing and even strengthening effect on the relative mentioned, and I am more than repaid for the attention given by the gratitude aroused. At the same time I should not advise anyone to associate with aged and infirm persons who is deficient in receptive or recuperative power, or who is out of health, or whose mind is preoccupied in other directions at the same time that he is exposed to the drain on his magnetism. In short, he should be fully aware of the power both of giving to others and of receiving again without stint.—Yours, &c.,

KIM.

SIR,—If 'Speedland' would live on patriarchal lines as given in Genesis i. 29, he would increase his vitality in spite of vampires. Has he not heard, or known, of the grape or apple cure for consumption? Although we do not hear of it from medical men its efficacy is well known to many, who believe that what will pull one out of the grave, so to speak, will keep one out of it.—Yours, &c.,

LEX ET LUX.

A Warning Voice.

SIR,—The following incident may or may not be worth recording in the columns of 'LIGHT.' I was out for a long cycle ride on Monday, August 20th, and was returning by one of the many pretty lanes near Hatfield. I was approaching a curved portion of the lane and, as I could see a bit of the opposite side of the road and it was clear of traffic, I decided that it was not worth ringing my bell. When I was just about to round the curve I suddenly heard a voice say, in a kind of agonised tone, 'Ring!' I immediately did so, and the very next instant I saw a cyclist with his head down going as hard as he could. He was on the wrong side of the road, and must have just turned the head of his bicycle on hearing my bell, as I had only sufficient room to pass him, and his bicycle was still turned in the direction of the opposite side of the road. But for the warning voice directing me to 'Ring,' we must have collided, with serious results to ourselves and machines. Curiously enough when I heard the word 'Ring,' it instantly flashed through me that the voice was super-normal, so I acted on it without the least indecision, and it was fortunate that I did so, for the whole incident was the work of a second.—Yours, &c.,

Hertford.

F. R. BEGBIE, Colonel.

A Strange Experience.

SIR,—The following experience related to me by a friend living in this neighbourhood may be of interest to readers of 'LIGHT.'

It happened somewhere about the beginning of July. I will give it in her own words:—

'I retired to bed as usual, and in order to avoid a draught from an open window I placed a candle, which I always keep burning during the night, on a chair near to my bed. I must have fallen asleep, but I felt quite awake, and on looking towards the candle saw that it was blazing high up into the air, as though a strong current of wind had enveloped the whole mass of wax in a huge flame, which continued to increase in volume. Then I saw someone in my room who had the air of (and felt to be like) yourself, though I could not quite distinguish the features. You moved towards the washstand and then took up a tooth-brush, and, dipping it into the water-jug, you threw a shower into the flame several times until it was extinguished.

'I then said quite loudly and gratefully, "Thank you, Miss H." After this I lay down to sleep again in the dark, feeling quite safe, for you said, "It's all right; don't be afraid." This was a most unusual state for me, as I suffer from extreme nervousness if I have no light in my room at night. When I awoke in the morning, after a peaceful sleep, I hoped it might have been only a dream, but no; there, in the candlestick, lay the tooth brush, covered with wax, while the chair itself bore witness to the fresh water splashes.'

The bedroom door having been left open on account of the heat, those sleeping in an adjoining room heard my friend speak to me, but thought she was possibly talking in her sleep. I, however, had no recollection of this night's performance, and would state that I do not live in the same house; but, strange to say, on the evening preceding the night, I had been talking very long and very earnestly to others about this friend as if from inspiration. I am inclined to think, however, that my friend was mistaken with regard to the personality of her visitant, for I think that, had I performed such an act, I should have retained some memory of it in my waking state.—Yours, &c.,

Chudleigh.

T. H.

A Prevision and its Fulfilment.

SIR,—On August 8th I returned home from my work feeling very tired, and went to bed to rest. Soon after I had laid down I had a vision. I saw myself and two friends, named Robert and Walter, in a train. We seemed to be on a journey but were detained on the way. I got out to see what was the matter, and when I reached the end of the train I saw a rope-end lying on the railway, a tunnel entrance, some trucks of coal, and some people whose faces were unrecognisable. I went back and found my friends standing on the ground and no train there at all. I heard myself say, first to one friend and then to the other, 'You are all right,' and then, 'and I am all right'; and then the vision ended. I got up and had my tea and related my vision to my wife, who is not a Spiritualist. I felt very uneasy and, as I was the same after tea, I said 'Something will follow this.' I am an earnest inquirer into Spiritualism and started to go to a circle which I attend, but had hardly got fifty yards away when a man who was running past shouted: 'There are three men electrocuted on the railway.'

I found the three bodies lying on the ground and tried,

with others, to bring the oldest man to life, but all our efforts were in vain; he was quite dead. The other two younger ones were restored and are still living, thank God. There was a wire rope in the man's hand, which he had clasped, and had thus been the means of saving the other two, for 500 volts went through him. There was a tunnel close by, and the man who was killed was named Walton (which is very nearly the same as Walter), while the name of the manager, who was present, was Robert. When I got away from the scene of the disaster and proceeded to attend the circle, the uneasy feeling which had affected me had passed off completely. This tragic occurrence seems to me to be a fulfilment of my strange vision.—Yours, &c.,

ABRAHAM CURRY.

17, Faraday-street,
Dean Bank, Ferryhill, Co. Durham.

'The Séance with Mr. Lees.'

SIR,—There is the same suggestion of illogical habit of thinking in Mr. Lees' reply, given in 'LIGHT' of August 18th, as was noticeable in the utterances of his alleged controls. For example, what possible comparison can there be between mere headlines of a volume's chapters and a report of a discourse in which certain propositions are fully stated, and which do not derive or require any collateral support from the rest of that discourse? Then, a *précis* is very much more than 'headlines of chapters,' and may actually afford material for a correct judgment.

Mr. Lees says that had I known the speaker the words to which I take objection would have been a familiar test of identity rather than otherwise. And he tells me that the reason for this is that the 'control' is always careful to point out that he is a citizen of a kingdom in which dwelleth righteousness, or rightness. This is more and more sad. Mr. Lees is actually confounding righteousness in the ethical sense with personal right in a judicial or pragmatical sense! This is the fallacy known in logic as the ambiguous middle term. A kingdom in which dwelleth righteousness is quite compatible with the absence of any consciousness of personal right at all, and to look for a *quid pro quo* for any service rendered is hardly the frame of mind we should expect in a dweller in that kingdom.

Mr. Lees further explains the phrase as implying that his 'control' was present at the resurrection neither 'by accident nor as a favour.' What loose talk is this! How could he have been there by accident? And why should he not have been there as a favour? How did he know it was not a favour? Is there not a flavour of self-righteousness here? The 'control' apparently flatters himself that he was not there as a favour, but as a right. Again I ask by what criterion does he judge? Reverse the position. Supposing the 'control' had not been present, would he have dared to say he had been unjustly treated? And in what quarter would he have lodged his complaint?

The only reason given by the 'control' for the use of the words is that he had been one of God's angels in the Old Dispensation. Would not the angel regard such an office as a glorious privilege, bringing with it its own reward? But apparently this 'angel' regarded it as a credit account which could only be duly discharged by his being allowed to be present at Christ's resurrection.

Mr. Lees says nothing about the phrase 'Old Dispensation.' I tell him there is no such thing as an 'Old Dispensation.' It implies that before the advent of Christ God ruled the world by other principles than those of grace and truth. It is a false and libellous generalisation. There never was a time in the history of the world when a righteous life was not the only passport to whatever of felicity there might be in this world or the world to come. No genuine angel of God would allow himself to use such a phrase, and by so doing lend countenance to the dialectical vagaries of apologists who chose arbitrarily to assume that Judaism was one faith and Christianity another. Christ knows nothing of a new dispensation, and He had no suspicion that His teachings were anything more than a continuation of the work for righteousness undertaken by the prophets of His own race who had preceded him.

I object also to the use of the adjective 'awful' in connection with Christ's resurrection. I can understand a human being using such a word, but why should an angel after two thousand years' familiarisation with the event remain awestruck? Besides, when we look into it, it was not a resurrection at all. It was a mere disintegration of the matter of the body. I fail to see anything awful in that. Christ's appearance after His death, if it be not conceived as the raising of His body, resolves itself merely into a case of spirit return. And even in the case of the resurrection of His body

it was no more awful than the resurrection of the bodies of the saints before His resurrection.

Mr. Lees does not attempt to defend 'Myhanene.' How did 'Myhanene' come to make such a blunder as to speak of Christ appearing on twelve separate occasions? Mr. Lees cannot deny that on this point, at any rate, the control was unreliable, and if on this why not altogether? But I understand that Mr. Lees was in a trance. How then is he able to say that 'LIGHT's' report was a splendid abstract of the proceedings or to know what was said at the séance at all?—Yours, &c.,

B. STEVENS.

SOCIETY WORK.

Notices of future events which do not exceed twenty-five words may be added to reports if accompanied by six penny stamps, but all such notices which exceed twenty-five words must be inserted in our advertising columns.

UNION OF LONDON SPIRITUALISTS.—On Sunday next, at 3 p.m., at the Masonic Hall, Camberwell, conference. Opener, Mr. J. Adams. At 7 p.m., Messrs. Adams, Gwinn, Turner, Rex, and Stebbins.

CHISWICK.—110, HIGH-ROAD, W.—On Sunday last Mrs. Porter, of Slough, assisted at the morning circle. In the evening Miss Violet Burton's address on 'Holy Life and Inward Peace' was keenly enjoyed. On Sunday next, at 10.45 a.m., choir; at 11.15 a.m., spiritual circle; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Podmore, address.—M. E.

PECKHAM.—CHEPSTOW HALL, 139, PECKHAM-ROAD.—On Sunday evening last Mr. Hollings presided, and after a good address from Mr. M. Clegg, Mrs. Barrow gave good clairvoyant descriptions. A large after-circle was held. On Sunday next, at 11 a.m., circle; at 7 p.m., Mr. H. Fielder. On the 9th inst., Mrs. Agnew Jackson.

CLAPHAM INSTITUTE, GAUDEN-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. Macdonald Moore gave some suggestive 'Thoughts on the Power of Love.' Mrs. Boddington presided. On Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., circle; at 7 p.m., Mr. H. Boddington. On Thursday, at 8.15 p.m., psychometric and clairvoyant descriptions. Silver collection.—B.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—73, BECKLOW-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD, W.—On Sunday last, in Mr. F. Clark's absence, Mr. W. F. Ruffe gave successful psychometric readings which were much enjoyed. On Sunday next, at 11 a.m., circle; at 7 p.m., Miss V. Burton. Thursday, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Atkins. Every Saturday, at 8 p.m., healing, free.

BALHAM.—19, RAMSDEN-ROAD (OPPOSITE THE PUBLIC LIBRARY).—On Sunday morning last a member read from, and spoke upon, 'Oahspe.' In the evening Mr. Morley dealt with 'The Spirit of Faithism.' Clairvoyant descriptions were given at both services. On Sundays, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., and on Wednesdays, at 8.15 p.m., public services for Faithist teachings are held, and clairvoyant descriptions are given.—E.

HACKNEY.—SIGDON-ROAD SCHOOL, DALSTON-LANE, N.E.—On Sunday last Mr. F. Fletcher gave an interesting address on 'The Development of Mind.' On Sunday next Mrs. Effie Bathe will lecture upon 'Auric Colours and their Psychic Significances,' demonstrated by thirty original paintings. On Wednesday, the 5th inst., at 8 p.m., Mrs. Webb will give clairvoyant descriptions at 39, Mildenhall-road, Lower Clapton.—N. RIST.

OXFORD CIRCUS.—22, PRINCE'S-STREET.—On Sunday evening last the inspirers of Mr. E. W. Wallis spoke powerfully upon 'New Light on Old Problems.' The address was listened to with rapt attention and an expression of thanks was tendered to the speaker. On Sunday next Mrs. Fairclough Smith will give an address on 'Spiritual Healing,' followed by clairvoyant descriptions, at 7 p.m. Please note change of time.—P. E. B.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday evening last Mr. A. V. Peters gave some successful illustrations of clairvoyance. Seventeen spirit friends were described, of whom fourteen were readily recognised; the remarkable details given in several instances afforded splendid tests of spirit identity to those who received the descriptions. Several helpful messages were also given. Mr. George Spriggs presided. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. J. W. Boulding will give an address. Doors open at 6.30 p.m.—W.

MANOR PARK AND EAST HAM.—OLD COUNCIL ROOMS, WAKEFIELD-STREET.—On August 24th the clairvoyant descriptions of Mrs. Barrall and Mrs. Miller were much appreciated. On Sunday last, after a helpful address on 'The Awakening of the Spirit' by Mrs. Roberts, questions were answered and clairvoyant descriptions given by Mr. Roberts. On Sunday next Mr. F. Fletcher. Sunday, the 9th inst., floral services; at 3 p.m., Lycoum; and at 7 p.m., Mr. T. B. Frost, speaker.—T. B.