

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

"WHATSOEVER DOTH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT!"—Paul.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

In her new book, "Canada, the Spell-Binder," dealing with the great Dominion, Miss Lilian Whiting devotes a chapter to the famous silver mines of Cobalt. In the course of her description she refers to the remarkable invention of Mr. A. T. Heydon, known as the clairoscope. It is the outcome of some thirty years' experiments in connection with the divining rod, the powers of which, by the way, have been tested with success by Sir William Barrett. The clairoscope is the diviner for substances in the earth. To quote from the book:—

Fitted with one or another substance attached, it [the clairoscope] turns to that which corresponds with the given thing attached. Mr. Heydon calls the instrument the clairoscope, and the result obtained the clairum. The clairum . . . is the counterpart of the spectrum. The latter is limited to the luminous, the former to the non-luminous rays. . . Mr. Heydon's researches are based on his conviction that everything, organic and inorganic, from electrons to the mighty universe itself, is surrounded by a sphere; that these spheres blend and combine "in accordance with the laws of force-centres," but that in all combinations "they retain their identity as do rays of light." He believes that the distinctive energy that operates the clairoscope is a higher dynamic energy—nothing less, indeed, than that vital force which is characteristic of all life. "A name must be found," he says, "for this vital force which is rhythmically circulating throughout the universe, forming the pulse of existence. The dream of the alchemist is founded in the nature of things, continues Mr. Heydon, "and will be realised when mankind shall have discovered the simple process of polarising and depolarising electrons at will."

Miss Whiting states that while it is not possible to conjecture to what degree Mr. Heydon's theories will bear the test of his future investigations, the clairoscope has been used to some extent with success in locating minerals.

* * * *

From that remarkable book, "The Anatomy of Truth," by F. Hugh Capron, a copy of which will shortly be placed in the L.S.A. Library, we print this week some eloquent passages on a subject which has long interested the thoughtful Spiritualist. He knows, for example, that certain people have the gift of prophecy, and this at once raises questions not only of "providence, foreknowledge, will and fate," but also of the nature of time. Diotima told Socrates that "Love bridges the chasm," a saying which, having been applied to the gulf of death, might also be held to include the "abysm of Time." Mr. Capron, as will be seen, considers Time from the standpoint of the emotions, and finds in it the opposite of the idea of "state." The idea of the emotions as being independent of the time factor is a familiar one in poetry. Take Bailey's well-known lines from "Festus": "We live in deeds

not years, in thoughts not breaths, In feelings not in figures on a dial"; or Adelaide Procter's beautiful poem in which a spirit's penance of a thousand years was concentrated into a few moments. The fact that we have to bring everything to the test of human consciousness should make us careful, for human consciousness is as much subject to the flux of things as aught else. The one exception to this flux is that absolute Reality which we dimly cognise under all externals. Johnson thought he had disposed of Berkeley when he kicked a stone along the street in the presence of the admiring Boswell. But the philosopher's foot was not the "touchstone" of Reality. Nevertheless we think with Mr. Capron that in the emotions, and in Love, the greatest of them all, we shall find the solution of all our mental problems—and perhaps, *vice-versa*, wisdom will solve for us the problem of the emotions.

* * * *

While we are careful not to charge upon Religion or Science the follies and fallacies of their followers, we cannot always be mute regarding the blunders made by "authorities" past and present when speaking in the names of those great institutions. Here are some confident statements, the value of which may be judged in the light of present-day knowledge. They were received as gospel by the multitude at one time:—

1. If the earth were spherical in form there must be people on the opposite side of the earth walking with their heads downwards like flies on a ceiling, and as such a condition is impossible the earth cannot be round.

2. If the earth rotated daily all the water on the earth would be flung off, and as the ocean remains on earth, therefore the earth does not rotate.

3. To assert that a steamship can cross the Atlantic is absurd. It is impossible that it can carry sufficient coals to perform the feat: therefore I will undertake to eat any steamship, coals and all, that crosses the Atlantic.

[The great philosopher who made this statement put his ideas on the subject in a pamphlet, some copies of which were taken to New York on the first steamship that crossed to America.]

4. Any man who states that an engine can travel twenty miles an hour on rails must be a lunatic.

5. This so-called mesmerism is nothing but a trick and an imposition. The persons who practise it are impostors and those who believe in it are fools.

Finally, there is a proposition the absurdity of which has yet to be completely exposed. It is a favourite position with a body of people who are called rationalists, apparently on the principle *lucus a non lucendo*. (One cannot call them fools, because it is said that experience teaches fools, and experience never seems to teach the rationalist anything.) Here it is:—

6. Psychic phenomena (so-called) are merely the work of conjurers and tricksters where they are not pure delusion. Those persons who think otherwise are feeble-minded men and women who are incompetent as observers, easily deluded, and in consequence of believing such things are at once to be ignored as competent or truthful witnesses.

THE daimons [spirits] direct man often in the quality of guardian spirits in all his actions, as witness the daimon of Socrates.—PLATO.

LOST ATLANTIS.

SOME ALLEGED DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCES.

A very long time ago, moved by some allusions in *LIGHT* to the question of "Lost Atlantis," Mr. Thomas Colson, of 2263, Harrison Avenue, San Diego, Cal., U.S.A., sent us the following notes on Atlantis, the bulk of which he had been at the trouble to transcribe from "The Los Angeles Examiner." We found a difficulty in accepting some of the statements made, notably that which refers to the inscription on the bronze vase and other objects as being "From the King Chronos of Atlantis." *Chronos*, of course, is Greek, and presumably therefore not Atlantean, and we were not at all sure that the ancient inhabitants of Atlantis called their continent by that name. Still, assuming the genuineness of the story, it may have been a free translation. We asked Mr. Colson to make some inquiries into the truth of the story, but in this he was not successful. It is not new. We believe some years ago the English Press had some allusion to it, but as we have never heard of any contradiction, we give it for what it is worth, together with Mr. Colson's comments. It seems not improbable that one of the "two great French geological experts" referred to by Dr. Paul Schliemann is M. Pierre Termier mentioned in Mr. J. H. Van Stone's address on Atlantis, reported in *LIGHT* of March 17th (p. 85). (M. Pierre Termier's paper on Atlantis is in the last report of the Smithsonian Institution, a copy of which is in our possession.) If this be so some colour is lent to a story which, in the absence of complete verification, we publish with reserve. If it is a romance it is not without ingenuity.

A short time before Dr. Heinrich Schliemann, the great archaeologist and discoverer of ancient Troy, died in Naples in 1890, he left a sealed package in the care of one of his closest friends. The package bore this endorsement: "This can be opened only by a member of my family who solemnly vows to devote his life to the researches outlined therein."

An hour before he died he asked for a pencil and piece of paper, and wrote with a trembling hand: "Confidential additions to the sealed package. Break the owl-headed vase. Pay attention to the contents. It concerns Atlantis. Important. It proves the system. Night approaches. Farewell."

This was enclosed in an envelope and given to the nurse, with directions to send it to the friend who had charge of the package. The package and envelope were then deposited with the Bank of France, where they remained until 1906, when the grandson, Dr. Paul Schliemann, took the required vow and broke the seals. Within the package were a number of documents and photographs. The first document, in part, read as follows:—

"Whoever opens this must solemnly swear to carry out the work which I have left unfinished. I have come to the conclusion that Atlantis was not only a great territory between America and the West Coast of Africa and Europe, but the cradle of our civilisation. There has been much dispute among scientists on this matter. According to one group the tradition of Atlantis is purely fictional, founded upon fragmentary accounts of a Deluge, some thousands of years before the Christian era. Others declare the tradition wholly historical, but incapable of absolute proof.

"In the included material, records, notes and explanations, are to be found the proofs that exist in my mind of the matter. Whoever takes charge of this mission is solemnly bound to continue my researches and to form a definite statement, using as well the matter I leave with this, and crediting me with my just dues in the discovery. A special fund is deposited in the Bank of France to be paid to the bearer of the enclosed receipt, and this should pay the expenses of the research. The Almighty be with this great effort.—HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN."

EXTRACTS FROM SCHLIEMANN'S DOCUMENTS.

"When, in 1873, I made the excavations of the ruins of Troy at Hissarlik, and discovered in the second city the famous 'Treasure of Priam,' I found among that treasure a peculiar bronze vase of great size. Within it were several pieces of pottery, various small images of peculiar metal, coins of the same metal, and objects made of fossilised bone. Some of these objects and the bronze vase were engraved with a sentence in Phœnician hieroglyphics. The sentence read: 'From the King Chronos of Atlantis.'

"You can imagine my excitement! Here was the first, the very first material evidence of that great continent whose legend has lived for ages throughout the world. This material

I kept secret, eager to make it the base of investigations which I felt would prove of infinitely more importance than the discovery of a hundred Troys.

"In 1883 I found in the Louvre a collection of objects excavated from Tiahuanaca, in Central America. Among these I discovered pieces of pottery of exactly the same shape and material, and objects of fossilised bone which reproduced, line for line, those that I had found in the bronze vase of the 'Treasure of Priam.' The similarity could not be a coincidence. The shape and decorations were too complex for that. It is beyond the range of coincidence for two artists in such widely separated countries as Central America and Crete to make two vases—I mention only one of the objects—of exactly the same shape, the same size, and with curious owls' heads arranged in just the same way on each.

"The Central American vases had no Phœnician characters upon them, nor writing of any sort. I hurried away to examine my own objects, and by tests and exhaustive examination became convinced that the inscriptions had been made by other hands after the objects had been manufactured.

"I secured pieces of these simulacra from Tiahuanaca and subjected them to chemical and microscopic analysis. *These tests proved conclusively that both the Central American vases and those from Troy had been made from the same peculiar clay, and I learned later, further, and definitely, that this clay does not exist either in Old Phœnicia or in Central America.*

"The metal objects I had analysed because I could not recognise what they were made of. The metal was unlike any I had ever seen. The chemical analysis showed the materials to be platinum, aluminum, and copper—a combination never before found in the remains of the ancients, and unknown to-day.

"Objects, then, perfectly similar, and having unquestionably a common source, were found in such widely separated countries as these. The objects themselves are not Phœnician, Mycenaean, nor Central American. What is the conclusion? That they came to both places from a common centre. *The inscription on my objects gave that centre—it was Atlantis.*

"That the objects were held in great veneration is shown by their presence among the 'Treasures of Priam,' and the special receptacle that held them. Their character left no doubt that they were objects of sacred ceremonies, and from the same temple. Were they the remains of a worship which had existed on Atlantis, and which that great land had impressed upon colonies and countries as far apart as ancient Crete and Central America? Were these things sent out by the motherland just as Bibles are sent out from Christendom to-day—and as statues of Isis and her paraphernalia were sent out by Egypt to her colonies?

"This extraordinary discovery, and my failing health, induced me to push more rapidly my investigations. I found in the museum of St. Petersburg one of the oldest papyrus rolls in existence. It was written in the reign of a Pharaoh of the second dynasty, 4,571 years B.C. It contains a description of how the Pharaoh named sent out an expedition 'to the West' in search of traces of 'the land Atlantis,' whence 3,350 years ago the ancestors of the Egyptians arrived, carrying with them all the wisdom of their native lands.' The expedition returned after five years with the report that they had found neither people nor objects which could give them a clue to the vanished land. Another papyrus in the same museum, written by Manetho, the Egyptian historian, gives a period of 13,900 years as the reign of the sages of Atlantis.' The papyrus places this at the very beginning of Egyptian history. It approximates 16,000 years ago.

"An inscription which I excavated at the Lion's Gate at Mycenæ, in Crete, recites that Misor, from whom, according to the inscription, the Egyptians were descended, was the child of 'Taaüt, or Thoth,' the God of History, and that 'Taaüt' was the emigrated son of a 'Priest of Atlantis,' who, having fallen in love with a daughter of King Chronos, escaped, and after many wanderings landed in Egypt. He built the first temple at Tais, and there taught the wisdom of his native land.

"One of the tablets of my Trojan excavation gives also a medical treatise of the Egyptian priests—for there was communication between Crete and Egypt for many centuries—for the removal of cataract from the eye and ulcer from the intestines by means of surgery. I have read almost a similar formula in a Spanish manuscript in Berlin, whose writer took it from an Aztec priest in Mexico. That priest had obtained it from an ancient Mayan manuscript.

"In coming to my conclusion, I must say that neither the Egyptians nor the Mayan race—who made the civilisation of Central America before the Aztecs—were great navigators. They had no ships to cross the Atlantic, nor did they. We can dismiss the agency of the Phœnicians as a real link between the two hemispheres, yet the similarity of Egyptian and Mayan life and civilisation is so perfect that it is impossible to think of

it as an accident. We find no such accidents in Nature or history. The only possibility is that there was, as the legend says, a great continent that connected what we now call the New World with what we call the Old. Perhaps at this time, what there was of Europe and America was populated by monsters. Africa possibly had a monkey-like negro race. Man in our sense [of the word] had not overrun them, but there was a land where civilisation as high as that we know now, and perhaps higher, was flourishing. Its outskirts were the edge of the wilderness. It was Atlantis. From Atlantis came the colonies that settled in Egypt and Central America."

(To be continued.)

MRS. BESANT ON SPIRITUALISM.

In the course of an article in the May "Theosophist" treating of the origin and progress of our movement from a Theosophical standpoint, Mrs. Besant says:—

The real value of Spiritualism was that it gave tangible proofs of post-mortem existence, so that a man like Sir William Crookes was able in his laboratory, by applying the most careful scientific methods of investigation, to obtain quite definite proofs of existences other than the physical. You can read his own records and see the remarkable scientific acumen that he brought to bear on his investigations; see how he invented a particular kind of light, so that the materialised bodies should not be broken up, as they were by ordinary light; how he invented a method of weighing the materialised form, and so on. Those methods are still followed by the Italian and French investigators, who were all of the same type of materialistic scientists, and who, one after another, emerged from materialism into Spiritualism. They do not always call themselves Spiritualists, shrinking from the name, but they have published their investigations most fully; they are men like Rochas and Richet in France, both largely tinged with Theosophy, and Lombroso, in Italy, who obtained a most remarkable series of proofs. The scientists were sufficient to give to the scientific world, if it chose to look into their records, the proofs which it demanded; as a rule, scientists would not look into them. The Royal Society still refuses to recognise Crookes's fine investigations. He very nearly lost his position as a Fellow of the Royal Society, because he was regarded as superstitious and as going into illegitimate speculations. However, he recorded his proofs, and he endorses down to the present day the validity of his own investigations. Sir Oliver Lodge has, to some extent, followed in his steps.

THE PERSECUTION OF MEDIUMS.

Mr. H. Ross Clyne, journalist and City Councillor, of Manchester, has been frank enough to send to Sir Oliver Lodge newspaper reports of his lectures under the title "Is 'Raymond' Rubbish?" He has accompanied these reports by the following letter, which we think he will wish us to reproduce in full:—

4, Rusholme-place, Manchester, S.

May 29th, 1917.

SIR OLIVER LODGE, Birmingham.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to enclose you reports of two lectures on the subject of your book "Raymond"—which, as you will see, I declare to be "Rubbish."

Now, in case none of your beautiful mediums have (*sic*) informed you, I beg to tell you that I am doing all in my power to get the police to arrest Vout Peters, Mrs. Leonard, and the other rogues, for I cannot see why they should escape while so many of the same type and class are being fined and imprisoned. And let me add, if I were a member of the Birmingham Corporation—as I am of the Manchester—I would see that no grants of the City money were paid to the University until your statements were proved to be true, or were confessed to be rubbish. Because of your name as a scientist, poor folks suffering mental anxiety about their dead or missing are induced to believe that a lot of dirty greasy humbugs have intercourse with spirits. For sham (*sic*). Be a man. Own up that your vanity has led to your being duped.

Yours sincerely,

H. ROSS CLYNE.

The effusion needs no comment from us.

THE PROPOSED AMENDMENT OF THE WITCHCRAFT AND VAGRANCY ACTS.

Mr. H. Boddington writes:—

With reference to the resolution moved at South-place on April 30th, and others which may be moved to further the same object, I would suggest that it is a tactical error to ignore the fact that our bitterest opponents as well as our warmest sympathisers are Christians. I received permission from the National Union Executive meeting, which met at Peckham on the Friday preceding the South-place meeting, to move an amendment. But acting on the suggestion of the president not to open discussion from the body of the hall, I obtained the consent of Dr. Powell and Miss Lind-af-Hageby to an addition to the printed resolution calculated to put our "Christian" opponents on their defensive and transform sympathisers into active workers on our behalf. Mr. Morse, however, refused to accept any addition to the "officially" printed resolution. In the circumstances, I venture to place the suggestions before your readers. Spiritualists have always been attacked and asked to prove their position. I maintain that we would be in a far better position if we could compel our opponents to prove theirs. Christianity affirms its belief in "guardian angels" and "ministering spirits," and if we can only get them to reason upon the methods of such "ministering" or "guarding," we shall clear their minds of much misconception. The addition accepted by Miss Lind-af-Hageby and Dr. Powell was as follows:—

"We further declare that as the whole Christian world teaches that there are 'guardian angels' and 'ministering spirits' it is foolish to deny them a mode of manifestation."

Another affirmation tending to divide our opponents could be framed as follows:—

"The time is now opportune for 'modern' Christianity to repudiate the horrible inquisitions, torturings, and martyrdoms of the past which this Act upholds and defends."

Either statement should create good debate in every P.S.A. meeting or discussion class in the land.

We need to emphasise these matters to counteract the intolerant bigots and the unscrupulous Press which teaches that Spiritualism is anti-Christian and diabolical. It is not anti-Christian in the modern humanitarian sense of the word. It most certainly is anti-Christian if they mean to uphold the Christianity of the dark ages which believed that burning, maiming and torturing was acting in accordance with the will of God.

We have to face the fact that our Petition to Parliament will be opposed, bitterly opposed, by narrow sectarians. It is bad generalship not to take a wide survey of the field of action and endeavour to dissipate the forces that will oppose us. This is most easily accomplished by setting the mere text-pounders fighting each other instead of uniting to fight us.

We are faced by two very different sets of people, both calling themselves "Christian." On the one hand, the intolerant fanatic; on the other, the broad-minded thinker who has long since discarded all fear of hell fires and whose sympathies are actually with us. But although this latter body is large and influential, it will allow itself to be dominated by the zealots unless we can provide it with a definite reason for asserting itself. We can do this and incidentally also take our propaganda into every Christian debating centre. Resolutions must be so framed that all who read them will at once see that we are fighting for freedom of thought not merely for ourselves but for advanced thinkers within the churches themselves.

It should be at once apparent that if their references to angels and ministering spirits are not mere poetic imagery with no basis in fact, then they must have definite lines of communication, which, if discoverable, must also operate in accordance with natural law.

We shall not get our Bill passed by merely telling Parliament that we have just cause of complaint. Parliament only makes laws which it finds it "expedient" to pass because of the force of public opinion in their favour. We have yet to create the requisite mental atmosphere and prove that we are not an insignificant body of people which our legislators can afford to ignore, but that, on the contrary, we have not only science and justice on our side, but what is of greater importance still, the power to compel them to amend these iniquitous laws or be themselves removed.

In conclusion, may I remind our societies that a good preliminary step is the registration of their meeting-places? They can get their halls "licensed for Religious Worship" for a nominal sum of about 2s. 6d. per annum. This carries with it various legal rights and also a remission of taxation. But perhaps its most valuable point to us just now is that it secures for us "official" recognition as a religious organisation.

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GHOST OR SPIRIT.

Was it his *spirit*, by *spirits* taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar *ghost* . . .

—SHAKESPEARE.

A long time ago, so long that he has probably forgotten all about it, an amiable correspondent wrote in terms of gentle protest against our frequent use of the word "ghost" and "ghost story." It would be better, he suggested, to leave the word "ghost" out of our vocabulary, seeing that "it has become associated with youthful terrors, winter evenings, dim lights, and an uncomfortable feeling in the region of the spine." By dropping this term he thinks we may be "helping to efface one at least of the errors that have unfortunately grown up in the minds of many regarding our next state of existence." We wish it were possible to change the current of thought by such a method—if one can speak of a current in connection with anything so slow, stale and stagnant as the general idea of life after death. The fact is that an alteration of name for the same thing, while it may seem to effect a great change in the public attitude, only influences the superficial—those who are accustomed to confuse names with the things themselves, people who would flock to buy a rubbishy commodity if it were put on the market under some alluring title, and even *they* would find it out in the end, and shun it. There has been a terrible debasement of beautiful and august words during the last century or so—a whole book could be written on that subject alone. Let us take the words "God" and "Universe," which have been subjected to indignities that might make angels weep (if they had no sense of humour). We have many times of late been asked to contemplate the spectacle of the Deity marching to battle in a Prussian helmet as a kind of old retainer of an Imperial family. And Buncombe's liver remedy, as everybody knows, is famous throughout the Universe.

No, the best way to cure the misuse of words is not to pander to the depraved tastes of those who misuse or misunderstand them, but firmly to insist on their true meaning by using them in that meaning. This word "ghost" is a word with a splendid tradition, and is quite capable of being restored to its old estate amongst words of magnificent meaning. It was never used by our ancestors to indicate a bogey or a bogle, a thing to frighten children withal; otherwise we should never have heard of the Holy *Ghost*, the Divine Spirit. But for the great war which has come

to sober the thoughts of men and arrest the moral rottenness which was creeping into human life, we might even have found the word "spirit" in a short time fallen into decay and bearing amongst its other meanings that of "spook." We were getting perilously near that stage.

"Words," said one of our proverb-makers, "are the wise man's counters and the money of fools." Nevertheless there is a great deal in names, notwithstanding Shakespeare's famous saying, which is only true within limits. We have a great respect for words. They reveal a great deal more than the sense which underlies them. If, for instance, a man has what he esteems to be a new and great truth, and is content to set it forth in loose, shambling phrases, without any attempt at fitness or precision of terms, we know that the truth has somehow failed in its effect upon him. It has not inspired him towards any attempt to give it of his best. He is content to set his diamond in putty or pinchbeck. And he has his reward in his failure to impress those who are given to studying the effect of a truth upon those who proclaim it.

We have more than once in these pages lamented the poverty of language as regards our particular subject. We have never been content with the word "Spiritualism," for instance, not merely because it had become debased by much ignoble use, but because it was not a precise term.

Andrew Jackson Davis, in "The Present Age and Inner Life," tells us how, in the course of conversation with an advanced spirit, he remarked, "The people find great difficulty in conceiving of 'spirit.' They think it a mass of sentiments, a conglomeration of ideas, something like an unsubstantial vapour, palpitating with drowsy life, tinted with different hues, yet 'nothing' after all except a sentimental consciousness of being or continuing to exist." To which the spirit responded, "The language of earth is too imperfect for this question. Words are used inconsiderately with meanings arbitrary and variable; wherefore it is difficult to make new ideas understood." And the spirit communicator made the following pronouncement, with which we are in entire agreement:—

Man on this planet is yet but partially developed. His language is imperfect from the same cause that his mind is so; and many words are used, originating in the confusion and imperfection of the understanding, to convey a confused idea of something which his mind could not in reality explain; yet these words have passed into general employment and certain vague meanings are associated with them.

Asked by Davis to give an instance of this misuse of language arising from ignorance, the spirit replied:—

The word "spirit" as used by man has no actual meaning, for spirit does not exist in the infinite order and plenitude of things. Every thing in the universe is a substance, a materiality, and the difference between the rudimental and the superior worlds consists simply in this; here in the rudimental world matter is progressing; there, in the superior world, matter is progressed. Here matter is ultimating; there it is ultimated, and is consequently much more real than where the external conditions are constantly changing. Thus man is employing words that have no real meaning but lead the mind into error and that continually.

That is a very valuable and appropriate contribution to a discussion of the question raised by our correspondent. And as regards the word "ghost" we think it is a little more precise than "spirit"—certainly it has a more definite meaning. We cannot afford to surrender it, and thus lose a synonym in a case where there are so very few. A good deal of the difficulty, as we see it, arises not merely from human ignorance but also from human arrogance. For the gross man is apt to regard his grossness as the standard of reality by which everything must be measured. A "ghost" to him is intangible, impalpable; therefore it needs must be unreal, quite unworthy of the

attention of one who can only worship in the presence of the great god, Material Fact. He lives in the same world with electricity and learns nothing. He hears of radium and ether, and gathers no hints from them. But then, of course, he is a man of "common sense." He lives in a body which from the standpoint of ultimate reality is a fleeting wisp of rather murky cloud, and from that massive stronghold he pours ridicule on anything so vaporous and unsubstantial as a ghost. Some day he will be a ghost himself, and will see nothing to laugh at; rather he will be surprised and sorry when he finds out the truth of things. He will not find it out at once, of course. He will not be light enough, airy enough, subtle and delicate enough. It may take ages; for on one thing about himself he is reasonably correct. He always prided himself on his solidity, and he is certainly very *dense*.

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF JUNE 18TH, 1887.)

"Wit and Wisdom" thinks that the subject of Spiritualism "has hitherto received comparatively little attention"! (there is salvation in that "comparatively") and so it proposes to draw attention to it by inviting correspondence and by offering a medium £20 to produce "slate-writing by supernatural agency" in the editor's office or elsewhere, to the satisfaction of a committee of six, appointed in equal proportions by the editor and the secretary of the Society for Psychical Research. As I have before pointed out, both Eglington and Evans have obtained psychographic phenomena in public meetings, though the strain on the medium is great and favourable results are by no means certain. I have little interest in such challenges. They do no good, and may do great harm. They are easily put in such terms that it is almost impossible to meet them, and refusal is held to imply inability. Merely false issues are raised, and false conclusions drawn. Put it another way. I aver that I have repeatedly seen a flash of forked lightning of a blue tint. Twenty pounds to the man, woman or child who produces "by supernatural agency" such a flash in "Wit and Wisdom" office, to the satisfaction of, &c. It is poor trifling. There is nothing "supernatural" in Psychography, and nothing reasonable in such so-called challenges.

Our poor friend "The Rock" is in a pother. Things do not go smoothly with it, as its eminent piety should surely deserve. The "apostasy," which we are proud to represent, flourishes and abounds: books that "disseminate its poisonous doctrines are very numerous" (they *are*, they *are*!), while anti-Spiritualist books "are but few"—and very fatuous, I may venture to add. I do not desire to rest that opinion solely on my own observation, and am pleased, therefore, to note that there is a depth of fatuity which even "The Rock" cannot quite away with. One Mrs. McHardie has apparently given an "interesting account of some phases" of Spiritualism; and that is so far well. But she has not let well alone. "The Rock" is bound to admit that the account is "a little marred by a wild attempt to bring the Cherubim into connection with it." Alas! what have those winged beasts done that they should have Mrs. McHardie so outraging them? Does she think they are Elementals, or Elementaries, or perchance a variant of John King? If this is the best that our opponents can do there is no particular cause for surprise that "anti-Spiritualistic books are scarcely selling at all." People are not so silly as to buy stuff of that sort. I am obliged to "The Rock" for the admission that "Spiritualists are now very numerous" and Spiritualism "especially active." If our poor friend knew *how* numerous they are it would be much disturbed, very much disturbed indeed. The best advice that we can give it is to keep to the goody-goodness that requires no special mental aptitudes, but only unctuous assertion. "The Rock" is out of its depth in dealing with a subject that needs careful and unprejudiced investigation by persons of experience and capacity.

—Notes by "M. A. (Oxon)."

A GHOSTLY ADVENTURE.

A STORY THAT MYSTIFIED ANDREW LANG.

IN LIGHT of October 28th last we dealt with a Cornish ghost story, "The Old Man of Tregennon Lodge," to which our attention was called by a distinguished member of the Society for Psychical Research, who described it as the most remarkable tale of the kind he had heard. We remarked at the time that we knew an even more wonderful story. It is related by Andrew Lang in his "Dreams and Ghosts," and we reproduce it here in his own racy style.

THE GHOST IN BLAKE STREET.

In October, 1893, I was staying in a town which we shall call Rapingham. One night I and some kinsfolk dined with another old friend of all of us, a Dr. Ferrier. In the course of dinner he asked *à propos de bottes* :—

"Have you heard of the ghost in Blake-street?"—a sunny, pleasant street of respectable but uninteresting antiquity in Rapingham.

We had none of us heard of the ghost, and begged the doctor to enlighten our ignorance. His story ran thus—I have it in his own writing as far as its essence goes :—

"The house," he said, "belongs to my friends, the Applebys who let it, as they live elsewhere. A quiet couple took it and lived in it for five years, when the husband died, and the widow went away. They made no complaint while tenants. The house stood empty for some time, and all I know personally about the matter is that I, my wife, and the children were in the dining-room one Sunday when we heard unusual noises in the drawing-room overhead. We went through the rooms but could find no cause or explanation of the disturbance, and thought no more about it.

"About six or seven years ago I let the house to a Mr. Buckley, who is still the tenant. He was unmarried, and his family consisted of his mother and sisters. They preceded him to put the place in order, and before his arrival came to me in some irritation complaining that I had let them a *haunted house*! They insisted that there were strange noises, as if heavy weights were being dragged about, or heavy footsteps pacing in the rooms and on the stairs. I said that I knew nothing about the matter. The stairs are of stone; water is only carried up to the first floor; there is an unused system of hot air pipes. Something went wrong with the water-main in the area once, but the noises lasted after it was mended.

"I think Mr. Buckley when he arrived never heard anything unusual. But one evening as he walked upstairs carrying an ink bottle, he found his hand full of some liquid. Thinking that he had spilled the ink, he went to a window where he found his hand full of water, to account for which there was no stain on the ceiling, or anything else that he could discover. On another occasion one of the young ladies was kneeling by a trunk in an attic, alone, when water was switched over her face, as if from a wet brush. There was a small pool of water on the floor, and the wall beyond her was sprinkled.

"Time went on, and the disturbances were very rare; in fact ceased for two years till the present week, when Mrs. Claughton, a widow accompanied by two of her children, came to stay with the Buckleys. She had heard of the disturbances and the theory of hauntings—I don't know if these things interested her or not.

MRS. CLAUGHTON'S STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

"Early on Monday, October 9th, Mrs. Claughton came to consult me. Her story was this: About a quarter-past one on Sunday night, or Monday morning, she was in bed with one of her children, the other sleeping in the room. She was awakened by footsteps on the stair, and supposed that a servant was coming to call her to Miss Buckley, who was ill. The steps stopped at the door, then the noise was repeated. Mrs. Claughton lit her bedroom candle, opened the door and listened. There was no one there. The clock on the landing pointed to twenty minutes past one. Mrs. Claughton went back to bed, read a book, fell asleep, and woke to find the candle still lit, but low in the socket. She heard a sigh, and saw a lady, unknown to her, her head swathed in a soft white shawl, her expression gentle and refined, her features much emaciated.

"The Appearance said, 'Follow me,' and Mrs. Claughton, taking the bedroom candle, rose and followed out on to the landing, and so into the adjacent drawing-room. She cannot remember opening the door, which the housemaid had locked outside, and she owns that this passage is dreamlike in her memory. Seeing that her candle was flickering out, she substituted for it a pink one taken from a chiffonier. The figure

walked nearly to the window, turned three-quarters round, said 'To-morrow!' and was no more seen. Mrs. Claughton went back to her room, where her eldest child asked:—

"Who is the lady in white?"

"Only me—mother. Go to sleep," she thinks she answered. After lying awake for two hours, with the gas burning, she fell asleep. The pink candle from the drawing-room chifionier was in her candlestick in the morning.

"After hearing the lady's narrative I told her to try change of air, which she declined as cowardly. So, as she would stay on at Mr. Buckley's, I suggested that an electric alarm communicating with Miss Buckley's room should be rigged up, and this was done."

Here the doctor paused, and as the events had happened within the week, we felt that we were at last on the track of a recent ghost.

A MYSTERIOUS MISSION.

"Next morning, about one, the Buckleys were aroused by a tremendous peal of the alarm; Mrs. Claughton they found in a faint. Next morning she consulted me as to the whereabouts of a certain place, let me call it 'Meresby.' I suggested the use of a postal directory; we found Meresby, a place extremely unknown to fame, in an agricultural district about five hours from London in the opposite direction from Rapingham. To this place Mrs. Claughton said she must go, in the interest and by the order of certain ghosts, whom she saw on Monday night, and whose injunctions she had taken down in a note-book. She has left Rapingham for London, and there," said the doctor, "my story ends for the present."

We expected it to end for good and all, but in the course of the week came a communication to the doctor in writing from Mrs. Claughton's governess. This lady, on Mrs. Claughton's arrival at her London house (Friday, October 13th), passed a night perturbed by sounds of weeping, "loud moans," and "a very odd noise overhead, like some electric battery gone wrong," in fact much like the "warning" of a jack running down, which Old Jeffrey used to give at the Wesleys' house in Epworth. There were also heavy footsteps and thuds, as of moving weighty bodies. So far the governess.

This curious communication I read at Rapingham on Saturday, October 14th, or Sunday, October 15th. On Monday I went to town. In the course of the week I received a letter from my kinsman in Rapingham, saying that Mrs. Claughton had written to Dr. Ferrier, telling him that she had gone to Meresby on Saturday; had accomplished the bidding of the ghosts, and had lodged with one Joseph Wright, the parish clerk. Her duty had been to examine the Meresby parish registers, and to compare certain entries with information given by the ghosts and written by her in her note-book. If the entries in the parish register tallied with her notes, she was to pass the time between one o'clock and half-past one, alone, in Meresby Church, and receive a communication from the spectres. All this she said she had done, and, in evidence of her journey, enclosed her half-ticket to Meresby, which a dream had warned her would not be taken on her arrival. She also sent a white rose from a grave to Dr. Ferrier, a gentleman in no sympathy with the Jacobite cause, which, indeed, has no connection whatever with the matter in hand.

On hearing of this letter from Mrs. Claughton, I confess that, not knowing the lady, I remained purely sceptical. The railway company, however, vouched for the ticket. The rector of Meresby, being appealed to, knew nothing of the matter. He therefore sent for his curate and parish clerk.

"Did a lady pass part of Sunday night in the church?"

The clerk and the curate admitted that this unusual event had occurred. A lady had arrived from London on Saturday; had lodged with Wright, the parish clerk; had asked for the parish registers, had compared them with her note-book after morning service on Sunday, and had begged leave to pass part of the night in the church. The curate in vain tried to dissuade her, and finally, washing his hands of it, had left her to Wright, the clerk. To him she described a Mr. George Howard, deceased (one of the ghosts). He recognised the description, and he accompanied her to the church on a dark night, starting at one o'clock. She stayed alone, without a light, in the locked-up church from 1.20 to 1.45, when he let her out.

MRS. CLAUGHTON'S TESTIMONY.

There now remained no doubt that Mrs. Claughton had really gone to Meresby, a long and disagreeable journey, and had been locked up in the church alone at a witching hour.

Beyond this point we have only the statements of Mrs. Claughton, made to Lord Bute, Mr. Myers and others, and published by the Society for Psychical Research. She says that after arranging the alarm-bell on Monday night (October 9th-10th), she fell asleep reading in her dressing-gown, lying outside her bed. She awakened, and found the lady of the white

shawl bending over her. Mrs. Claughton said: "Am I dreaming, or is it true?" The figure gave, as testimony to character, a piece of information. Next Mrs. Claughton saw a male ghost, "tall, dark, healthy, sixty years old," who named himself as George Howard, buried in Meresby churchyard, Meresby being a place of which Mrs. Claughton, like most people, now heard for the first time. He gave the dates of his marriage and death, which are correct, and have been seen by Mr. Myers in Mrs. Claughton's note-book. He bade her verify these dates at Meresby, and wait at 1.15 in the morning at the grave of Richard Harte (a person, like all of them, unknown to Mrs. Claughton), at the south-west corner of the south aisle in Meresby Church. This Mr. Harte died on May 15th, 1745, and missed many events of interest by doing so. Mr. Howard also named and described Joseph Wright, of Meresby, as a man who would help her, and he gave minute local information. Next came a phantom of a man whose name Mrs. Claughton is not free to give; he seemed to be in great trouble, at first covering his face with his hands, but later removing them. These three spectres were to meet Mrs. Claughton in Meresby Church and give her information of importance on a matter concerning, apparently, the third and only unhappy appearance. After these promises and injunctions the phantoms left, and Mrs. Claughton went to the door to look at the clock. Feeling faint, she rang the alarm, when her friends came and found her in a swoon on the floor. The hour was 1.20.

What Mrs. Claughton's children were doing all this time, and whether they were in the room or not, does not appear.

On Thursday Mrs. Claughton went to town, and her governess was perturbed, as we have seen.

On Friday night Mrs. Claughton dreamed a number of things connected with her journey; a page of the notes made from this dream was shown to Mr. Myers. Thus her half-ticket was not to be taken, she was to find a Mr. Francis, concerned in the private affairs of the ghost, which needed rectifying, and so forth. These premonitions, with others, were all fulfilled. Mrs. Claughton, in the church at night, continued her conversation with the ghosts whose acquaintance she had made at Rapingham. She obtained, it seems, all the information needful to settling the mysterious matters which disturbed the male ghost who hid his face, and on Monday morning she visited the daughter of Mr. Howard in her country house in a park, "recognised the strong likeness to her father, and carried out all things desired by the dead to the full, as had been requested. . . . The wishes expressed to her were perfectly rational, reasonable and of natural importance."

The clerk, Wright, attests the accuracy of Mrs. Claughton's description of Mr. Howard, whom he knew, and the correspondence of her dates with those in the parish register and on the graves, which he found for her at her request. Mr. Myers, "from a very partial knowledge" of what the Meresby ghosts' business was, thinks the reasons for not revealing this matter "entirely sufficient." The ghosts' messages to survivors "effected the intended results," says Mrs. Claughton.

Of this story the only conceivable natural explanation is that Mrs. Claughton, to serve her private ends, paid secret preliminary visits to Meresby, "got up" there a number of minute facts, chose a haunted house at the other end of England as a first scene in her little drama, and made the rest of the troublesome journeys, not to mention the uncomfortable visit to a dark church at midnight, and did all this from a hysterical love of notoriety. This desirable boon she would probably never have obtained, even as far as is consistent with a pseudonym, if I had not chanced to dine with Dr. Ferrier while the adventure was only beginning. As there seemed to be a chance of taking a ghost "on the half volley," I at once communicated the first part of the tale to the Psychical Society (using pseudonyms, as hers, throughout), and two years later Mrs. Claughton consented to tell the Society as much as she thinks it fair to reveal.

This, it will be confessed, is a roundabout way of obtaining fame, and an ordinary person in Mrs. Claughton's position would have gone to the Psychical Society at once, as Mark Twain meant to do when he saw the ghost which turned out to be a very ordinary person.

There I leave those ghosts, my mind being in a just balance of agnosticism. If ghosts at all, they were ghosts with a purpose. The species is now very rare.

We have only one comment. Spirit interposition in the lives of persons on earth is not so rare as Andrew Lang supposed. But it is usually only apparent to a very clear vision. The rarity is when it comes in with phenomenal accompaniments as in the story, which, it is clear, mystified and impressed the brilliant Scottish journalist more than he cared to show openly.

TIME AND THE EMOTIONAL LIFE.

A KEY TO THE PROBLEM OF ETERNITY.

Eternity is state. And state is timelessness. These two, time and state, are reciprocals. Either is the negation of the other. Whatever time is not, that is state. State, therefore, is existence without progression—condition without change. It is the generic name for everything whose essence is that it changes not. It is that which in mathematics we term a constant; in mechanics equilibrium; in physics stability; in economics security; in meteorology calm; and in Religion peace—the peace of God, the peace of eternity.

What is wanted, in order to cut us adrift from time altogether, is some influence that can render us independent of time by making us indifferent to its rate of progression—something that can at once perform both of the two operations of retardation and acceleration, that can both compress long into short and expand short into long. If only we can possess ourselves of such a talisman, then we become wholly independent of time and wholly indifferent to its flight. Then fast and slow become empty names to us, and sequence disappears. Then we detach ourselves from time completely and enter the state of eternity.

Is such a talisman to be found? Yes; there is one emotion, and one only, belonging to human nature, which, when keenly excited, does possess, though in an incipient and imperfect degree, something of the mysterious power of annihilating in this way the sense of time and sequence. Love, when experienced in a very intense degree, does confer upon its possessor a kind of foretaste of this transporting faculty. True, the exercise of this faculty is far, indeed, from the measure of completeness. True, even the strongest love of which humanity has as yet proved itself capable is too weak to achieve the herculean feat of obliterating altogether the sense of time. But, in spite of these imperfections, love furnishes the clue to the solution of the problem. For love exhibits unmistakably a tendency to blunt the sense of time, however imperfectly this function may be performed. Undoubtedly it is one of the properties of this strange rapture that it induces a state of consciousness in which, whilst the vital energy is stimulated to the highest pitch of intensity, the sense of sequence becomes blurred and indistinct.

Possibly there are not many who can attest from personal experience the truth of this assertion. For, apparently, the faculty of loving very intensely—or at all events the opportunity for the intense exercise of the faculty—occurs but seldom. But those who have ever known what it is to be utterly absorbed by an overmastering, overwhelming, passionate love are conscious that during the continuance of that condition the sense of time disappears. To love truly and really, with all the heart and soul and mind, to lose oneself in love, is, to some extent at all events, to leave the category of sequence and approach the category of state, to exchange time for a foretaste of eternity.

The power of love to distort the apparent speed of time is not confined to the compression of a long period into a short one. It extends also to the converse process of expanding short into long. It can magnify as well as minify. This latter faculty is well described by an author now almost forgotten, but who was widely read in his day, and who contrived to convey, under cover of a somewhat pedantic style, a large amount of truth and worldly wisdom:—

Love: what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear,
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a sigh,
The lightning in a touch, a *millennium* in a moment!

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

No one can fail to recognise in these lines a vivid picture of the magnifying power of this strange transport. We must, no doubt, make all necessary allowance for poetic inflation; but even so, the truth of the poet's words will be readily admitted by everyone who has ever tasted the bitter-sweet of a passionate affection. To love, all things are possible. It

can contract years into days. It can expand a moment into an age. In the words of Milton, when describing ideal love, as exemplified by the two first lovers, "imparadised in one another's arms,"

With thee conversing I forget all time.

Love such as that of which we are speaking—love of the highest intensity experienced in human nature—is inexplicable and indescribable.

Now it is a highly significant fact that two of the most prominent attributes which Religion ascribes to God are the attributes of Love and of Timelessness. On the one hand, "God is Love." And, on the other hand, with Him "one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." We have only to compare the combination of love and timelessness thus ascribed to God with Jacob's seven years' service compressed by love into a "few days," and the lover's "moment" expanded into an age, to see that, as regards timelessness, human love and divine are essentially the same. In either case there is the same indifference—the same superiority—to time. Both are the same in kind. They differ only in degree. And when we turn to consider the question of degree, we find every reason to believe that the love of God can accomplish all that Religion claims for it. How immeasurably does the keenest human affection fall short of the standard of the love of God! Whatever love may be in its fullest perfection, its rarest virtue, its most refined quintessence—that is God. And if the love of God so far surpasses human love, its potentialities must be correspondingly greater too.

In the case of human love we know that the extent of that "sweet forgetting" which obliterates time varies with the intensity of the love. If, then, the comparatively feeble force of the strongest human love is capable of such intensity as baffles description, what shall we say of the love of God? If one human being can inspire in another a love which can compress years of disappointment and hope deferred into a few days—which can "forget all time"—is it to be doubted that such a love as "the love of Christ which passeth knowledge" is capable of expanding one day into a thousand years, and of concentrating a thousand years into one day? And what is this but to resolve time into timelessness? Have we not in such a love every element that is required for the complete annihilation of time? It satisfies the requirements of Philosophy at the same time that it fulfils the declarations of Religion. To Philosophy and Theology alike such a love is the connecting link between time and eternity.

It is not difficult to find confirmation, both theological and philosophic, of the foregoing interpretation of the relations of love to eternity. For the theological confirmation we have not far to look, for the interpretation receives an express sanction and authority from the lips of Christ Himself:—

And behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted Him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou? And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself. And He said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

So that, on Christ's own showing, love to God and man is sufficient to ensure eternal life. Love which "never faileth" is the "treasure in heaven that faileth not." And thus love is the passport of eternal life. Love is eternity.

—From "The Anatomy of Truth," by F. HUGH CAPRON.

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Following is a list of donations received since those acknowledged in our last issue:—

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THE SUMMERLAND.

We give below, with some slight modifications in the phrasing, a message received in automatic writing by a lady correspondent:—

Why do we generally see such a refined, youthful and calm expression on the face of the good person who has just passed on to the higher life? May it not be because the spirit ere leaving its earthly tenement has stamped on the features something of the peace and joy of the glad new life to which it was awaking?

For on entering the wonderful Summerland, so little dreamed of in its earthly existence, the first thing of which the translated spirit is cognisant is a feeling of ecstatic peace—that peace which passes understanding—and the next is a sense of freedom never known before, of emancipation from physical limitations. With this peace and liberty comes also a great joy due to the loving ministrations of welcoming angels. Thus is the consciousness awakened from the last earthly sleep, and then begins the new birth into spirit life.

At first some difficulty is experienced in adapting oneself to the new and untried country. Although the spirit form is (with the exception of accidental disfigurements and the tell-tale marks of time or illness) an almost exact replica of the physical body which it formerly inhabited, the spirit cannot on arrival in spirit life immediately accustom itself to its use.

But the angel ministrants soon make newly-arrived souls perfectly at home in their bewildering environment. They lift the weight of earthly sickness so recently experienced, and endeavour to give the needful repose. The newcomers are taken to a place called the "Mount of Unconsciousness" until sufficiently awakened to ask questions and receive advice. Some difficulty is usually experienced then in engaging their attention, because they are so filled with wonder and joy that other sensations are for the time being in abeyance till complete soul consciousness is attained.

Can you wonder that it is sometimes distasteful to those living in the Summerland to go down into the astral plane to breathe the less rarefied air? However, they know it is their duty to help in some way to raise humanity from its low condition. If people do not grow above the astral plane in their earth life, they must for some time remain denizens of it, sincerely regretting the opportunities for character-building missed during their former life. Selfishness is such a deplorable sin that we must outgrow it before entering into the sunshine of this spiritual realm. The necessity is also great of living beyond desire, and touching the borderland of universal love. Love to be unselfish must be pure and undefiled, because if in any way sensual, it means a wrong to another soul. Nothing that hurts can enter here, nothing that makes anyone feel left out in the cold, or not wanted, which on the earth plane is too often the case. Reciprocal sympathetic love is all in all. In the Summerland the auras of the sojourners exactly represent their attitude of soul. Deception is unknown, for law reigns supreme, and spirits see both themselves and others as they actually are. No attempt at concealment is of any use whatever; everything must be quite straightforward. The loving attitude of the missionary spirits to delinquents is far more effective in winning them to a better mind than any censorious words could be. Living day by day in such a spiritual atmosphere, it is possible to acquire a higher tone of thought. In this new and more favourable environment spiritual and mental advancement proceed apace—thoughts and feelings which may have lain dormant during the earth-life, or through business worries and everyday cares were denied full opportunities for expression, here blossom forth in beauty of character. The law of compensation is ever active, and the fountain of love is never dry in the beautiful Summerland.

PSYCHOMETRY.—In view of the interest shown by many new readers in psychometry, we may call attention to the address to be delivered by Mr. Robert King on this subject at Steinway Hall, on Sunday evening next, at 7 o'clock. (See Advt.)

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.—The seventeenth of Mr. John Coutts' series of "Homely Thoughts" pamphlets is entitled "Homely Thoughts on Science, Love and Religion in the Light of the Law of Development" (G. Lyall, 36, Hardy-terrace, Wood Green, N., 4d.). The author's thought, elaborated through more than sixty closely printed pages, takes the form of representing Love as intervening to still the strife between Science and Theology (representing Religion). His aim is to show that Science has perfect liberty to enter in and enjoy the whole universe of Truth; and at the same time Religion, not dogmatic theology, may enjoy all that Science can discover, and in return bestow upon Science still higher blessings.

"IS GOD DEAD?"

Miss E. P. Prentice writes:—

Chancing to pick up a book bearing this title, I wondered if anyone had replied to the question. I should say God is startlingly alive and that we are dead in trespasses and sins, also that by permission of the world's overwhelming sorrow and calamity He is making us alive. Our feeling concerning God is the result of inertia. Man is made sensitive to self-interest; eliminate the self and he is at once spiritual.

God suffers in the creature, and this suffering is His sacrifice. When a whole mass of thought has passed through certain minds its impress remains, it is gold tried in the fire, purified by the burning of the self, the universalised good alone surviving for the redemption of the race. God is unusually alert. He is overcoming evil, not with phenomenal good but with that which shall enable man to realise his heritage as a son of God.

THE LATE ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.

The following letter appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" of the 6th inst. :—

SIR,—A year has passed since the death of Archdeacon Wilberforce, late chaplain of the House of Commons, and it will be a great favour if you will allow us the opportunity of making known the state of the memorial fund. About £1,500 has been subscribed, and a friend has offered £200 upon the condition that a sum of £2,000 is raised for the endowment of the institute in St. John's, Westminster. Memorial tablets have been promised by two friends for St. Mary's, Southampton, and St. John's, Westminster. Contributions to the memorial fund may be sent to the Bishop of Willesden, 14, Frognaal-gardens, N.W. 3.—Yours faithfully,

HERBERT E. RYLE, Bishop, Dean of Westminster.

JAMES W. LOWTHER, Speaker of the House of Commons.

G. W. E. RUSSELL.

W. W. WILLESDEN.

London, June 4th.

APOLLONIUS of Tyana at Ephesus sees clairvoyantly the assassination of Domitian at Rome, crying out suddenly, amid his friends, "Strike him down, the tyrant!" And, in a few minutes: "The tyrant is killed." Materialism has no explanation of that. It can only refuse to believe the account.—"Psychical Investigations," by J. ARTHUR HILL.

UNDER the title of "Why I am a Spiritualist," "Pearson's Weekly" of the 2nd inst. prints an interview with Major-General Sir Alfred Turner (with portrait). To the interviewer Sir Alfred related one of his experiences of spirit agency, and is reported as saying that "Spiritualists derive comfort from the knowledge that by the measure of opposition which any branch of science or discovery meets with in its early stages may be gauged the measure of its ultimate success."

THERE will be cordial wishes in many parts of the war area for Lady Dorothea Feilding, whose engagement to Captain Charles Moore, Irish Guards, of Mooresfort, Tipperary, is just announced. She is the gallant daughter of the Earl of Denbigh, and stands first on the list of British women to receive the Military Medal. This was for her services with Dr. Hector Munro's field ambulance, close behind the Belgian trenches.—"Star."

WE have received one letter of criticism on Mr. R. Boddington's paper at the recent Annual Convention of the U.L.S. at South-place. The critic, a lady (M. Evelyn Howells), while admitting that the paper was in several respects an excellent one, disagrees with its author on two points. To exclude clairvoyance and spirit communications from the public platform would, she holds, deprive Spiritualistic services of their special distinction and power of conviction. "Many of those who come to confute and ridicule, remain to confirm and endorse. I can instance a president and secretary in the nearest centre [our correspondent writes from Southall] who were captured in that manner. These and a legion of others would probably never attend the more private seance. Spiritualism would then be robbed of its greatest advocates and supporters." Even more seriously erroneous, in his critic's view, is Mr. Boddington's proposal to suppress the name "Christian" in connection with Spiritualism. She submits that this anti-Christian sentiment is the cause of much retardment of the movement. "The ranks of Spiritualism are chiefly recruited from the Christian churches. To make the name taboo is suicidal."

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, JUNE 10th, &c.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—*Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour-street, W. 1.*—Powerful address, "Spiritualism: the Nature of the Evidence," by Mr. H. Ernest Hunt. Pianoforte selections by Mr. Field. Mr. Douglas Neal presided. 77, *New Oxford-street, W.C. 1.*—Monday, June 4th, clairvoyance by Mr. Horace Leaf, large attendance; Mr. Geo. Craze presided. For Sunday next see front page.—G. C.

LONDON SPIRITUAL MISSION: 13B, Pembroke Place, Bayswater, W.—Excellent addresses by Mr. Ernest Hunt and Dr. W. J. Vanstone. For Sunday next, see front page.

CHURCH OF HIGHER MYSTICISM: 22, Princes-street, Cavendish-square, W.—Morning, successful open meeting; evening, in absence of Mrs. Fairclough Smith through sudden indisposition, Mr. Harold Carpenter gave a most interesting address on "Job." Sunday next, see advt.

WIMBLEDON SPIRITUALIST MISSION.—Interesting and eloquent address by Miss Mary Mills. For prospective announcements see front page.—R. A. B.

TOTTENHAM.—684, *HIGH-ROAD.*—Address and clairvoyance by Mrs. F. Sutton. Sunday next, 7 p.m., address and clairvoyance by Mrs. Mary Gordon; Lyceum 3 p.m.—D. H.

RICHMOND.—14, *PARKSHOT (OPPOSITE PUBLIC BATHS).*—Mr. H. Boddington gave an inspiring address. Sunday next, Mr. A. Kirby, address. Wednesday, 20th, Mr. Prior, address.

WOOLWICH AND PLUMSTEAD.—*PERSEVERANCE HALL, VILLAS-ROAD, PLUMSTEAD.*—Address and clairvoyance by Mrs. Sharman. Sunday next, address by Mr. H. Boddington.

BATTERSEA.—45, *ST. JOHN'S HILL, CLAPHAM JUNCTION.*—Address and clairvoyance by Mrs. George. Sunday next, 11.15, circle; 3, Lyceum; 6.30, Mr. Sarfas. Thursday, 8.15, Mrs. Brookman; doors closed, 8.30.—N. B.

BRIGHTON SPIRITUAL MISSION.—1, *UPPER NORTH-STREET (close to Clock Tower).*—Sunday next, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mrs. Alice Jamrach, addresses and clairvoyance; also Monday, 8 p.m. Friday, 8 p.m., public meeting for inquirers.—R. G.

CLAPHAM.—*HOWARD-STREET, WANDSWORTH-ROAD, S.W.*—Sunday next, at 11.15, public circle; at 6.30, Mrs. Mary Clompson. Friday, at 8, public meeting. 24th, Conference with London Union.—M. C.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—*SURREY MASONIC HALL.*—Morning, Mrs. Mary Gordon; evening, Mr. Robert King. Sunday next, 11 and 6.30, Mr. Horace Leaf. 24th, evening, Mrs. Wesley Adams.

MANOR PARK, E.—*THIRD AVENUE, CHURCH-ROAD.*—Interesting address by Mrs. Jamrach. Sunday next, 6.30, Mrs. A. Boddington. 18th, 3 p.m., ladies' meeting. 20th, 7.30, Mrs. Maunder, address and clairvoyance at each meeting.—M.

CROYDON.—*GYMNASIUM HALL, HIGH-STREET.*—Address by Mrs. Mary Davies on "The Principles of Spiritualism." Sunday next, services at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.; circle after morning service.

HOLLOWAY.—*GROVEDALE-ROAD (NEAR HIGHGATE TUBE STATION).*—Morning, circle, Mr. and Mrs. Pulham; evening, Mr. Punter, excellent address and clairvoyance. Sunday next, 11.15, Mr. T. O. Todd, "The Ideal Church"; 3 p.m., Lyceum; 7, Mrs. A. de Beaurepaire, address and clairvoyance. Wednesday, Mrs. E. Marriott.—R. E.

READING.—*SPIRITUAL MISSION, 16, BLAGRAVE-STREET.*—Mr. George Woodward Saunders gave addresses on "What is Man?" and "The Way of Nature."

SPIRITUALISTS' NATIONAL UNION, LTD.—The Secretary, Mr. Hanson G. Hey, informs us that Mrs. Butterworth, of Barrow, one of the nominees for election on the Council at the annual meeting next month, has withdrawn her name from the list. There will consequently be no contest, all the retiring members (who have been re-nominated) being unopposed.

TO TEST MEDIUMISTIC DESCRIPTIONS.—The painstaking and methodical way in which the American Society for Psychical Research conducts its investigations is well shown by the long questionnaire which it is now sending out, with the view of obtaining one thousand replies. There are in the document no fewer than one hundred and five questions, such as "Is your father dead?" "Have you a deceased sister Annie?" "Did you have a cousin of the name of Robert H. McClellan?" In a circular which accompanies the questions, Dr. James H. Hyslop, the secretary, explains that they are sent out with a view to a study of two points in the records of mediumistic phenomena, *viz.*, chance coincidence and guessing or inference. There is no way to do this but by the methods he has adopted, the questions being based on actual records of mediumistic experiment. We can easily understand that an analysis of the answers, which will probably run into many thousands, will call for a vast amount of labour and critical ability.

THE HAPPY DREAM.—Although she was notified by the War Office nearly three months ago that her husband was dead—"killed" in a bombing attack—Mrs. Sherwin, of Guildford, could not believe the news, and she frequently dreamt that he was alive. Now she has received a postcard, in her husband's handwriting, showing that he is a prisoner of war in Germany.—"Evening News."

PRINCE KROPOTKIN, whose departure from England after his long sojourn amongst us (he landed on our shores in 1876) has caused profound regret, had a letter of farewell in the "Daily Telegraph" last week. The memory of Peter Kropotkin will not soon fade from our minds, and on behalf of his friends amongst our readers we wish him and his wife farewell, and give them our best thoughts.

Mrs. Sidgwick assumes that we should not hold intelligent spirits responsible for nonsense in the messages, a supposition which would be correct enough in the conditions in which living intelligent people hold intercourse with each other. But in this problem it is quite otherwise. We do not have the same conditions, and the complications are so great as to make any amount of nonsense compatible with an intelligent source.—PROFESSOR HYSLOP on Mrs. Sidgwick's Report on the Piper Trance.

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