

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"WHATEVER DOTH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

No. 491.—VOL. X. [Registered as a Newspaper.]

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1890.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by "M.A. (Oxon.)"

The *Pall Mall Gazette* (May 21st) has a short article on spirit photographs which offers material for criticism, if it were worth while. The column in which it appears is adorned with a specimen of a spirit photograph. This depicts a lady with folded hands—beyond this the style of illustration given in the *Pall Mall Gazette* does not permit me to go into details—and a frisky skeleton that seems disposed to throw its bony arms around her. The information in the article is on a level with the ghastly illustration. "Spiritualism has received a great impetus by the exhibition of photographs of spirits since the Paris Congress," we are told. There is, it seems, at Putney a man who manufactures these things. I decline to advertise him, but there is a photographer in the Strand who can beat him easily. And if there were a hundred photographers who could do the same, what then? The methods by which spurious ghost-pictures could be made were exposed by me many years ago, and the evidence for the real article set forth at length. Anyone with a very elementary knowledge of the art of photography can make these shams, if he is allowed opportunity. When one of the pretenders will allow me to do what I have done—viz., to take my own plate and work it throughout myself, and then produce for me a ghost I will talk to him.

But inexperience and ignorance are written in every line of this very stupid article. Who doubts that a photographer by double exposure can produce one of these pictures? Who doubts that Maskelyne on his own stage can imitate genuine psychical phenomena? Each wants his chance, and if care be taken that he does not get it, there is an end of his pretensions. Maskelyne used to want a mountain of luggage, his properties and stage-devices, before he would undertake to produce anything to conjure with in a private house. A medium arrives in his ordinary dress without a parcel or bag, and is willing to be rigidly searched before the sitting begins. A photographer, versed in his art, produces at leisure an imitation of a spirit photograph, and that is all. The time, I hope, will come when a discerning public will see the difference between the conditions under which the reality and its imitation are produced. But it is remarkable how long it takes to put ordinary sense into the head of that great, patient, stolid animal, the British public. Do not folks thrive on the confidence trick, the purse that grows sovereigns, the nimble pea, and the endless devices whereby "plenty brains" prey on "plenty fools?"

It would not be difficult to collect cases which would prove conclusively to any unprejudiced mind that the phenomena produced in the presence of a medium are of another order from those of the conjurer. A conjuror cannot conjure with his hands tied. He can deceive your eye—it is his business so to do—he can distract your attention, and, with his prepared stage and varied appliances, he can do things that no one but an expert can explain. These tricks are of a different order to those of the acrobat or trained athlete. There is no concealment about these latter performances. They are feats of strength or endurance, and the man has carefully trained himself to produce them. The phenomena of mediumship are of an essentially different character. The medium does not produce them: he is an all important factor in their production, but he does not produce them. They occur indifferently in the presence of men, women, and children, under circumstances which preclude the idea of their being consciously produced by trick. For instance, a heavy dining-table, capable of seating more than a dozen people, rises and is levitated as the hand of a medium is held over it without touching it. Again, a medium comes to a strange house, enters the hall, is received by the lady of the house and conducted to a bedroom where her clothing is changed, and she is thoroughly searched and re-clothed in garments belonging to her hostess. She is then conducted to a room which she has never before entered, and seated at a table which is soon covered with fresh flowers in such profusion that they fill a large basket when collected. Cannot the most undiscerning critic see that there is no room for conjuring there? Nor is there room for any deception as to these spirit photographs if only those who experiment will do as I did.

"Mediums do not bless you, I suppose?" queried the interviewer of this man who seems to glory in what he does to deceive the public. "No: I am anathema to them." Why, there has not been a spirit photograph taken publicly in London for many years. There is no medium that pretends to take them. The whole thing is an affair of the past, though I know of at least one lady who takes these pictures successfully in her own room, with no medium or any other person present. But as a money-making business there is none of it before the public. If it were so easy to do, if fools abound as this photographer thinks they do, why was a lucrative branch of trade abandoned? The whole story is improbable, and the credulity of incredulity is as rife as ever it was. The last word of the photographer is his best. He says that he has photographed "the hand of death covering a lady's face." Madame Tussaud should secure that "property." It would be idle to blame the *Pall Mall* for making so light of the intelligence of its readers. The editor, no doubt, knows that these subjects are little understood, but it would be a worthier effort to instruct and raise his readers instead of playing down to a low level of information. "This is a popular one," said this candid and unblushing person, "suggestive of the intercourse between the living and the dead."

... The spirit head is that of a "wax doll rather out of focus." There are in life, I fear, wax dolls "rather out of focus" that pass muster as immortal beings.

The extent to which the subject of hypnotism has taken hold of the imagination of the French is shown by the subjoined description of a picture in the Paris Salon which I clip from the *St. James's Gazette* :—

In the Paris Salon of this year there is a very curious picture. A group of women belonging to the working classes, with here and there a man, is gathered in a large room round a wooden stand about four feet high, on which is placed an object apparently emitting rays of light. The women are of various ages; some are sitting down, others standing up; but all have something strange in their expression and attitude. Here is one almost dancing in a state of ecstatic abandonment; another inclines her body to one side as if falling asleep, with a smile of languorous enjoyment on her face; an elderly woman in the centre sits bolt upright, her right hand clawing convulsively at her bosom, the while regarding the object in front of her with a rapt and gloomy stare. Others in a variety of attitudes, all suggestive of great excitement or perturbation, complete the group. In the background appear a few grave and reverend signors, watching the scene with earnest attention. On the wall hangs a printed placard, on which is legible the word *HYPNOTISME*. The title of the picture is "*Les Fascines de la Charité*." It is a representation of mesmerism as practised to-day in a leading Paris hospital. The apparatus in the centre is Dr. Luys's mesmeric machine, as it may be called. It consists of an apparatus by means of which bits of different-coloured glass are made to revolve before the eyes of the patients; and its advantage is that any number can be operated on simultaneously without trouble, and that it acts with great certainty. Some are mastered in a few minutes, others take half an hour; but, as a Paris correspondent says, "in the meanwhile what pitiful struggles here and there. This one laughs, that one blinks. But little by little silence comes upon the agitated crowd. One by one they drop off into immobility. Some appear as if actually asleep; others have the wide-open staring eyes of somnambulists; but in either case the fascination of the subject is complete."

The following remarks from the same source are very much to the point just now. The Paris faculty is labouring hard at building the tombs of the prophets :—

A conclusive proof that Mesmer was not the sordid charlatan he is made out to have been (though he knew the value of money) is the fact that, wherever he went, his first object was to draw the attention of the medical profession and of scientific men generally to his discovery. He was himself a graduate in medicine of the University of Vienna. If he had only wished to make money out of a credulous and ignorant public, he would have carefully avoided the scientific men; whereas he constantly tried to obtain from them an authoritative investigation of his theory and practice. But the Paris doctors would have none of him, with the exception of D'Eslon, physician in ordinary to the Comte d'Artois, the King's brother, and a man of good position. He became greatly interested in animal magnetism and took the matter up keenly. In the year 1780 he read a paper on Mesmer's discoveries before the *Faculté de Médecine*, to the effect that he had given attention to the subject, had found that there was something in it, and proposed, in Mesmer's name, a competitive trial—namely, to take so many invalids and treat half of them in Mesmer's way and half in the ordinary way. The answer to this very sporting offer, which at least proves that Mesmer had not only convictions but the courage to uphold them, was as follows :—(1) Injunction to M. d'Eslon to be more careful in future; (2) his suspension for a year as a voting member of the *Faculté*; (3) that he should be struck off the rolls at the end of that time unless he repudiated his observations; (4) rejection of Mesmer's proposal.

UNWILLING as we are to admit it, distance and long absence are injurious to friendship. For those we do not see, were they our dearest friends, become, in the course of years, abstract ideas, and our sympathy for them will sink into mere tradition. Our liveliest and deepest feelings are called forth by those around us, even our pet animals.—SCHOPENHAUER.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

Mr. W. Paice gave an address to the members of the London Spiritualist Alliance, on Tuesday evening, May 20th, on "Infinite Existence and Finite Morals." Amongst those present were :—Mr. J. T. Audy, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Collingwood, Miss A. M. Collingwood, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Carden, Mr. R. T. Copley, Mr. T. Green, Mr. G. Gunn, Mr. M. Gunn, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hansen, Mr. J. Kobayashi, Miss Kluht, Mr. W. Stainton Moses, Mr. J. H. Mitchiner, Mr. Paul Preyss, Mr. W. Paice, Captain and Mrs. Pfoundes, Mr. C. Pearson, Mrs. Quelch, Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, Mrs. and Miss Sainsbury, Mr. T. Smith, Mr. P. G. Sarpy, Miss Rowan Vincent, Mr. H. Withall, Mr. H. Wright, &c., &c.

INFINITE EXISTENCE AND FINITE MORALS.

Mr. Paice said : I have felt more than once while thinking over what I should say to-night that I had been guilty of some considerable presumption in selecting my subject. When one reflects on the extent to which the questions of ethics have interested all the best thinkers of the world, no matter under what system of philosophy they have lived, or in what theological belief they have been educated, the title of my paper is certainly not a little startling. But in that title there is the phrase "infinite existence," and in the introduction of that phrase lies the excuse for my presuming to talk here this evening, for in most ethical systems that "infinite existence" is either absolutely denied or but dimly shadowed out.

In theologicico-ethical systems, of course, we have continued existence more or less insisted on, but only in one direction, and, therefore not infinite; besides which, in these systems, ethics are so much mixed up with expiatory sacrifices, either direct or vicarious, that unless we can get at the original meaning of these sacrifices, which is not always easy, the value of the systems is not obvious. They do, however, seem frequently, if not always, to tend towards a kind of degradation, and the possibility of making the "best of both worlds" is the final question which is asked. With such systems I do not propose to deal, except, perhaps, incidentally. I merely wish to make some suggestions on the subject of morals, or rather of ethics, as that subject appears to one to whom existence is endless in both directions. This is dangerous ground, I know full well, but I cannot myself accept with complacency any philosophy based on the assumption of finality of knowledge.

Now I do not know where I came from, and I should not accept without reservation the assertion of anyone who says he does know where he came from, though I think it quite possible that certain forms of spiritual development may let a little more light into this dark problem in some cases than in others, but that light should even in these cases be analysed so as to determine whether it be not after all reflected and not direct. And, moreover, it does seem to me that a thinking man who is continually prosperous or continually unsuccessful, will ask himself sometimes how this state of things has come about, though the answer in the one case will probably be that he is favoured for some inscrutable reason by fortune, and, in the other, that he is equally disfavoured by the same fortune, with the possible addition, in the latter case, that it will all be made up to him hereafter, and the usual misconception of the Dives and Lazarus parable will present itself. But I think it most unlikely that any previous existence will occur to these people as a possible element in the solution of the problem. To us here to-night previous existence is as certain as the after-existence which we hold to be proved. The question for us, then, is, How are the ethical relations of this life to be estimated in connection with the certainty of previous and continued existence?

It is the notion of *ought*, to use a phrase of Professor Henry Sidgwick's, that we have to consider. And indeed the sentence in which this phrase of Professor Sidgwick's occurs is instructive over the whole area of the question. "We may perhaps say that this notion of 'ought,'" he says, "when once it has been developed, is a necessary form of our moral apprehension, just as space is now a necessary form of our sense-perceptions." Exactly so, and just as we develop new perceptions for which the old idea of space is not sufficient, so we must develop moral apprehensions in which a different "ought" will have place.

Under such conditions there can, therefore, be no such thing as absolute sin, no such thing as absolute moral right or moral wrong. But there may be relative sin and relative moral right

and moral wrong, which are as important in the state of existence in which any individual may happen to be, as absolute sin and absolute moral right and moral wrong would be if existence for the individual were one uniform, unchangeable whole. That at the present time there is an underlying sub-consciousness that these things are not absolute is quite apparent when one remembers that moral standards vary with situation and even with the time of day; take, for instance, the dress of women in society, where the modesty of the evening would be the perfect immodesty of the morning. And it is not an unusual thing for people whose estimable lives fill all men's mouths with praise to be drawing the material means of those estimable lives from sources which would tarnish that estimability if those sources were personally connected with these people. Our ethics in this state are exceedingly relative; in fact, they are the result of growth or development, and are founded on what is termed the well-being of society. What is not due to custom is due to positive law, itself an outcome of custom, with certain exceptions, and it is to these exceptions that I wish to call attention in connection with the phrase "infinite existence."

One of the curious revivals of the present time is the resuscitation of the notion that all men are born equal. This teaching, which has strangely enough found one of its most determined opponents in Professor Huxley, is the natural outcome of that denial or "unknowing" which is almost equivalent to denial, of the materialistic school. It is difficult to see how anything but equality in birth can be expected when universal death or something very much like it is the ultimate goal of existent things. From death to death through this small world's life is the creed, and not from life to life through this small world's death.

That inequality is the birthright of man is shown very distinctly by Mr. Wallace in his *Darwinism*, where he instances the sporadic nature and recent introduction of the mathematical, and in a somewhat somewhat less degree of the artistic, faculties. But common observation one would suppose to be fairly sufficient to establish the existence of this kind of inequality.

Now, either this state of existence is the only one, or there are others which more or less impinge upon it; we know it is not the only one, therefore there are others which impinge upon it. Again, if there are certain ethical laws which have been developed in this state, and which are proper to it, there will probably be ethical laws proper to and belonging to such other states. But it does not follow that the ethics of one state are the ethics of any other, though they may overlap.

I know quite well, as I said before, that here I am on dangerous ground, dangerous in that others whose opinions I am bound to respect have found theories in Eastern philosophies which will account apparently for all inequalities of this and indeed of all existences. But I have seen too much of philosophical and scientific theories to accept any one as final. What is an explanation to-day may be dismissed as futile and useless to-morrow. We are all catching at different tassels of the fringe of the robe of truth; the measurement of that mighty vestment we may indeed never be able quite to gauge.

I then premise a number of different states of existence overlapping each other, which indeed seems, even if one's own experience did not assert it most certainly, to be reasonable from the absence of breaks and the presence of continuity in the order of things as we know them. It then seems to me possible, and indeed probable—personally I feel it to be certain—that some men live wholly in this state, some in this and one or more onward in the line, some in this and that below this. And if each state have its own morality, then the complications which it is impossible not to note become simplified as to their meaning, though perhaps there will be less hope of anything like remedy.

I have seen no reason to modify the opinion I formed a long time ago, in fact I have had every reason to confirm myself in it, that while this state of existence is promotion to some, it is degradation and punishment to others. Let us take the second case, that of an individual sent into this state for some kind of purification. I think we all of us probably know some person who exemplifies what I mean. "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward," said the patriarch Job, and I hope it will not be considered irreverent on my part if I differ with the author of that monograph on the point; there are plenty of people to whom trouble is unknown, in its truest sense. The person of whom I speak, though, is one who does know it, and he knows it in this way most of all, that because he cannot think of things as the majority of his fellows, he is jeered at, scoffed, and insulted. I do not refer here to such things as the

mockery to which believers in the unseen have been subjected, but to the suffering which is felt by the spiritual man when unable to make those about him understand what are his springs of action, for indeed he only vaguely knows them himself, at any rate at first, he being to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness. A man who shares in some sort the spirituality of Jesus of Nazareth, a spirituality which a prelate of the Church has told us would loosen the bonds of society, so impracticable is it, were it to be the foundation of that society's government; a man who is very generally what is called unsuccessful, that is, that the broader instincts which he brings with him from another state of existence hinder him from narrowing down into the tortuous groove which leads to the much desired goal of mundane happiness. I have known a man of this kind, and I have seen him stumble more frequently and go astray, that is, wander out of the dusty road of propriety, more often than others, and for that have to repent more than others. And I have seen such a man, too, dare ignominy and shame for what he knew to be right, though the upholding that right threw him into the shadow of disgraceful wrong, while there came across that shadow only the fitful light of the far away heaven he had left.

I know I shall be confronted at once with the doctrine of Karma, and I am not sure that I shall disagree with that doctrine, if my friends will give me a larger universe than the solar system, but whether Karma be the right doctrine or not, I hold it to be clear that there are men who come here from spheres of loftier activity than this, to whom the ethics of this world have a totally different aspect from that which they have to the ordinary good man whose respectability brings him within the range of tombstone laudation. It is not without deep significance that Jesus said what He did of the Magdalen, and that the Church has placed her in the hierarchy of sainthood.

But let us look at the other side of the picture. A good deal has been said about the conversion of the negro, of the South Sea Islanders, and of other "untutored Indians." We have had, and are having, a sort of conscience-striking wave pass over us, and "slumming" has become a fashion. But what says all impartial evidence as to the effect of preaching and teaching of every kind on the people at the other end of the spiritual line? Surely that it is largely surface change; I say *largely* with intention, for as I hold the improvement which teaches men not only mutual respect but respect for themselves to be of value in spiritual development, I cannot ignore the advantage which makes even so low a level as a permanent respectability worthy of special attainment.

It is usual to say of such and such a community or of such and such a man that "the standard of morality is very low," meaning thereby that measured, and measured rightly, by the commercial standard of measurement, the general amount of rascality is considerable; or measured according to the standards of religious action, the approach to zero is very close; or measured according to the higher standards of mercy and justice, the level of zero is almost absolutely reached.

But what does all this mean if not that these communities or individuals are spiritually of a lower rank than even the embodied respectability which despises, pities, or tries to raise them? We all know this, will at once be said. Do we? I submit that we *do not* all know this, for what is called the spiritual differentiation of the individual of the race *here* is not quite the same thing as the differentiation of the material presentation of various spiritual states which overlap and intermingle with this.

There are, moreover, sporadic cases which go far to prove my case. The "black sheep" of the otherwise happy and tranquil family has become a proverbial phrase. How are we to account, not for his presence there, but for his *blackness*? The answer surely is that this turbulent member of the flock is the material presentation of a member of a spiritual community which is at a lower level than that of the family into which he has somehow been born. As his conceptions of right and wrong are different from those by whom he is surrounded, he is a source of discomfort to them, and their duty would be to raise him as far as possible out of that state. I should not like to say that even this "black sheep" was intrinsically evil, for evil as such is difficult to conceive of, at least to me, but he is at a lower moral potential than the others, and work must be done on him by them. It must not be forgotten that those Spartans who won Thermopylæ had reduced thieving to something very like a fine art.

I have been speaking rather about the individual than the

race, and I do not wish to neglect that phase of my subject which has to do with racial development. And it is here that we come to something of a higher hope than the dogmatic respectability which is the too widespread appanage of the population.

Mr. Green, in his *Prolegomena to Ethics*, says, "An intelligent experience, or experience as the source of knowledge, can neither be constituted by events of which it is the experience, nor be a product of them," and it is this intelligent experience which comes of the overlapping of spiritual states that is gradually producing higher standards of right and wrong as the years roll on, and which has done so in the person of all reformers, and in the existence of all reforming communities in the history of the world. Men who are in touch with the next higher grade of existence reflect the purer light of that state on this state and show its deformities and ugliness. To them the ideas of right and wrong are not absolute, though they indeed themselves may think them so, but are different from the ideas obtaining in general. Hence, perhaps, the notion, erroneous as I hold it to be, of absolute sin.

Judged from this standpoint, the writer of the Psalm, introduced as he had been, notwithstanding his gross surroundings, into the purer spirituality of the overlapping state, said with real meaning, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity." And Paul, who had felt the Divine breath of the Holy One, cried: "Who will deliver me from this body of death?"

And what is the teaching just now of those for whom the two states intermingle, the next higher and this, it is the doctrine of altruism, the abnegation of self. The ethic of the race so far, whether as in the case of Greece, for the community, or in the case of modern Europe, for the individual, has been that of selfishness; the new ethic is that of unselfishness.

Now the ethic of modern Europe, especially of England, the ethic of respectability, has been founded on selfishness or aggregation; the ethic of the immediate future, the ethic produced by the impact of a purer state is that of segregation. And this purer light of advancement cannot be kept out; even amid the strange aberrations of the Salvation Army the cry of the outcast is ordered to be listened to. Nor is it necessary to be a believer in the unseen to have this spiritual light. Anomalous as it may seem, the Positivist holds the practice of altruism as a precious article of his creed.

While somewhat hurriedly putting together the above, I chanced to refer to a little book, published in 1882 in England, called *Life after Death*, and written by the great scientist, Gustav Theodor Fechner, a work no doubt known to many. In that this theory of overlapping, though not quite in the same form, is, I find, introduced, as indeed it would naturally be, by such a writer, continuity in nature being the rule. "Man's mind," says Fechner, "is, therefore, simultaneously, his own property, and the property of those higher spirits; and whatever comes to pass in it belongs to both sides at once, only in a different sense and manner." Fechner then draws six equal circles all passing symmetrically through the same point; each circle he calls by the name of a certain colour. It is easy to see that a star of mixed colours will be the result of the final overlapping. So the author continues: "Thus, in our diagram, the many-coloured star in the middle stands for itself, an independent, individual figure, whose several rays shoot from, and are kept together by, a common centre; and again that same star appears to be formed by the six single-coloured circles, each of which is an independent figure as well, so that every ray belongs to the central star and to the intersecting circles. Behold in this not a likeness, but a symbol, of the human soul."

Man's mind is his own property, and the property of higher spirits, Fechner asserts. I would go a step further and say either of higher or lower spirits, or, to use once more the phraseology I have all through employed, "of higher or lower states." Fechner, indeed, is an example of that curiously anomalous stage of thought where a man does not seem to see that infinite existence in one direction involves infinite existence in the other. "Man lives on earth not once," he says, "but three times; the first stage of his life is continual sleep, the second, sleeping and waking by turns, the third, waking for ever."

Before concluding this paper, I should like to say a few words on a matter very intimately connected with the subject which I have endeavoured so very imperfectly to treat. I have spoken of anterior and lower states, and of posterior and higher states, but I would not for a moment have it thought that either of those states, or that any still farther back or still farther on, are necessarily at all like this. What is higher and better is but

the presentation in this state and to our capacities of what may have, will most likely have, a different meaning when interpreted by faculties changed in quality and increased in number. What is lower and worse would be differently appreciated by faculties diminished in number or less extended even than our own. To use the words of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, "I speak as a man." And yet, even while I say this, there comes out of the infinite consciousness the certainty that sometimes the lustre of the sapphire throne flashes through the mists of this charnel-house with a light that cannot be described.

I know that to deny the existence of sin, of good and of evil as such, is going somewhat far, but I submit that it is warranted by the exercise of that reason, whatever reason may be, to which we ultimately appeal in this present state of consciousness. I feel, too, that cutting the Gordian knot is different from untying it, though I really do not see why the latter method should be better, unless one wants to make use of the cord, which does not seem to be necessary. There are quite enough cords. Moreover, the theory of the non-existence of absolute evil and absolute good is consistent with eternal mercy and eternal justice.

I submit my remarks, then, to those who are so well qualified to consider them merely in the light of suggestions. If they are trite and merely a wandering once more over long-trodden ground, I ask pardon for wasted time. I hardly think they are that, and so I leave them.

The address raised a considerable amount of discussion which took the form of questions addressed to the lecturer and replied to by him *seriatim*. A cordial vote of thanks closed the proceedings.

A CONVERSATION WITH A MORAL.

[From the antipodes (Dunedin, New Zealand), to which remote regions "LIGHT" penetrates, and where we learn with pleasure that it "is highly esteemed throughout the colony," we receive the following dialogue with a request for its insertion. We find it a little off the lines that we usually follow: and we commit ourselves, of course, to no criticism, antagonism, or approval of the theological opinions contained in it. They will commend themselves or otherwise to sections of our readers. They are not matters for general discussion. But, for a sign of fellowship and of thanks for appreciation of our efforts as shown in the offer made, we shall not be so churlish as to refuse. —EDITOR OF "LIGHT."]

"How do you do, Mrs. Forster? I've had a run for it," said a tall, fair, well-proportioned man, as he entered a carriage on the half-past four Mosgiel train and extended his hand to a refined-looking, middle-aged woman, who was sitting, well wrapped up in a handsome, fur-lined cloak, quietly observing the comers and goers on the platform.

"Seeing you spend your life in managing, Mr. Angus," she replied, lifting her calm, clear eyes to him, "I should have thought you would have included 'Time' in your programme as well as stations. You would find it answer—economy and management of time are essential in a good business man."

"True, quite true; I can control my arrangements on my own ground—but here, in a town, you are detained by every passer-by. Ah! there's the Exhibition building going up as if by magic," he exclaimed, changing the conversation as the train sped by on its southern way.

"Yes, we are in a wonderful age. I am truly glad I have lived to see men get such a grip of possibilities as I think they really have now. When we realise all, we shall see, transferred to this side of the globe, nay manufactured here, the various inventions and scientific wonders—ending with producing the stored-up voices of men who dwell thousands of miles away, who may probably be sleeping through the silent hours of night, while their voices are entrancing or instructing us here at the antipodes. Think of absolutely hearing Patti, Albani, Neilson sing words and tune, yet no bodily presence near. Why! no fairy tale, however extravagant, ever surpassed the reality. I see clearly now that the ideal is the only real."

"It is astonishing. Do you know, I never thought of it in that way before."

"Probably not. Improvements follow each other so rapidly

now; there is a daily process of stealthy progress; it rarely occurs to us to think how marvellous is the age. Thanks to the telegraph and printing press, we have the collated news of the world as regularly as our breakfasts. Puck's assertion that he would put 'a girdle round the earth in forty minutes' is a veritable fact in our days."

"Ah! that reminds me. I saw you at Dr. Addington's lecture last night. These celebrities come and go like flashes also. Why in the world did you leave before the address was over?"

"Simply because I recognised the tune at once; not a new variation, not a richer chord; such a harping on old strings as there is, to be sure, with limitless possibilities at hand."

"What else would you have? What else could you have?"

"Someone to tune them occasionally; or supply a new string where the old is worn out. It is past belief; these men come there with piles of manuscript prepared from the

Thought and teaching of old divines' (they tell us), often diluted editions of each other, I should say. There they stand and harangue about One Whose simplest command they disobey every time they enter the pulpit. 'Take no thought how or what ye shall speak,' was His injunction. Do they do this? No! And what is the wisdom that underlies the command? It sounds the first note of the method of mental evolution, or thought development. Devotion develops divinity, and if they, in other respects, lived the life obedient to His practical example, they would possess a flame, a Divine life, that would enable them to see farther, be equal for all occasions, and accomplish more than even their Teacher did."

"How do you make that out?"

"Does not the promise run that 'greater works than these shall ye do' and that He was to be with them to the 'end of the world'? And if they became His followers, certain signs should follow them; they should be able to heal the sick, cast out devils, and if they swallowed any poisonous thing it should not harm them?"

"Yes, but such words applied only to Apostolic times."

"Wherefore should they? These same men assure us that God is 'no respecter of persons' and is the 'same yesterday, to-day and for ever.' Moreover, to-day we are in possession of scientific knowledge by which we can see that His methods do not change. All things are controlled by laws, which are continuous and invariable—effect follows cause as certainly as night day."

"But what has that to do with Christ's miracles?"

"Just this, that if ever a sick man was healed, or the dead raised, it was done by the knowledge of forces, which must be in existence still, which, if we knew how, we could utilise at any time."

"Monstrous! why you would do away with the supernatural at a blow."

"In one sense, yes; in another, no. I would like to show that there is no such thing as miracle in its old sense; a phenomenon is miraculous only in that it transcends our knowledge. I won't dispute whether miracles ever happened or not, I only maintain that if ever one or all of the miracles imputed to Christ occurred there is no reason to prevent their occurring again to-day. It is a mere matter of knowledge, esoteric instead of exoteric; the capacity to bring the necessary conditions into conjunction. See how abundantly this is manifested to-day in any science you like to take—chemistry, physics, botany, or any other—and the greater the information gained in any branch of science, the more wonderful it becomes, disclosing infinity and Divinity, producing increasing grounds for Confidence, Faith, and Love."

"I realise that 'All things are possible with God.' Divine wisdom is all that is needed, and we hear ominous whispers regarding the knowledge on occult subjects which the devotees of nineteen centuries ago possessed. But, I take it, such powers were not intended to be conferred on us. They are amongst the things which as a boy I was told it was wrong to pry into."

"I don't admit there is anything that we are forbidden to search into. Quite the contrary: the injunction to knock, to seek, to ask, is constantly enforced, and that we shall find according to our importunity and perseverance. And tracing up the wonderful discoveries of our day, it might be well to open our eyes, for we find that it is to these very indefatigable, persevering souls that nature at last unlocks her door, and bids them take a peep. The other day I read, with no little surprise, the report of a séance held in the Athenæum Hall, Melbourne, under

the auspices of the acting governor, and leading medical faculty, where the mesmerist gave his subjects six times the ordinary dose of injurious drugs without any evil consequences; yet, conversely, he had it in his power to cause them to experience nausea, or enjoyment at his pleasure."

"What bearing has that on Biblical miracles?"

"If there is a method to-day by which men can swallow deleterious drugs unharmed, it is natural to surmise that it is the same as that by which it was accomplished long ago, the only difference being that the disciples were initiated into the secret manner. They understood what they were doing, and how they did it, which is more than our mesmerists do."

"But think of the evil connected with hypnotic manifestations: the danger is being realised on the Continent, and legislative interference sought."

"Its possibilities for evil are probably the measure of its value. Think of the danger connected with electricity, dynamite, or poisons of various kinds. Many lives are generally sacrificed before any new discovery is understood or perfected."

"But what good could you see or predict from understanding mesmerism?"

"It is quite impossible for me to predict, I only see that any force or power in nature applied for the use or benefit of man is of incalculable and limitless value. Why, there is not a mineral, not a gas, not a herb, not a tree but is necessary. Yes, if it is here it is here for some glorious purpose. If so much can be obtained by the knowledge of electricity, what might not be accomplished by the control of such an ethereal force as operates in mesmerism. Ancient as Job was he declared that there was a 'spirit in man,' and we all know that to be true, and as the 'spirit' becomes more pronounced, more evolved in man, it is natural that he will have higher, more ethereal, forces at his command. The more I consider and understand humanity, the more I read and study the Bible, the more clear it seems to me that the influence operating in mesmerism is of limitless extent, making clairvoyance and prediction of the future natural, and accounting for and throwing a flood of light on Biblical phenomena generally. To me it is the phantom hand that holds the key to life and immortality. Christ's declaration was that He came to bring life and immortality to light. The light of knowledge regarding immortality is practically darker than it was eighteen centuries ago."

"But Christ was different from all others. You surely accept His Divinity?"

"Yes and no; as I answered with regard to miracles. I think that is one of the points the ages have failed to prove. I think, had the theory as held by the Christian Church been true there would have been no disputing about it now. It would have proved itself. There is never any need to try to prove truth—it always proves itself. It seems to me that it would be far better if the Church were to drop that disturbing question for a time and strive to show how each individual could become in himself a Christ. There is a science that will explain it as truly as that ice becomes water under the liberating rays of the sun. Yes; I think the more we prove the question, we shall find that evolution extends to, and operates as steadily, in the intellectual and spiritual world, as in the material and physical. 'Be ye perfect' is a possibility along natural lines."

"You stagger me, Mrs. Forster; what has led you to these conclusions?"

"Ah me! How could I define the multitudinous influences in combination—the cohesion, concentration, and development of so many elements of character? What if I have passed through various forms of created creatures? There is so much in each of us that resembles certain animals, as close a resemblance, physically and characteristically, as there is to their known immediate ancestors, that it often puzzles me. All these 'may-have-beens' I cannot speak about, but tracing up from where I do know, I think that, in the first place, my mind in childhood was left utterly untrammelled by religious dogmas, I was taught that to do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with my God, was the only way to inherit eternal life. In the second place, my life was the inherited result of a line of high-thinking, honourable-living ancestors. So you see my indebtedness. Then lastly, I place practical experience above all speculation, going and doing literally the highest and best I can, the promise being that 'He that doeth the will of the Father shall know of the doctrine, whether it be true.' I have been hemmed into corners where doubting was impossible, brought face to face with facts that have opened my eyes and liberated me; and the sooner those who have charge of our churches adopt the same plan the better, so they will have greater reason than ever to cry over lapsed Presbyterianism and every other lapsed form of belief."

(To be continued.)

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Light:

EDITED BY "M. A. (OXON.)"

SATURDAY, MAY 31st, 1890.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

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INFINITE EXISTENCE.

What does immortality mean? There has been some very loose discussion of the question recently in some of our correspondence, and Mr. Paice has told us categorically that "pre-existence is as certain as the after-existence we hold to be proved." Some correspondents, on the other hand, have expressed surprise that there should be any difficulty on the part of a Spiritualist in affirming the immortality of the collective human race.

Be it permitted to clear the ground a little. The Laureate has written in words that will live:—

Are God and Nature then at strife
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life:

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the world's great altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith and grope,
And gather dust and chaff and call
To what I feel is Lord of all
And faintly trust the larger hope.

That is the position as judged by the analogy of nature. The problem is one that is not to be dismissed in a moment: it is one rather that involves very careful consideration from such plane of knowledge as we possess. The problems crowd thick and fast as soon as we give them place. "Infinite existence at the one end means infinite existence at the other." Does it, and why? Is it inconceivable that "I"—whatever may be connoted by that vowel—made my first acquaintance with conscious existence when I was born into this world? If so, on what grounds is that stated? Is it more likely that I am the heir of the antecedent ages and bring here an inherited experience? Then where was I and what was I before? Is Karma the explanation, or am I a re-incarnated person who has been through a series of lives which have

left me either better or worse than they found me? Or is one to take as philosopher the German such as Du Prel, and postulate a transcendental Ego which informs a variety of incarnations and gathers a certain amount of knowledge from each? Was I created brand new when I came here, or was I not? That is the problem.

It is matched by another. When I leave this world what will be left of me? Shall I be myself minus the body which correlated me with my surroundings in this world? Shall I possess the knowledge gained during my sojourn on earth, together or not together with what may have preceded it? Shall I be "myself," knowing myself and being myself or shall I know as little of myself as I now do of my past?

Where shall I be and what shall I be? Some correspondents have lately urged us to seek from spirits some information as to their ways of life and habits. It has been tried without success. We have no access to such sources of information. There is no means of translating into terms of our consciousness what may convey to us information on such matters. The problem will remain unsolved so long as we are in "the prison house of the body." For we gather information through our senses, and our senses are not available for this purpose. Some of us are "quickened in the spirit," and by these newly-opened avenues we get information denied to those who depend on the grosser avenues of the senses. But our experience and knowledge are practically incommunicable.

In spite of this, and because of our recognition of it, we know a great deal, even if we have curtailed the realm of faith. It is something to say that we know that life is sometimes continued with conscious memory beyond the grave. It is something to prove that thought is not a secretion of the brain, terminating when the body dies. It is something to show that the noblest part of man—the affections—are active in the new state of his continued life. It is something to prove that conscience is still active, and that the wrongs done in earth-life vex the soul still. It is something to know that it is possible to tap sources of enlightenment and instruction which prove to us the commerce between us and the higher spirits, and show that inspiration has not ceased from off this earth. It is something to feel able to support a failing faith by recent knowledge, and to say that the old truths, though faded, are truths still. It is something, too, to feel that a man need not go outside of himself for his religion, and that the world of spirit—in which he is included—can furnish him with that highest form of religion which consists in duty to God, to his neighbour, and to himself, so that he may lead a self-respecting life without much that the conventionalities of man have imposed.

All this is of vast importance: and its importance will be the more recognised in proportion as we clear our vision of issues that we cannot solve. It seems to us that our presence here involves our presence somewhere else before. It seems to us that the seed of life is indestructible. But it would be idle to pretend that we can prove either proposition. Fortunately there is no reason.

SPIRITUALISM IN STRANGE PLACES.

It is amusing to note the varied directions in which we may now find Spiritualism respectfully treated. The *Weekly Bulletin* is a journal devoted to financial matters. In it we have opinions as to the Callao Bis Company, the Harmony Goldfields, Limited (we suspect they are!), Cantabrian Copper, and general South African booms. We learn that the Editor "can still take money for a deal" in Asbestos, and that he believes that he has a "bigger deal than the Randt," which, in spite of capitals and space, is Low Dutch to us.

But we should hardly go to this source for a "quota-

tion," or "deal," or "boom" in Mesmerism and Spiritualism. Yet we have it, and more space given to it than all Mysore and South Africans put together. The writer has been to see Kennedy, the Mesmerist, who is now holding what is described as "the most extraordinary show on earth" at the Aquarium Theatre. The very sensible view is taken in the article that these phenomena are not "supernatural but resident in nature itself," and that science is gradually reducing them to law and acquainting us with the conditions under which they occur. For twenty years the writer avers that he has "constantly taken part in the production of these phenomena in this country, as well as in America, and once last year in Johannesburg even." That is qualification enough to justify him in offering an opinion on the subject, though we would fain hope that he has not been sitting "constantly," and that the use of the adverb is a pardonable exaggeration. He is as confident as he is of his own existence that they are natural. There are impostors who have used both Spiritualism and Mesmerism to their own advantage, "but no fact in the world's history is more clearly proved than that the phenomena of both have a real existence." "Both are as old as the world itself." Spiritualism we have in the Witch of Endor. Some miracles of healing may possibly be referred to a source akin to hypnotic healing. They were common among Chaldeans, Persians, Hindus, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, practised commonly by the priests, then the sole depositories of knowledge. They used their knowledge as the handmaid of superstition. Now Science steps in and rescues it.

This is very sound sense, and it is refreshing to read it. Our thanks are due for the reasonable and kindly tone that pervades the whole article. Perhaps one day the *Weekly Bulletin* may quote a "LIGHT" Company, Limited, with shares at a premium, and recommend them as an investment.

PRESENT, THOUGH UNSEEN.

All day the happy woodlands
With beauty have been spread,
While the bright sun was shining
Through branches overhead.
But now the stars are twinkling,
And all is dark below;
I cannot see one flow'ret,
Of all that on earth do grow.

My room is softly lighted
By one lamp's pleasant glow,
And here and there are standing
The things I love and know.
But take away the flicker
Of that one little flame,
And all the rest are taken,
I know them but by name.

And if the sun were shining,
Always by night and day;
If the lamp continued burning
And ne'er consumed away,
I still should need my eyesight
To see the forest glade,
Or the familiar treasures
Of which my home is made.

To see the smallest object
We need sight, light, and air;
To touch it we need bodies
And it must be standing there.
Yes; many things are present
Which we can only guess,
We only see their working,
Yet they are there no less.

Pure love and faithful friendship
Are they not real and true?
Heat, motion, gravitation,
These work unseen for you!
Then do not say things are not,
That they have never been;
Under the right conditions
Alone can things be seen.

MARY M.

"ONE order of physical relations being dropped by death, another may, on the instant, be assumed elsewhere, revealing the spirit to a new society and giving it the apparition of fresh worlds. It is only the bodily effects of mental force to which place can be assigned."—JAMES MARTINEAU.

SPECIMENS OF MESSAGES GIVEN IN A HOME CIRCLE.

COMMUNICATED BY H.

We give some samples out of a number of messages, more of which we would print but for two reasons. First, our space does not permit, and next, they are only the loving intercourse of two simple, child-like spirits with their friends still in the body, and convey to the world no new truth or instruction that need attract attention. They are valuable, as are many such messages, to those who received them, but not to others, except in so far as they illustrate what is of repeated occurrence in the home circle:—

[I give you below some extracts, from my note-book, of séances held at Dresden during the past winter. They are word for word as delivered, and not written up from memory at the close of the séance. At first there were many interruptions, caused by the intrusion of a very unwelcome spirit, who gave his name as Russell, "by profession a liar"; but little by little they became less frequent, and towards the last we were not often interfered with. The communications came from my daughter, Annie, who passed over some twelve years ago, and from a spirit, Jennie, in former séances announced to be her guardian; it was further stated that in this life she had no knowledge either of my daughter or myself.]

JANUARY 21ST.—(Annie.) My father! the time is short now; do not worry for me; all will be clear that worries you now. (At a former séance we spoke of God as a spirit and of His personality, and Annie then said, "Please, father, do not ask any questions about the Almighty," so that what follows seems to have reference to that.) We dare not tell you all our life here; it would be too powerful for you to bear. God is a Spirit, to be seen and heard—we shall see Him, not as in a glass darkly, but face to face; no cloud covers His face; you can see His brightness; your eyes can bear it, it is so beautiful; there are no mistakes here; our work is plain before us—(we spoke of our employments in the next life)—we improve all the time; we help each other and you.

JANUARY 24TH.—Father! you have lived long without me; I want you now; my life here is filled with thoughts of you; perhaps I think too much of you; my work demands my time; you know I much teach others. (What do you teach?) Christian belief to those who do not believe; I teach many, but I live so that my influence may direct the rest. You are already taught; you will teach also when you live with me. (Tell us something of the Almighty.) I feel my answers would be unsatisfactory; reach me your hand, father; I want to touch it. (I did so, and said, "I do not feel your hand.") But I feel yours.

FEBRUARY 9th.—So I have you again, father; these evenings are so pleasant! how I enjoy them! The atmosphere is so tranquil; you know we cannot come where there is noise, or confusion, or bitter feeling. I will tell you all I may, if you will question me. (We spoke of her direction to me to prepare for the change by living as I had lived.) You were to me a devoted father; be as sincere to others as you were to me. (Give me some advice as to the ordinary mode of life.) The life on earth is so short; what does it matter! it is so soon over—only a worry.

FEBRUARY 20th.—Father, I am here with you; sit oftener, I have more power now than ever before. I love to come, for I hope I do you all good. I always watch over you with my spirit eye. My road is full of work to do, but the other spirits help me. I am never far from you. (We spoke of Spiritualism in America and in Germany and of the comparatively little progress it had made in the latter country.) The Americans are more sympathetic, quicker, more impressionable, less repellant.

MARCH 2ND.—(We spoke of Jennie's absence from the table for some time.) I have let Annie come to you often lately, have I not? I have worked for her, to give her time to talk with you. Father (for she has always called me so), you know we have our tasks to do, but they are not tiresome like earthly duties. Annie will hardly come to-night; she is very busy; she may finish; then she will come. (A pause.) Father, it is I (Annie). You have had a long waiting for me, but I will talk a little with you now. Jennie is so good to me; I love her; she is wise and kind; she helps and instructs me in all that is useful; it is often through her that I am permitted to visit you. I love my

work here ; all is done by love, no harshness ; all are led by gentleness ; no fault-finding, but peaceful, kindly guidance and influence ; there is no lack of Christian charity, as with you ; we know each other's faults, and we bear with them, for we know they are not hopeless, but will all be cleansed away.

MARCH 9TH.—(Jennie.) You see I am here first again to-night, but not for long. Annie will come at once.

(Annie.)—I am here, father. I would like to tell you much of interest. All here would delight you ; the companionship of good people working carefully and harmoniously together for the glory of God and the improvement of each other. We are not made perfect merely by dying, for we have only then begun to live, for everything is easier ; the temptations of the world no longer allure us, while Christ stands with outstretched hands to help us on. (As to recognition in the next life.) You will know me and I will know you. (As to our bodily defects.) We leave such burdens behind. (I spoke of her death.) That time is all too sad. (As to the probability of the spirit being seen immediately on leaving the body.) I think not ; I cannot tell ; the spirit cannot be seen, but the influence can be felt.

MARCH 26TH.—Father, the time is growing short when I can talk with you. I wish these evenings might last for ever. Your summer will be a pleasant one, although lonely without me. I shall be with you many hours, but seldom able to speak with you ; always remember these evenings, will you not ? Jennie will be able to talk with you more than I this summer, but I shall be with you. Oh, father, it is so sweet to talk with you.

MARCH 28TH.—(We asked a friend to take a seat with us this evening, but the result was most unsatisfactory. So much so that we had to ask her to leave the table.) Now I am here ; we are better so to-night. (We spoke of the introduction of a new member to the circle as interfering with the conditions.) Yes, you are quite right ; not often can another be introduced without destroying the *rapport*, like an alien element in a company. M. has power, but she has been too long away, and there is not time now to establish the *rapport* ; many sittings are usually necessary, except when there is strong force.

MARCH 30TH.—Oh ! these blessed evenings ! How we shall miss them. (We spoke of the fact of the spirits taking such great pleasure in communicating with their friends in this life.) We are entirely happy and have need of nothing else, but our friends and loved ones are not forgotten by us ; we watch over you always in every joy and sorrow ; we long for you, but wait without impatience for God's good time ; the earthly life is so short after all, but eternity comes then. Rest a minute, dear father.

Oberhofen, April 18th, 1890.

THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

The following is an extract from the Rev. Joseph Cook's lecture on "Ulrici on the Spiritual Body :—

If this ethereal, non-atomic enswathement of the soul be interpreted to mean what the Scriptures mean by a spiritual body in distinction from a natural body, there is entire harmony between the latest results of science and the inspired doctrine of the resurrection.

What if I should dissect the human body here ? I might have a man made up of a skeleton ; then I could have a human form made up of muscle. If I should take out the arteries, I should have another human form ; and just so with the veins, and so with the nerves. Were they all taken out and held up here in their natural condition, they would have a human form would they not ? Very well ; now which form is the man ? which is the most important ? But behind the nerves are those bioplasts. If I could take out those bioplasts that wove the nerves, and hold them up here by the side of the nerves, all in their natural position, they would have a human form, would they not ? And which is the man ? Your muscles are more important than your bones ; your arteries, than your muscles ; your nerves, than your arteries ; and your bioplasts, that wove your nerves, are more important than your nerves. But you do not reach the last analysis here ; for, if you unravel a man completely, there is something behind those bioplasts. There are many things we cannot see that we know exist. I know there is in my body a nervous influence that plays up and down my nerves like electricity on the telegraphic wires. I never saw it ; I have felt it. Suppose that I could take that out ; suppose that just there is my man made up of nerves, and just yonder my man made up of red bioplasts ; and that I have right here what

I call the nervous influence separated entirely from the flesh. You would not see it, would you ? But would not this be a man very much more than that ? or that ? What if death thus dissolves the innermost from the outermost ? We absolutely know that that nervous influence is there. We know, also, that there is something behind the action of these bioplasts. If I could take out this, which is a still finer thing than what we call nervous influence, and could have it held up here, I do not know but that it would be ethereal enough to go into Heaven ; for the Bible itself speaks of a spiritual body. You know it is there, this nervous influence. You know it is there, this power behind the bioplasts. When the Bible speaks of a spiritual body, it does not imply that the soul is material ; it does not teach materialism at all ; it simply implies that the soul has a glorified enswathement, which will accompany it in the next world. I believe that it is a distinct Biblical doctrine that there is a spiritual body as there is a natural body, and that the former has extraordinary powers. It is a body which apparently makes nothing of passing through what we call ordinary matter. Our Lord had that body after His resurrection. He appeared suddenly in the midst of His disciples, although the doors were shut. He had on Him the scars that were not washed out, and that in Heaven had not grown out. I tread here upon the edge of immortal mysteries ; but the great proposition I wish to emphasise is, that science, in the name of the microscope and the scalpel, begins to whisper what revelation, ages ago, uttered in thunders, that there is a spiritual body with glorious capacities.

This is a sad world if death is a leap in the dark. But, gentlemen, we are following haughty axiomatic certainty. In clear and cool precision, science comes to the idea of a spiritual body. We must not forget that this conclusion is proclaimed in the name of philosophy of the severest sort. The verdict is scientific ; it happens also to be Biblical. Is it the worse for that ? It is more and more evident, as the training of the world advances, that everything fundamentally Biblical is scientific, and that everything fundamentally scientific is Biblical.

In every leaf on the summer boughs there is a network which may be dissolved out of the verdant portion, and yet retain, as a ghost, the shape which it gave the leaf from which it came. In every human form growing as a leaf on the tree of life, we know that network lies within network. Each web of organs, if taken separately, would have a form like that of man. Thus might be placed by itself the muscular portion of the human form, or the osseous portion, or the veins, or the arteries, and each would show the human shape. If the nerves could be dissolved out, and held up here, they would be a white form, coincident everywhere with the mysterious, human, physical outline. But the invisible nervous force is more ethereal than this ghost of nerves. The fluid in which the nervous waves occur is finer than the nervous filaments. What if it could be separated from its environment and held up here ? It could not be seen ; it could not be touched. The hand might be passed through it ; the eyes of men in their present state would detect no trace of it ; but it would be there.

Your Ulrici, your Lotzes, your Beales adhere unflinchingly to the scientific method. The self-evident axiom, that every change must have an adequate cause, requires us to hold that there exists behind the nerves a non-atomic, ethereal enswathement for the soul, which death dissolves out from all complex contact with mere flesh, and which death, thus unfettering without disembodiment, leaves free before God for all the development with which God can inspire it.

AURELIO SAFFI.

We take the following from the *Scottish Leader* :—

Mr. Swinburne contributes a long poem to the *Athenæum* in memory of the Italian patriot, Aurelio Saffi. We quote two verses :—

The wider world of men that is not ours
Receives a soul whose life on earth was light.
Though darkness close the date of human hours,
Love holds the spirit and sense of life in sight.
That may not, even though death bid fly, take flight.
Faith, love, and hope fulfilled with memory, see
As clear and dear as life could bid it be,
The present soul that is and is not he.
He who held up the shield and sword of Rome
Against the ravening brood of recreant France,
Beside the man of men whom Heaven took home
When earth beheld the spring's first eyebeams glance
And life and winter seemed alike a trance
Eighteen years since, in sight of Heaven and spring
That saw the soul above all souls take wing,
He, too, now hears the Heaven we hear not sing.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

NOTES BY "EDINA."

1. Within the last four months I have had occasion frequently to discuss the genuineness of the phenomena of Spiritualism with a gentleman, who has an elementary acquaintance with the subject. During a recent talk, I, with the view of broadening his ideas on the matter, offered to bring Mr. Duguid with me some evening and have a sitting. As, however, the gentleman had to leave town on important business for some time, it was at length arranged that two members of our family circle should call on a certain night and have a sitting at his house. I wrote, fixing the hour, and the only request made was to have a pencil and note-book handy, in case they might be needed. The two members of our circle who went were my wife and eldest (deaf) daughter. There was no intimacy between the families, and, owing to certain business relations, I alone possessed knowledge of the family and relatives. In these circumstances, the proper course to get a successful experiment was for me to stay away, and I did so.

The sitting took place in a large drawing-room in the twilight, but before it closed the gas was lighted. The sitters consisted of the lady of the house, her daughter, my wife, and eldest daughter, who has during the past six weeks developed clairvoyant power. Very soon after sitting down this clairvoyante said, "I see an old gentleman walking in the room. He says his name is — (giving it in full); that he used to live at —, that he died at —, and is interred in — cemetery." The lady at once exclaimed, "Why, that is my father, did your daughter know him?" "Certainly not," was the reply, "she never heard of him." Next a youth appeared close to the table, who said his name was —. "Ask when he died." The reply was a certain month last year. "That is quite correct," said the lady, "as well as your description of him and his height." In answer to another query the age was correctly specified. Then a note-book and a pencil were got, and two letters were written by my daughter in different handwritings, which when compared with some old letters of the gentleman and the youth were found to have a marvellous resemblance to the original; so close, indeed, that the lady was astounded. Thereafter some messages were tilted out by the table from another deceased relative not visible to the clairvoyante, and this closed a most successful sitting. I cannot give the contents of the letters as they are too private, and I have gone as far as possible in details. I have only to add that neither my wife nor daughter knew any of the names given, or details of the family events spoken of. As for the handwriting I can speak, as I have compared it, and it is truly marvellous to observe the similarity between that produced by the girl, and that written by both the deceased when in life.

2. G— came last night, while mother and clairvoyant daughter were sitting in a bedroom. He walked about the room and spoke on his fingers to my daughter. She was suddenly called away to see a visitor, but after a short time was free to sit down in my business room, when the following message was written in the familiar handwriting, "G—; Should you be at the table to-night, perhaps I may come to you again." (Here followed two family messages, then was added, "When you see me and others you do not see them in a very clear light; it needs more practice. The lady M—" (the mother) "knows, sees them better than you.* I did not come [to you in a form of clouds. By-and-bye, M—, you will see me in brighter light; perhaps some others will see, if the power is in them. Good-night, M—. I will, perhaps, come to-night and speak to you all.—G—."

The allusion to "coming in a form of clouds" we think arises from a remark made by the girl in the afternoon that she often saw spiritual forms come in a cloud, while others including G— did not so come.

Later in the evening my wife and self sat and tested G—'s offer to come back and speak at the table, and in a few seconds after her hands alone were put on its surface communication was again opened up by him, and some queries correctly and succinctly answered. Individually I was informed that no psychic power existed in me to get communications. I asked him to spell the name of the newspaper in which these notes were appearing and "LIGHT" was spelt out instantly; as, was also the *nom de plume* of "Edina," after which this communicator bade us a most affectionate good-night, by moving my wife's

arms in a manner highly suggestive of a sweet caress from a fond parent; and the sitting ended. I have only to add that my hands were not on the table at all during the whole sitting, as it appears they hinder, rather than aid, its movements.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Early in the spring of the year 1885, I was living at Colaba with my husband, a major of the Royal Artillery. Colaba is the Royal Artillery station, and is situated about two miles from Bombay. For some little time I had been studying Gregory's *Animal Magnetism*. The subject possessing a peculiar fascination for me, I had experimented occasionally, with varying success, on the different servants (Indian for the most part) of my establishment. Over one girl, a half-caste, my children's nurse, I possessed great influence; and used frequently to magnetise a tumbler of water, so that by making her look therein I might learn what my friends at a distance were doing.

This girl was no ignorant native, but a well-educated young woman, able to read and write, who spoke English nearly as well as I do myself; having been educated in the Protestant training-school at Belgaum. Many things which this girl told me I have since discovered to have actually occurred: others I have never yet been able to verify.

One day, the morning Lord Reay was expected to arrive in Bombay, the Royal Artillery (of which my husband was then in command) was, together with the other European troops quartered at Colaba, ordered to line the approach to the landing place at the Apollo Bunder: all officers having to appear in full regimentals. We were still sitting at breakfast when my husband called to his orderly to get out his uniform, and place it ready for him to put on. The man soon returned, and, with a bewildered air, stammered, as he saluted before his master: "Sahib, me no can find the dress pouch-belt."

"Don't talk nonsense, you must be blind as a bat," ejaculated the Major, as rising impatiently from his seat he walked into his dressing-room. Soon, his voice, raised in angry exclamation, burst on my ears. As perhaps ladies will read this little narrative I will omit what he actually *did* say on this occasion; suffice to state that from what I heard I gathered that the dress pouch-belt was really not to be found, and further that my enraged husband was accusing each and all of his servants of having appropriated it. Piteous cries of "Not me, sahib, me very good man, me not thief," filled the air. The jabbering, yelling, and hooting was perfectly deafening. My husband returned to the breakfast-room. "Now then," he said, "here is a brilliant opportunity of testing the verity of Ruth's clairvoyance. Get her up here and ask her to find my pouch-belt." I called Ruth, who appeared pale and trembling, half imagining we suspected her of the theft.

When I explained to her what I required of her, she at first beg to be excused; declaring that her fellow servants would never forgive her should the thief be discovered through her instrumentality. I quieted her fears by promising her that should she see the face of the thief in the tumbler she need only reveal the fact to me; that I would not tell the Sahib, but would speak to the pilferer of the belt myself, and on his restoring the missing article, would condone the theft, not letting my husband know who had purloined the belt.

Filling a tumbler with water, I placed my left hand under it, and made passes with my right over it. I then bade Ruth taste it. "It is bitter enough, I think," she said. "If Mem Sahib pleases to mesmerise me, I think I can see now." Perhaps it may be as well to mention here that Ruth always declared the mesmerised water acquired a bitter flavour after being operated on. I have frequently mesmerised one tumbler of water and placed another, similar in appearance in every respect, beside it. I have then called Ruth and asked her which was the mesmerised and which the untouched water; she would taste both and each time invariably detected the difference. Strange to say, also, when I at one time purchased a powerful magnet (thinking that perhaps it would prove a more powerful magnetiser than my own hand), Ruth declined to look into the water so magnetised, declaring that she saw flames in it, and that they leapt up as if they wanted to scorch her face! It was of no use my trying to deceive her—she invariably knew which was the "condemned tumbler" (as she called it).

Having made this lengthy, though somewhat necessary digression, I will now proceed with my story. We left Ruth just ready to look in the tumbler. She bent her head over it, and a

* N.B.—This is quite accurate, and refers to a lady clairvoyante, a friend of ours.

silence of a few seconds duration ensued. "Can you see anything, Ruth?" at last I said. "No! Mem Sahib—nothing." "Look for the thief," I commanded firmly, making fresh passes over her head and the back of her neck, but all to no purpose. Ruth persisted that she saw nothing. I began to think that she was an impostor, and had humbugged me systematically throughout.

Suddenly an idea struck me. We would try another way. "Ruth," I said, "look for Sahib the day he last wore the dress pouch-belt." Silence again. Then, "I see Sahib," said the girl dreamily. "He is dressing, he puts on his uniform, now the pouch-belt. Ah! he has left the room." "Follow him," I said firmly. "Sahib is getting on his horse: he is riding away." "Don't leave him a moment," I cried. "Ah! but he goes so fast. I am tired," gasped the girl breathlessly. "Go on," I said. "Sahib is with other Sahibs, and there are many soldiers and people. It is a grand Tomasha; some great person is going away. They all stand near the water." "Then rest," I said, "but don't take your eyes off Sahib." She was silent for a brief space, then said, "Sahib has gone into a big house by the water. He goes into a dressing-room. He changes his clothes, all his regimentals are put in his tin case, but the pouch-belt is left out. It is hanging on a peg in the dressing-room of the house by the sea."

"The Yacht Club!" cried my husband. "Pattila" (to his orderly), "send someone at once and see if the belt has been left there."

Pattila salaamed and retired, followed by the rest of the servants.

"I wonder," mused my husband, "if I really left it at the Yacht Club after all? The last day I wore it was when Lord Ripon left for England."

"We shall soon learn," said I, triumphantly. I, for one, had no doubt whatever that the belt would be found there.

In as short a time as was compatible with the distance to be traversed the messenger returned. The rush of many feet and the jabbering of many voices convinced me before we saw him that his quest had been a successful one.

He ran panting up the stairs, the belt held high above his head. He had found it as Ruth had seen it—in the house by the sea—hanging on a peg in a dressing-room of the Yacht Club.

Ruth could have had no idea where the belt was left. She had been with me a very short time, and entered my service long after Lord Ripon's departure from Bombay.

X. Y. Z.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Our Calamities are Blessings in Disguise.

SIR,—Mr. Harpur has again referred to this theory. He is still groping for the meaning of what I said respecting it, but is as much in a fog as ever. He does not even see that the "sinful reprobates" was written in derision of that theory.

But nobody really believes this theory, though some say they do. Everybody considers pain in any shape as an unmitigated evil, as proved by everybody trying to avoid it in every possible way. Then look at the injustice of the thing when considered with other religious theories. God makes man just what he is and guides him by Divine providence in all he does; there is no other source of power or direction, yet if anything goes wrong in this His work, He punishes man for it! Is not this a libel on God? Yet this is what the religious creeds teach.

I can assure Mr. Harpur that I have no antagonism to any Church. Let each man satisfy his own mind in the best way he is able. But to creeds I do object, because they are all false. They profess to be final and to contain all truth, at the same time containing only the imaginings of ignorant superstition. Then follows a deal of incoherent matter based on misunderstanding and fire purifying and the earth attracting. In passing, I may affirm that fire does not purify nor does the earth attract.

Mr. Harpur then says that he put forth an argument in his first letter which no one has answered, based on God, matter, and force. I read it, but I did not understand it.

He says, "God, matter, and force cannot all three have existed from eternity." Now force is not a thing, but the resultant of matter in motion; therefore, there are only two things, God and matter. Undoubtedly matter has existed from eternity; for if even there had been a time when there was nothing, there could have been

nothing now, for out of nothing, nothing comes. Further on he says mind made matter out of itself. That must have been an infinite mind then, for matter is infinite; but that is what he calls God. Does he mean to say, then, that stones and brick-bats and all kinds of filth and rubbish are all parts of God? for that is the conclusion which must be drawn from what he calls his argument. Nay, it says even more than that, for it says in effect that the infinite mind turned itself into infinite matter, so that there is no infinite mind now. Can absurdity go further than that?

J. BAYNES THOMPSON.

The Resurrection of the Body.

SIR,—If, as some of your correspondents say, the Church of England no longer endorses the belief of a resurrection of the material body at the last day, she surely should not authorise the singing of hymns at herservices, which express this idea in words, the meaning of which it is impossible to misconstrue. "Hymns Ancient and Modern" are, as everyone knows, almost universally sung in all our churches, except those which are termed low or evangelical. As recently as last Easter a large additional number of hymns—nearly 200—have been added to those formerly in use, and are incorporated in the new edition now published, a copy of which I bought a few weeks ago. On the Sunday after Easter I heard the following hymn sung at the parish church of the country town near which I live, and it was followed by a sermon on the resurrection, in which the hymn was quoted, and the doctrine of the resurrection of the material body most emphatically maintained.

The hymn (No. 499) is as follows; the italics are mine:—

On the resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain.

Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.

For a while the tired body
Lies with feet toward the morn,
Till the last and brightest Easter
Day be born.

But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong,
Bursting at the resurrection
Into song.

Soul and body reunited,
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness
Satisfied.

On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore
Father, sister, child, and mother
Meet once more.

(Not till then!)

Here is another, and it should be borne in mind that these are new hymns, recently introduced, and not old ones, which might be excused for embodying worn out superstitions:—

No. 575:—

Within the churchyard, side by side,
Are many long, low graves,
And some have stones set over them,
On some the green grass waves.

Full many a little Christian child,
Woman and man lies there,
And we pass near them every time
When we go in to prayer.

They cannot hear our footsteps come,
They do not see us pass;
They cannot see the warm, bright sun
That shines upon the grass.

They do not hear when the great bell
Is ringing overhead;
They cannot rise and come to church
With us, for they are dead.

But we believe a day shall come
When all the dead will rise,
When they who sleep down in the ground
Will open again their eyes.

&c., &c.

The bathos in some of the lines of this hymn is almost comical.

I am glad to find a new hymn to be used at the burial of the dead, which is a cheering contrast to that dreadful one, commencing "Day of Wrath! O day of mourning," which is still, however, retained in the hymn-book "for use in the services of the Church."

No. 608 is so beautiful, and the sentiments so in accord with Spiritualistic teaching, that I hope I may be excused for copying it in full, at the risk of trespassing rather too much upon your space.

AT THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

God of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled, Thy whole creation lies;
All souls are Thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away,
From this our world of flesh set free;
We know them living unto Thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapp'd in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair,
Beyond Thy voice, Thy arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree,—
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto Thee.

O Giver unto man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Quickener of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee.

"V."

How Long Halt Ye between Two Opinions?

SIR,—Your comment on the Rev. J. H. Nevill's letter hits the mark. If the teaching he puts forward is that which young clergymen are taught by the Church of England to believe in, how is it they do not make it known? But, then, what about such passages as these? "Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself: handle Me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see Me have. And they gave Him a piece of a broiled fish, and He took it and did eat before them." (Luke xxiv. 39.) Again: "I believe in the resurrection of the body." (Apostles' Creed.) To say that the flesh and bones and body spoken of in these passages were of a spiritual nature only is directly contrary to the teaching of Jesus, and yet if what He tells us be true what becomes of Paul's assertion that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God." Is it not high time for the various Christian Churches to revise their creeds and teachings in regard to such matters? And are not all attempts to prolong the present state of things but the "daubing of a wall with untempered mortar," so much condemned by the Prophet Ezekiel? Surely, sir, the teachers of religion have only to "lift up their eyes, and look on the fields, to see that they are white already to harvest," but will they do so? "Aye, there's the rub." T. L. HENLY.

Capital Punishment.

SIR,—The discussion by the Editor and Madame de Steiger of the question of capital punishment opens up a wide field of thought and suggestion. The remark of the latter that our efforts should be directed towards the task of so perfecting the race that we shall have no murderers to deal with, naturally directs our attention to those intensely interesting and important (but unhappily practically neglected) questions of heredity and pre-natal conditions, so ably treated of by A. E. Newton, author of *The Better Way*, &c., in his pamphlet on *Pre-Natal Culture* (Washington, D. C., published by the Moral and Education Society, 1, Grant-place, 1883), and which should be in the hands of every parent. But on this question of capital punishment it is more emphatically with the past and present, rather than with the future, with which we have to deal. For proof of the truth of the editorial remark that justice so often halts when an interesting criminal has to be dealt with, we have only to remember the case of the fashionable lady in Liverpool who was convicted of poisoning her husband, and was let off with a sentence of penal servitude for life, and contrast it with that of the poor ignorant boy of nineteen, who, exasperated by the remembrance of long years of cruelty towards his mother and sisters, assisted in taking the life of the wretched father, whose whole

career had been a series of violence and attempted murders, and upon whom the death sentence was carried out in all its grim horrors.

I know there was a loop-hole of escape for the woman on account of a quibble as to the exact cause of death, the husband having been in a desperate state when the poison was administered. But which, I ask, was the greater criminal?—the mature woman who stained her soul with murder for lust and gain, or the mere boy who committed a crime from misdirected filial affection. The French papers also teem with similar cases of this mal-administration of justice.

That clever writer, Max O'Rell, declares in his well-known work, *John Bull et son Ile*, that the English Government executes more criminals than all the European States put together; and in the appendix to his work says that in the month of May, 1883, no less than eleven malefactors were hanged in England, Scotland, and Ireland. He then gives a quotation from one of John Bright's speeches delivered in that month, in which the great statesman asks whether Voltaire was not right when he declared that England was the only country which authorises legal assassination.

Boulogne-sur-Mer.

ELIZA SUTLEY BOUCHER.

Mediumship not Dangerous.

SIR,—Should you deem this record worthy a place in your valuable journal, I should like to give my evidence, as an experienced trance and test medium, that Mrs. Annie Besant is entirely at fault in her statements, in considering mediumship dangerous, and leading to immorality, insanity, or vice. If so, I have escaped the danger, and am the better for the use of these gifts.

I think it my duty, therefore, to correct her views, in this respect, especially, when she makes such bold assertions, thus misleading the public mind.

I can testify that the proper use of mediumship (with good conditions) very greatly helps and fortifies the character, and mostly, if not always, lifts the soul far above the power of temptations from the immoral side of life.

It seems a great pity that a lady like Mrs. Besant should have recourse to such futile observations, knowing as we do her limited experience and acquaintance with this subject.

I would not thus trespass on your valuable space, but for the vindication of the truth, as far as my large experience teaches.

Though I am a private lady worker I give my name and address, as I am well-known to a large number of your readers, who value your paper for its freedom of utterance.

SARAH JANE WHITAKER.

Monavill, St. Mark's, Cheltenham.

A Spirit Message.

SIR,—After reading Sir George Stokes' address, I received the following communication from my father, which seems at variance with what is said by F. J. Theobald in last week's "LIGHT," upon one who had "put an end to his earth-life." May I venture to send it to you?
R. S.

He (Sir George Stokes) does not seem to grasp the continuity of life. There is no such thing as "unconsciousness" of the soul and spirit, except in the cases of suicides, those who have undergone capital punishment, or those who have been martyred (for the last see Rev. vi. 9, 10, 11)—these have to wait in an unconscious state here until their appointed time for passing over has arrived. God does not allow His plans or laws to be set at naught, or the life which He has given to be disposed of by any mortal being. You say "a life for a life" is Bible law, but God did not kill Cain when he murdered his brother. He punished him on earth till his time came to pass over.

God must punish, but He is love; and love is the fulfilling of Christ's law.

If men on earth could only see this it would be a happier, purer life for many of them.

There will come a time when it will be so, and you, and those who think like you, will help to bring it to pass.

Don't be afraid of speaking or writing about it.

Mystical Interpretation of the Bible.

SIR,—I am one of those old-fashioned Spiritualists who think the exoteric meaning of the Bible much more important and valuable than the esoteric. For, granting that this or that passage or narrative may have an occult signification, in this respect it is not different from other ancient records, and if we are to have a sound philosophy of mysticism it must be built up in quite another fashion, and rest upon a firmer basis than antiquity.

(1) The present time (as Bacon said) is the *real* antiquity, and we should not attach too much importance to the occult

lore of a younger age of mankind. (2) Even if the Bible be a spiritual cryptogram, how may we know that the modern mystic has found the key? Many keys have been tried to unlock the secrets of prophecy, and failed, though they appeared to turn in the lock. How many names besides General Boulanger's have seemed to contain the mystic number 666? How many interpretations have we seen of the first chapter of Genesis?

Let me, then, add one more protest against the inroads which mysticism appears to be making in our philosophy. Doctrines which claim to be the outcome of intellect and intuition (duly unfolded), but which rest for their validity almost entirely on the *latter*, should be received with caution, especially when they refer to such transcendent mysteries as the nature of God and the history of the human soul.

I hold with Bishop Butler that reason is the only faculty we have wherewith to judge concerning anything, *even Revelation itself*; and that *illusory* intuition is not uncommonly "received in sleep"—like the visions of some mystics. LIBRA.

A Coincidence—or What?

SIR,—A few weeks ago, whilst I was busily occupied, and not at all thinking of, having any spiritual communication, quite suddenly I was aware of the presence of my spirit friend B. I knew he wished to give me a message for his wife, and on taking pencil in hand, received the communication and posted it off to Mrs. B., who lives in one of the Midland counties in England, and is herself a writing medium.

By return of post she told me that *at the same time* that I felt the presence of her husband in my home she had been impressed to take pencil, upon which her brother in spirit-land thus wrote:—

I am permitted to come and tell you that B. has now gone direct to F. J. T. to give her a message for you.

On another occasion a very odd "coincidence" took place. A friend, an old Indian, was a near neighbour, and frequently came in for a little talk over various topics of interest, especially so when he related his singular adventures during a long life in India, where he held a most responsible position under Government.

At Christmas he left this part, taking a house in another suburb. He promised to come to see me "once a month," but in two or three letters he wrote after he left he expressed great disappointment at being hindered, and, on account of weak health and the severe weather, being unable to carry out his intention of visiting me.

One afternoon, whilst I was playing on the piano, I felt his presence so strongly that I involuntarily turned round on the music stool, and looking towards the door, said aloud, "Now if I did not *know* that you were still in the body, I should believe your spirit was here,—but as it is, I expect it is your desire to be coming over that has brought this impression to me."

Fortunately for me, neither Dr. Forbes Winslow nor Mrs. Annie Besant was present, or the fact of seeing me turn round suddenly, and gravely address a Nobody (!) would have proved to them that I was a "dangerous lunatic"!

Two days after this happened I was informed that my old Indian friend had passed away suddenly the week before. I believe it was on the day of his funeral that this odd incident took place.

F. J. THEOBALD.

Blackheath.

May 25th, 1890.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

The closing meeting will be held in the Banqueting Hall, St. James's Hall, on June 12th. Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald will discourse on "My Experiences in Spiritualism: A Word with Sceptics and Spiritualists." At this meeting members have the privilege of inviting their friends. Cards can be had from Mr. Godfrey, and those interested in the meeting and desirous of attending it, but who are not personally acquainted with a member can obtain information as to facilities for so doing by applying to the President.

My opinion is this—that deep thinking is attainable only by deep feeling, and that all truth is a species of revelation.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions.]

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, CHEPSTOW HALL, 1, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—Mr. U. W. Goddard addressed us at the morning meeting on "Development and Healing," and a pleasant interchange of thought followed. In the evening Mrs. Treadwell occupied the platform. There was a good audience, including many strangers. On Sunday next Mr. McKenzie at 11.15 a.m., and at 6.30 p.m. address by Dr. Maurice Davies on "The New Pentecost." Our summer outing will be held on Monday, June 16th, to Cheam Park. Train from Rye-lane at 9.15 a.m., returning from Cheam at 7.30 p.m. Tickets (including tea), 2s. 6d. Children, 1s. 3d. Meetings during the day, and sports, &c., for the children.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, STRATFORD, E.—Meetings free, every Sunday at 6.45 for seven o'clock. A social tea and *soirée dansante* will be held on June 9th. We expect a pleasant and varied evening, and friends from a distance are cordially invited to attend. Tea at 6.30 punctually. Dancing to begin at eight o'clock. Tickets for tea and *soirée*, 9d. Admission after eight o'clock, 3d. The speakers for June will be—1st, Mr. Butcher; 8th, Mr. J. Veitch; 15th, Mr. Walker; 22nd, Mr. Dever-Summers; 29th, Mr. H. Darby.—M. A. BEWLKY, Sec.

ASSEMBLY ROOMS, BEAUMONT-STREET, MILE END.—On Sunday Miss Marsh occupied the platform with clairvoyance, and the audience, which was a very attentive one, was very pleased with the general accuracy of the delineations. A little child who was present was examined by the control and a course of treatment prescribed. Sunday next at 8 p.m. on "Ancient and Modern Centres of Spiritual Activity."—C.

MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, W.—On Sunday last Mr. T. Everitt delivered a very able address on the Various Phases of his Wife's Mediumship, narrating the most important facts as testified by reliable witnesses. A variety of questions were satisfactorily answered. Mr. Everitt also addressed the Lyceum in the afternoon. Thursday next, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Hawkins, *séance*; Saturday at 7.45 p.m., Mr. Hopcroft, *séance*; Sunday at 7 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell, *trance*; Sunday, June 8th, Mr. G. Chainey; Wednesday, June 11th, Mr. Veitch at eight, Psychometry, with experiments.—C. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday last Mr. W. E. Walker spoke both morning and evening. The audiences were small, owing to the holidays. Sunday, June 1st, 11 a.m., Mr. J. Veitch, "Spiritualism and the Confessional"; 7 p.m., Rev. Dr. Rowland Young, "Is a Man's Character formed by him or for him?" Every Thursday, until further notice, at 8.30 p.m., Mr. G. Chainey conducts classes for the explanation of his system of interpretation. Admission free. Collection to defray expenses. Monday, June 9th, tea meeting at 6 p.m. Tickets, 6d. each.—J. VEITCH, Sec., 19, Crescent, Southampton-street, S.E.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—On Sunday last Professor Chainey occupied the platform, and gave an interpretation of the blessings pronounced by Jacob on the twelve tribes of Israel. *Séances* are held every Thursday evening at 8 p.m., and religious services every Sunday evening at 7 p.m.—GEO. E. GUNN, Sec.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any opinions expressed by his Correspondents. He must respectfully decline to enter into private correspondence respecting rejected MSS. Nor can he undertake to answer private letters on subjects that arise out of correspondence in his paper, though he will use his best endeavours to give information when he is able. He begs his Correspondents to be as brief as possible, for his space is very limited.

T.W.—A private letter has been sent. We regret that we cannot reprint matter already published, and the pressure on our space is severe now.

INQUIRER.—You will get all information from the Hypnotic Society by addressing Herr Carl Hansen. See advertisement on our first page.

M.W.G.—Your suggestion has been acted on, but without anything like definite result. The beings who communicate with us cannot translate their experience into terms of our consciousness. A census such as you suggest would be interesting.

J.H.G.—With thanks and all due appreciation. No. We are very sure we never wrote anything like that, and we have a press of original matter.

I SEE, doctor, what it is all coming to. The world is going to have a nervous system, and something akin to consciousness. We must think a great deal about keeping it clean and healthy, and natural, in the meanwhile. When civilisation leaves no room for nature, it is on a wrong track.—PRINCE RUDOLF OF AUSTRIA.